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THE CALIFORNIAN

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY—JUNE, 1881.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.—JANUARY, 1881.—NO. 13.

THE AMERICAN IMITATION OF ENGLAND.

A COLLOQUY.

[SCENE—MR. RALPH ENDICOTT'S library, furnished in old English style. MR. ENDICOTT stands beside his wife at the window, looking out over the Berkshire hills. He is tall and fair, and his black velvet morning-coat sets off his wavy yellow hair and auburn beard. She is slender and dark. Her clear, olive skin has a faint tinge of color on the cheeks. The outline of her face is exquisite, and she has very thick, dark hair, and fine eyes.]

ENDICOTT. If he were only less of a cad!

MRS. ENDICOTT. He is very good-natured.

ENDICOTT. Oh, he is not half a bad fellow; but he is so horribly, so demonstratively *American.*

MRS. ENDICOTT (*smiling*). We, also, are American, Ralph.

ENDICOTT. At least we don't shake the fact in every one's face. Yesterday, when he was talking to Anstice at dinner, I grew hot half a dozen times at his bragging. He hadn't the sense to see how distasteful his talk was to me. By Jove, I longed to throw him out of the window.

MRS. ENDICOTT (*patting his arm*). Sir Wilfrid didn't seem to mind. And, certainly, he must have seen how heroically you struggled to change the conversation. I pitied you from my heart, but I was too far off to help you.

ENDICOTT (*lifting the hand on his arm and kissing it*). You were an angel. Only the occasional warning signals I caught from your eyes enabled me to keep from blazing out at Havens. But it wasn't in my character of host that I suffered most; though it isn't pleasant to invite your friends to hear their country abused. Still, Anstice is a gentleman, and understood. The worst thing was that Havens's talk made me ashamed of my country. I haven't a doubt Anstice thought him a representative American. Good heavens, Margaret! Do you suppose he is?

MRS. ENDICOTT. A Western American? I don't know. Perhaps. Hush! I hear him in the hall. He is talking to Nelly.

ENDICOTT. Uncommonly good running he seems to make with Nelly, too, confound him.

MRS. ENDICOTT. She sympathizes with him in his disgust at what they call our "English nonsense." Good morning, dear. Did you have a pleasant walk?

[Enter Miss NELLY GOODRICH, of Kansas City, Missouri, a very pretty girl, whose brown hair has been roughed by the wind and whose brown eyes are shining.]

MISS NELLY. Perfectly lovely. I think the Berkshire hills are too beautiful for anything. Don't say now that I don't admire something in Massachusetts. I think the scenery is perfection—I *dote* on it.

MRS. ENDICOTT. We would prefer to have you dote on the people.

MISS NELLY. I don't. I can't help it. I suppose it's my unlucky Western education. I

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can't play tennis or whist; I don't do Kensington needlework; I've never been to Europe, and I hate, hate, *hate* Henry James—

[Enter MR. CYRUS L. HAVENS, of Chicago. He is a tall young man of thirty or thirty-five, handsome, and carrying himself well, if with something of assertion.]

MR. HAVENS. Hullo! Who's Nelly hating? Who *is* Henry James, anyhow, Cousin Margaret—somebody I ain't met yet?

ENDICOTT (*grimly*). No. He's an author.

HAVENS. Oh, yes—solitary horseman fellow. He's rather slow. But what do you want to waste so much emotion on that dead old party for, Nelly?

MISS NELLY (*looking sidewise at Endicott to detect any hint of a smile*). It is another man, Mr. Havens. Henry James is a smart young American, who lives in London, and is making a fortune by ridiculing his own country.

HAVENS. Don't take much stock in *him*, if that's the case. What's the use of having a country if you can't stand up for it?

MISS NELLY. That's what I think. But wherever I go, East, I run into people who can't find anything good enough for them in their own country. They import everything from England or from France. In New York, it was all France; but here, it's all England. They get their furniture, and their dishes, and their cookery, and their coachmen, and even their accent, from England. When I went to Boston, the other day, I was told eight times in an evening that the Bostonians, according to English testimony, spoke the purest English going. All the young men I met were dressed by English tailors, and talked just like characters in English novels. Mercy knows! they were stupid enough to have been in a novel themselves.

ENDICOTT. We never could get you to say much about that dinner before, Nelly. I am glad to get particulars.

MISS NELLY. I didn't enjoy the occasion enough to talk about it much.

MRS. ENDICOTT. But Aunt Millicent?

MISS NELLY. Aunt Millicent was a saint in good clothes, as she always is. But, of course, she couldn't be with me every minute. And the others—I never was so genteelly snubbed in my life.

HAVENS (*who has been tugging fiercely at his mustache for the last five minutes*). People's notions of politeness differ. Now, in Chicago, when we go to see people and meet a stranger, we think it the polite thing to make it as pleasant as we can for him.

ENDICOTT. Yes; you tell him what a wonderful city you have, and describe its beauties. I have been in Chicago.

MRS. ENDICOTT. But, Nelly, I can't believe that any of Aunt Millicent's friends could have been so rude. You must have fancied—

MISS NELLY. Oh, I don't mean that they were rude. They were dreadfully well behaved and polite. Nobody said a word—that was just it, don't you see? They were so careful, whenever I showed my ignorance of something that they seemed to know as well as their own names, they changed the conversation, and talked about nice, easy, common things—like Indians. It was amusing how they all seemed to think I must be interested in the Indians. The fact is, I never saw an Indian in my life. I suppose they thought I was a kind of savage myself. I know I felt very much like one. I was perfectly possessed to say something shocking, they were all so prim and so proper, and all talking in the same Englishy way, with such a horid, indefinite expression about them, as though they knew it all. I couldn't help seeing that everything I thought fine they despised, and everything they seemed to be enthusiastic about I thought silly or else hideous.

HAVENS. Well, I'm glad I didn't go.

MISS NELLY. You *may* be. You would have been an awful comfort, though; only I'm afraid you would have disgraced yourself by laughing right out over some of the things they said and did. I wish you could have heard them go on about some frightful engravings, by some old German—I've forgot his name. No, they weren't engravings—they were etchings. Aunt Millicent had just paid some fabulous price for the old horrors, and everybody was looking at them. And there was some needlework, too, that they looked at and admired. One of the men was a good deal more interested than the women. Think of a man's being interested in fancy-work! I told him I thought it was queer a gentleman should care for such things.

MRS. ENDICOTT. That must have been Philip Locke. Didn't you find him agreeable?

MISS NELLY. Indeed, I didn't. He was horrid. Every once in a while, though his face was perfectly sober, his eyes would flash in such a way I knew he was laughing at me. And he was *so* English. He put "don't you think?" at the end of every sentence. I *hated* him. He knew Henry James, and said he was a delightful fellow.

MRS. ENDICOTT. Wasn't there any one there whom you liked?

MISS NELLY. Well, there was one man I thought rather nice; but, afterward, I found he was dreadfully talented, and had written a book about "quarternions," and, as I hadn't the ghost of an idea what that was, I thought I'd

better fight shy of him. Then there was another man I liked the looks of, but he was going to reform the civil service, and at dinner I heard him telling his next neighbor how great, and grand, and glorious, and perfect the English civil service was; so I thought that was all I cared to know about him. And there was a very pretty girl who came up to me, and I thought I should get along with her because she said she couldn't learn to play tennis; but when I overheard her talking Herbert Spencer to a dreadful man who knew him, I gave her up, too.

MRS. ENDICOTT. Did she have light hair, and dark eyes, and very pretty dimples?

MISS NELLY. Yes. Why?

MRS. ENDICOTT. It was Amy Carinth. In spite of Herbert Spencer, she is a very charming, unassuming girl, and I am sure you would have liked her.

MISS NELLY. No, I wouldn't. Excuse me for contradicting, but I never could like a person who talked of the "lower clawses," and thought a limited monarchy had great advantages.

HAVENS. I wish all these folks who are so keen for monarchy, and set themselves up for aristocrats, would take themselves off where they belong. *We* haven't any use for them. This is a free country, where one man's as good as another.

MRS. ENDICOTT (*gently*). I am afraid, Cyrus, there is no place in all this world where one man is as good as another, and there never will be.

HAVENS. I don't think I see just what you are driving at. I don't mean good in a moral sense. I mean politically, and——well, socially.

MRS. ENDICOTT. You have a large pork-packing establishment, I believe, Cyrus. Did you ever ask any of your "hands" to dine with you?

HAVENS. Don't ask questions to trip me up, like those dialogues of Socrates they used to have in the Speaker. Of course, you know why. If I don't ask Tim O'Brien, for instance, to take dinner with me, it ain't because I hold myself up to be a whit better man than Tim, for I can tell you that I am not. I only wish I was as good. No; it's simply because Tim's ways are not my ways, and we wouldn't jibe together. He would be as uncomfortable as I. But I don't feel called upon to give myself airs to Tim just because I have had a better education, and eat with my fork, while he finds a knife handy.

ENDICOTT. Nor do I give myself airs of superiority when I recognize such a fact, and talk about the "lower classes," and refuse to speak of Tim O'Brien as a gentleman.

HAVENS. Don't you chip in, Ralph. I'm waiting to hear Margaret point her own moral.

MRS. ENDICOTT. I merely meant, Cyrus, that it is unhappily true that men are *not* born free and equal. Some are born weak and some are born strong, some healthy, some deformed, and, I am afraid we must admit, also, some good and some bad. The differences between men run deep as human nature, and no political system has ever been able to smooth them out—

HAVENS. I know all that. But what I'm after is just this: Granted there are natural barriers between men. Well, I hold that is the very reason why we shouldn't be building artificial ones. Let the best man take the best place, I say; but don't let's give a man a place just because his great-grandfather was the best man. Don't let's import the infernal spirit of caste, which is about played out in the old world, into our new world. Don't let's imitate effete aristocracies and their ways. No, sir. Let's stand on our own feet, and believe in our own country, and give every man a show on his merits.

MISS NELLY (*clapping her hands*). Three cheers for our side!

ENDICOTT. But who *is* your best man? Are you going to allow him to be civilized, or will civilization make him too much of an effete aristocrat? Beg pardon, Margaret; were you going to say something?

MRS. ENDICOTT. I was going to say that Cyrus and I were, may be, a little like the knights who quarreled about the shield. Perhaps I haven't made what I meant quite clear, yet I think that, just as civilized men are widely removed from savages, in all their feelings, and ideals, and customs of life, so certain classes of civilized men—though, of course, not so widely—are removed from each other in the same way, according as they are more or less civilized; and I see no dishonor to any class in the frank recognition of this fact. It is no kindness to a man to tell him he is your equal when he is not.

HAVENS. But suppose I say he *is* my equal. Take Tim O'Brien, who can't read or write, but who has a good, clear head upon his shoulders, and is as honest as the sun. Ain't he my equal?

MRS. ENDICOTT. I have no doubt that Mr O'Brien is a very worthy man. But *you* are honest also, and have a "good head on your shoulders," while you have what he has not, that wider view of the world, and refinement of feeling, and capacity to use men and things which education—

HAVENS. Spare my blushes! Take away the taffy!

ENDICOTT (*aside*). "Refinement of feeling!" By Jove, she is trying the "sweet reasonableness" of persuasion with a vengeance!

MRS. ENDICOTT. At least, if you haven't all these fine things, you ought to have.

HAVENS. Oh, I admit I have. What then?

MRS. ENDICOTT. Then Tim O'Brien is not your equal, and can't be until he gets those very same things.

ENDICOTT. And they say women haven't the logical faculty! Hear! Hear! Four generations of lawyers are speaking through you, Margaret. I listen with a— (*She puts her hand over his mouth, laughing*).

MRS. ENDICOTT. He shan't make fun of me, shall he, Cyrus?

ENDICOTT. I will be good. I will be very good. Now, Cyrus, I am going to make remarks—if I may, madam? Thanks. Cyrus, do you, or don't you, consider civilization of account?

HAVENS (*starting a little—he has been looking from his cousin to Miss Nelly, with a rather singular expression*). What say?

ENDICOTT. Do you think civilization is worth anything?

HAVENS. Of course I do.

ENDICOTT. Then it is worth trying to attain?

HAVENS. Come, now, don't you be trying Socrates on me, too.

ENDICOTT. And if some other nation happens, in some ways, to be more civilized than we, why should we not imitate her in those ways, even though she be an effete aristocracy? If we raise better or cheaper beef than England, England takes our beef; because we mix drinks better than they do in England, all over England one sees signs of American drinks. Now, if the English order their households in such a way that life is easier, and their women are healthier, why should not we do likewise? If tennis is an innocent, pleasant, healthful game, why should we refuse to play it only because the English aristocracy enjoy it? If the English speak their own language better than we—

MISS NELLY and HAVENS (*at the same moment*). They *don't!*

ENDICOTT. The best authorities think that they do, taking everything into account. Why, *if* they do, shouldn't we speak it as they do? If the English civil service is better than ours, why shouldn't we study its merits, and try to copy them, while avoiding its defects? The imitation of English ways and manners, and all that sort of thing, of course, has plenty of silliness and snobbishness mixed up in it; but it has a vast deal of sense in it as well. One of the master tendencies of civilization is to break down national distinctions, and help each nation to obtain the best in all. And shan't we borrow ideas as well as clothes and machines? Why, look at us! Here we are, every year, getting ship-loads of vice and poverty from Europe; and, if we don't get some wisdom from them, too, to show us how to deal with them, we shall be smothered."

HAVENS. Universal suffrage—

ENDICOTT. —is a good safety-valve, and that is the best one can say for it. It hasn't saved the poor from the distinction of their poverty, nor kept our politics clean, nor prevented our great cities from being a reproach to us. By Jove, Havens, this country has a heavy load to carry, and it's poor patriotism to shut one's eyes and howl, "We're all right, and every other nation is all wrong." In a hundred ways we are not right; and the best thing we can do is to admit it, and look about us to see how other nations have managed who have had the same load to carry which is crushing us.

HAVENS. Oh, they've shifted theirs off on to our shoulders.

ENDICOTT. They have enough left. And it is worth our while to study their methods. We can't afford to neglect anything which will help to civilize all ranks. It is a matter of life and death with us, for universal suffrage has its own dangers.

MISS NELLY. Well, for my part, I can't see what there is peculiarly civilizing or elevating to the poor, or anything of that sort, in saying "I fancy," instead of "I guess," or putting a coachman into a light overcoat and three capes, or being waited on at dinner by a man in a swallow-tail.

MRS. ENDICOTT. The fork, also, is a mere prejudice.

[Enter EDWIN, the butler.]

EDWIN. Sir Wilfrid Anstice.

[Enter SIR WILFRID.]

SIR WILFRID (*bowing all around*). Endicott has promised to teach me to play poker, your great game, and I'm come to learn—

CURTAIN.

OCTAVE THANET.

HYDRAULIC MINING.—NEED OF STATE ACTION UPON OUR RIVERS.

Hydraulic mining is one of the conspicuous industries of California, both because its operations are upon so extended a scale and are so unique among industrial processes, and because its products are so large and concentrated. It lies, however, aside from the central routes of travel, and without the range of ordinary observation, and, as a consequence, is known only by reports. Very few of those familiar with it by name have had the opportunity to examine it so thoroughly as to have a correct conception of its methods and its peculiar bearing upon the industry of the region of its operations and upon the prosperity of the State; yet, just at this time, when a question, resulting from it, in regard to our navigable rivers, is before the State for action, a thorough understanding of its history, methods, and results would aid much to effective legislation and engineering.

Its history is soon told. Hydraulic mining was never practiced before in any part of the world. It was projected and developed in California, and is one of the wonders she can show the old and the new continents. The gold-seekers of '49 used the rocker and cradle, and subsequently took to drifting, gravel, and quartz mining. The first recorded hydraulic mining is in 1856. In one of the many mining towns of the Sierra an ingenious individual conceived the idea of bringing water through a canvas hose from an elevated barrel. With a head of sixteen feet, the stream from the nozzle washed a bank he wished to mine into his sluice-boxes. There was not wanting ingenuity and enterprise among the thousands of energetic adventurers then in our mountains to enlarge upon and vary the application of the principle he had thus brought to the service of man. The successive steps in the development of the process were too speedy and varied to be followed in this article. It is within the last ten years that the large and powerful machinery and cunning methods and devices have been completely developed.

Although hydraulic mining has been classed with quartz and drift mining, the similarity extends only to the region of operations and to the nature of the product. In methods, and in the bearing upon the region, and upon other industries, the former differs distinctively from the latter, and must be studied alone. The efficient cause of the difference is the difference of the gold sources upon which the two divisions of mining are mainly occupied. The placers, as distinguished from the quartz veins, are gravel beds found generally in the ridges adjacent to the river *cañons*, but higher up than the river beds. They are ordinarily capped by layers of rock and dirt which contain but a trace of gold. The mode in which these placers were formed from quartz veins is interesting, and a knowledge of it will aid in understanding the peculiar nature and results of this species of mining. Through the investigations of Professor Joseph LeConte, it has been determined to the satisfaction of most geologists. All of North America, northward from a line through the southern part of the United States, was covered in the geologic era preceding the present one by an ice-cap similar to that now covering Greenland. The northern part of California and most of Oregon, with the adjacent Territories, were also covered, at some preceding period, by an outflow of lava to the depth of from three to five thousand feet, from great cracks near the base of the Sierra Nevada. The Columbia has cut a *cañon* through this from one to three thousand feet deep, and the lava beds of Modoc notoriety are but a rougher part of this general lava covering. The geologic evidence indicates that just as the glacial epoch was coming on, and large masses of ice, especially in the higher regions, had accumulated, the earth commenced to get warm from the impending lava flow. The ice, melted by the internal heat, caused destructive floods. These tore down cliffs and the inclosed quartz veins into which the gold had been secreted from the surrounding rock. The dirt and rock fragments were carried down by the floods, and the river *cañons* were gorged and filled with the fragments of rock and quartz. Before the rivers could cut them out again, the lava flow came and covered the gravel-filled beds. The severity of the glacial epoch then came on. As it passed away the rivers appeared again, and commenced cutting new channels. Since the lava was thinnest above the old divides, the new river channels were cut there. At the same time with the lava flow there seems to have been a general elevation of the Sierra Nevada. As a consequence, the new rivers cut

deep *cañons* below their old beds, leaving these far up the sides of the *cañons*, as layers of gravel capped by layers of lava or ashes. The gravel miners tunnel into these beds, carry the gravel of the pay-streak to the mouth of the tunnel, and there wash it, leaving the hill intact. Their operations and results are thus very similar to those of the quartz miner. The hydraulic process, however, brings down the gravel bed with the superincumbent cliff from fifty to four hundred feet in hight, to be washed in the sluices. The companies have possessed themselves of water-rights upon the heads of the various rivers, where an immense supply is stored and furnished by the snow-fields of the Sierra. The water is brought to the neighborhood of the works through ditches and flumes, that wind for miles around the dizzy sides of cliffs and in and out of numberless *cañons*. It is then received in strong iron pipes, one foot or more in diameter. In these it is carried down four hundred to a thousand feet, to the scene of the mining, where it is projected from the "Little Giant" (a nozzle of the ordinary shape, but from four to eight inches in diameter at its mouth) in a stream that tears down the cliffs and sends earth and huge bowlders and stones rolling pell-mell to the sluice-boxes. The amount of the material thus washed down it is difficult to conceive, and it was not definitely known until the investigations of State Engineer Hall. In his report he states that the material washed down by hydraulic mining in one year amounts to 53,404,000 cubic yards, or enough to cover seventeen square miles one yard in depth. The difference between the few hundred thousand cubic yards produced by quartz and gravel mining and this gigantic washing is the first difference between these two methods of mining. But it might be anticipated, from the nature of the placers, that they would not last always, and so the Engineer is of the opinion that, with the increasing extent of the operations, the profitable gravel-beds will be worked out in thirty years. As yet, however, there are miles of gold-bearing hills to be washed. In places there are ridges extending as much as ten miles waiting to be worked.

At present, this class of mining produces one-half of the gold yield of the State. The estimated yield of 1878 was $16,000,000, of which $8,000,000 was from hydraulic mining. Hydraulic mining, however, cannot be carried on except by large companies, since the water-rights, ditching, machinery, etc., require a large outlay. As a consequence, there are but few companies, all large ones. Upon the Bear, Yuba, and Feather Rivers, they number some nineteen. Thus, in an industrial point of view, it has a different social bearing from the other division of mining. A man of very small capital can open a quartz mine; and throughout the mountains, there are hundreds of companies engaged in quartz and gravel mining whose whole capital ranges from $1,000 to $10,000. While in the case of the latter the proprietors are actual residents, in the former the stock-owners are almost entirely non-resident; indeed, much of the stock is owned in London. In the hydraulic mines, also, the dirt is moved, and most of the work done by water-power, so that mines paying a profit upon $500,000, or a $1,000,000, employ only from twenty-five to fifty men. Before the Third District Court, Senator Sargent, who is interested in the mines, testified that the hydraulic mines upon the Bear River (one of the three principal hydraulic regions), afforded employment to only four hundred men. With quartz and gravel mines, it is different. The dirt is obtained from the tunnel by actual labor. Many of these mines, paying a profit upon a capital of from $10,000 to $20,000, employ as many men as do the large hydraulic companies. It thus becomes evident that, while hydraulic mining may produce one-half the gold product, yet, in a local point of view, it is of minor importance. Quartz and gravel mines are much more numerous, furnish more general employment, and the proprietors are more frequently actual residents. The gold products from these species of mining enter the local channels of trade, augment, and in reality support, the business of the region, while the major part of the product of hydraulic mining goes to San Francisco and London, and other regions enjoy the benefits. When it does cease, as it is bound to, in the ordinary course of things, in thirty years, it is evident that it will leave no such gap in the business or the labor market of that region, and turn no such army of laborers adrift, as would the general stoppage of quartz mining effect. The social disturbance will leave no trace, after the course of a season, during which the supply of labor is adjusting itself anew. Another distinction in the social bearing of the two divisions of mining, is also well marked. The quartz ledges are scattered in countless numbers through the mountains, and as thousands have been found, so there are other thousands undiscovered, leaving open, to multitudes of lucky and enterprising men, chances of securing fortunes. The placers, being filled-up river channels, can be traced up when discovered, and their whole extent located. Thus this mineral producing source of our State has been secured at nominal prices, by a number of large companies, who enjoy the riches which are shared in the

case of quartz mining by whole communities of men. This mineral wealth does not increase the business and population of the region, as do the quartz ledges, which distribute their gifts to tens of thousands of men of moderate fortunes, who are, in the main, actual residents. Hydraulic mining, however, has performed a service for the foothills of the Sierra Nevada which could have come from no other industry, in furnishing to localities the means of irrigation, at an early time, when the needs of agriculture would not have warranted the State, or individuals, in introducing any sort of a system of irrigation. Nevada City, and many other towns in the hills, as well as some farms along the line of the ditches, received water at an earlier date than they could have had it otherwise, and are still furnished with an abundant supply. But, at present, when the agricultural capabilities of the lower regions of the Sierra Nevada, with the aid of irrigation, has become apparent, the hydraulic mining rather prevents than aids the introduction of a thorough system of irrigation, and thus the thorough development of that region. There are some six million acres in the foothills capable of producing fruit, raisins, wine, olive oil, and all kinds of dairy produce; capable, in fact, of combining the fertility of the English hilly soils with the two-fold productions of Italy and England, when provided with irrigation. The supply of water must be found in the higher Sierras, but the water-rights and available ditch routes are owned by the hydraulic mining companies, who find it more profitable to use any additional supply of water in extending their operations, rather than in making the outlay necessary for a comprehensive system of ditches, with profits to accrue from a demand not in actual existence, but to spring from an agricultural activity to be caused by the prospect of abundant water. Furthermore, if such an agricultural activity were aroused, the growing needs of that vigorous industry might soon demand an encroachment upon the supply for mining. The agriculturists might soon become numerous and energetic enough to secure State action, by which some—at least—of the water-rights of the companies would be condemned, and turned to the service of the agricultural community. It is against the interests of the companies to court the disturbance this would occasion them. Meanwhile, the introduction of anything like an adequate system, by private individuals is prevented by the want of opportunity, since all the water-rights and ditch courses are occupied; and on the part of the State, it is impossible, since, in the hill counties, the towns are supplied with water and are content, and the farming class, who feel the need of it, are too poor to make it a public question.

These are the main points in the relation of hydraulic mining to the region of its operations, which must be fully understood before the real importance of the industry can be appreciated. But its more prominent influence upon the rest of the State, through the tailings emptied into the Yuba, Bear, Feather, and American, is imperfectly understood by those who have not experienced the actual effects on the districts traversed by the rivers. Yet, now that the treatment of the question of amending the state of things in Sacramento Valley has been assumed by the State, a safe decison requires a more accurate acquaintance by the general public with the true condition of the upper Sacramento Valley. It is only then that the urgent need of continued and effective State action can be understood. Fortunately, in the investigations of the State Engineer we have reliable data, which, if surprising, will yet be accepted unreservedly. The tailings, or *débris*, that appear in the valley are of a two-fold character. They consist, first, of coarse insoluble sand, which the water rolls in billows along the bottom, filling up and leveling all inequalities and deep holes. As fast as the channel behind is leveled, the front of this sand advances. The second constituent is a clay, amounting to some thirty per cent. of the *débris*, which is carried in solution by the water and deposited in the channels and upon the flood-plains in advance of the sand.

Its effects reach down to the mouth of the Sacramento, the scene of its principal deposits advancing ahead of the sand. The Yuba and the Bear, the main tributaries of the Feather, have been affected the most disastrously by the tailings. They were originally clear streams, running in channels from fifteen to thirty feet in depth, over pebbly beds; upon either side were the bottoms, extending two or three miles to the redland, and covered with oak and buckeye forests, broken by moist, grassy meadows and glades. The crystal water was filled with trout, and shoals of salmon annually ascended to spawning grounds upon their head-waters. At times, during the winter floods, the water ran over the bottoms, leaving a film of fertilizing deposit, from the washings upon the hillsides above, but receded in a few hours, causing no damage of moment to the lands or property on either side. The soil was a rich, black allluvium, as fertile as the richest alluvial loams in the world. Many valuable orchards were scattered along the rivers from the hills to their mouths. About 1860 the sand began to appear from the *cañons*, where it had paved its way

down. It entered and filled the channels to the brim, and commenced to spread upon the bottoms on either side. The low levees, formerly adequate to confine flood-waters, were overtopped, and the river began to flow upon a constantly raising bed of sand. Each year the levees had to be raised, to cause the floods and sand to sweep farther down; and with each year, one after another farmer gave up, as the water overtopped his levee and buried his land in the sand. Upon the south side of the Yuba, not a single farm remains upon the river bottom. The whole reach of alluvial bottom is covered in coarse sand, from ten to sixteen feet in depth, which either lies in barren sand-tracts or is covered with a growth of willows and cottonwoods, over which the river spreads and threatens to swerve aside upon the redlands. Upon the north side, Marysville alone remains, surrounded by levees, with the water above the level of her streets, and compelled to pump the seepage water into the river. The original channel of the Bear River is obliterated, and the sandy level over which it flows is from seven to ten feet high above the small portion of its former bottom, still preserved for a few miles upon its northern side. The State Engineer states that the Yuba has been filled at Smartsville dumps one hundred and twenty-five feet, at the Yuba mill and mining shaft, eighty feet—both places where the river is about leaving the hills; and at its mouth, some sixteen miles below, the low-water plane has been raised from thirteen to sixteen feet. The land alone, destroyed upon the Bear, Yuba, and Feather, he has estimated at $2,597,235; but his estimate is low in many cases, and he instances an orchard of six hundred and forty acres, formerly considered worth $640,000, "whose tree-tops are now found above the sand with which they have been covered," whose former value he estimates at a hundred dollars an acre only, and for whose present value fifty cents an acre, he says, would be a liberal estimate. The losses in crops, improvements, etc., he says, are not capable of definite estimation, but are probably several times the more tangible loss in lands. The property in Marysville has depreciated, since 1860, from $3,823,518 to $1,703,900 in 1880, according to the Assessor's figures. Nor does this represent the total loss, since the population and property ought to have increased greatly in twenty years. Four times the loss of land, or $10,390,540, is allowable at the least, according to his figures, for losses of lands and improvements. Add to this, $2,000,000, the perceptible depreciation in Marysville, and the total loss to the region and to individuals has been only approached. There is still the depreciation in other adjacent property, money sunk year after year in unsuccessful levees, and the loss from a prospective development arrested.

But there is a further loss, incapable of estimation, in the destruction of the rivers—as means of exit for the crops, and as a leverage by which the freights could be brought to the lowest reasonable figures; as a source of food, in the fish, that formerly swarmed in their waters, but have now utterly deserted the viscid, muddy rivers, which have proved uninhabitable to them; and, finally, in the increased unhealthfulness, and the loss of the added pleasure to life derived from a sparkling stream with its opportunities for enjoyment. We are so accustomed to hear of millions that it is difficult to conceive of the magnitude of this calculated loss. Twelve millions, the least loss capable of being definitely fixed, is an enormous sum. But the injury done by the *débris* is not confined to these regions where the land is actually buried—to the gray-haired men, deprived of homes and property, of the savings and results of a vigorous youth and prime. There is a further injury to the State system of drainage and river navigation fairly commenced, and to be consummated in five years, if unhindered, whose magnitude, estimated as bearing upon the future prosperity of the State, far exceeds the ten or twenty millions injury upon the minor rivers. The navigation of the Feather is almost at a standstill. Only a small portion of the wheat crop is moved down by its means. On the Sacramento, it is known that in the "fifties" steamers of one thousand tons ascended to the capital; now only small stern-wheel steamers, of three or four feet draught, and two hundred tons or less, ascend it, and then with frequent stoppages upon the bars. Three or four of these, only, ply between the bay and the city. Engineer Hall reports that below the mouth of the American River, along the water-front of Sacramento City and below, the maximum fill in the river has been thirty feet, and the average fill fifteen and two-tenths feet. The former deep reaches are filled up, and bars are frequent. The San Joaquin will soon suffer by the clogging of the lower Sacramento and Suisun Bay. Thus the whole system of inland navigation is in a fair way to be ruined. These rivers serve, also, as a drainage system for the whole inland valley of California; but Engineer Hall states (page 13, part III, of his report) that the carrying capacity of the Feather, and of the Sacramento below the mouth of the Feather, for flood waters between their natural banks, has been reduced thirty per cent., and in some places fifty per cent. The water is backed up into the upper Sacramento Valley, where the *débris* is

not seen, and more frequent floods at Colusa and above are the result. The waters of the San Joaquin will soon fail of a ready outlet into the Sacramento, and, in its comparatively level valley, floods will be aggravated. Meanwhile, to this actual lessening of the carrying capacity of the Sacramento is distinctly traceable the flood that caused a loss of $500,000 in the Sacramento Valley in 1878, and those of the last winter, when it seemed that the levees at some places on one side or the other must break and relieve the river. Sacramento City is coming to occupy a situation similar to that of Marysville. The embankment built by the Railroad Company has been a protection for a number of years, but it was with difficulty that the water was kept out last winter. In spite of the fact that the city was raised a number of years ago some twelve feet, her drainage is now in a fair way to be interrupted, in the winter, at least—during which season, when the levees at points far below her break, the break-water will threaten her, as happened in the last winter. Below the city the drainage is already interfered with. For twenty miles the orchards are injured, and trees are dying in consequence of the raising of the water-line in the grounds. If the flood-carrying capacity of the Sacramento has been reduced one-third, and the steamers plying upon it have been reduced from one thousand to two hundred tons, and to three and four feet draught, in the last fifteen years, in the next five years it will be rendered entirely unnavigable, and its usefulness as a flood-carrier entirely destroyed, for the reason that the sand which formerly lodged in the reaches of the Yuba and Bear, and made these rivers inclined planes, is descending into the Feather, while the light material formerly deposited in the Feather proceeds to the Sacramento. As it is, the Engineer estimates that in the past the lower Sacramento has been carrying annually of this soluble material from the mines, 13,200,000 cubic yards, or enough to cover four square miles a yard in depth, much of which reaches the bay. It is thus plain that, while a special and signal injury is being done to the region where the sand actually covers the land, and an incalculable hardship and injustice is being worked to the multitude of individuals whose property is partially or totally ruined, yet, in addition, the whole State is about to suffer an injury by the destruction of its navigable streams and drainage system that cannot be estimated. The urgency of effective action immediately is evident. The last Legislature passed what is known as the "Young Bill," providing for a State tax of one-twentieth of one per cent., a small district tax upon the farming and mining counties immediately affected, and a tax upon the water used by the hydraulic mining companies. The money was to be used in constructing a series of stone dams in the *canoñs* of the rivers, behind which the *débris* could be lodged, and in erecting levees upon the Yuba, Bear, and Feather, to protect land in imminent danger, according to the scheme reported by the State Engineer. In his report he has designated sites for dams to be raised annually, which would have sufficient capacity to hold all the sand and heavy material produced during the next thirty years. To complete these works upon the Yuba he estimates that $2,894,534 will be required, or about $100,000 a year, upon the average; but of the total sum $500,000 will be required the first year, and diminishing amounts each succeeding year. To build dams upon the Yuba, Bear, Feather, and American, he estimates will require $233,000 a year, or $6,990,000 in the thirty years. In accordance with the bill, a district was organized and a Board of Commissioners appointed to determine and execute the work to be done. Three dams will be built to the hight of eight feet this year, two in the Yuba and one in the Bear; but they will be of brush instead of stone.

This is the only method the State can adopt to prevent further injury upon the upper rivers and the destruction of Sacramento River, and it may be of Suisun Bay, short of forbidding the emptying of tailings into the river. It is necessary, for her own protection, that the State should act, and since the works are to prevent any injury to her, as a whole, it would be an injustice to assess the cost upon any particular district; and, indeed, the burden would ruin any district upon which it should be imposed. Furthermore, it is the State's duty toward the portions of her citizens upon the Yuba, Bear, and Feather. It is a plain principle of our Government, that every citizen has a right to the enjoyment of his property, free from obstruction, or injury upon the part of others. He has also a right to such use of the waters of an adjacent stream, as serves his purposes, so long as he causes no detriment to those below him, and does not prevent their enjoyment of the stream. In these rights, it is recognized that it is the duty of the State to protect him. The case of the citizens upon these rivers, is a plain application of these principles. The property of a part has been, and of the rest is being, destroyed by the sand emptied into the streams and brought down; and it is the duty of the State to protect them from further injury, by preventing the further flow of the *débris* into the valley. It can do this, either by dams in the *cañons*, or by preventing the introduction of

tailings into the rivers in the future. They are suffering an injustice at the hands of the State, who had the power and whose province it was to protect them. Morally, the State ought to make them restitution, although it cannot be exacted from her now by legal means. But here arises an interesting and curious question. May it not be possible, in time, that the State will be made liable for such injuries suffered, because of its inaction, where it should have protected, as was the city of Philadelphia for the destruction of $3,000,000 worth of property by the riots her police should have suppressed? Were such a principle introduced into law, and the machinery and methods devised to apply it, it is evident that it would be one guarantee secured to weakness, against a disregard of the rights guaranteed it by the State. It would prompt Legislatures to greater vigilance, and more speedy attempts to arrest injustice, where it was within the power and province of the State to do so, in the same way that the principle in regard to the liability of cities makes municipal governments a little more vigorous in their dealings with mobs.

JOHN H. DURST.

A CHILD'S JOURNEY THROUGH ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.

As I look back it seems like the bright and the dark sides of a dream. From out the heart of June was born the fairest scene that ever went unframed. The little valley lay, an uncombed lawn, between the sloping forests; and a small stream, babbling and tinkling, lost a mimic battle-shout as it ran somewhere between entrance and outlet, gleaming like a string of water-pearls, shut in between banks. The milkers, at sunrise, went in among the cows, calling and soothing and laughing, and I took my cup, with the webs of sleep still tangling across my eyes, and, listening to the plash of the stream, looked off down the valley. A herd of antelopes sped away out of vision, frightened at the echoes of their own retreat. The dark verdure of the forest swept up to the skies that lay beyond, and miles and miles away rose the beautiful Mount St. Francisco, his head hoary with snow. In my child-heart I bowed before that wondrous mountain and did him reverence. He seemed like God, weird and strange and set apart; a veil-like atmosphere wound about him like a garment of holiness; the snow was upon his breast like a beard. The whole world seemed filled with happiness and plenty.

Months after I returned to the spot. I remember that I was hungry. Dry leaves skipped and danced about, and a sharp wind swirled through the little valley. My clothes were old and worn, and I should have liked a shawl to wrap around me. Somewhat dwarfed by greater that I had seen, there was Mount St. Francisco, with a sheet of rain lying between us. He was gray and dull, and his glory was dimmed. The little stream was gathering itself for winter. I was filled with a sense of desolation, and I felt that old women should never laugh for in their long lives they must have been sorry so many times. That day the last sack of flour in the camp was brought to our tent because there was the widow and her children. They tell me that Prescott, Arizona, has sprung into life somewhere there since, but I cannot imagine a town in that wilderness.

There was a city set upon a hill, and it was called Zuñi. It was closely built and thickly inhabited by half-civilized Indians. On every hand there were stupid looking eagles, sacred birds, at whom one must never throw a stone. I seem also to think of a rude church as belonging there. Small panes of isinglass were set in the windows, and for safety, in case of the constantly feared invasion by the Navajos, one sometimes made entrance to the houses by going up a ladder to the flat roof, and then down a ladder to the floor. The people were exceedingly hospitable, and greeted the comer with "eat, eat." The men tended the babies, knit, and wove blankets, and the women ground the corn. A woman grinding corn got upon her knees, and, taking an ear in her hands, with the motion of washing clothes, rubbed it on a coarse, sloping stone. Often, as she ground, she carried a nursing child upon her back, throwing her breast over her shoulder within its reach. She chewed constantly what proved to be wheat, and when it had reached a certain consistency she took it out and chewed more wheat. I had eaten heartily of a certain sweet mush they had given me, but I was hardened to many things, and I only laughed when I learned it was a choice dish made of chewed wheat. Also, they made wafer bread. I saw two albinos, with

white hair and small, weak, pink eyes, who were looked upon as unfortunates by their friends.

When I left Zuñi the darkness was gathering around a cluster of dome-like rocks, that looked like women in cloaks, and I trembled and cowered close in the covered wagon for fear of Navajos.

One night a little company were gathered upon a bared elevation, choosing this site because it was free of chaparral, and no Indians could lurk near unseen. The oxen were in yoke, the horses bridled, and if one man spoke to another it was in a whisper. It is the most horrible memory of my life, and for years afterward I would start away from myself and find a companion to rid myself of the dread of that hour. Once my mother, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, for fear of arrows, and carrying her little boy in her arms, on Lucy, our old family horse, rode to the wagon side, and, under her breath, whispered a word of cheer. One of the oxen lay down, and his yoke creaked against the stillness of the night, and immediately every man put his hand upon the lock of his gun and steadied his eye. The hoot of an owl, wild and distinct, before us, was answered by another hoot behind, and because fear and suffering had made me wise, I knew they were human voices signaling each other in the dark. My own heart seemed to thunder thickly in my ears, but I stifled it to hear the Indian whoops and yells a mile back upon the Colorado River, where we had left all our worldly goods. Oh, those wild and curdling yells! They echoed afterward from every pillow I pressed, they sounded in every lonely spot, they rushed upon me in strange moments of mirth, they intruded in the midst of school-books, and now that sterner duties have come, here they are still, flocking about me and mocking till the old fear and shuddering come again.

A man came to our wagon, and began to search for something very silently.

"Oh, sir," I said, with falling tears, "why didn't you save my father?"

He answered:

"My child, it was impossible," and went hastily away.

In another moment the moon broke forth as calm and radiantly pale as ever she had been when she shone upon us in our old home, and by her light we took up our line of march.

I remember two graves. Sickness, brought on by exposure and want, had fallen upon the little boy who had been carried on horseback that dreadful night through, in his mother's arms, under a buffalo-robe, to be safe from arrows. Two Mexican women came into the tent, laughing toward the men as they came, and one, having learned a little English, pointed toward the sick child and said:

"What ails him?"

Two days afterward, in our wagon, we were carrying a little coffin to the small burying-ground set apart by the American inhabitants of Albuquerque, New Mexico. It was on a lonesome and sandy hillside, and the wagon tipped a little as we neared it. It contained but few graves, but they were all the graves of white people. When our small hillock was made, we stood around it, watering it with tears, and we knew, having once left it, we never should see it again. We gathered stones and put upon it, to prevent the digging of wolves; and then, having done all, we looked at each other, dreading to go. We had grown stoical with starvation and danger, and we had each a knowledge of death from having stared him in the face so often; but, as my mother turned, in the wagon, to look her last upon the lonely hillside, an agonized cry broke from the lips she had forced shut:

"Oh, my boy, my boy! How can I leave him there?"

Along in the middle of one warm afternoon, I stood by the side of another grave. The whole landscape was flooded with yellow, and even the red slide of the mountain-back was turned to gold. In the distance flowed a broad and shallow river, its broader bed from which it had receded shining with yellow sand. It was the Gila, treacherous, mysterious stream, which eluded and then sprung noisily upon us; whose dry channel we crossed a dozen times one day to cross it a dozen times again, filled with water the next. I stood, inured to the thought of dead people, by the grave at the roadside, and looked with interest at the mound. A headboard bore upon it the inscription, "Sacred to the Oatman Family," erected by some friendly stranger; and the little fence looked as though it had been carefully constructed of poles, the ends placed in corner-posts. I had heard the tale of surprise and murder so often that I knew it by heart. I had been in the Pima Village to which Lorenzo Oatman had crawled, holding his cracked and scalped skull between his hands. I had been for days in a camp haunted by the Mojave Indians, among whom Olive Oatman had been for such a weary time a captive, and in whose midst her little sister had died, singing with her last breath the well known hymn, beginning, "How tedious and tasteless the hours when Jesus no longer I see." And this was the grave where reposed the remains of the four who were murdered by the wolf-like and ill favored Tonto Apaches,

whose scowling faces and low-drawn brows I well knew. I wondered why we had escaped and they been doomed. I ascended the overhanging bluff, and stood among the scattered remnants of their effects. Here lay the hub of a wheel, there a ragged portion of cloth clung to a bush; just beyond, a tin-pan, battered and rusty, half tipped upon a stone; and each article seemed to whisper into my child-ears the story again. I see yet that red and yellow light upon the Gila River, the bare slide upon the mountain, and the Oatman grave, solitary and desolate, under the bluff.

We were crawling through the desert, and a parching thirst fell out from the hot sun. The grains of sand burned the callused soles of my bare feet, or struck through the moccasins I put on sometimes. The oxen shut their eyes, and toiled on, oh, so slowly!—it was almost like moving not at all. There was nothing left to eat but meat taken from the cattle, poor and sick from alkali, and it must be eaten without salt. A week ago, Tiger, our faithful dog, had crept weakly along, his dry tongue hanging from his mouth, had fallen, scrambled on again, and finally lain down to die of thirst, and so had watched us out of sight. He was only a dog, but it was hard, very hard, to leave him. To-day a man had made a little wound upon his hand, and taken the blood from the cut vein to moisten his mouth. My own lips were swollen and cracked; my tongue was growing larger, and constantly searched about in my cheeks for moisture. Ah, me! I sighed, and wondered if these dreadful days would ever end. I looked away off ahead into the sky. Around the fire, the night before, I had heard them telling of a mirage of funeral processions marching up the sky, each figure standing on its head; of inverted ships, sailing along the blue out of the horizon, and other of the strangest tales, but they did not frighten me any. I feared only the great comet, the comet of '59. It was, with its fiery tail, sweeping the heavens, and when I awoke in the night I hugged the blanket round my chin, while I shuddered at him and wondered if he could be the monster working us all this evil. But often we traveled in the night, to escape the heat of the day, and then I kept always in the wake of my mother's skirts, for fear of that comet. Then, when for five minutes there was a halt allowed, the weary oxen, women, and children dropped upon the sand and slept, and, as there was no one to see to another, each person took precautions for awakening. My mother sat between the wheels, I often caught one of the spokes, and other hands grasped the wagon behind to feel its first motion. A nameless dread shook me one night, for one of the young girls had failed to waken, and we had traveled on without her. Oh, horror!—if it had been I to open my eyes upon the comet, and find myself alone in the trackless sand! When she was recovered, I looked upon her with awe because of the experience that had just been hers. Oh, yes; I knew what mirage was. There it lay now, quivering in the horizon like a broad river shining in the sun, so beautiful, so tantalizing, so tempting, and so disappointing. Oh, if I could just have a drink of water! I would never eat anything more if they would only give me all the water I wanted. Would it sizz in my hot throat as it went down? What sweet, cold water we used to draw out of the old well at home! Oh, for just one cup, only one cup, from that well! And then one of the men came with a tin bucket, and tipped it toward my mouth a little way—such a very little way that I could not by any possibility get all I wanted. But it was so good. And when he was gone I straightway longed for more, with a consuming, fainting desire that made me restless and irritable.

One warm day in August, upon the bank of the muddy Colorado, we children were lazily sitting about on the ground. One sister was stringing beads taken from an old moccasin, and most of the men were sleeping under the wagons through the heat of the afternoon. There was a great stillness upon everything, save for the children's chatter, and a heat rose from the ground that smote the eyes. Suddenly there was a dreadful scream, echoed, re-echoed, multiplied; then another, and another, as when one strikes the hand upon the mouth, till in one second of time the air seemed rent and torn with yells. In just that second the close chaparral had become black with Indians, who had crawled, serpent-like, on hands and knees, till, right upon us, in concert they could leap into sight. They wore cloths upon their loins, and some had feathers wound in their hair, with hideous paint glowing on face and breast. I gazed in dumb amazement, benumbed with surprise, and then I think I awoke to the excitement of the occasion. The women and children, through an air thick with flying arrows, were marshaled into one covered wagon, and there my mother wrapped us all round with feather-beds, blankets, and comforters. I do not think I was frightened, not because of any precocity of courage, but because of a wild excitement that filled me. I half leaned upon the knee of my sister. She says she was conscious of no pain, she felt no sudden pang, but something warm seemed running down her side, and, looking down, she saw an arrow which had pierced her flesh and protruded its flinty

head from the wound. "Mother," she exclaimed, "I am shot," and fainted. My mother, the woman whose spirit never failed her in this or the dreadful trials which succeeded this disastrous fight, put forth her hand and drew the arrow backward through the wound. It was while thus supporting the head of the girl she supposed dying, it somehow became known to her that her husband was lying quite dead and filled with arrows under the great cottonwood tree round which the camp was made. It was but a few moments more till one of the men spoke from the front of the wagon. Said he:

"Our ammunition is giving out, and we do not know but it may come to a hand-to-hand fight. Get out the knives you have in the bed of the wagon."

Through the backward march which followed it was ever the women who rose superior to suffering and to danger. The men lost courage, hope, and spirit, but the women never. A few moments after the demand for the knives, a Methodist preacher, who had seized my father's rifle, aimed at the chief with a dinner-bell depending from his belt, and saw him fall. In five minutes not an Indian was to be seen, the living dragging with them the dead as they went. In the meantime, under cover of the fight, our great herd of cattle had been made to swim the river, and were safely corraled in the Mojave villages.

Then began a weary tramp backward to Albuquerque, over mountain, desert, and plain, every step of which for hundreds of miles we felt was watched from every bush and point. The few cattle remaining to us were those too feeble from the effects of alkali to swim the river, our food was insufficient, we could not find water, our progress was miserably slow. Oh, the agony of those days as they must have been to my mother, just widowed, with her little ones looking to her for care and comfort! Reader, is it any wonder that memory clings to the subject so faithfully, or that the bark of the wolf and the wild whoop of the Indian that startled the child still linger in the ear of the woman?

I remember a strange pit, like a huge, round pot let into the earth, and they called it Jacob's Well. Its sides were so steep as almost to forbid descent, but the thirsty cattle burst bounds and plunged down toward the pool of water at the bottom. It was a dark, still, mysterious pool, filled with a greenish-black water, in which swam eyeless fish with legs like frogs. Some one said it was bottomless. Bottomless? I wondered at the idea, and tried to grasp it as I now clutch desperately at the idea of eternity, and still at this day I shake my head at both, for I can compass neither. Trees of a delightful verdure grew in the pit, and they were cool and fresh—cool and fresh and beautiful enough to quench the thirst of a sight parched with heat and glare and sand and mirage and the fever of disturbed sleep. Well, well! Had the Bible come into Arizona, and was this really that well of old Jacob, of whom I had heard on Sundays as a very mythical personage who cheated his brother and afterward had a gray beard?

And then, whether near or far from this halting place my memory fails to tell, we drew toward a great pile, with angles and curves and overhanging cliffs threatening destruction; and this was Inscription Rock, a quaint and curious and marvelous mass, towering from the plain into the sky. The stone was grained like sand, and so soft that a knife-blade would easily cut into it. It was covered with names and rude carvings, some put so high up I wondered how a hand ever could have reached them. It was here I first learned the word *hieroglyphics* and heard mention of *Montezuma*. They said some of the carvings were hieroglyphics, and that perhaps—a very vague perhaps—the old ruins built on the top of Inscription Rock might be the remains of a fortification of Montezuma's time.

We were encamped at the Warm Springs, a little way out upon the hillside from Socorro. The water gushed, blood warm or a little more, from a rock in the hill, springing, quite a stream, from the fissure that made two parts of the rock. It had hollowed out a basin for itself where it fell, and this it filled like a bowl with warm water, so clear, so very clear, that you could count all the legs on the little black bugs moving sluggishly about on the rocks two or three feet deep. To this basin flocked the women of Socorro when infrequent wash-day came—flocked barefooted, and with the bundles of clothes upon their heads. They wore a skirt and a chemise, and this latter, as if by design, slipped continually from their shoulders. Child as I was, I wondered at the freedom of their smiles and glances, while I was fascinated by the little trickles of laugh that bubbled every moment from their lips, and the chant of words which seemed like rhythm as they talked. They let down their bundles, and washed their clothes upon the stones as the Zuñi women ground the corn, slapping them and pounding them often with soap-root, which obediently gave out lather. And then, while they caressed and encouraged me, and passed me round, it was, "Oh, the little child!" and "Ah, the poor little girl, out from the midst of the Indians!" and "See the little one!" while, half bashful and half charmed, I drew away, and at the same time

yielded. When the washing was done and spread to dry, then into the basin they sprung and laughed and splashed and shouted, or swam as lazily and sluggishly about as the little black bugs below.

After that there was more danger, and there was the Apache country. I well remember the shudder at Apache Pass, and the visit which Cochise, the famous chief, paid to our lonely wagon. But the hard balance of suffering was over, and finally, when the rolling hills were green with spring, our tired eyes greeted Los Angeles, that fairest city of the south.

KATE HEATH.

THE DECAY OF EARNESTNESS.

Every animal, when not frightened, shows in its own way a certain quiet self-complacency, a confidence in the supreme worth of its individual existence, an exalted egotism, which is often not a little amusing if we reflect on the shortness, the insignificance, and the misery of most creatures' lives. This animal self-complacency characterizes, also, as we know, all naturally-minded men. We know, too, that most men are nearly as much in error as the beasts, in the degree of importance that they attach to their lives. But what I have just now most in mind is that the same kind of blunder is frequently found in the judgment that any one age passes upon itself and its own work. Every active period of history thinks its activity of prodigious importance, and its advance beyond its predecessors very admirable. So the eighteenth century thought that the English poetry of past times had been far surpassed in form and in matter by the poetry of the age of Dryden and of Pope. Long since the blindness of the eighteenth century upon this point has been fully exposed. The Neoplatonic philosophy, the Crusades, the First French Empire, are familiar instances from the multitude of cases where men utterly failed to perform the permanent work which they were very earnestly trying to do, and where they were, at most, doing for the world that which they least of all wished or expected to do. Like individuals, then, whole eras of history go by, sublimely confident in their own significance, yet often unable to make their claims even interesting in the sight of posterity.

The same lesson may be drawn both here and in the case of individuals. The man is vain; so is the age. The man ought to correct his vanity first by negative criticism; so ought the time. But the disillusioning process is a cruel one in both cases. It is hard for the man to bear the thought that, perhaps, after all, he is a useless enthusiast. So it is hard for an age to bear the thought that its dearest worship may be only idolatry, and its best work only a fighting of shadows. But for both the lesson is the same. Let them find some higher aim than this merely natural one of self-satisfaction. Let their work be done, not that it may seem grand to them alone, but so that it must have an element of grandeur in it, whatever be the success of its particular purposes. Grandeur does not depend upon success alone, nor need illusions always be devoid of a higher truth. The problem is to find out what is the right spirit, and to work in that. If the matter of the work is bad, that must perish, but the spirit need not.

Now, in our age we are especially engaged upon certain problems of thought. We discuss the origin of the present forms of things in the physical and in the moral universe. Evolution is our watchword; "everything grew," is the interpretation. Our method of inquiry is the historical. We want to see how, out of certain simple elements, the most complex structures about us were built up. Now, in the enormous thought-activity thus involved, two things especially strike one who pauses to watch. The first is, that in studying Evolution men have come to neglect other important matters that used to be a good deal talked about. The true end of life, the nature and grounds of human certitude, the problems of Goethe's *Faust* and of Kant's *Critique*—these disappear from the view of many representative men. The age finds room to talk about these things, but not to enter upon them with a whole-souled enthusiasm. Yet these are eternally valuable matters of thought. The age for which they are not in the very front rank of problems is a one-sided age, destined to be severely criticised within a century. The other fact that strikes us in this age is that the result of our one-sidedness is an unhappy division, productive of no little misery, between the demands of modern thought and the demands of the whole indivisible nature of man. The ethical finds not enough room in the philosophy of the time. The world is studied, but not the active human will, without whose interference the

world is wholly void of human significance. The matter of thinking overwhelms us; we forget to study the form, and so we accept, with a blank wonder, the results of our thinking as if they were self-existent entities that had walked into our souls of themselves. For example, we make molecules by reasoning about facts of sensation, and by grouping these facts in the simplest and easiest fashion possible; then we fall into a fear lest the molecules have, after all, made us, and we write countless volumes on a stupid theme called materialism. This unreflective fashion of regarding the products of our thought as the conditions and source of our thought, is largely responsible for the strife between the ethical and the scientific tendencies of the time. The scientific tendency stops in one direction at a certain point, content with having made a theory of evolution, and fearing, or, at any rate, neglecting, any further analysis of fundamental ideas. The ethical tendency, on the other hand, rests on a rooted feeling that, after all, conscious life is of more worth than anything else in the universe. But this is, nowadays, commonly a mere feeling, which, finding nothing to justify it in current scientific opinion, becomes morose, and results in books against science. The books are wrong, but the feeling, when not morose, is right. The world is of importance only because of the conscious life in it, and the Evolution theory is one-sided because of the subordinate place it gives to consciousness. But the cure is not in writing books against science, but solely in such a broad philosophy as shall correct the narrowness of the day, and bring back to the first rank of interest once more the problems of Goethe's *Faust* and of Kant's *Critique*. We want not less talk about evolution, but more study of human life and destiny, of the nature of men's thought, and the true goal of men's actions. Send us the thinker that can show us just what in life is most worthy of our toil, just what makes men's destiny more than poor and comic, just what is the ideal that we ought to serve; let such a thinker point out to us plainly that ideal, and then say, in a voice that we must hear, "Work, work for that; it is the highest"—then such a thinker will have saved our age from one-sidedness, and have given it eternal significance. Now, to talk about those problems of thought which concern the destiny, the significance, and the conduct of human life, is to talk about what I have termed "the ethical aspect of thought." Some study we must give to these things if we are not to remain, once for all, hopelessly one-sided.

In looking for the view of the world which shall restore unity to our divided age, we must first not forget the fact that very lately all these now neglected matters have been much talked about. It is the theory of Evolution that, with its magnificent triumphs, its wonderful ingenuity and insight, has put them out of sight. Only within twenty years has there been a general inattention to the study of the purposes and the hopes of human life—a study that, embodied in German Idealism, or in American Transcendentalism, in Goethe, in Schiller, in Fichte, in Wordsworth, in Shelley, in Carlyle, in Emerson, had been filling men's thoughts since the outset of the great Revolution. But since the end of the period referred to our knowledge of the origin of the forms of life has driven from popular thought the matters of the worth and of the conduct of life, so that one might grow up nowadays well taught in the learning of the age, and when asked, "Hast thou as yet received into thy heart any Ideal?" might respond very truthfully, "I have not heard so much as whether there be any Ideal."

Yet, I repeat, the fault in our time is negative rather than positive. We have to enlarge, not to condemn. Evolution is a great truth, but it is not all truth. We need more, not less, of science. We need a more thorough-going, a more searching—yes, a more critical and skeptical—thought than any now current. For current thought is, in fact, *naïf* and dogmatic, accepting without criticism a whole army of ideas because they happen to be useful as bases for scientific work. We need, then, in the interests of higher thought, an addition to our present philosophy—an addition that makes use of the neglected thought of the last three generations. But, as preliminary to all this, it becomes us to inquire: Why was modern thought so suddenly turned from the contemplation of the ethical aspect of reality to this present absorbing study of the material side of the world? How came we to break with Transcendentalism, and to begin this search after the laws of the redistribution of matter and of force? To this question I want to devote the rest of the present study; for just here is the whole problem in a nut-shell. Transcendentalism, the distinctly ethical thought-movement of the century, failed to keep a strong hold on the life of the century. Why? In the answer to this question lies at once the relative justification, and at the same time the understanding, of the incompleteness of our present mode of thinking.

By Transcendentalism, I mean a movement that began in Germany in the last thirty years of the eighteenth century, and that afterward spread, in one form or another, all over Europe, and even into our own country—a movement that answered in the moral and mental world to the French Revolution in the political world.

Everywhere this movement expressed, through a multitude of forms, a single great idea: the idea that in the free growth and expression of the highest and strongest emotions of the civilized man might be found the true solution of the problem of life. Herein was embodied a reaction against the characteristic notions of the eighteenth century. In the conventional, in submission to the external forms of government, religion, and society, joined with a total indifference to the spiritual, and with a general tendency to free but shallow speculation, the average popular thought of the last century had sought to attain repose rather than perfection. The great thinkers rose far above this level; but, on the whole, we look to the age of the rationalists rather for ingenuity than for profundity, rather for good sense than for grand ideas. The prophetic, the emotional, the sublime, are absent from the typical eighteenth century mind-life. Instead, we find cultivation, criticism, skepticism, and at times, as a sort of relief, a mild sentimentality. The Transcendental movement expressed a rebound from this state of things. With the so-called Storm and Stress Period of German literature the protest against conventionality and in favor of a higher life began. Love, enthusiasm, devotion, the affection for humanity, the search after the ideal, the faith in a spiritual life—these became objects of the first interest. A grand new era of history seemed opening. Men felt themselves on the verge of great discoveries. The highest hopes were formed. A movement was begun that lasted through three generations, and far into a fourth. It was, to be sure, in nature a young men's movement; but as the men of one generation lost their early enthusiasm, others arose to follow in their footsteps—blunderingly, perhaps, but earnestly. When Goethe had outgrown his youthful extravagances, behold there were the young Romanticists to undertake the old work once more. When they crystallized with time, and lost hold on the German national life, there came Heine and the Young Germany to pursue with new vigor the old path. In England, Wordsworth grows very sober with age, when there come Byron and Shelley; Coleridge fails, and Carlyle is sent; Shelley and Byron pass away, but Tennyson arises. And with us in America Emerson and his helpers renew the spirit of a half century before their time. This movement now seems a thing of the past. There is no Emerson among the younger men, no Tennyson among the new school of poets, no Heine in Germany—much less, then, a Fichte or a Schiller. Not merely is genius lacking, but the general public interest, the soil from which a genius draws nourishment, is unfavorable. The literary taste of the age is represented by George Eliot's later novels, where everything is made subordinate to analysis, by the poetry of several skillful masters of melody, by the cold critical work of the authors of the series on "English Men of Letters." Men of wonderful power there are among our writers—men like William Morris in poetry, or Mathew Arnold in both criticism and poetry; but their work is chiefly esoteric, appealing to a limited class. Widely popular writers we have upon many subjects; but they are either great men of abstract thought, like Spencer and Huxley; or else, alas! mere superficial scribblers like Mr. Mallock, or rhetoricians like Rev. Joseph Cook. The moral leader, the seer, the man to awaken deep interest in human life as human life, no longer belongs to the active soldiers of the army of to-day; and, what is worse, the public mind no longer inquires after such a leader. There must surely be a cause for this state of public sentiment. Neglect of such vital questions must have sprung from some error in their treatment. Let us look in history for that error.

The Storm and Stress Period in Germany began with the simplest and most unaffected desire possible to get back from conventionality and from shallow thought to the purity and richness of natural emotion. There was at first no set philosophy or creed about the universe common to those engaged in the movement. The young poets worshiped genius, and desired to feel intensely and to express emotion worthily. To this end they discarded the traditions as to form which they found embodied in French poetry and in learned text-books. Lessing had furnished them critical authority. He had shown the need of appealing to Nature for instruction, both in the matter and in the manner of poetry. Popular ballads suggested to some of the young school their models. Their own overflowing hearts, their warm, ideal friendships with one another, their passion for freedom, their full personal experiences, gave them material. Together they broke down conventions, and opened a new era in literary life, as the French Revolution, twenty years later, did in national life. Every one knows that Goethe's famous *Werther* is the result of this time of ferment. Now, if one reads *Werther* attentively, and with an effort (for it needs an effort) to sympathize with the mood that produced and enjoyed it, one will see in it the characteristic idea that the aim of life is to have as remarkable and exalted emotional experiences as possible, and those of a purely personal character; that is, not the emotion that men feel in common when they engage in great

causes, not the devotion to sublime impersonal objects, not surrender to unworldly ideals, but simply the overwhelming sense of the magnitude and worth of one's own loves and longings, of one's own precious soul-experiences—this, and not the other, is to be sought. Werther cannot resist the fate that drives him to load his heart down with emotion until it breaks. He feels how far asunder from the rest of mankind all this drives him. But he insists upon despising mankind, and upon reveling in the dangerous wealth of his inspiration. Now, surely such a state of mind as this must injure men if they remain long in it. Men need work in life, and so long as they undertake to dig into their own bowels for the wonderful inner experiences that they may find by digging, so long must their lives be bad dreams. The purpose of these young men was the highest, but only those of them who, following this purpose, passed far beyond the simplicity of their youth, did work of lasting merit. The others stayed in a state of passionate formlessness, or died early. The result of remaining long in this region, where nothing was of worth but a violent emotion or an incredible deed, one sees in such a man as Klinger, who lived long enough to reap what he had sown, but did not progress sufficiently to succeed in sowing anything but the wind. I remember once spending an idle hour on one of his later romances, written years after the time of Storm and Stress had passed by, which well expresses the state of mind, the sort of *katzenjammer*, resulting from a long life of literary dissipation. It is Klinger's *Faustus*—the same subject as Goethe's masterpiece, but how differently treated! Faustus is a man desperately anxious to act. He wants to reform the world, to be sure, but that only by the way. His main object is to satisfy a vague, restless craving for tremendous excitement. The contract with the devil once made, he plunges into a course of reckless adventure. Where he undertakes to do good he only makes bad worse. Admirable about him is merely the magnitude of his projects, the vigor of his actions, the desperate courage wherewith he defies the universe. Brought to hell at last, he ends his career by cursing all things that are with such fearless and shocking plainness of speech that the devils themselves are horrified. Satan has to invent a new place of torment for him. He is banished, if I remember rightly, into horrible darkness, where he is to pass eternity perfectly alone. Thus terribly the poet expresses the despair in which ends for him, as for all, this self-adoration of the man whose highest object is violent emotional experiences, enjoyed merely because they are his own, not because by having them one serves the Ideal. As a mere beginning, then, the Storm and Stress Period expressed a great awakening of the world to new life. But an abiding place in this state of mind there was none. What then followed?

The two masters of German literature who passed through and rose above this period of beginnings, and created the great works of the classical period, were Goethe and Schiller. As poets, we are not now specially concerned with them. As moral teachers, what have they to tell us about the conduct and the worth of life? The answer is, they bear not altogether the same message. There is a striking contrast, well recognized by themselves and by all subsequent critics, between their views of life. Both aim at the highest, but seek in different paths. Goethe's mature ideal seems to be a man of finely appreciative powers, who follows his life-calling quietly and with such diligence as to gain for himself independence and leisure, who so cultivates his mind that it is open to receive all noble impressions, and who then waits with a sublime resignation, gained through years of self-discipline, for such experiences of what is grand in life and in the universe as the Spirit of Nature sees fit to grant to him. Wilhelm Meister, who works eagerly for success in a direction where success is impossible, and who afterward finds bliss where he least expected to find it, seems to teach this lesson. Faust, at first eagerly demanding indefinite breadth and grandeur of life, and then coming to see what the limitations of human nature are, "that to man nothing perfect is given," and so at last finding the highest good of life in the thought that he and posterity must daily earn anew freedom, never be done with progressing, seems to illustrate the same thought. Do not go beyond or behind Nature, Goethe always teaches. Live submissively the highest that it is given you to live, and neither cease quietly working, nor despair, nor rebel, but be open to every new and worthy experience. For Goethe this was a perfect solution of the problem of life. He needed no fixed system of dogmas to content him. In the divine serenity of one of the most perfect of minds, Goethe put in practice this maxim: Live thy life out to the full, earnestly but submissively, demanding what attainment thy nature makes possible, but not pining for more.

Now, this of course is a selfish maxim. If the highest life is to be unselfish, Goethe cannot have given us the final solution to the problem. His selfishness was not of a low order. It was like the selfishness in the face of the Apollo Belvedere, the simple consciousness of vast personal worth. But it was selfishness for all that. We see how it grew for him out of his

early enthusiasm. The Storm and Stress Period had been full of the thought that there is something grand in the emotional nature of man, and that this something must be cultivated. Now, Goethe, absorbed in the faith of the time—himself, in fact, its high priest—learned after a while that all these much sought treasures of emotion were there already, in his own being, and that they needed no long search, no storming at all. He had but to be still and watch them. He needed no anxious brooding to find ideals; he went about quietly, meeting the ideal everywhere. The object of search thus attained, in so far as any mortal could attain it, Goethe the poet was in perfect harmony with the Goethe of practical life; and so was formed the creed of the greatest man of the century. But it was a creed of little more than personal significance. For us the grand example remains, but the attainment of like perfection is impossible, and we must look for another rule of living. For those sensitive and earnest people who learn, as many learn while yet mere school-boys or school-girls, that there is a great wealth of splendid emotional life, of affection and aspiration and devotion, shut up in their own hearts; for those who, feeling this, want to develop this inner nature, to enjoy these high gifts, to order their lives accordingly, to avoid shams and shows, and to possess the real light of life—for such natural Transcendentalists, what shall Goethe's precept avail? Alas! their little lives are not Olympian, like his. They cannot meet the Ideal everywhere. Poetry does not come to express their every feeling. No Grand Duke calls them to his court. No hosts of followers worship them. Of all this they are not worthy. Yet they ought to find some path, be it never so steep a one, to a truly higher life. Resignation may be the best mood, but Goethe's reason for resignation such souls have not.

Perhaps Schiller's creed may have more meaning for men in general. In fact, Schiller, though no common man, had much more in him that common men may, without trouble, appreciate. His origin was humble, and the way up steep and rough. In his earlier writings the Storm and Stress tendency takes a simpler and cruder form than that of Werther. What Schiller accomplished was for a long time the result of very hard work, done in the midst of great doubt and perplexity. Schiller's ideal is, therefore, to use his own figure, the laborious, oppressed, and finally victorious Hercules —*i. e.*, the man who fears no toil in the service of the highest, who knows that there is something of the divine in him, who restlessly strives to fulfill his destiny, and who at last ascends to the sight and knowledge of the truly perfect. Schiller's maxim therefore is: Toil ceaselessly to give thy natural powers their full development, knowing that nothing is worth having but a full consciousness of all that thou hast of good, now latent and unknown within thee. Resignation, therefore, though it is the title of one of Schiller's poems, is never his normal active mood. He retains to the end a good deal of the old Storm and Stress. He is always a sentimental poet, to use the epithet in his own sense; that is, he is always toiling for the ideal, never quite sure that he is possessed of it. He dreams sometimes that he soon will know the perfect state of mind; but he never does attain, nor does he seem, like Goethe, content with, the eternal progress. There is an undercurrent of complaint and despair in Schiller, which only the splendid enthusiasm of the man keeps, for the most part, out of sight. Some of his poems are largely under its influence.

Now, this creed, in so far as it is earnest and full of faith in the ideal, appeals very much more immediately than does Goethe's creed to the average sensitive mind. Given a soul that is awake to the higher emotions, and if you tell such a one to work earnestly and without rest to develop this better self, you will help him more than if you bid him contemplate the grand attainment of a Goethe, and be resigned to his own experiences as Goethe was to his. For most of us the higher life is to be gained only through weary labor, if at all. But what seems to be lacking in Schiller's creed is a sufficiently concrete definition of the ideal that he seeks. Any attentive reader of *Faust* feels strongly, if vaguely, what it is that Faust is looking for. But one may read Schiller's "Das Ideal und das Leben" a good many times without really seeing what it is that the poor Hercules, or his earthy representative, is seeking. Schiller is no doubt, on the whole, the simpler poet, yet I must say that if I wanted to give any one his first idea of what perfection of mind and character is most worthy of search, I should send such a one to Goethe rather than to Schiller. Schiller talks nobly about the way to perfection, but he defines perfection quite abstractly. Goethe is not very practical in his directions about the road, but surely no higher or clearer ideals of what is good in emotion and action can be put into our minds than those he suggests in almost any passage you please, if he is in a serious mood, and is talking about good and evil at all.

But neither of the classical poets satisfied his readers merely as a moral teacher. As poets, they remain what they always seemed—classics, indeed; but as thinkers they did little more than state a problem. Here is a higher life, and they tell us about it. But wherein consists

its significance, how it is to be preached to the race, how sought by each one of us—these questions remain still open.

And open they are, the constant theme for eager discussion and for song all through the early part of the nineteenth century. Close upon the classical period followed the German Romantic school. Young men again, full of earnestness and of glorious experience! On they come, confident that they at least are called to be apostles, determined to reform life and poetry—the one through the other. Surely they will solve the problem, and tell us how to cultivate this all important higher nature. Fichte, the great idealist, whose words set men's hearts afire, or else, alas! make men laugh at him; young Friedrich Schlegel, versatile, liberal in conduct even beyond the bounds that may not safely be passed, bold in spirit even to insolence; the wonderful Novalis, so profound, and yet so unaffected and child-like, so tender in emotion and yet so daring in speculation; Schelling, full of vast philosophic projects; Tieck, skillful weaver of romantic fancies; Schleiermacher, gifted theologian and yet disciple of Spinoza; surely, these are the men to complete the work that will be left unfinished when Schiller dies and Goethe grows older. So at least they thought and their friends. Never were young men more confident; and yet never did learned and really talented men, to the most of whom was granted long life with vigor, more completely fail to accomplish anything of permanent value in the direction of their early efforts. As mature men, some of them were very influential and useful, but not in the way in which they first sought to be useful. There is to my mind a great and sad fascination in studying the lives and thoughts of this school, in whose fate seems to be exemplified the tragedy of our century. Such aspirations, such talents, and such a failure! Fragments of inspired verse and prose, splendid plans, earnest private letters to friends, prophetic visions, and nothing more of enduring worth. Further and further goes the movement, in its worship of the emotional, away from the actual needs of human life. Dramatic art, the test of the poet that has a deep insight into the problems of our nature, is tried, with almost complete failure. The greatest dramatic poet of the new era, one that, if he had lived, might have rivaled Schiller, was Heinrich von Kleist, author of the *Prinz von Homburg*. Driven to despair by unsolved problems and by loneliness, this poet shot himself before his life-work was more than fairly begun. There remain a few dramas, hardly finished, a few powerful tales, and a bundle of fragments to tell us what he was. His fate is typical of the work of the younger school between the years 1805 and 1815. There was a keen sense of the worth of emotional experience, and an inability to come into unity with one's aspirations. Life and poetry, as the critics have it, were at variance.

Now, in all this, these men were not merely fighting shadows. What they sought to do is eternally valuable. They felt, and felt nobly, as all generous-minded, warm-hearted youths and maidens at some time do feel. They were not looking for fame alone; they wanted to be and to produce the highest that mortals may. It is a pity that we have not just now more like them. Yet their efforts failed. What problems Goethe and Schiller, men of genius and of good fortune, had solved for themselves alone, men of lesser genius or of less happy lives could only puzzle over. The poetry of the next following age is largely the poetry of melancholy. The emotional movement spread all over Europe; men everywhere strove to make life richer and worthier; and most men grew sad at their little success. Alfred de Musset, in a well known book, has told in the gloomiest strain the story of the unrest, the despair, the impotency of the youth of the Restoration.

Wordsworth and Shelley represent in very much contrasted ways the efforts of English poets to carry on the work of Transcendentalism, and these men succeeded, in this respect, better than their fellows. Wordsworth is full of a sense of the deep meaning of little things and of the most common life. Healthy men, that work like heroes, that have lungs full of mountain air, and that yet retain the simplicity of shepherd life, or children, whose eyes and words teach purity and depth of feeling, are to him the most direct suggestions of the ideal. Life is, for Wordsworth, everywhere an effort to be at once simple and full of meaning; in harmony with nature, and yet not barbarous. But Wordsworth, if he has very much to teach us, seems to lack the persuasive enthusiasm of the poetic leader of men. At all events, his appeal has reached, so far, only a class. He can be all in all to them, his followers, but he did not reform the world. Shelley, is, perhaps, the one of all English poets in this century to whom was given the purest ideal delight in the higher affections. If you want to be eager to act out the best that is in you, read Shelley. If you want to cultivate a sense for the best in the feelings of all human hearts, read Shelley. He has taught very many to long for a worthy life and for purity of spirit. But alas! Shelley, again, knows not how to teach the way to the acquirement of the end that he so enthusiastically describes. If you can feel with him, he does you you good. If you fail to understand him, he is

no systematic teacher. At best, he will arouse a longing. He can never wholly satisfy it. Shelley wanted to be no mere writer. He had in him a desire to reform the world. But when he speaks of reform one sees how vague an idea he had of the means. Prometheus, the Titan, who represents in Shelley's poem oppressed humanity, is bound on the mountain. The poem is to tell us of his deliverance. But how is this accomplished? Why, simply when a certain fated hour comes, foreordained, but by nobody in particular, up comes Demogorgon, the spirit of eternity, stalks before the throne of Jupiter, the tyrant, and orders him him out into the abyss; and thereupon Prometheus is unchained, and the earth is happy. Why did not all this happen before? Apparently because Demogorgon did not sooner leave the under-world. What a motive is this for an allegoric account of the deliverance of humanity! Mere accident rules everything, and yet apparently there is a coming triumph to work for. The poet of lofty emotions is but an eager child when he is to advise us to act.

The melancholy side of the literary era that extends from 1815 to 1840 is represented especially by two poets, Byron and Heine. Both treat the same great problem, What is this life, and what in it is of most worth? Both recognize the need there is for something more than mere existence. Both know the value of emotion, and both would wish to lead men to an understanding of this value, if only they thought that men could be lead. Despairing themselves of ever attaining an ideal peace of mind, they give themselver over to melancholy. Despairing of raising men even to their own level, they become scornful, and spend far too much time in merely negative criticism. The contrast between them is not a little instructive. Byron is too often viewed by superficial readers merely in the light of his early sentimental poems. Those, for our present purpose, may be disregarded. It is the Byron of *Manfred* and *Cain* that I now have in mind. As for Heine, Matthew Arnold long since said the highest in praise of his ethical significance that we may dare to say. Surely both men have great defects. They are one-sided, and often insincere. But they are children of the ideal. Byron has, I think, the greater force of character, but the gift of seeing well what is beautiful and pathetic in life fell to the lot of Heine. The one is great in spirit, the other in experience. Byron is, by nature, combative, a hater of wrong, one often searching for the highest truth; but his experience is petty and heart-sickening, his real world is miserably unworthy of his ideal world, and he seems driven on into the darkness like his own Cain and Manfred. Heine has more the faculty of vision. The perfect delight in a moment of emotion is given to him as it has seldom been given to any man since the unknown makers of the popular ballads. Hence, his frequent use of ballad forms and incidents. Surely, Byron could never have given us that picture of Edith of the Swan's Neck searching for the dead King Harold on the field of Hastings, which Heine has painted in one of the ballads of the *Romancero*. But, on the other hand, Heine lacks the force to put into active life the meaning and beauty that he can so well appreciate. He sees in dreams, but he cannot create in the world the ideal of perfection. So he is bitter and despairing. He takes a cruel delight in pointing out the shams of the actual world. Naturally romantic, he attacks romantic tendencies ever afresh with hate and scorn. In brief, to live the higher life, and to teach others to live it also, one would have to be heroic in action, like Byron, and gifted with the power to see, as Heine saw, what is precious, and, in all its simplicity, noble, about human experience. The union of Byron and Heine would have been a new, and, I think, a higher, sort of Goethe.

Since these have passed away we have had our Emerson, our Carlyle, our Tennyson. Upon these men we cannot dwell now. I pass to the result of the whole long struggle. Humanity was seeking, in these its chosen representative men, to attain to a fuller emotional life. A conflict resulted with the petty and ignoble in human nature, and with the dead resistance of material forces. Men grew old and died in this conflict, did wonderful things, and—did not conquer. And now, at last, Europe gave up the whole effort, and fell to thinking about physical science and about great national movements. The men of the last age are gone, or are fast going, and we are left face to face with a dangerous practical materialism. The time is one of unrest, but not of great moral leaders. Action is called for, and, vigorous as we are, spiritual activity is not one of the specialties of the modern world.

So much, then, for the reasons why what I have for brevity's sake called Transcendentalism lost its hold on the life of the century. These reasons were briefly these: First, the ideal sought by the men of the age of which we have spoken was too selfish, not broad and human enough. Goethe might save himself, but he could not teach us the road. Secondly, men did not strive long and earnestly enough. Surely, if the problems of human conduct are to be solved, if life is to be made full of emotion, strong, heroic, and yet not cold, we must all unite, men, women, and children, in the com-

mon cause of living ourselves as best we can, and of helping others, by spoken and by written word, to do the same. We lack perseverance and leaders. Thirdly, the splendid successes of certain modern investigations have led away men's minds from the study of the conduct of life to a study of the evolution of life. I respect the latter study, but I do not believe it fills the place of the former. I wish there were time in our hurried modern life for both. I know there must be found time, and that right quickly, for the study of the old problems of the Faust of Goethe.

With this conclusion, the present study arrives at the goal set at the beginning. How we are to renew these old discussions, what solution of them we are to hope for, whether we shall ever finally solve them, what the true ideal of life is—of all such matters I would not presume to write further at this present. But let us not forget that if our Evolution text-books contain much of solid—yes, of inspiring—truth, they do not contain all the knowledge that is essential to a perfect life or to the needs of humanity. A philosophy made possible by the deliberate neglect of that thought-movement, whose literary expression was the poetry of our century, cannot itself be broad enough and deep enough finally to do away with the needs embodied in that thought-movement. Let one, knowing this fact, be therefore earnest in the search for whatever may make human life more truly worth living. Let him read again, if he has read before, or begin to read, if he has never read, our Emerson, our Carlyle, our Tennyson, or the men of years ago, who so aroused the ardent souls of the best among our fathers. Let him study Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Wordsworth, anything and everything that can arouse in him a sense of our true spiritual needs. And having read, let him work in the search after the ideal—work not for praise, but for the good of his time.

And then, perhaps, some day a new and a mightier Transcendental Movement may begin —a great river, that shall not run to waste and be lost in the deserts of sentimental melancholy.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

CHAPTER X.

The plan adopted by Mrs. Howard with reference to the newspapers had due weight. It is impossible to refrain from remarking in this connection that, ordinarily, the power of a reporter is greatly underrated. He is looked upon as a machine, for which his salary—generally very small—is the fuel for raising steam, and the policy of his newspaper the length of his stroke. As the quantity of fuel is generally quite small, there is never a dangerous head of steam, thus dispensing with the necessity for a safety-valve. The machine runs steadily on for years and years, and it is not long that a vestige of the original varnish, and polish, and finishing blue remains. It runs on and on, until the parts are worn, and the joints are loose, and the flues are choked with cinders and ashes. When it is worn out at last, it becomes a politician.

But the reporter, although his policy is controlled—or who, rather, has no policy of his own—is nevertheless a quiet and dangerous power. Sometimes he is human—more the pity. In fact, if the fraud must be exposed, he is generally human. Perhaps his peculiar training renders him comparatively free from prejudices, for his judgment must always be open, while his heart must always be closed. He is paid for his brain, and not for his sentiment. As he is human—a disgraceful admission—he is capable of feeling, which enters unconsciously and conscientiously into all his work. His policy having been outlined for him, dependence is, to a certain extent, placed in him. His judgment is supposed by his employer to be his guide, and confidence is reposed in his judgment; and it is never knowingly betrayed. Though he may have sentiments of his own that clash with the work in hand, he tears them to shreds with perfect cheerfulness. He takes a grim delight in trampling on them, and showing to others how unnecessary and how wrong they are. A man insults him, and yet he lauds that man a hero. But the insult goes down into his heart, and rankles there, to crop out when least expected. He is a nomadic insect —if such an expression be allowable—and what he has no opportunity of writing for this paper, he may for the next that employs him. The reporter is a whole encyclopædia of kindnesses to be remembered and wrongs to be redressed. There is no other man in society who is so

much flattered, and so often wounded, as he. His mind is an arsenal of facts, and his heart a magazine of memories. He has a thousand ways of doing a thing, and he soon learns them intuitively. This chapter is entirely too short to give an adequate exposition of his tricks. He is not feared as much as he might be, or he would always, even for policy, be treated with consideration. He is very much like a camel.

Mrs. Howard grasped this idea at once, as many women in the world have done. She did not avoid interviews; but while granting them, and withholding all information, she threw herself into her natural surrounding circumstances, and raised up an impassable barrier of her woman's rights—rights that men do not have to the same extent, and that are sacred and inviolable. In the whole category of human opinions, creeds, beliefs, and sentiments, there is one thing sacred with a reporter—a woman's wish. In the entire array of things animate and inanimate, things created, things destroyed, things beautiful, things repulsive, there is one always sacred with the reporter—a woman. But she must be a woman, and nothing else, in order to lay claim to this great privilege. She must not be a man, nor a devil, nor a simpleton, nor a child, nor an animal; but a woman. She may, if she can, practice cunning and dissembling deeper than the cool and close scrutiny of a sharp-witted man—a man who believes few things, and places not always implicit confidence in the evidence of his own senses. But it is dangerous; for the man who listens, silent, and does not question nor contradict, may expose the ruse in the morning, and make her wish she had never been born.

Thus it had come about that Mrs. Howard was not again branded as an accessory to the murder. She was guarding her son's life, and not the honor of her family. Under the influence of newspaper reports, and the better feeling that followed the riot, her efforts were appreciated, and her mother's heart respected.

The remarkable manner in which she had rescued him from the mob, outwitting it and Casserly, had reached the ears of the public. Great excitement had followed this disclosure. The Crane had disappeared with Howard, and the butcher's cart was found that evening on the road to Monterey. Doubtless the two men had struck across the country to the Santa Cruz Mountains, and lost themselves in the wilds of that country.

The great mistake that Casserly made was that he kept separate the three persons who alone could have had any direct knowledge of the tragedy. This was a natural error, and one frequently fallen into by detectives. In by far the majority of cases it is the better plan, as it prevents a coincidence of manufactured testimony; but it also frequently happens that there is a misunderstanding, and consequently a desire to shield by saying nothing.

The funeral of the dead girl had taken place before Casserly tracked Emily Randolph to Santa Cruz. It was a strange affair. Kind hands had placed the body tenderly in a coffin, which was covered with flowers the rarest and sweetest. Mrs. Howard, from her cell in the third floor of the jail, had directed all the preparations. As soon as it became known that she was a member of the Presbyterian Church, ladies of that society proffered their services. There was little to be done, yet much was done. At the request of Mrs. Howard, the minister of the church readily concurring, the coffin was taken into the church building, and the funeral exercises held there. Such a crowd of people had never before thronged a church in San José.

After the coffin had been placed at the foot of the altar, Mrs. Howard entered, walking between Casserly and Judge Simon—for she was a prisoner. She was dressed in plain black, with no profusion of mourning apparel. It was quite firmly that she walked up the aisle, with her veil raised, that all might see her face. Every eye was turned upon her. Many hearts went out to her. This, then, was the woman of such daring and cunning. This woman, with soft step, with calm face, with eyes full of womanly tenderness, with grace and beauty of form and face, was she who held the secret of the crime, and who braved death to give her recreant son his liberty; they could hardly believe it.

A front pew had been reserved for them, and in it the three seated themselves. But in all that vast assemblage there was not a single hand extended toward her; not a single word uttered of condolence or sympathy. She felt a great distance from them. They saw between them and her a wide river of blood. There was blood upon her name, and mayhap upon her hands. The two bright hectic spots upon her usually pale cheeks were smeared thereon with blood. She was surrounded with an atmosphere teeming with the odor of blood. If she had not herself committed the deed, she had looked upon it; had seen death enter a young breast, boring a ghastly hole, and letting the blood flow; carried that crime in her heart, the red blood of it mingling with that which coursed through her veins. Among all the people in that house, there could not have been a lack of that sympathy that would lead to an avowal of it under more favorable conditions.

There was much of it—there always is under such circumstances; but at that moment Mrs. Howard was extremely unfashionable, and to have taken her hand would have been desperately irregular.

Withal, it was a touching funeral service. The sermon was short, but affecting. There was nothing, said the minister, upon which a discourse could be built. There was an entire lack of opportunity to draw a moral, for the girl's history was unknown. Had she traveled the darker ways of life, and found only selfishness—sordid, miserable selfishness—that sacrificed her without a pang?—that gave her over to the tomb when it had done with her, to be devoured by worms, as all corruption is?—and that did this foully, and with strong, murderous hands? If so, find this selfishness, Humanity. Find this thing that lies at the foundation of every evil, of every crime. Let not a stone remain unturned. Loose every bloodhound of divine justice, and let him scent this blood, and track this fleeing criminal, this revolting selfishness, to death. Hunt it down, Humanity. Pursue it to the ends of the earth. And when you find it, let your bloodhounds tear out its vitals, and feast upon them, like famished vampires. For it is Death, and Death must be killed. It is Crime, and Crime must be strangled.

She was dead. She lay there, he said, in all the calm beauty of death. Ah, the tenderness of death! Ah, the sadness of death! Ah, the desolation that it brings, the hearts that it leaves empty! It is something that steals, and does not repay the theft; that breaks, and tears, and lacerates; that comes unbidden, and snatches away the dearest and best, so ruthlessly, so cruelly! Is there a whisper of calumny? Let it be hushed. Is there a finger of scorn? Let it be pointed inward. For this is death, and death is awful; death is avenging; death is the judgment of God. Rather let it be a reminder, sad though it is, and bitter though it may be, of the cup that all must drink. But far better such a death as this than that other death, which leaves not a stamp of beauty; which lays up no tender memories, but which brings only ashes, and dust, and broken hearts; and that, all in gloom and darkness, threads in pain and anguish the dreary mazes of eternity forever and forever.

Thus did the minister speak. Some persons shed tears, and others admired his eloquence, but all were impressed; and when he concluded, a painful, empty silence remained. His words had died; she had died, and they would be buried with her.

There was more than one breast that yielded up its dead that day. There were shrouded orms that lay upon the benches, and in the aisles, and in white rows behind the chancel-rail. On some of the pallid faces of those that memory resurrected were smiles of peace and undying faith; on other faces, lines of pain, and suffering, and cruelty, and desertion; on others, tears of shame and sorrow; and on many—very many—were hard and bitter looks of accusation and revenge unsatisfied.

As the bell tolled, they took life, and held a ghostly revelry, and increased in numbers so rapidly that they filled the house to overflowing, darting unexpected from unseen sources, and crowding to suffocation. They perched upon the organ, and flitted lightly over the altar, some making strange grimaces, and shaking the finger in solemn warning. Then all was bustle and confusion, and they chased one another madly out upon the street, singing, and praying, and exhorting, and sighing, and cursing—out into the bright June sunshine, where the heat changed them into vapor, and they ascended to heaven.

Then came the next scene in this painful drama. By common consent, the crowd upon the right moved forward to view the body, while those on the left passed out, and entered again at the right, those upon the right passing out at the left. Thus a continuous stream was formed, the crowd being greatly augmented by many in the street who had been unable to gain admittance.

As they pass, and gaze upon the beautiful, upturned face, there are varying expressions of countenance, and different emotions. Here is an old man, bowed with age, with his little granddaughter, whom he laboriously raises in his arms, that she may see the face.

"Oh, grandpapa, how beautiful she is! What is she lying there for? Is she asleep?"

"Yes, my child, asleep—sound asleep."

"Asleep in church! Oh, grandpapa!"

"Yes, sound asleep—sound asleep."

And they pass quickly on, for here come two fine ladies, and they look impatient.

"Why, she *is* pretty!"

"Yes—rather."

"Give me those flowers."

"Take them."

"I'm sure they are the prettiest that will be brought here to-day. I will lay them at the head; they'll look better there."

Pass on there, women! for here come two miserable wretches, with wild hair and hardened looks—outcasts, who have slept in the prison, and oftener in the gutter—fiends that were born to be women.

"Poor thing!"

"Hush! She was better than you."

"What a pity! Oh, what a pity!"

"Hush! They are listening."

"I—I—don't like to put 'em there, 'longside them pretty ones."

"Hush! Put 'em there quick, so they won't see you."

Pass on, there, with your rags, and dirt, and uncleanliness! Pass on, and be quick about it, for you have no heart nor soul—degraded things! The flowers you left are withered and dead as the memory of your innocence.

And thus they go, passing on and on. There are persons of intellect and persons of culture, and persons with heart and persons without heart, and ignorant persons, and the good and the bad—all passing on and on.

The organist is playing an air in a minor strain. Painfully sweet it seems to-day, with light and life without, and death and darkness within. In some hearts it awakens chords that better had slumbered on forever; while into others it sinks deep and tenderly, going down into unused places, and finding beauty there, and bringing it up to life.

And still they come, and still they go, passing on and on—passing by hundreds, until the church is empty.

Chapter XI.

Garratt had done all in his power. He and Casserly worked together, to the same end, but with different motives. Casserly looked to the duty that devolved upon him to hunt down the criminal, and there was, besides, a considerable amount of pride in the feelings that actuated his conduct. With Garratt it was different. He recognized but one ultimatum—success. To accomplish this he would scruple at nothing that could be done by legal means. With him nothing was sacred that stood in the way of this purpose. And, strange to say, it was more his construction of duty than the gratification of heartless malice. Garratt was a useful member of a certain church; could offer a good, though not eloquent, prayer, and was not mean in matters of charity that involved simply an outlay of money. He was prosperous in business, and had many friends. His disposition was rather impatient than domineering, and he was entirely lacking in every trace of sentimentality—apart from religious matters. It would be unkind, and doubtless untrue, to assert that he became one of a religious sect for sordid and selfish reasons. He was eminently a practical man—who is defined by sentimentalists a cruel, cold-hearted, selfish, unscrupulous man—but these would have been, in Garratt's case, exaggerations. It had never been charged against him that he was not a conscientious man, or that he could be corrupted in the exercise of his official duties, or that he ever neglected his duty in the least particular. On the contrary, if blame was attached to him at all, it was for over-zeal.

The coroner's office is a peculiar one, and much like the physician's. A coroner must combine tenderness of manner with honesty, discretion, and tact. He is a sworn officer, under strict obligations to the terms and spirit of his oath; and in this he differs from the physician, who, when he receives his diploma, is simply required solemnly to promise certain things, and is not an officer of the law nor responsible to bondsmen.

Not unfrequently is it the case that decency and common humanity require of a coroner that certain cases coming under his official notice should be handled with the utmost care, and that revolting disclosures, where no apparent good purpose can be subserved, should not unnecessarily be made. This is a fact so common that all reflecting persons are aware of it. It is often better to bury a crime than expose it. Coroners, as a rule, appreciate this unwritten law, and act upon it, with the full sanction and commendation of society. It is a part of their duty, and no coroner performs his whole duty who neglects this one. Still, this is a method of reasoning that the public does not trouble itself to follow out, and so it simply says of a man who violates this obligation that he is overzealous and too faithful; but no general bad opinion of him is thereby created. This is one of the anomalies of human nature.

Now, in order to carry out this rigorous idea of duty, a person must lack charity, that highest of human qualities. Charity and honesty may go together, but it is a curious fact that they are entirely independent of each other, and travel in different channels, and come from different sources. One may exist without the other. Charity is an impulse, and honesty is a principle. Impulses are always natural, while principles are frequently the result of cultivation. But, as a rule, principles are safer than impulses.

Garratt was not an uncommon type of men. He was utterly unable to appreciate the feelings that actuated Mrs. Howard. When he read to her the terrible newspaper report he had the hope that in the burst of anger he was sure would follow she would commit herself, or state the facts, whatever they might be. He was naturally a suspicious man, and he certainly was a hard man.

With great care he had seen that an autopsy was properly made. The course of the bullet

was traced by skillful hands, and the direction from which it came ascertained. Death must have followed quickly, and doubtless not a groan escaped the girl. Carrying out his idea persistently, he had ransacked the room for possible evidence. Without any scruples whatever, he read several letters and papers he found here and there, but had discovered nothing. One of the jurymen, however, made a strange discovery, in this manner: He accidentally saw in the grate the cinders of paper that had been recently burned.

"Doctor," he said, "come and look at this."

Garratt hurried up, stooped over the grate, and examined them closely.

"Those were letters," he remarked.

Here was a discovery. Garratt touched the cinders, and they crumbled to ashes.

"They are all burned," he said.

In fact, not a single piece remained. After admitting as much light into the room as possible, he fell upon his knees and scrutinized the cinders closely, but he could decipher not a single word. During all this examination the body of the girl was lying on the bed.

"Now," said Garratt, as all the jurymen gathered around, "you see at once that there has been no other fire in this grate. There is not a trace of ashes. These letters were thrown into it and burned, for fear they would give evidence. Who threw them in? The policeman? No. Who, then? Mrs. Howard. We see her cunning everywhere. She is playing a desperate game. Now, let us think. As she is so determined that the truth shall not be discovered, it must be of a nature that would make somebody hang. There can be no doubt of that—at least, to my mind."

"But how are you going to find out?"

"Make her talk."

"How?"

"You shall see."

"Casserly says she told him that she would not testify before a coroner's jury."

"Very well; but wait and see."

"She is a deep woman, Doctor."

"Is she?" asked Garratt, as he laughed.

"She fooled Casserly and the mob, both."

"Very good."

"Can you make her talk?"

"I promise nothing; but Casserly has positive information of the girl's whereabouts, and when he brings her here we shall see. He has gone to bring her."

"But she may tell Casserly all about it."

"I think not," said Garratt. "Casserly means well, but——"

"But what?"

"Nothing."

"She may speak of her own accord."

"She may."

He searched everywhere. The discovery of the burnt paper inspired Garratt more than ever with the importance of the case, and convinced him that Mrs. Howard must have had the strongest motives for the many extraordinary things which she had done, all tending to one end—the concealment of the facts. Garratt cannot be censured for entertaining this opinion, for the case presented many remarkable features. The inquest was postponed until further developments should be made, and in the meantime the dead girl was buried.

Casserly had seen that it was useless for him to make any further attempt at extorting a confession from Mrs. Howard; but Judge Simon felt a singular interest in the affair. Casserly depended upon him greatly in many things, and particularly in the matter of sounding the motives of the mother and son. Judge Simon was greatly disappointed that he had failed to see the young man, but would make amends by talking with the mother. This was not done until after the funeral, and before Casserly returned with Emily Randolph.

The rules governing the jail were not overstrict. It is true that ordinarily dangerous criminals were not permitted to hold conversation with visitors unless it was in the presence of a jail officer, but there were occasional violations of this important rule. When Judge Simon called Tuesday morning to see Mrs. Howard he was permitted not only to see her alone, but to enter her cell upon her invitation. The strongest woman needs a friend in time of great trouble. Mrs. Howard had from the first seen that in Judge Simon's face which strongly attracted her toward him. Not only honor did she there see, but tenderness also, and profound regard for her in her affliction.

It was generally understood that the old Judge had taken a lively interest in the case, and that he was extending valuable aid to Casserly. His high integrity raised him above all suspicion of sympathy for the unfortunate prisoner, or of any intention to assist her. Casserly looked upon him as his most valuable ally, and it was agreed between them that the old Judge should undertake the interview with Mrs. Howard. But Casserly did not have a very extensive knowledge of human nature, and was taking a risk that he knew not of. Judge Simon was nothing if not a kind-hearted man. So was Casserly; but Casserly had much at stake in this matter, and kept a strict guard over his kindly feelings. He was in utter ignorance of the fact—and so, also, was Judge Simon himself, for that matter—that the old man's

sympathy was antagonistic to Casserly's plans. Although Judge Simon doubted the truth of Howard's confession, and was ready to believe that either the mother or Emily Randolph committed the act of crime, he could not bring himself to believe, after he had seen the mother, that she was the guilty party. So he secretly agreed with himself that he would conceal from Casserly his suspicions, which, as a matter of fact, were merely suspicions, and might prove wrong. But if the mother had confessed that she was the criminal, Judge Simon would have received a terrible shock; a fact the possible existence of which he could not bring his mind to entertain.

She exhibited no surprise when the wicket-door of her cell was opened, and the face of Judge Simon appeared.

"Judge Simon! I am glad to see you."

He returned the salutation, and a moment of awkward silence followed.

"I would like to talk with you, sir. Will they let me out for a short while, or—or admit you?"

This instantly relieved him of his embarrassment. He turned to speak to some one she could not see, and then the door was opened, and Judge Simon entered.

The cell occupied the south-east corner of the jail proper; was large and airy, having two grated windows. It was furnished with a cheap bedstead, a small table, upon which stood a pitcher and wash-basin, a piece of looking-glass held against the wall by tacks at various angles in the fragment of glass, and a few flower-pots in the east window, containing geraniums that were suffering for water. There were marks upon the wall, showing that bunks had recently been removed from the cell, the indications consisting principally of discolorations produced by not over-clean occupants of the bunks as they rolled against the wall in their sleep. In addition to the names, dates, scraps of poetry, and other inscriptions on the walls, there was, on the west wall, a picture that was calculated to test the strength of the strongest nerves, and engender harrowing nightmares. It was a life-size portrait done in lead-pencil. The face was as black as frequent wettings of the pencil-point could make it, and the eyes were intensely white, and of the shape of a strung bow, with the elliptical part uppermost. In the center of each was a spot, very small and very black, representing the pupil. The remaining parts of the eyes were vast wildernesses of white. The nose also was white, and was very like the letter A with the cross taken out. The mouth was the most hideous feature, being constructed on the principle of mouths in heads made from pumpkins. The teeth, which were each an inch long, had, in order to relieve the monotony of color, been made a violent red. Credulous visitors to the jail were told, in quite a solemn manner, that it was the correct portrait of a noted criminal of those parts.

This remarkable art production gave rise to an unexpected incident. Judge Simon was in the act of seating himself on one of the two stool-bottom chairs, when his vision was suddenly greeted with this spectacle. He involuntarily started, for he was a nervous old man, and the thing stood out upon the wall in a bold and aggressive manner. Mrs. Howard noticed his movement, and allowed her gaze also to fall upon the picture.

"It is not very artistic, sir," she said.

"Artistic! It's hideous."

"I suppose it was done by a prisoner."

"By some one held for insanity, madam. No healthy brain could have conceived such a monstrosity. But—but doesn't it frighten you?"

"Oh, no. It annoyed me a little at first."

"Why, if I should sleep in such a presence, I could not help thinking that Dante had failed to pursue his investigations to any satisfactory extent. Why, my dear madam, it is an outrage. Let me see," he said, looking around; "it stares you to sleep when you retire, and then leaves the wall and conspires with other monsters to invade your slumbers. The first thing it does in the morning is to greet you, on waking, with that horrible grin."

She smiled faintly at this conceit. It greatly flattered him.

"It is a shame, madam—a perfect shame. I'll arrange it so that its insults will not reach you."

He drew out his handkerchief, and fitted it to the wall, concealing the picture.

"What are you going to do, Judge?"

"Hide it; blindfold it; gag it; clip its claws."

He glanced around, as if looking for something, and discovered a small shelf attached to the wall beneath the piece of broken mirror. On this shelf was a comb and a brush, and a small pin-cushion. He went to the shelf, took two pins, and again stood in front of the portrait. He stuck a pin through one corner of the handkerchief into the brick wall, while he held the other pin in his mouth, and was proceeding to secure another corner, so that the handkerchief would conceal the picture, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Howard:

"You will need your handkerchief, Judge Simon."

"Oh, no; I assure you I will not. See, I have another."

"But a newspaper would do just as well."

"No; really, the handkerchief is much better. Paper would tear, and fall down, you see."

He said this in a manner of such droll wisdom that she smiled again, and this time much more perceptibly than the other.

His quick eyes soon caught another glaring defect.

"Madam," he said, "it is a great pity."

"What, sir?"

"Those flowers are dying for water."

"Oh!"

He bustled to the little table, and was gratified to find the pitcher full of water. She watched him quietly while he watered the plants.

"I like flowers," he said, suddenly.

"Yes?"

"I do, certainly. So do you."

There was a slight reproach in these words.

"I didn't think of them," she said, quite sadly.

These two trifling incidents removed the constraint that naturally existed between them, and gave her an insight into his nature; for she knew well enough that he covered the picture that its ugliness might not be an effrontery to her, and that he watered the flowers that their freshness might throw some gleam of cheerfulness into her desolate abode—both showing very slight consideration, but much delicacy, for all that.

Then he became grave, and, placing his chair near her, sat down. By an impulse, that surprised him almost as much as it would Casserly, if that official had heard him, he said:

"Madam, you need a friend—a friend you can depend upon, who can give you advice. May I be of any assistance to you?"

This took her completely by surprise. She saw at once that he was perfectly sincere, and would be glad to help her. Nevertheless, she could not so suddenly impart her great secret to any one, especially to a stranger, and when her own judgment told her that no good could come of it.

Having said what he did, the old Judge felt very much like a criminal, for he was about to betray Casserly; but at that moment he was constrained to put a higher estimate on the laws of humanity than on the laws of codes. It had often been urged, he reflected, that they were synonymous terms, and so this sustained his conscience.

She was confused. After some hesitation, she said:

"I deeply appreciate your kind proffer of friendship, sir, but I am not deserving of it."

"Tut, tut, madam!"

"And, then, a friend could do nothing for me in this case."

"A friend can always be of assistance, madam."

She smiled faintly at his persistence, but there was, nevertheless, a bright tear in her eye.

"There is nothing to be done, sir."

"Now, my dear madam, let us talk over this matter as sensible persons should. You are ignorant of legal matters. There is a strange persistency in these officers of the law that makes them hunt such things down, and resort to all kinds of ruses that you know nothing about. Mark my words: this thing will be ferreted to the bottom."

Instantly she turned to stone. He saw it, and continued:

"If it were only you from whom the facts were to be learned, the world might go down to the grave in ignorance. But there are others, and one of them has been found."

She looked up, startled.

"Casserly has found Emily Randolph, and will return with her to-night."

A shade of intense anxiety passed over her face.

"They will resort to every means, fair or foul, to wring from her the facts. Do you think they will permit you to speak to her? Certainly not."

She was so bewildered by the information that Emily had been found that she could only gasp:

"Is it quite true that they have found her?"

"There is no doubt of it. Here is a telegram from Casserly."

She hastily read it, and became convinced.

"They will misrepresent facts to her," Judge Simon continued, "and employ every means to make her tell the truth, whether by threats or any other method. You have a determined opponent in Casserly, and he has everything in his favor. Besides, he has an unscrupulous ally in Garratt, the Coroner, who will have no mercy on you."

This speech almost crushed her. Occasionally a grave suspicion would cross her mind that this ingenuous old man was practicing subtle cunning to secure a statement from her, but the thought would die before his earnest, anxious look.

"Madam, disabuse your mind of the idea that you alone can bring yourself and the others safe through this trouble. It is almost impossible. Do not be over-confident of yourself and the plans you have laid. That mistake has been the ruin of so many—so many. Again, even if the ordeal of the inquest is passed, the

examination before a magistrate will follow. By the way, an important clue has been found."

"What is it?"

"Almost a convincing one. A great many others, also, will be found, and they will warrant the magistrate, perhaps, in committing you all, without bonds. You may have to lie in jail for months yet."

"What is the clue?"

Should he divulge it? He reflected a moment, and decided.

"They have found where the pistol was bought, and when."

"And by whom?"

"Yes; your son, two days before the killing."

She sank under this terrible blow. Deathly pale, and trembling violently, she tried to utter a denial, but failed. She was speechless with grief and terror. At length, recovering her voice, she said, almost gasping:

"That is not proof against him."

"But it is a strong circumstance, and persons have been hanged on less convincing evidence. It would not be enough to convince me, but a jury is different."

She sat so helpless and pitiful that the profoundest feeling of the old man's good heart was touched. He almost regretted that he had filled her with so much alarm, but consoled himself with the reflection that it was a binding duty.

"Madam," he said, "it has been thirty years since I practiced law, and fifteen years since I left the bench. But I will forget my age, and be a young man again. I am almost old enough to be your grandfather. Listen attentively to what I am about to say. I will be your attorney. You must have one—you cannot be without one. I will take this case in hand, and do what I can for you. I will take no refusal."

There were bright tears in his eyes as he said this, for Mrs. Howard was crying bitterly—weeping as if she had not a friend in the world, but was desolate, desolate.

He stood beside her, and took her hand with great tenderness.

"My dear friend," he said, softly, "it may come out all right. I will do all that a man can do. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Casserly thinks I am assisting him to hunt you down. Do not let him know any better. He depends very much upon me, for he knows that I have a better knowledge of such things than he. Casserly would feel desperate and undone if he knew that I am against him. You and I will work together against him. We will meet cunning with cunning. I don't ask you for any confidences now. There is time enough for that. Compose yourself when I am gone, and think calmly over it. But for all you do, don't deceive me or mislead me; don't betray me and my friendship for you. Will you promise that?"

"Yes," she answered, in a whisper.

"Then I will put implicit confidence in you."

He went to the door, and rapped with his pocket-knife upon the wicket-door. She arose hastily, and approached him, and took his hand.

"I want to thank you," she said, brokenly, between her sobs.

"Tut, tut! It is nothing."

"If—" she continued, "if they find my son—or Emily—says anything—I'll tell you—the truth."

The footsteps of the jailer were heard, and she went to the window. The door was opened, and Judge Simon passed out, his old head trembling somewhat with agitation.

Long did Mrs. Howard stand at the window, gazing at the court-house, examining minutely the arabesque carving of the brackets beneath the coping; gazing at the trees in St. James Square; gazing far beyond them at the foothills, which soon became tinged with the soft glow of the setting sun; gazing far, far beyond them at the reddish-blue sky, and vaguely wondering how far it was away; gazing, gazing, till night came on and wrapped the city in gloom.

It must have been about nine o'clock when her meditation was interrupted by the sound of carriage-wheels in the passage-way. The carriage halted at the gate. Soon afterward she heard the faint tinkle of the jail bell. It seemed an age before the jailer appeared in the yard below, bearing a lantern and a bunch of keys. He cautiously opened the small wicket near the door, and the gruff voice of a man asked him to open the door. He evidently recognized the man, for he instantly obeyed.

Casserly entered. Clinging to his arm was the fragile, timid, hesitating form of a girl. The light from the lantern fell upon her face, which was pale and frightened. The two burning eyes in the window above recognized Emily Randolph.

A shrill cry startled Casserly. It came from above. It was a despairing cry:

"Emily, my child!"

The girl looked wistfully around, not knowing whence the voice came, but recognizing it instantly. She had halted. Casserly uttered an imprecation, seized her in his strong arm, and dragged her hurriedly to the jail door.

"Emily, remember!" came the cry again, as the door slammed noisily and shut them in.

Oh, John, how could you, how could you!

CHAPTER XII.

Dust. Great clouds of it. Immense billows of it, rolling one upon the other, chasing one another, wrangling and contending, grim, silent, and aggressive; angry dust—dust that had been trodden upon and ground under the heel until it rebelled. Now it leaps madly up as a tormenting gust of wind sweeps down the mountain-side and stirs its ire; then, expending its venom, it lies, snarling, down again, only to spring up with renewed vigor and fasten its fangs upon the feet and legs of two pedestrians toiling wearily through it and maddening it to desperation. It had been patient for so long—for ages; had slept peacefully while men came into the world and passed away, and generation followed generation to the tomb. Dust whose empire had been usurped, whose domain had been invaded. Dust which had lain contented through ages, and rose up in arms against intrusion. Fierce and determined, it sent detachments to settle upon the leaves and hide their beauty; others to choke the thrush, and hush his song; others to scamper wildly down the mountain, and up the mountain, and raise the devil everywhere.

The two pedestrians trudged wearily through it, covered and begrimed with it. One was a young man; the other was older, and would have been quite tall if the crooked places in him had been straightened out. The younger man was silent and gloomy, and the other watched him furtively, as if wondering what he would next do or say.

"A many a time," said the older, "I've hed sech work to do. Onct I cleaned out a poker sharp in Ferginny City, an' then he got on his ear an' said ez how he'd chaw me up. Well, I don't like to blow, but they've got to git up early in the mornin' to chaw *me*, fer I'm purty good on the chaw myself. Samson's riddle warn't a circumstance to the chawin' thet was done thet day."

"Did you eat him?"

"No; oh, no; I chawed him."

"Simply chawed him!"

"Thet's it—simply chawed. Chawed him up so fine thet his friends couldn't tell whether he had swallowed a load o' giant powder, an' it hed gone off in him, or was a bear-skin, tanned by the chemical pro-cess. Then I lit out. They trailed me up into the Sierry Nevaidy—"

"What for?"

"To kill me, I reckin. Thet was about the size of the tune they wanted to play on *my* fiddle. But when they ketched up with me, *I* was thar, too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; thar, small but nat'ral; thar, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot; six long foot of me thar; a hull infantry battalion of me."

"What then?"

"I drawed up a set of resolutions ez how I was a harrycane an'—"

"A what?"

"Harrycane—tornado—water-spout."

"Oh!"

"Then we went at it." Saying which the man looked around with an air of indifference, and of disclaiming modesty.

"What did you do?"

"Modesty ferbids me, Mr. Howard. Ye're a brave man, an' kin respec' silence. All I'm pertickler 'bout addin' is thet I'm here—six long foot of me, an' a few inches to spar', hevin' growed some sence then."

They plodded along through the dust, that lay three or four inches deep in the road, and maintained a silence for some time.

"These are lovely mountains, Sam."

"Yes, very good. Plenty o' b'ar in these here Santy Cruz Mountains. I'd like to tackle one, jist fer a change. It's a-gittin' lonesome."

The road wound along the side of the mountain, and on either side was abundant growth. Far below them was Los Gatos—an unpretentious stream at that point—and they could catch glimpses of it at rare intervals, sparkling in the sunlight.

As they were thus trudging along, the Crane inadvertently stepped into a hidden rut that had been cut by the heavy lumber wagons, and, as it was filled with dust, he did not observe it, but tumbled sprawling to the ground. He uttered a horrible oath, and regained his feet, swearing vengeance on everything.

The Crane had a vast respect for the young man. It was inspired by the following incident, which occured soon after they had abandoned the cart: Howard insisted on their separating, but the Crane begged so earnestly, and with such positive indications of fright at being abandoned, that the young man consented to retain him. The Crane knew that he himself was a criminal, for having conspired in the escape of the prisoner. Their community of interests brought about a kind of familiarity. So, after they had walked a few hours together, the Crane asked, in a confidential manner:

"We're kind o' in the same boat now, an' yer'd better tell me why yer killed her, hadn't yer? 'Twould ease yer mind, like."

Howard turned angrily upon him, seized the lapels of his greasy coat, and, glaring at him like a tiger, in a quiet but angry tone said:

"If you ever mention that subject again, I'll cut your throat from ear to ear."

This frightened the harmless Crane nearly out of his wits, and he hastily promised that he never would advert to it again.

Thus the Crane knew he was a brave man, and so mentioned that fact while they were plowing through the thick dust of the mountain road.

For four days they skulked in the mountains, buying food at isolated farm-houses, and sleeping in the fields or in the woods. Howard was attired in a suit of rough clothes that the Crane had purchased for him, his own having been taken by his mother to dress the effigy; and, with black whiskers that were cropping out, and in the dirt and dust that covered him, was not recognizable as the young man of the crime. There never was a question by those who saw them but that they were tramps; and, in order to carry out this illusion, they sometimes begged for food. Besides, their supply of money was limited. The Crane bore the proud distinction of being the treasurer, Mrs. Howard having given him all the money she had about her, which, as bad fortune would have it, was only twenty-five dollars. It is true that she had given the Crane her watch, which, with the chain, was valuable, but they dared not offer it for sale; and Howard had in his pocket a diamond ring that she had forced upon him, but it would have been a fool-hardy step to endeavor to sell it.

The Crane had another reason for keeping Howard in sight, and it was no other than the fear of losing the five hundred dollars that Mrs. Howard promised him if he succeeded in keeping her son from arrest. As the payment of the money was contingent on this, the Crane dared not lose sight of him, fearing that the young man would again surrender himself.

As the two men had avoided the thoroughfares, they were ignorant of everything that had transpired since the riot. In escaping and remaining concealed, Howard was simply obeying a strong appeal by his mother, and not following an inclination of his own. The possibility had never occurred to his mind that his mother and Emily Randolph would be apprehended and thrown into prison. Rather than have even this indignity put on either of them, he would have persisted in his confession of the murder.

A desire to learn something of the way in which his escape was regarded became so great that it could no longer be denied; and Howard trusted to his disguise to shield him from identification. They were, therefore, finding their way to a staging station, to see the newspapers, and were walking through the dust to reach it. As they neared the station, a strange dread seized them, and they instinctively practiced greater caution, darting from the road into the brush whenever they heard an approaching team.

At length the station was sighted. It was upon a plateau that formed the top of one of the lower mountains. The level ground was planted in fruit-trees, while the slopes were covered with vineyards. The station consisted of two buildings. One was the dwelling of the proprietor, and the other contained a store, saloon, and post-office combined.

Howard left the Crane in the brush, knowing that with persons of any powers of observation the Crane would be recognized at a glance; his appearance was too remarkable not to attract attention. Howard found a few loungers at the store, as it was about noon, when some laborers dropped in for a drink and a chat. He walked boldly into the store, the animated conversation that was going on being interrupted by his entrance. There was a rough-looking clerk in the store, who simply stared at the intruder, without rising from his seat.

"Who has charge here?" asked Howard.

"I have."

"Will you be so kind as to get up, and walk behind that counter?"

"Maybe, if you want something."

"I want something, then."

The clerk slowly came to the perpendicular, his joints snapping with the effort. It is a strange physiological fact that the joints of lazy men snap more willingly and more heartily than do those of other men. This is particularly noticeable with those who indulge in the dissipation of snapping their finger-joints. The clerk laboriously walked behind the counter, and then collapsed, falling upon the counter, and supporting his weight thereon with his elbows.

"What d'yer want?"

"A drink."

The man of unstrung energies then painfully straightened himself again, and handed out a bottle and a tumbler.

"Will you take something?" asked Howard.

"Don't keer if I do," replied the man, yawning as if dissolution were imminent.

After drinking the vile liquor and paying for it, Howard seated himself on an empty box, and picked up a newspaper. It was with a degree of anxiety and pallor that he sought for news. At last he found it.

He found it and read, and it nearly unnerved him; his breast heaved with anger and indignation. So absorbed was he that he forgot his

surroundings, until one of the men startled him with the remark:

"Must be kind o' interestin' news yer're readin', stranger."

Instantly he was calm again.

"It was the whisky that made me sick," he replied, quickly.

The clerk took this as a personal affront.

"It's as good whisky as yer kin git in these mountains," he replied, indignantly.

Howard did not argue the point. The news that he had read was a recapitulation of all that had occurred since the riot; and it was further stated that Emily Randolph, it was believed, had made a full statement under Casserly's ruse (which was Howard's pretended implication of her), and that there was no longer a reasonable doubt that justice demanded the immediate capture of Howard, for whose apprehension a heavy reward had been offered by the Governor. It was noted, however, that such statement by Emily Randolph was more a surmise than anything else, which was based on corroborative circumstances tending to fasten the crime on Howard, and on the strenuous efforts that the authorities were making for his arrest. Casserly, it was said, was very reticent, but admitted frankly that the case was as strong as he could wish—against whom he would not say.

Howard rose to his feet with the old spirit of reckless desperation. That his mother and the girl should be in prison, and under suspicion, was more than he could bear.

The conversation of the men turned on this subject. They wondered if Howard was still hiding in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Some thought not, but that he was making his way to the south. During this conversation the eyes of the clerk were fastened steadily on Howard, who finally rose, and, bidding them good day, sought the Crane. He found the latter gentleman where he had left him.

"Sam, I'm going back to San José. You may stay, if you prefer."

The Crane was greatly surprised, and eagerly demanded an explanation. Howard doggedly refused to give it, and turned to walk away and carry out his purpose. An unusual and dangerous glitter came into the eyes of the Crane. He sprang before Howard with surprising agility, and said, fiercely:

"You shan't go."

"Eh?" demanded Howard, halting, and staring at him, bewildered.

"You're a-goin' to stay right here," said the Crane, as he whipped out the famous sheath-knife, and assumed the half cowering posture of a timid man who knows that his adversary is unarmed and helpless.

The two men glared silently at each other a moment. Then Howard began to step slowly backward. The Crane, mistaking this movement for fear, approached. Howard halted, and the Crane did likewise, holding the long knife in readiness to strike. A coward is a dangerous foe under such circumstances, and Howard knew it. He would take no desperate chances now, for his life was precious. Howard saw the uselessness of an attempt at parleying. He suddenly turned and fled rapidly, putting considerable distance between himself and the Crane, who sprang after him. But Howard had all his wits about him. At the first opportunity, after they had run nearly a quarter of a mile, he picked up a heavy stave, and turned upon the Crane. The latter halted so suddenly that he nearly fell. It was Howard's turn now to advance. He did so, and the Crane fled precipitately—ran like a deer, bounded over logs and bushes until he disappeared in the distance. Howard abandoned the chase, and turned his steps toward San José, soon forgetting the incident in the great cares that bowed him down. He thought of all manner of impossible things that ought to be done, and the determination commenced to take root in his mind that he would murder this villain called Casserly, for the wrong he had done the defenseless girl.

But there was a danger lurking in his road that he knew not of. The Crane followed him stealthily, with the knife in his hand, and only biding his time. If Howard were dead, and his body concealed in some mountain gorge, the Crane could claim his bribe with impunity; for Howard would then be far beyond the reach of earthly justice.

W. C. MORROW.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LOVE'S KNIGHTLINESS.

So brave is Love, and rosy, sunny sweet,
The darkness breaks to day before his feet—
So knightly that his bright, unworldly words
Soar through the ethers like ecstatic birds:
His golden pæans at the rise of suns,
What time the stars do pass like quiet nuns,
Soar to the fire of dawn through crimson cloud
And sing as larks their victories aloud;
Low whispers in the blushing ear of Joy
Are purple doves, whose days are one employ
Of bridal worship, where the zephyr weaves
Its liquid music in the sunny leaves;
And all his elfin lyrics of delights,
Writ in his ritual of bridal rites,
Are joyous throstles for eternal days
On stilly wings down rapture's rosy ways;
And lo! at twilight all the starry skies
Hearken to hear Love's orisons arise,
For all his sweet adorings that confess,
When kneeling to the Bridal Holiness,
Take flight as nightingales that love the lily,
And dwell in starry woodlands dim and stilly.

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

UP THE MOSELLE AND AROUND METZ.

I had passed two delightful days at Boppard among the vineyards on the left banks of the Rhine, and rather reluctantly took the afternoon boat to go on down the river, because I doubted whether in my future rambling in the border lands between France and Germany I should come upon any spot which would be so thoroughly satisfying in its picturesqueness and peacefulness as this one I was leaving. Coblentz is only an hour distant, and I was there before night, of which I was very glad, as I had time to walk across the bridge of boats and enjoy the rich coloring of the fading sunset upon the bold crags and massive fortification of Ehrenbreitstein.

Coblentz stands at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine. In order to be not far from the former river, and my point of departure the next day for its upper waters, I drove across the city to the old-fashioned Hôtel de Liege. I told the distinguished looking waiter who escorted me to my room that I wished to take the steamboat which left the next morning at six o'clock for Treves. He bowed most affably in response to my request, assured me I should be called in ample time, and then disappeared. The careless fellow forgot his promise, and if I had not awakened in time to dress hastily and hurry down to the boat, I should have been obliged to remain over two days.

The little boat was lying at the bank of the river, just ready to start. It was not certainly as cheerful a commencement of a pleasure tour as one might wish. Though it was in the latter days of August, the morning was chilly enough for an overcoat. This, however, largely came from a heavy mist which curtained river and town. The solid old mediæval bridge, though only a little way below us, seemed a series of spectral arches connecting two distant cloud-banks. The boat was small and low, and her deck, at the best not ample, was crowded with piles of freight. Two or three sleepy passengers were standing about. Presently a little band of eight girls and boys came aboard with a young man. The uniformity of their

plain dresses indicated that they were from some public institution, and it proved, upon inquiry, that they were poor half-orphans returning to their native village for the vacation. The only enlivening feature in the prevailing depression was the shrill notes of a fife playing the Boccaccio march at the head of a company of soldiers crossing the bridge.

The little boat pushed off into the stream, and commenced its two days' journey in a wheezy, melancholy sort of a way. However, a cup of hot coffee made the world seem a little more cheerful, and in a couple of hours the mist rolled away, the sun shone warmly along the steep hill-sides, and the puffing, tugging little steamer began to look more endurable. As midday approached it became very warm.

The Rhine between Mayence and Coblentz is grand and picturesque. In the traveling season the tourist on one of the passenger boats, which are constantly passing each other on the way up or down, discovers very soon that the hurried landings and departures, the constant bustle, the perpetual eating and drinking going on, bring a succession of disturbing elements which take off the edge of true enjoyment, and make him rather glad when the trip is over. He is on the Continent; it is a solemn duty to do the Rhine, and he feels relieved when it is over. To extract all that is enjoyable from this noble river one must, as it were, taste it bit by bit—must linger along its banks, going from point to point deliberately. Even under these circumstances he will meet crowds and more or less of the bustle prevailing where tourists congregate. If he wishes a few days of charming picturesqueness, let him turn aside, as I did, at Coblentz, and sail up the valley of the Moselle. If, however, the traveler does not care to pass two days on the little boat, he can, on his way down the Rhine, leave the steamer at Bingen, go across country by rail to Treves, and sail down the Moselle with the current, in eleven hours.

As I said, the mist rolled away and the sun shone out warmly. We were already among the vineyards. The river, in the lower half of its way to the Rhine, twists and turns among the hills in a most irregular course, and wherever these hills present a proper exposure they are covered with vineyards. I was constantly and everywhere struck with the enormous labor and expense which these vineyards must have cost. The most of them lie upon hill-sides which are so steep that the earth is terraced, and these terraces are supported most generally by solid walls of masonry. Frequently a little spot sustaining not above two dozen vines will be kept in place by a larger surface of stone wall. These odds and ends of cultivation very often lie around in the high angles and corners away up in apparently inaccessible places. Sometimes there will be broad, sloping surfaces planted up to the summit and stretching for a mile along the river, and these, on the line of the roadway which follows the shore, are flanked by walls of smooth, solid stone masonry. The wines produced along the Moselle are known all over the world, but vary in excellence at different points on the river. The best are made about midway between Coblentz and Treves. On the second day, while we were still in this middle section, a passenger came on board, with whom I fell into conversation. He was a wine-buyer for dealers in Cologne and Coblentz, and appeared to be familiar with all the specialties of the region. He said that vineyard land is not sold by the acre, but for so much per vine; that the best brings about a dollar and a half per vine; not quite so good, a dollar; and the inferior sorts, seventy cents per vine. The vines are usually planted a little more than a yard apart each way, so that an acre of the best is worth between seven and eight thousand dollars. These hills appear to be masses of slaty rock. At Marienberg I walked down the hill through a large vineyard, which, as far as I could see, had no soil at all; the vigorous vines were growing up from a surface of bits of loose slate. The vines were trained up five and six feet high; on the Rhine the custom is to train them somewhat lower. Most of the Moselle wine is consumed in Germany, and my wine-buying friend said that on the declaration of war by France against Germany, in 1870, the people of this valley were in great tribulation, fearing the success of France, and, as a result, the extension of her boundaries to the Rhine, which would take them in. They feared a loss of their German market for their wines would follow, through restrictive tariffs.

The river varies in width, but is not usually above three to four hundred yards across. The turns are so abrupt and frequent that a constantly changing series of pictures is presented. Alongside the bank there is a roadway, dotted with whitewashed stones on the outer edge, and lined with small trees. Now and then there will be the solitary mansion of the well to do vineyard proprietor, very likely standing at the mouth of a ravine, opening out to the water. The building is square, two stories high, white stuccoed, with steep, slated roof and little dormer windows, and most usually a tall poplar rises by the gate of the small garden. Generally, however, the people are collected in the little villages which lie along the river at

frequent intervals. When one of these stands at a bend in the river, as is often the case, it presents a perfect little scene, such as one often sees on the stage, admires, but yet looks upon as a bit of pardonable fantasy. In the warm sunlight there is the same vivid contrasts of color; in the foreground the glassy stretch of the smooth-flowing river; on one side the steep slope of the vineyard, its vines in serried rows, on the other a wooded hill-side; in the near distance the irregular, quaint, white-plastered, huddled-together houses of the village, with their black slated roofs, and the church steeple rising from their midst. This confused mass of structures stands against the dark green background of a steep, conical hill, which is crowned with a gray ruin—all that is left of the halls of the old robber knights, who lorded it over the village, and perhaps a small section of the surrounding territory, and who came down and robbed the traveler on the river. We come up closer to the village, and discover that, though it is highly picturesque, it cannot be very comfortable. Narrow streets run up from the water's edge between houses which appear to be jammed together and pressed down until the windows are left in all sorts of queer shapes. There are no open spaces or cheerful little gardens. There will be low stone break-waters running out into the river, to break the force of the freshets, which often come down with devastating force in the spring. You will be apt to see barefooted women out on these stone projections dipping up water in shiny metal pails or industriously washing clothes. A little red flag is, perhaps, displayed on the beach. This is the sign that a passenger wishes to come aboard; so the boat slows up, and a canoe-like skiff pushes off with the new-comer, who steps on board.

The most picturesque point on the river is at Cochem, which is reached about noon of the first day. The village—or, rather, town, for it aspires to that dignity—stands at a sharp turn of the stream, and is piled and crowded along and up the sides of the steep bank. Up above, on the crest of the craggy hill, is the castle. It was occupied by the Archbishops of Treves in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was, in large part, destroyed by the French in 1688, but within the past ten years has been carefully and elaborately restored, so that now it looks, no doubt, as it did in its days of splendor. As the boat moved away around the turn until town and castle stood across the background, there was a picture which seemed like a glimpse into the middle ages.

Late in the afternoon we came to Alf. Here the river makes a sweep around a long hill, and comes back to a point only a few minutes' walk from the opposite side of the ridge. Most of the passengers left the boat here, and walked over. On the top of the ridge we found a restaurant, and, as is always the case in Germany where there is an opportunity to sit outdoors and eat and drink, there were people busily engaged. The view back from Marienberg, as the ruin on the top is called, is very striking, especially of the bold and graceful span of the railway bridge across the river at the foot of the hill. Descending to the other side, I found a short cut through a large vineyard which extended over the steep hill-side to the road on the river bank. The steamboat was an hour and a half getting around, and I had plenty of leisure to sit on the bank and watch the ferry which connects this side with the little village of Pünderich, on the opposite bank. It was of the primitive sort—a flat-bottomed boat, whose propelling force was the current, and was guided by a rope from one bank to the other.

Frequent trips were made while I was there. A wagon would come, drawn by a couple of cows, loaded with dried pea-vines or straw. Girls and women, with baskets strapped to their backs filled with grass, old women with bundles of faggots, laborers, and children, went on to the little craft, paid a coin to the shock-headed Charon, glided across, and disappeared up the narrow village street. The evening twilight was settling down, and I was rather disappointed to leave this quiet scene, which made still another picture to add to the many I had already enjoyed. The puffing little steamer came along, and I was obliged to go aboard or be left behind.

Toward nine o'clock, just as the moon was coming up over the dark hill-tops, the boat came alongside of the little landing at Frarbach, and I went ashore to pass the night at the Bellevue Hotel. The little orphan children were from this place, and there was a great crowd of children at the landing to greet them as they came ashore.

The next day, early, we were under way again. In a few hours we were passing between long stretches of vineyards, where the best of the Moselle wine is made. The villages are closer together, larger, and evidently more prosperous, than farther down stream. About noon the country began to be more open. The hills lie back farther and farther from the river, and the intervening land is gently rolling and cultivated with the ordinary farm crops. As you approach Treves the land on the right rises in bold red sandstone cliffs, rimmed with trees; on the left the plain stretches away to the dis-

tant vine-clad hills. It was Sunday afternoon, and numerous pleasure parties were sailing on the glassy river, or crossing it in small boats to the restaurants and *cafés* at the foot of and on the cliffs. We came to the landing, close by the massive old stone bridge, about four in the afternoon, and I rather regretfully left the boat.

Above Treves the Moselle is not navigable except by very small boats drawing a few inches of water. The valley of the Moselle is exceptionally rich in historical associations, commencing with the overthrow of the Treveri, a tribe of Belgic Gauls, by Julius Cæsar, B. C. 56, and running down through mediæval times, through the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, and in this century in connection with the Napoleonic occupation. In and about Treves are enduring traces of the Romans, and all along the river to the Rhine are gray ruins, mementoes of the feudal days and the later stormy times of the seventeenth century. These ruins, however, are not as frequent or as imposing as those of the Rhine, but, as along the larger river, these of the Moselle have each its legend.

Treves is the oldest of the German cities. It is supposed to have been established as a Roman colony in the first century of our era, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius. It subsequently became the capital of the Occident, and the center of Roman domination in Gaul, Spain, and Great Britain. Many of the Emperors, among others Constantius, Constantine the Great, Valentinius, Gratianus, and Maximus, had residences there. Christianity obtained a foothold there at a very early date, and was definitely established by an edict of Constantine in 313. Later it was joined to the Frankish monarchy. In 843 it was incorporated with Lorraine, but not long after was ceded to Germany, to which it has always since then appertained, except during the French occupation at the time of the revolution.

During the middle ages it was governed by Archbishops, subsequently by Electors. In 1634 the city was taken by the Spaniards, then by the French under Turrenne in 1645. In 1794 in was occupied by France, and by the Treaty of Lunéville in 1801 was ceded to that country. This domination, however, only lasted until 1814, when Prussia took possession, which possession was made definitive by the Treaty of Vienna of 1816. It will thus be seen that the city has had a long and checkered history. At present it contains about 22,000 inhabitants, of whom perhaps one-tenth only are Protestants.

Early in the morning following my arrival I walked out through the narrow streets, toward the north-east quarter of the city, and thence out, perhaps a fifteen-minutes' walk into the country, to the ruins of the Roman Amphitheater. The roadway is lined with trees, and leads past a pretentious villa surrounded with pretty grounds. To the right the outlook between the trees is over rolling fields, which just then were covered with the yellow shocks of the newly cut grain; in the distance were pretty bits of wood. I turned to the left into the broad entrance of the Amphitheatre. Nothing is left but the lower parts of the solid brick walls. The arena is clearly defined; along up the circling sides, where the multitude sat, are trees and bushes, and up on the adjoining hill-side stands a cosy dwelling, supported on one side by a fragment of the upper wall. I walked across the arena and turned up the bank on the opposite side, and sat down where I could overlook the entire city, which lies upon lower ground, and also the ruins about me. I might easily have fancied myself in Italy. There was the soft, warm haze of August over the charming scene. In the background were those bluffs on the left bank of the river, the red sandstone gleaming out through the fringing and lacing of green, and contrasting with the white houses along their base. In the middle ground the brown, slated roofs of the city, out of which arose the massive towers of the old Cathedral; to the left the modern-looking brick Basilica, which it is true is partly renewed, but which in the main is fifteen centuries old; alongside it the Stadt-house, which, though less than two centuries old, looks in its degraded, fantastic style, tawdry, aged, and wrinkled. Away on the opposite side of the city are the massive gray remains of the Porta Nigra. Back of where I sat rise slopes covered with vineyards. Presently a soft chime of bells came across the housetops from the old dome. The deception was complete; it must really be a section of Italy, accidentally out of place. I heard the laughter of children and looked down into the grassy arena, from whence it came, and saw a half dozen youngsters pursuing butterflies. Two or three obvious reflections were suggested. One was the contrast between the sports of these boys and girls and those of the earlier days on this spot, where men had killed each other, or had fought wild beasts in order to gain the applause of the populace. Another was, how ineradicable is this disposition to capture and destroy; and, after all, is the difference between human nature to-day and two thousand years ago appreciable in its essence? However, the boys captured the butterflies, stuck pins through them, and amused themselves with the fluttering of the impaled insects, and I turned to again

enjoy the quiet beauty of the picture of city and vineyard.

The arena of this amphitheatre is oval-shaped, two hundred and ten feet long and one hundred and sixty feet wide. The entrances to the dens for the wild beasts and to the chambers for the gladiators are still plainly traceable, leading into the arena. Thirty thousand spectators could be accommodated on its benches, which is about one-third of the number which the Coliseum at Rome could hold. The Treveans of those early days were regaled with frequent and striking spectacles in the arena. It is recorded that thousands of captive Franks and Bructori were torn to pieces by wild beasts or sacrificed to amuse the people.

Not far distant at the corner of the city are the ruins of a Roman palace, showing remains of halls and chambers, heating-rooms, and even water-pipes and hot-air pipes. The best preserved, however, of these Roman remains, is the Porta Nigra, a two-story massive gateway on the west side of the city; the huge blocks of granite, now blackened with age, are clearly fitted and clamped together with iron, and the broad surface and great elevation are relieved with graceful arches of gateway and window-like openings above, with solid pillars and cornices along the front.

There are also recently uncovered remains of an extensive bath. The Basilica is a massive brick structure, now restored and used for a church; formerly it was the Roman Court of Justice and Exchange.

The Cathedral is a noble monument of a later era. It is one of the oldest churches in Germany, its beginnings even going back into Roman times; and its different stages of growth and restoration, after partial destruction and decay though these many centuries, are plainly traceable in its huge irregular exterior. Within, the glare of day is softened by the oldest of painted windows, through which a soft light falls upon dozens of tombs and monuments of Electors and Archbishops, who at various times were mighty in the land. A little side door, not far from the altar, leads into remarkably beautiful and well preserved cloisters, which are supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century. In the center is a pretty garden, overshadowed on the south and west by the lofty, irregularly built side of the Dome, and by the adjoining graceful, gothic Liebfrauenkirche.

I rambled about the narrow, winding streets of the old city, watching the quiet life of the people, and then out on to the massive old Roman bridge, and had a glance up and down the Moselle; below, the red sandstone hights to the left, and the city to the right; above, the glassy surface of the quiet river, making a graceful, sweeping bend toward the city, here and there boats moored to its banks, and in the distance the vine-covered hill-sides looking like distant cornfields.

I was loth to leave; but the traveler, like the tramp, must keep moving on; and so, after a couple of days in this quaint old city of Treves, I was flying along south, in the afternoon train, towards Metz, which is also on the Moselle. The country very soon opens out into broad, rolling fields on each side of the ever narrowing river. Metz is three hours by rail from Treves, and before one is two-thirds of the way the French speech begins to be heard about the railway stations and from passengers who come on the train. In other words, we come into the province of Lorraine, taken from the French ten years ago. The Germans now designate their conquest by the general name of Elsass-Lothringen. The railroad station at Metz is just outside the walls, and as I drove through the massive gateway, flanked on each side with cannon, and through the narrow streets, where every other passer was a soldier, I became vividly conscious that I was in a conquered fortification on the border of a nation with whom war is possible, and not really improbable, at any moment. Germany and France are under a constant military strain—the one is ready, and seeks to maintain herself alertly and effectively so; the other is quietly and persistently making herself ready.

Metz is really a German advanced post in an enemy's territory. The resident population is about 49,000, of whom perhaps one-quarter are Germans who have come in since the conquest; the remainder are French. It is said that the city has lost since 1870 about 17,000 of its old population, who have voluntarily abandoned it, rather than remain under German rule. The garrison consists of from sixteen to eighteen thousand men, and consequently officers and soldiers abound in every direction, and at all times there is the tramp of companies and regiments in the streets. The German officers and privates are much more soldierly in appearance, and, as far as one can judge casually, are, man for man, heavier and capable of greater physical endurance than the French. It is apparent on the surface that the discipline of the former is very much more rigid.

The fate of the war of '70–'71 was really settled in and about Metz. The subsequent capture of Sedan, the advance on Paris, and the siege and final capitulation, were but the finale of a drama whose veritable climax was reached when Bazaine, after the bloody day of Gravelotte retreated into Metz.

It will be recollected that MacMahon was badly defeated by the Crown Prince of Prussia on the 6th of August, 1870, in a decisive battle at Worth, and retreated rapidly toward Chalons. There was then a large French force in and about Metz. Napoleon III. was in command of the whole army of the Rhine. The disaster at Worth spread dismay among the French, and Napoleon hastened to relieve himself from personal responsibility for further operations by delivering over to Marshal Bazaine the chief command, and retired toward the center of France. MacMahon's army was badly shattered. Part of it fled toward Strasbourg, but the larger number withdrew to Chalons, on the road to Paris, and there the effort was made to form a new army. The effect of this movement was to separate the French forces into two parts—one about Metz, the other at Chalons, over one hundred miles distant—and naturally the Germans hastened to concentrate themselves in between these two wings, in order to fight each separately rather than both together. On the other hand, the obvious policy of the French was to withdraw from Metz, which now, by the force of events, had become, as it were, only a side station on the line of the advancing enemy, and to concentrate at some available point in his front. A glance at the map will show that Metz lies a very little north of east from Chalons. Bazaine's army lay just east of Metz, and slowly commenced to move through the city and across the Moselle westward in the direction of Chalons. This slowness and delay proved fatal. The Germans pushed forward some corps under Steinmetz to hold Bazaine in check until they could advance and concentrate across the road to his destination. As, therefore, Bazaine's advance guard was crossing the Moselle on the west side of Metz, his rear guard, and, in fact, his main force, was attacked by Steinmetz on the east side. The French kept the enemy at bay, and the next day continued their march westward. But the Germans had gained their point, which was to delay the French movements at least one day, to give time to their other troops to move in advance.

The high road from Metz to Verdun, and thence to Chalons, runs westerly about five miles to the little village of Gravelotte; there it deflects a little to the south-west, and passes through the hamlets of Rezonville, Vionville, and the little town of Mars la Tour. In the center of Gravelotte a road turns at right angles to the north, then in a mile or so turns again toward the north-west to Sedan. On the morning of the combat east of Metz, August 14th, Napoleon and his son left Metz, slept at Gravelotte, and the next morning early rode along this road to Sedan.

Bazaine's army moved slowly westward past Gravelotte as far as Rezonville in the direction of Verdun and Chalons. Here, on the 16th of August, they found the greater part, but not the whole, of the German army across their path. The French lines extended obliquely across the main road, with the center at Rezonville; the Germans were in front of them, with their left also across the road. The proposition on the French side was to get on to Chalons; on the German, to at least hold Bazaine where he was until there could be a further concentration of their forces, and more crushing blows could be given. Here, about Rezonville, a most obstinate and bloody battle was fought. The loss on each side was seventeen thousand men. When darkness closed the combat, little ground had been gained on either side. The Germans expected a renewal of the fight the next day, but in the night Bazaine gave the order to retire toward Metz, alleging the failure of provisions and munitions. On the 17th, new positions were taken by the French. Their left wing retired between two and three miles, while the main line was swung round at right angles to the old position.

On the morning of the 18th, the French lines were extended north and south, instead of east and west, as on the 16th, with the right and left wings retired somewhat toward the east. The German lines were parallel, with the strongest bodies of troops in front of the village of Gravelotte. In the interim, large additions were made to the German forces, so that they brought into the decisive struggle 230,000 men against 180,000 French. The line of battle extended over about ten miles. The fighting in front of Gravelotte was terrific, where the attempt at first was to cut through the French left wing; but finally, toward evening, the Saxons came up on the extreme right wing of the French, and rolled it back in confusion on the center and left, which had held their ground. Bazaine was defeated, and the next day retired into Metz. The German loss was about 20,000 men, much heavier than that of the French, which numbered between 12,000 and 13,000. The operations of the Germans between the 14th and 18th of August had been in a general way to swing the French army completely round upon its left wing, as a pivot, into Metz. The city and the inclosed army were then invested, and they finally surrendered on the 29th of October. This most extraordinary capitulation delivered into the hands of the victors 173,000 men, including 71 generals, 6,000 other officers, and over 1,400 pieces of cannon. The history

of warfare does not furnish anything approaching it in magnitude.

On a warm August day I rode out over the battle-field of the 18th. The dusty road leads out through the suburbs, crosses the Moselle at Devant les Ponts, and gradually ascends to the plateau along which the French army lay, through what were then woods, but are now, for military reasons, cut away. Riding through the little village of Amanvillers, we came to the village of St. Privat, and, a little farther on, to the hamlet of Carriers de Jaumont. Around St. Privat and this last named hamlet was the right wing of the French, and where they were finally driven back by the Saxons. Naturally the fighting was hot, and the houses and walls still bear evidence of the rough storm of iron and lead that played around them. It must be recollected that a French village is not at all like one of ours. It is a collection of stone houses with tile roofs, crowded together, side by side, along one or two narrow streets, and the walls which surround the little gardens and inclosures around it are compact stone structures, laid in mortar and covered with a coat of plaster.

These wall are usually about five feet in hight, so that a village is like a little fortification to the troops in possession of it. The French troops had their lines for miles along the plateau, the center and left along and in front of the woods already mentioned. In front the open country falls away in a slight declination. One can look for miles across fields, which just now were being harvested, and were coated with the yellow stubble. Here and there are the huddled-together villages and hamlets, with their red-tiled roofs.

I then turned, and rode along a narrow road which ran along the rear of the German line, to Gravelotte, where I stopped for lunch at the little inn with the magniloquent name of the Horse of Gold.

Scattered all over this stretch of miles over which the armies fought are monuments erected to the fallen, the more pretentious by the different German regiments to their perished members. Here and there are mounds with a simple cross, where perhaps a hundred or two bodies were collected and hastily buried. After lunch, I took a walk about the village of Gravelotte, and, seeing a collection of persons in a graveyard, walked in. In this little inclosure, I was told, about two thousand men had been buried. There were a few head-stones and monuments, but the mass were left without mementoes. One little head-stone attracted my attention from the little wreath of oak leaves which had evidently been recently placed on the grave. The inscription neatly traced upon it ran thus:

"Here reposes in God, fallen for King and Fatherland, in the battle of Gravelotte, my dearly beloved and never to be forgotten husband, FRITZ DENBARD, Captain Twenty-ninth Infantry Regiment. We shall see each other again."

I found the people were watching a laborer digging up bones, skulls, and bits of shoes and clothing, and throwing them pell-mell into a long wooden box. The box was already nearly full, and yet he had not gone more than a foot below the surface. I was told that hundreds had been thrown into a pit here, and they were transferring the remains to another point. The spectacle was not a very pleasant one, and I soon turned away.

A little way out of Gravelotte toward Metz, about where was the center of the French left, I rode over a piece of road, bounded on one side by a ravine and on the other by a bluff bank, up which four hundred German cavalry charged to take a battery of *mitrailleuse* on the plateau on the top, and every man and horse was killed or wounded. All about this point the fighting was terrific, and all around are the monuments and crosses over the burial places of the fallen. My way back into Metz led through Ronzevilles, where the extreme left of the French was posted. It is not difficult on the ground for even an unmilitary person to see that the French had the advantage of position, and that the Germans, in order to attack all along the line with vigor, had to have many more men than their opponents, and in order to turn the right wing had to march a long distance over an open country, where there was no cover from the sweeping fire of batteries and infantry with long-range arms. One can, therefore, understand why the Germans lost so many men, and also can appreciate the obstinate nature of their onslaught.

My driver was an intelligent man, a native of Metz, and was there during the battles and siege. He expressed what the French universally assert, that Bazaine was grossly incompetent in the management of the campaign, and a traitor in surrendering his army. I inquired of him as to the feelings of the people toward their conquerors, and he did not hesitate to tell me, probably because I was a foreigner, that they were much embittered, and that their preferences were all for France. One great ground of complaint is the steady increase of the taxes, which seem, as he said, to be always mounting higher and will shortly become unbearable, and also the rigidity of the German conscription.

W. W. CRANE, JR.

THE BEST USE OF WEALTH.*

If a man has a great fortune, what is the best use he can make of it? Or, as one perhaps likes best to put the question, "If I had a great fortune, what would I do with it!"

Of course many different answers might be given, according to the place and time, the surrounding opportunities, the personal possibilities of the possessor, the claims of private duties, and so on. But an answer may be suggested which will at least mark out some general principles involved in any satisfactory reply. And, to make the inquiry as definite as possible, let us suppose it put by a man of our own time, in California (for example), who has by honest means accumulated a large fortune, through energy and prudence; and whose life has not been so narrow as to make him love money for its own sake, but has given him a genuine desire to see his wealth become the greatest possible power for good to his fellowmen. Such a man, looking about him, finds plenty of ways to give passing pleasure with his money, and perhaps would have little difficulty in making some part of it a means of happiness, so far as happiness depends on external circumstances, to this or that individual. But how to use the whole of it wisely for permanent good to the community and to mankind? For certainly nothing less than this aspiration will content a man of sufficient breadth and reach of mind to have gathered and successfully managed a vast property. He will not make the mistake of leaving that which might have been a blessing to the community to be a curse to his own children; if daughters, to make them the shining mark for designing villainy; and if sons, to ruin their careers and characters by an unlimited income unaccompanied by the energy and self-command that in his own case were gained by its very acquisition. History, or indeed any man's life-experience, is too full of examples that point the paralyzing and corrupting effect of the gift to a young man of unearned wealth. Plainly, a great fortune must either be wasted, or worse than wasted, or go to serve some high public purpose. But where, and how?

To begin with, two wholly different general plans at once suggest themselves: either to distribute the entire sum in small portions to various scattered benevolent uses, or to concentrate it on some single object. It is, no doubt, a certain advantage in the former method, that in this way one can easily direct the details of every expenditure, suiting it to a given need, and avoiding all risk of misappropriation. But, on the other hand, all such scattered use of wealth is in one sense itself a misappropriation, since it wholly loses that peculiar power residing in any great sum of money employed as a unit. The successful business man, of all others, knows the almost magical increase of force that belongs to the very magnitude of large total sums. To throw away this enormous power of the aggregate amount is to make a single vast fortune of no more avail than ten insignificant ones.

If, then, a fortune is to be used as a single sum, there are again two possible plans: either to add it as a contribution to some already existing enterprise or institution, or to found with it a wholly new one. Let us first consider the former plan, of contribution to some enterprise already existing.

Looking about over the world of manifold activities, we discover, after all, but few lines of deliberate effort for the generous service of humanity. These may be in the main divided into three groups, according to their proximate object: those which aim to increase men's comfort (as, most of what goes under the name of public charity), those which aim to increase men's morality (as, the churches), and those which aim to increase men's intelligence (as, the high schools, colleges and universities; these, rather than the lower schools in general, since the latter are largely the outgrowth of the aim to bring youth up to the average intelligence, only, in order to enable them to "get on in the world"). In other words, looking at the matter from the obverse side, the three groups of benevolent activities are those aiming to decrease human suffering, those aiming to decrease human wickedness, and those aiming to decrease human ignorance. The question then arises, which of these three groups of enterprises is it most necessary to society to foster: the charitable institutions so-called, the churches, or the higher educational institutions? Or, granting the importance of all of them, is there either one of them, which at the present moment, and

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in our particular stage of civilization, is the most urgent need of society? Or, again, is there either one of them which is inclusive of the others, and by its attainment would accomplish their ultimate aim also?

One must admit, in the first place, that it would be a good use for wealth if in any way it could be employed to make the generality of men more comfortable. Whatever opinion one may hold as to the ill effects of too luxurious or easy a life, he cannot but see that a certain degree of even merely physical comfort is a necessary condition of progress in civilization. Only a superstitious asceticism could fail to desire that the mass of men might be relieved of some part of their benumbing miseries. The world of ordinary human beings is a hard, hostile world. So that there is no question that if man is to "live upward, working out the brute," he must escape from brutish misery. For this end, however, the first need is that we should understand the fundamental causes of his troubles. Mere short-sighted charity is useless. To feed the pauper is to produce the pauper. It is of little use to treat the symptom; we must try to cure the disease. But how?

Many persons, especially those who are themselves engaged in church work, would answer, "The cause of human suffering is human sin." They would say, "Decrease vice, and you decrease misery. Moral amelioration is the great want of the race. Let the money be given to that great organization which has all these centuries been fighting against human wickedness—the church."

No doubt there is a truth in this answer, but not the whole truth. No doubt the church has done much good, and will continue to do good. Wickedness is, no doubt, the cause of much human misery, but we have come in these modern times to see that ignorance is the cause of more. It is human ignorance that has kept man down and kept civilization back. It is progress in intelligence that has lifted him up, and that will urge civilization onward. Besides, to go to the bottom of it, what is the cause of wickedness itself? In the deepest and broadest sense, ignorance. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." It is truer sight that is needed, and the truer choice must follow. Who can doubt that to make men wiser is to make them better?

Moreover, the greatest service of the church itself has been in those times and countries where it has been most conspicuously an educating force. There was a time in history when the church was the center of intellectual, as well as of religious life. And this depended on two causes: first, its perfect organization inherited from Rome, and the sole relic of the Roman organism in an epoch of utter disorganization and decay; and secondly, the accident of having in its clergy the only profession or occupation that necessitated the mastery of literature. The church, as the sole repository of organization and of letters, did nobly a two-fold service, religious and intellectual. But the time came when there was other organized intellectual activity and other literature than that of the church. The universities established secular learning: the old literature of classic paganism was rediscovered, and the new literature of modern thought appeared. And from that time the church, as an organization, took up its permanent position in two camps; the one as an ally, more or less hearty, of intellectual progress, the other absolutely against it. When Wiclif put the English Bible in every English household, he builded better than he knew, for the English mind learned to read and to think, each mind as a separate individual force, and the era of intellectual liberty commenced—commenced, as it has gone on increasing, through literature; that is to say, through the free appropriation by the individual mind of free human thought, feeling, aspiration, and every spiritual power. So far as the church has increased human intelligence, it has done a great service for humanity. But so far as it leaves out of view the need of higher intelligence, it ignores the chief source of human misery, for that is mental degradation, brutish stupidity, ignorance.

If, therefore, one great need of society is to be relieved from its miseries, the only sure path to that relief is through higher intelligence. If one of its great needs is to be converted from its wickedness, the only way is through higher intelligence. If, in fine, the urgent need of all humanity is for every reason just this higher intelligence, for better living as to material comfort, for higher living as to morality, and for its own sake, that men may be thinking men instead of mere dumb animals, then can any one doubt that the best use of a princely fortune is to provide with it for the education of the race?

But if the whole world is too wide to be considered easily, let us but look at any small segment of it immediately about us. In California, for instance, what is the great, pressing need of our time? Material prosperity, no doubt, for one thing, and greater public and private virtue, for another; but most pressing of all, partly because its attainment would surely bring these others in its train, is the need of higher intelligence in the mass of the people. The process of evolution in society is precisely a progress in intelligence; not the mere "smartness" or sharpness of mind, which is but little more than the

keen sense of the brute applied to slightly more complex surroundings, but that broad power of sight and insight into both material and spiritual things, such as education alone can bring. There is the brute stage and the human stage of development, with all grades between; and the human is higher than the brute by nothing else than higher intelligence. In our society, as elsewhere in the world, there are types of every grade. What it needs is to have the highest carried higher, and the lowest brought up to the grade already reached by the highest. At least, the average must be lifted higher, or our civilization must come to a standstill or go backward.

The great danger to California is that her new population, her own native-born youth (for on them, after all, must depend her future), will fail to keep abreast of the times. All the wisdom that is in the world at any given epoch is needed to save society, or any segment of it, at that epoch. The resources of the eighteenth century are not sufficient for the nineteenth; for with its enlightenment—not the results of it, but the results of the same myriad causes—have come dangers. With the taste of divine liberty has come the craving for devilish license. With the sense of personal freedom has come the impatience of all restraint, even of that of one's own reason and will. With the gain of personal power has come the claim of equal right to power by the brutish mob. The nineteenth century must save itself, if at all, by the full possession of all the resources of the past not only, but of all its own resources, and by their possession by all men. And these resources can be given to the ordinary mind only by the best and most liberal education.

Are there, then, any existing organizations among us ready to receive from wealth the contribution of its accumulated power, that are devoted to this most needed service of society? The world over, the institutions that most nearly approach this character are the colleges and universities. It is now some four hundred years since they began their work among English-speaking people, and it is not too much to say that whatever is valuable in modern civilization is owing to them more than to all other organized efforts put together. They have alternately furnished the radical element when radicalism was needed, and the conservative element when conservatism was needed. They have been the rallying point for all the forces of enlightenment and progress. From them has come, directly or indirectly, nearly all that the world counts precious in thought and investigation. It is through them, and almost through them alone, that each successive generation has been made possessor of the intellectual accumulations of all preceding generations. There have been in all times, no doubt, an exceptional few who, by dint of remarkable natural endowment, have risen to the full stature of intellectual men without their aid. But civilization never could have been preserved, much less kept on its upward career, by those few anomalous exceptions. The great service of the colleges has been that they have enabled the many ordinary minds to attain what otherwise could have been attained only by the few extraordinary minds. Leaving out of account the scattered prodigies, the self-made men whose enormous vigor of mind and character has enabled them to make the world their college, it is plain enough that it is the colleges that have bred the men who have guided civilization forward through the latter centuries.

And the reason, too, is plain. It is because in the complex modern life, in the midst of the rush and swirl of its forces, no untrained, half-developed man is anything—no trained and developed man, even, by himself, is anything. The only mind that can cope with modern life is the one that has taken advantage of whatever has yet been learned as to means of high development, and that stands not by the feeble strength of what one life-time can teach a single individual, but by the whole force of whatever wisdom has been gained through all the ages, a heritage whose possession it is the untiring effort of the colleges to bestow.

Plainly enough, then, he who would do the greatest possible service to society, if he is to do it through any existing institution, can do nothing better than to bestow his fortune on a college or university. And the same principle which dictates that he should use his wealth as a total sum, instead of wasting its force by scattering it, dictates also that he should choose for his endowment an institution that is already a power, and that has already received, and is likely to receive in future, other such endowments. In this way will his means, reinforced by that of others, continually gain in power of service. The force which would keep in motion or accelerate a body already moving, might be utterly powerless to initiate its motion. Many a handsome sum has been thrown away on some small and helpless institution, which would have been of immense value if joined with the momentum of a vigorous university. In any such university, where there is a solid foundation and active energy of growth, one may find abundant opportunities for rich investments. There are new buildings that need to be erected for the service of science or art. When men build granite monuments on which to inscribe their names,

why do they not build them in such wise as this, that so their memories, instead of being left to the forgotten solitudes of the graveyard, may be treasured by successive generations of grateful students and scholars? There are costly laboratories to be founded; there are libraries to be collected, bringing to our young men and women, isolated in our remote regions, the intellectual harvest of the whole world; there are scholarships and fellowships to be established, giving to poor and talented youth the opportunities for which they hunger and thirst. Every county in the State has wealth that might easily maintain at the University a score of its brightest youth. And every county has private fortunes that might endow a free academy or high school within its borders, so that its youth should go to college finely prepared. Above all, there are chairs in the University to be endowed—a hundred fields of science and art and philosophy that should be filled by the foremost men in the world, and that now are silent and empty.

But, one may ask, would it not be better to build up a new college altogether? Are there not grave defects in all those existing at present—defects which we can see well enough, but which can hardly be corrected except by leaving them behind and beginning anew? This, indeed, is a serious question. Great as is the power for good in our best colleges, it is visible to some of us that they are far from being the ideal. Some of them are too closely bound to the past, by tradition, by precedent, by inherited tendency, for the needs of this present time. They seem, indeed, to move, as the waves of modern forces go by them, but they are anchored in the past, and only rock upon the waves. Others, on the contrary, are adrift at the mercy of the unstable gusts of politics, and the shifting notions of the time. They are afloat, it is true, but they are all afloat, having no bold policy, no settled plan, no steady onward progress. Some, in their courses of study, are slow to recognize that there is anything more to be learned in this present century than there was three hundred years ago. They would still make Latin, Greek, and mathematics (the college "three R's") almost the sole mental furnishing of the youth preparing for modern life. Others, carried away by the reaction from this extreme, would count hardly anything as valuable knowledge except what the present generation has discovered. "Science" is to them like a new toy, engrossing and delighting the child's every waking moment; or, like the dyspeptic's latest medicine, certain to prove the universal panacea. Again, the church is partly right in its complaint that moral teaching is neglected in some of the existing colleges. Whatever difficulties may be involved in the connection of morals with creeds, it is certainly deplorable that any great institution should go on from year to year sending out men to be leaders in modern thought and society without offering to them instruction from commanding intellects on the great subjects of ethics, of rights and wrongs and duties, of the history of the human intellect in its wrestlings with the great underlying problems of existence. Certainly a grander college could be conceived than has ever yet been builded. The best possible use of a vast fortune, if vast enough, would be to build such a one, or even, perhaps, to lay fitly its prophetic corner-stones.

But, practically, the chances are enormously against the attainment of any such perfect institution as might be conceived or dreamed of, if it were attempted. Unless a man were at the same time the wealthiest and the wisest man in the world, and should begin to build his college in his own middle life, at furthest, so that he himself might attend to every detail of its establishment, the chances of success would be doubtful. If the money were left to a single individual to control, we should probably have a tottering edifice built on the back of his particular educational or religious hobby. If it were put into the hands of a body of many-minded trustees, their dissensions might easily frustrate any judicious plan. After all, is it not true that valuable organisms must be the result of gradual growth rather than of sudden construction? Is there not more hope in helping on toward perfection a well established organization, the slow product of countless converging forces, by needed additions and by gradual modifications, than in trying to replace it by some brand-new experiment?

And if, finally, one is to select some existing institution on which to bestow his wealth, where could it better be found than here in our own community? At first thought it might seem more profitable to cast in one's help with the great universities of the Old World—of Germany or England—or, short of that, of the Atlantic border. But that is the old civilization, with growth in it, doubtless, but not the unfettered, vigorous growth of the new. The branching vine of civilization has gone spreading from its ancient roots in Asia, on through Greece and Rome and England and the New England, and now the first green shoots are budding into leaf, if not yet into blossom and fruitage, on our farther shore. It is here that the latest hopes of men are centered, and reaching forward toward a possible fulfillment. But, be it remembered, we are far from the root-sources of growth and power. It would be easy for this budding

promise to be destroyed, and for the new civilization to be retarded for a century or forever. Just now, while the air seems full of the electric tension of free thoughts and brave impulses, seems the time to insure the happy result. And to one who believes in his age, who sees that here, and soon, there might be clearer inspirations than ever before, the question comes with all the deeper significance: Shall our people be a people of high intelligence, in a more and more prosperous country, or a crude, ignorant, mob-ridden population, in an out of the way, neglected corner of civilization, visited, like some barbarous island, for its natural scenery, and fled from as soon as possible?

If there be any way to determine this question, except by insuring beyond a peradventure the broadest opportunities for education, it must be by some new way undiscovered as yet by any nation. Not that there is any mystic virtue in towering buildings, or apparatus, or imposing forms; but there is a virtue in the gathering together of trained and vigorous intellects, together with the written representatives of such in every age, in all the world's literature, and bringing within the charmed circle of their influence a multitude of youth, drawing them by the gentle persuasions of science and culture into the good old compact of high service to humanity.

There never was a time when a fortune might do so much for society. Nor is it any visionary dream that points out its possibilities. The future years are surely coming, and their days will be as plain, common-sense, practical facts as the Mondays and Tuesdays of the present. Their suns will rise and set, and the air will still sweep back and forth in its rhythmical tides the breath of the mountains and the answering breath of the sea; and the earth will bear the footprints of multitudes of men. What shall those multitudes be? A sordid, half-barbarous horde, wrangling over the contemptible prizes of their animal existence? A scattered handful of clean-lived and thinking men, dragging a vexed lifetime in a population they cannot help? Or a prosperous, vigorous, intelligent community, such as already the globe has borne on a few of its most favored garden spots of civilization? One seems to see the question trembling in the balance of the fates, and, poised above the scale that bears all our hopes, the golden weight of some splendid fortune ready to decide the issue.

But, if we are to judge by the past, it is hardly reasonable to expect that wise public use will be made of our great fortunes in this country. It is rather the mere dust of the balance, the slow accumulations of small influences, mote by mote and grain by grain, that turns the scale of the fates. And, after all, the best things of the future will probably come, as the best things of the past have come, through the sturdy and patient work, little by little, of many coöperating brains and hands, each quietly adding to the common store whatever small help it can.

E. R. SILL.

TO ETHEL.

Who has not seen the scarlet columbine,
That flashes like a flame among the ferns,
Whose drooping bell with rich, warm color burns,
Until its very dew-drops seem like wine?
In thy dark eyes the blossom's soul doth shine,
On thy bright cheek doth live its splendid hue;
Of all the wild-wood flowers that ever grew,
Thou'rt like but one—the dainty columbine.
So, when the welcome wild-flowers come again
Among the gold, and white, and blue, there'll be
One blossom with a ruby glow, and then,
Gath'ring its brightness, will I think of thee,
For, looking on the treasure that I hold,
I'll see it hides, like thee, a heart of gold.

S. E. ANDERSON.

OLD CALIFORNIANS.

"In those days there were giants in the land: mighty men of power and renown."—BIBLE.

The cowards did not start to the Pacific Coast in the old days; all the weak died on the way. And so it was that we had then not only a race of giants, but of gods.

It is to be allowed that they were not at all careful of the laws, either ancient or modern, ecclesiastical or lay. They would curse. They would fight like dogs—aye, like Christians in battle. But there was more solid honor among those men than the world will ever see again in any body of men, I fear, till it approaches the millennium. Is it dying out with them? I hear that the *new* Californians are rather common cattle.

Do you know where the real *old* Californian is?—the giant, the world-builder?

He is sitting by the trail high up on the mountain. His eyes are dim, and his head is white. His sleeves are lowered. His pick and shovel are at his side. His feet are weary and sore. He is still prospecting. Pretty soon he will sink his last prospect-hole in the Sierra.

Some younger men will come along, and lengthen it out a little, and lay him in his grave. The old miner will have passed on to prospect the outcroppings that star the floors of heaven.

He is not numerous now; but I saw him last summer high up on the head-waters of the Sacramento. His face is set forever away from that civilization which has passed him by. He is called a tramp now. And the new, nice people who have slid over the plains in a palace car, and settled down there, set dogs on him sometimes when he comes that way.

I charge you treat the old Californian well wherever you find him. He has seen more, suffered more, practiced more self-denial, than can now fall to the lot of any man.

I never see one of these old prospectors without thinking of Ulysses, and wondering if any Penelope still weaves and unweaves, and waits the end of his wanderings. Will any old blind dog stagger forth at the sound of his voice, lick his hand, and fall down at his feet?

Nothing of the sort. He has not heard from home for twenty years. He would not find even the hearthstone of his cabin by the Ohio, should he return. Perhaps his own son, a merchant prince or the president of a railroad, is one of the distinguished party in the palace car that smokes along the plain far below.

And though he may die there in the pines on the mighty mountain, while still feebly searching for the golden fleece, do not forget that his life is an epic, noble as any handed down from out the dusty eld. I implore you treat him kindly. Some day a fitting poet will come, and then he will take his place among the heroes and the gods.

But there is another old Californian, a wearier man, the successful one. He, too, is getting gray. But he is a power in the land. He is a prince in fact and in act. What strange fate was it that threw dust in the eyes of that old Californian, sitting by the trail high up on the mountain, and blinded him so that he could not see the gold just within his grasp a quarter of a century ago? And what good fairy was it that led this other old Californian, now the banker, the railroad king, or senator, to where the mountain gnomes had hidden their gold of old?

What accidental beggars and princes we have in the world to-day? But whether beggar or prince, the old Californian stands a head and shoulder taller than his fellows wherever you may find him. This is a solid, granite truth.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough and the ship was behind time. It was ten o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy Captain had resolved to economize.

A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the Captain and begged for a little coffee, at least, for his ladies. The Captain turned his back, fluttered his coat-tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, and walked up his deck. The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the Captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calling his officers around him.

The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the Captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand; and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his

face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast.

This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton," as we used to call him up at Yreka.

Of course, an act like that was punishable with death almost. "Piracy on the high seas," and all that sort of offense was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the Captain of the ship. But this California neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head.

Dear Dave Colton! I hear he is dead now. We first got acquainted one night in Yreka while shooting at each other.

And what a fearful shooting affair that was! Many a grizzled old miner of the north still remembers it all vividly, although it took place more than a quarter of a century ago. It would make the most thrilling chapter of a romance, or the final act of a tragedy.

To crowd a whole book briefly into a few words, the Yreka miners insisted on using all the water in Greenhorn Creek by leading it through a great ditch from Greenhorn over to Yreka Flats. The Greenhorn miners, about five hundred strong, held a meeting and remonstrated with the miners of Yreka, who numbered about five thousand. But they were only laughed at.

So, on the 23d day of February, 1855, they threw themselves into a body, and marching down, to a man, they tore out the dam and sent the water on in its natural channel. I say to a man, and, I might add, to a boy. For I, the only boy on Greenhorn, although quietly officiating as cook in the cabin of a party of miners from Oregon, was ordered to shoulder a pick-handle by the red-headed leader, Bill Fox, and fall in line. I ought to admit, perhaps, that I gladly obeyed—for it flattered me to be treated as if I were a man, even by this red-headed Irish bully and desperado.

I remember that on the march to the dam the quiet, peace-loving men of Quaker proclivities were found still at work. On their declining to join us, Fox ordered his men to seize them and bear them along in front; so that they should be the first exposed to the bullets of Yreka.

Had the mob dispersed after destroying the dam, no blood would have been shed. But, unfortunately, the Wheeler brothers rolled out a barrel of whisky, and, knocking in the head, hung the barrel with tin cups and told the boys to "pitch in." A fool could have foreseen the result.

Some worthless fellows got drunk and went to Yreka, boasting of their work of destruction. They were arrested by Dave Colton, then Sheriff of Siskiyou County, and thrown into prison. The news of the arrests reached us at Greenhorn about dark, and in half an hour we were on our way to the county-seat to take the men out of jail. Some of our own men were half drunk, others wholly so, and all were wild with excitement. Nearly all were armed with six-shooters. We ran forward as we approached the jail, pistols in hand. Being nimble-footed and having no better sense, I was among the first.

Sheriff Colton, who had heard of our coming, and taken up position in the jail, promptly refused to give up his prisoners without process of law; and we opened fire. The Sheriff and his *posse* answered back—and what a scatterment! Our men literally broke down and swept away board cabins and fences in their flight! I know of nothing so cowardly as a mob.

But there were some that did not fly. One, Dr. Stone, the best man of our whole five hundred I think, lay dying in the jail-yard along with a few others; and there were men of our party who would not desert them. The fight lasted in a loose sort of fashion for hours. We would fight a while and then parley a while. We were finally, by some kind of compromise not found in law books, allowed to go back with our prisoners and our dead and wounded. This was known as the "Greenhorn War."

We threw up earthworks on Greenhorn, and waited for the Sheriff, who had been slightly wounded, to come out and attempt to make arrests. But he never came. And I never met him any more till his trouble in Naples. I wonder how many of us are alive to-day! I saw the old earthworks only last year. They are almost leveled now. The brown grass and weeds covered them. As I climbed the hill to hunt for our old fortress, a squirrel scampered into his hole under the wall, while on the highest rock a little black lizard basked and blinked in the sun and kept unchallenged sentinel.

I remember when we came to bury the dead. The men were mighty sober now. We could not go to town for a preacher, and so one of our party had to officiate. That was the saddest burial I ever saw. The man broke down who first began to read. His voice trembled so he could not get on. Then another man took the Bible and tried to finish the chapter; but his voice trembled too, and pretty soon he choked up and hid his face. Then every man there cried, I think. They loved Dr. Stone so. He was a mere boy, yet a graduate, and beautiful and brave as a Greek of old.

Ah, these, the dead, are the mighty majority of old Californians! No one would guess how numerous they are. California was one vast battle-field. The knights of the nineteenth century lie buried in her bosom; while here and there, over the mountain-tops, totters a lone survivor, still prospecting,

> "And I sit here, at forty year,
> Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine."

There is an older Californian still—"the oldest inhabitant," indeed. I knew him, a lusty native, a quarter of a century ago in the impenetrable forests and lava beds around the base of Mount Shasta. He, too, is dead; dead in spirit at least, if not altogether in fact.

If valor is a virtue, let us at least concede that to the red man of the California mountains. There were battles fought here between the miners and red men before General Canby was ever heard of. They were bloody battles, too. But they never got to the ears of the world. If Captain Jack with his handful of braves held the United States army at bay for half a year, you may well understand that we miners met no boy's play there when these Indians were numerous and united.

But this "old Californian," as I knew him there, is utterly extinct. About the fisheries of the McCloud, and along the stage road on the head-waters of the Sacramento River, you see little houses now and then not unlike our miners' cabins of old. There are the homes of the few remaining Indians of Northern California. There is a little garden and straggling patches of corn about the door; two or three miserable ponies nibble about the barren hills hard by, and a withered, wrinkled old squaw or two grunts under a load of wood or water as she steps sullen and silent out of the path to let you pass. And that is about all. Her husband, her sons, are dead or dying of disease in the dark, smoky cabin yonder. He accepted the inevitable, and is trying to be civilized. Alas! long before that point is reached, he will have joined his fathers on the other side of darkness.

I spent a few weeks at Lower Soda Springs, near Mount Shasta, last summer, in sight of our old battle-ground in Castle Rocks, or *Castillo del Diablo*, as it was then called. I tried to find some of the men who had fought in that little battle. But one white man remained, Squire Gibson. At the time of this fight, which took place on the 15th day of June, 1855, he was married to the daughter of a friendly chief, and, as he was the only *alcalde* in all that county, was a sort of military as well as civil leader, and in the battle was conspicuous both for courage and good sense. He tried to keep me back and out of danger. He told me that I was of no account in the fight, and only in the way. But when I was shot down at his side in a charge through the chaparral, he took me in his arms and carried me safely aside. He cared for me afterward, too, till I got well. How glad I was to find him still alive! When you go up to Soda Springs, jump out of the stage at Sweetbrier Ranch, only a few miles this side of Soda, and look him up. Do you think him an illiterate boor? He is of one of the best families in New York, a gentleman, and a scholar.

A few years ago, one of his wealthy sisters came out to visit the old man from the Eastern States. From San Francisco she telegraphed her approach and the probable day of her arrival at his mansion.

She came; but she did not find him. Squire Gibson had long contemplated prospecting the rugged summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. He felt that the time had come for this work, as his venerable maiden sister, with all her high ideas of "family," approached. He called his spouse and his tawny children about him, bade them take up their baskets and go high, very high up into the mountains, for acorns. And the gray old Californian sinched his little mule till she grunted, tied a pick, pan, and shovel to the saddle, and so pointed her nose up the peak, and climbed as if he was climbing for the morning star.

Squire Gibson, I beg your pardon for dragging your name and your deeds before the heartless world. Believe me, old friend and comrade, it is not to trade upon it or fatten my own vanity. But do you know I have been waiting for ten years for you to die, so that I might write you up and do you a turn for your kindness to a hair-brained boy more than twenty-five years ago? It is a fact. But it begins to look now as if you are going to outlive me; you there in the high, pure air, and I here in the pent-up city. And so I venture to put you in this sketch, and name you as one of the uncrowned Californian kings!

I count it rather odd that I should have found even one man in this region still, after so long a time, for of all wanderers the Californian is the veriest nomad upon the face of the earth. Perhaps it is a bit of that same daring and endurance which took him to California that still leads him on and on and on, through all the lands and over all the seas; for I have found him in every quarter of the globe.

And wherever I have found the Californian, I have found him a leader; not an obtrusive one, but a man who, when a man is needed, quietly

steps forward, takes hold the helm, and guides the ship to safety.

Once on the Rhine, between the armies of France and Germany, I got into great trouble with the authorities. The military police, who were arresting everybody they could lay hands on, had got me into their clutches and were trying to read a whole lot of mixed-up manuscript which constituted the main part of my luggage, in order to find out what sort of a man I was; for I could not talk a word of either French or German. I think they must have been poorly educated, for they could hardly read it. But they tried and tried with all their might. And the harder they tried the madder they got; and they laid the blame all on to me.

They were about to iron me and march me off for a spy, when an American stepped up and laid down the law in a way that made them open their eyes. He was a Californian, and my trouble was over. He could not talk a word to them—no more than I; but they soon saw that although he could not talk in any of their six or seven tongues, he could at least fight in any language under the sun.

I am reminded here of two Californians, who, short of money and determined to see the Holy Land, went with Cook, the tourist. They were the horror of all the staid old orthodox parties, but in less than a week they were the leaders of the company.

They wanted to pump out Jacob's Well, and get down to the bed-rock. They were perfectly certain it was only a prospect-hole. And when they came to Mount Sinai they found quartz indications, and declared that all that side of the mountain from which the tables for the Ten Commandments were supposed to have been taken, would pay ten per cent. They pretended to find plenty of gold in the rock one morning, and made the whole party believe that they intended to set up a forty-stamp mill, and have it thundering down that same *cañon* Moses is supposed to have descended with the Laws!

There are many of the wandering children of the dear old Pacific Coast in art, and at work, all over the world. I have known as many as five of the eight or ten theaters in the city of New York to have either Californian actors or Californian plays on their boards all at the same time. And in the army and the navy! Consider the deeds of the old Californians there. When one speaks of California, her northern sister, Oregon, is of course included.

But perhaps it is in the financial world that the old Californian takes first rank. Yon elevated railroad, that stretches down the streets of New York, was built and is owned by an ex-mayor of San Francisco. Down yonder, at the end of the Island of Manhattan, where the "bulls" and "bears" guide the finance of the world, there is one little Californian who stands next to the head of the class. And if ever Jay Gould misses a word, this man will spell it, and turn him down, and take his place.

When Chicago was howling as if it would go mad at this man for buying the wheat which she wanted to sell, and paying for it, too, in good Californian gold, I, who had never seen him, thought him some six-foot monster who had stumbled on to a mine and was making a very bad use of his money. On the contary, he is not strong, physically, and his face is as refined and sympathetic as a girl's.

Why, there is a whole bookful of good deeds marked to the credit of this modest little Californian away up and above the stars, although he is angry if any one tells of them on earth. I had rather have his record, notwithstanding the wrath of Chicago, than that of any published philanthropist whose skinny statue stands in the parks of the world.

Two little facts let me mention. More than fifty years ago the very brightest of all the young men of the city of New York married the daughter of the then wealthiest and most distinguished of her great merchants. Fifty years bring changes. This bright young man was no longer the head of the city. He was no longer a banker. He was poor, and all his idols lay broken and behind him. He was still a gentleman. But, says the Spaniard, "who is there so poor as a poor gentleman?"

Well, fifty thousand dollars were handed this good and worthy old gentleman by this old Californian, who is not willing to ever let his own name be published in connection with the gift.

The other circumstance is of less import to any one but myself. A new and unskilled dealer in stocks, an utter stranger, found himself one morning routed, "horse, foot, and dragoons." Half desperate, he rushed down to the old Californian, and asked his advice.

Advice? He gave his advice to this stranger in the shape of three hundred shares of Western Union. These shares in a few days turned out a profit of nearly three thousand dollars. And still he will not permit his name to be mentioned in this connection. Very well; I will not give you the name of this "old Californian." Neither will I give you that of the venerable banker who received the fifty thousand dollars. But I see no reason why you may not have the name of the embarrassed speculator who received the three thousand dollars' worth of "advice." You will find it subscribed at the end of this rambling sketch.

Who was ever so generous as is the Old Californian?

In conclusion, while writing of wealth for a city where gold has been and is almost a god in the eyes of many, let me implore you do not much care for it. Nor would I have you very much respect those who possess it.

In the first place, the foundations of nearly all the great fortunes of the Far West have been almost purely accidental. After that it became merely a question of holding on to all you could get. Of course, many threw away their opportunities there. But remember that many others gave away all they had to help others, and are now gray and forgotten in the mountains, while they might have been to-day at the head of their fellows in the city.

I know it is hard to teach and to preach against the traditions and the practices of all recorded time. But while money may remain to the end "the root of all evil," I think one may grow, if not to despise it, certainly not to worship it. And so it is that I wish to sandwich and wedge in this fact right here. I implore you do not too much admire the rich men of this rich land, where wealth may be had by any man who is mean enough to clutch and hold on tight to it.

I tell you that, in nine cases out of ten, great acquired wealth lifts up in monumental testimony the meanness of its possessor.

I knew two neighbors, old Californians, who had about equal fortunes. They were both old settlers, both rich, and both much respected. In that fearful year, 1852, when the dying and destitute immigrants literally crawled on hands and knees over the Sierra trying to reach the settlements, one of these men drove all his cattle up to the mountains, butchered them, and fed the starving. He had his Mexicans pack all the mules with flour, which at that time cost almost its weight in gold, and push on night day over the mountains to meet the strangers there and feed them, so that they might have strength to reach his house, where they could have shelter and rest.

The other man, cold and cautious, saw his opportunity and embraced it. He sat at home and sold all his wheat and mules and meat, and with the vast opportunities for turning money to account in that new country soon became almost a prince in fortune.

But his generous neighbor died a beggar in Idaho, where he had gone to try to make another fortune. He literally had not money enough to buy a shroud; and as he died among strangers, by the roadside, he was buried without even so much as a pine board coffin.

I saw his grave there only last year. Some one had set up a rough granite stone at the head. And that is all. No name—not even a letter or a date. Nothing. But that bowlder was fashioned by the hand of Almighty God, and in the little seams and dots and mossy scars that cover it He can read the rubric that chronicles the secret virtues of this lone dead man on the snowy mountains of Idaho.

The children of the "Prince" are in Paris. Upheld by his colossal wealth their lives seem to embrace the universal world. He is my friend. He buys all my books, and reads every line I write. When he comes to this sketch he will understand it. And he ought to understand, too, that all the respect, admiration, and love which the new land once gave these two men gathers around and is buried beneath that moss-grown granite stone; and that I know, even with all his show of splendor, that his heart is as cold and as empty as that dead man's hand.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A HOMELY HEROINE.

The early Spanish designation of the southeastern part of San Francisco, Potrero, meaning pasture-ground, still clings to that portion of the city—no longer fitly. The pick-ax has laid bare the bowels of its rolling hills, and blasting powder has bitten into them, leaving unsightly scars. Knoll after knoll has been beaten into fine, ashen dust, and scattered along the highway now called Potrero Avenue. This fine, ashen dust rides on the high winds in desolate gray clouds, seen through which the sky is no longer blue nor the sunshine golden.

On the high winds ride, also, insupportable odors ravished from drying pelts, from heaps of offal, from stagnant ponds, from exposed rills of sewerage. These the wind catches up to bear away; but, like a scavenger's cart, leaks putrescence as it rolls.

More than a quarter of a century ago, the earliest preëmptors there found one settler occupying before them: an old man—his air so wonted to his surroundings that he might have been accepted as a veritable Potrero autochthon.

Dry winds and beating sun had made his complexion as brown as the redwood shanty he tenanted, or the arid slope upon which it perched. This, his shriveled cheek, his shrewd eye, and his lonely life, surrounded him with mystery, and encouraged speculation. He had never been known to seek human society. Though neither gruff nor surly, when addressed, he was uncommunicative. The following is a transcript of an attempted conversation. Time, 1852; place, near old Tom's cabin:

"Hallo, Hardman! Fine weather, this." Such was the neighbor's cautious beginning.

With unexpected cordiality: "Mighty han'some."

"You are a very old resident here, eh?"—more boldly.

Tom had just illumined his evening pipe, and, as it obstinately refused to draw, it required his absorbed attention.

"At least"—the silence becoming discouraging—"people say as much."

"So?"—with a passing gleam of interest.

"Yes," more briskly, "you've a fine piece of property."

Puff, puff, puff; pipe drawing; facial expression profoundly serious.

"Hope your title is sound. You derive it from a Mexican grant, the Micheltorena, I believe? At any rate, you've held undisputed possession ever since '43, or was it '45?"

Puff, puff, puff.

"I say," very loudly, with sudden suspicion that the man might be hard of hearing, "I hope your title is sound," etc.

Without removing his pipe: "Fraudulous (puff) titles (puff) is a plenty."

"By the way, how many varas are there on this slope?"

As yet, Hardman had built no fences. He might own the whole hill-side, or a very small portion of it; the question was designed to clear up this hidden matter.

"Well, I——" Hardman began slowly; but the sentence ended in smoke.

The neighbor made another effort: "I'd like to own from the creek to the brow of the hill."

"How?"

Impatient repetition of the sentence.

"Accordin' to the lay of the land, them's the nateral bound'ries."

"East and west"—sarcastically—"I suppose you'll grab all you can?"

"Potrery (puff) property'll be worth (puff, puff) suthin' one of these days."

The interviewer retired discomfited, and Tom Hardman's private affairs were left to conjecture. Feminine gossip, however, made sure of one thing: he was an old bachelor.

Wrong again. When a farther slope began to boast of three or four redwood cabins, Tom Hardman's was suddenly enlivened by the presence of a woman and two buxom children.

This change in his mode of life was the forerunner of other changes. The shanty was immediately enlarged and whitewashed; some additions, of rude, home contrivance, were made to the scanty furniture; fences were built, and a stately goose and gander began daily journeys to and from that charming estuary, Mission Creek.

Then, just as one would naturally suppose that old Tom Hardman had planned to live after some domestic, if not social sort, he disappeared.

By this time the settlement of an indefinite region over the hill had been accomplished by a half-dozen families, whose common prejudices resulted in a strong local sentiment condemnatory of Mrs. Hardman.

She was by them dubbed "Old Mother Dutchy," a *sobriquet* which derived its appropriateness from her mongrel speech. Of sturdy build, and indomitable activity, she was a scourge to all prowlers, in whom she saw possible squatters. But the popular fancy pictured her, armed with any available weapon, perpetually lying in wait for whoever might set foot on her land, on whatever errand.

According to Larry Cronin's story, she could be guilty of gratuitous outrage.

Sent one morning in search of a stray goat, this promising youth did not return until after nightfall, and he did straightway depose (trembling before the paternal rod) that for daring to peep through "Ould Mother Dutchy's" gate, he had been by her seized, beaten with many stripes, and incarcerated in a chicken-house. Reliable witnesses, however, were found to testify to his pugilistic presence in the Mission on that very day; but such was the prevailing cast of thought that his figment was often quoted as fact. Had Mrs. Hardman used him as he said, she might have considered herself justified.

In lieu of more refined diversions, the juveniles of those rude slopes—the dauntless Larry at their head—were wont to indulge in impish tantalism. What bliss to haunt Thady Finnegan's dog kennels, and to lash the chained and savage brutes up to impotent fury by their antics! Or to troop over the hill, and, climbing Mrs. Hardman's fence, to dance and gibber there in thrilling expectation of provoking her to a raid, which their lively young legs were sure to render fruitless! Sometimes they went so far as to throw stones at her.

On a foggy evening in October, 1853, a Mrs. O'Dennis, as well known in those parts as Mrs.

Hardman herself, was entertaining a few neighbors with gossip and whisky punch—the latter served in a battered tin pan.

A rude sign-board, nailed crookedly across the outer surface of her door, proclaimed her the pioneer trader of the Potrero. It read:

"GROSS. RIS.
& LIQR' KEP BY MISES. TIMTHY
O DENNIS ON DRAF."

The store and dwelling were in one room. Of this, fully a third was taken up by the bar. A rough carpenter's bench served as a counter, and was raised to a practicable hight by divers contrivances not unsuggestive of reckless ingenuity. Three bricks propped one leg, a candle-box another, a cobble-stone the third, and a cracked iron pot, reeking with grease and soot, the fourth. A counter by day, by night the bench was turned upside down, and converted into a legless four-poster, wherein did repose Mrs. O'Dennis's niece, Miss Hannah McArdle. The rest of the family, numbering six souls, occupied two dirty straw mattresses, spread on the bare floor.

To return to that foggy, convivial evening: The four O'Dennis children had been unceremoniously huddled into bed. The guests sat around a rickety table, dipping by turns into the steaming lake of whisky and water. To eke out a limited supply of heterogeneous drinking vessels, Tim O'Dennis had possessed himself of a tin funnel used in doling out molasses. By closing the nozzle with his thumb, and a leak in the seam with his forefinger, he did such bibulous execution as to excite envy.

"Shure, ye'd betther shtop the hole wid yer mout', Timmy," exclaimed Patsey Cronin, father of the mendacious Larry, "an' let some wan pour a shtiddy shtrame down yer troat. Begorra, the resht of us shtand no show alongside yez."

But to this Mrs. O'Dennis, busily plying a broken shaving-mug, loudly and profanely objected. To speak mildly, this woman was neither an honor to her adopted country nor an ornament to her sex. Her bloated and burning cheeks told of ceaseless alcoholic fires within and blear eyes, constantly running over, suggested vents for the steam thereby engendered.

"Hould yer divil iv a clatther," she ejaculated, in tones of husky pleasantry. "Is there e'er a wan iv yez has heard anny worrd yit iv that ould nut, Tommy Harrdman?"

"Wirra, wirra!" moaned a voice of introspective melancholy; "an' he wint away a week before me poor Ellen (God resht her sowl), an' she all holly wid her insides shpit up."

The speaker was Larry Cronin's grandmother, a little, wizened octogenarian. Her palsied head, and the frill of an "ould bordhery cap" adorning it, shook as if in incessant negation.

"Sure, it's small comfort Ellen was to me this manny a day," retorted Patsey Cronin. "Begorra, where's the since iv shpilin' a festive occasion by the talk iv her?"

And he leered at Hannah McArdle, as if expecting her approval.

"D-d-divil a worrd has anny wan heard iv ould Tommy," cried Tim O'Dennis, in his hurried and stuttering brogue. "An' shure, I'm b-beginnin' to think we'll lay no eye till him betune now an' Joodgmint Day. If Tommy was aloive, forty yoke iv oxen cudn't keep him off the Potrery so long, an' do yez moind that? A-an' is it a-an ould n-nut yez call him, Biddy? Och, thin, 'twould t-take the d-devil to crack his shell, for a tough one it is, I'm thinkin'."

"An', begorra," Mrs. O'Dennis burst out, with a hoarse laugh, "if the ould nut is cracked, as Timmy says, it's that murtherin' haythen wummun has done it, or may I choke wid the lie. Not one shtep has he gone away. She's cut him intil six quarthers an' drowndid him in the wather down below. O-och-hone! poor Tommy—an' he not shtook up above buyin' his piece of 'baccy iv dacent folks."

Mrs. O'Dennis bore Mrs. Hardman a particular grudge for not encouraging local enterprise. The latter had thus far avoided the store.

"May I dhrink ditch-wather the rimnant iv me days," said Mr. Thady Finnegan, jocosely, "but I'd enj'y takin' 'Thady Finnegan' over the hill for a little shport." A tall, cross-eyed man, with a wiry red goatee, his business in life was the breeding of savage dogs for the pit. Of these, "Thady Finnegan" was at once his namesake and his pride.

Tickled by this humorous suggestion, Mrs. O'Dennis fell into a paroxysm of laughter. Husky chuckles, beginning in her fat throat, rapidly descended until lost in unfathomable recesses of her rotundity.

"D-don't yez think," exclaimed Tim, alarmed by her suspended breath and starting eye-balls, "as how I'd b-betther fetch her out iv that wid a shwot iv m-me fisht? Shure, she m-moight have a fit."

Mrs. McNamara suggested a sprinkling with cold water as a specific "ag'in fits;" but Patsey Cronin pinned his faith by the strongest of oaths to a "soop o' whusky."

In the conflict of opinions, no active measures were taken. As soon as Mrs. O'Dennis could recover her voice, she used it to ask Tim, angrily, why he was making such a "shtook, shtarin' fool" of himself.

Mrs. McNamara hastily interposed in the interests of connubial peace.

"Poor Tommy Harrdman! Some man ought to go an' ax Mother Dutchy is he dead or aloive."

"Begorra, who's betther to be shpared for that same expedition than yez, Granny?" exclaimed her son-in-law, with a brutal laugh, and again ogling Hannah. "That ould, shakin' shkull iv yours might's well be cracked be Mother Dutchy as another, an' betther airly than late. When yez are provided for, there'll be the full iv the mug for me an' some wan I have in me eye."

"Musha, will yez list till that for a haythin," cried Hannah, blushing. "An' Ellen not dead three weeks!"

"Begorra," added Tim, "it's a shmall sup anny wan gits iv anny mug whin yez are by, P-patsey. Much less the likes iv Mrs. Mc-N-namara, wid her shkin shtickin' all in wrinkles till her b-bones."

There was a general laugh, at Cronin's expense, which Mrs. O'Dennis interrupted.

"If I should go over the hill mesilf, as don't care that," snapping her fingers viciously, "for ould Mother Dutchy's clubs an' cracks, do yez think she'd be afther tellin' me the trewt forenint hersilf?"

"D-divil a-a-a bit," said Tim, promptly."

"Be the howly Moses," shouted Finnegan, "Thady wud discuss the matther——"

"Och, if wanst I lay a good grip till her troat, I'll be betther nor a bull-dog mesilf," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dennis, falling into another fit of laughter, which was cut short by a loud, distinct rapping at the door.

There was something ominous in the sound. No visitors were expected. No customers were likely to come at so late an hour.

Two children, who had been awake enjoying the conversation, took instant fright. In a quaking voice, Mrs. O'Dennis bade Tim not to answer the summons.

"Arrah, what's on yez, Biddy?" he replied, assuming a manly superiority to fear. "Some poor ghost is afther shmellin' the hot shtuff, passin' by, an' shtops to beg a dhrop."

He marched to the door and threw it open. He instantly recoiled in undisguised alarm. Awaiting no invitation, a woman stepped heavily over the threshold.

Conny and Katy O'Dennis redoubled their terrified screams. Their recognition of those heavy shoulders, that vigilant gray head—nay, the purple of a cheap print gown—was instantaneous.

Having been over the hill on diversion bent that very day, they conceived Mrs. Hardman's errand one of vengeance dire.

"Bad cess to thim divil's brats," gasped Mrs. O'Dennis, quite beside herself with terror and the screams, to which were now added those of a young babe. "Go to thim, Tim, man, and crack their heads ag'in the flure."

The unwelcome intruder stood soberly near the door, glancing first toward the mattress and then toward the table. If she realized that she was the cause of the shrill outcries on the one hand, or the electrified silence on the other, she gave no sign.

"I was gome," she said, composedly, in a voice of somewhat heavy quality, "fer dot ret bepper."

"Red pepper is it!" ejaculated Mrs. O'Dennis, showing vast relief. "I'm afther thinkin'—shtick your fisht down Katy's troat, will yez, Tim?—that I have wan bottle iv the shtuff."

She rolled out of her chair, and, keeping an uneasy eye on her customer, picked up the infant and silenced him at her breast. Holding him carelessly on one arm she hastily rummaged among some fly-specked bottles and papers spread across a dirty shelf. In vain.

Mr. Hardman quietly turned to leave.

"Sure, mum," Mrs. O'Dennis called out, unwilling to let so rare an opportunity slip, "how is it we niver see no more iv the ould man what owns yez?"

Mrs. Hardman paused in the doorway to look back. There was nothing forbidding in her manner. Still, a certain steadiness of eye, coupled with a laconic gravity of tongue, duly impressed her observers.

There was a moment's silence, through which the babe was heard drawing vigorous sustenance from the maternal fount of ignorance and vice. Then Mrs. Hardman said, deliberately:

"Dom he is down to Podro Wolley."

"To where?"

"To Pod-ro Wol-ley."

Mrs. O'Dennis became instantly apologetic.

"No offinse intinded. Shure I take it a pity iv me not to have the pepper for yez. The firsht time yez have been in the shtore, too! Was yez afther wantin' the shtuff for anything spicial?"

"Fer Zhag."

"Is it the b'y, Jack, yez mane? What's on him! I seen him pass the day."

"Pains," returned Mrs. Hardman, with a profoundly speculative air, and putting a hand to her throat to indicate their locality. "It's dot neurolchy."

Before another question could be asked, she was gone. Her brief and incomprehensible replies had aroused fresh dislike. Mrs. O'Dennis complained bitterly that she "twishted her tongue" so that no "dacent Christin" could un-

derstand her. Tim suggested that "P-podro Wolley," for all he knew to the contrary, might be Dutch for "P-purgathory;" while Mr. Finnegan, excitedly invoking the author of the Pentateuch, implored him to "shpake the word or give the wink" and he and "Thady" would take a "thrip over the hill."

Mrs. O'Dennis's malicious assertion in regard to old Tom and the "wather down below," bore fruit. Startled by the mere suspicion of a crime having been committed, the neighborhood speedily settled into an enjoyable conviction that the supposition must be true. A sinister light was thus thrown upon Mrs. Hardman's errand to the store. Had either of her children made sudden departure from the world, no one would have doubted that red pepper played an important part in the tragedy.

Instead of such news, however, other news came—in a letter from a Mr. Penniford to his wife. The latter, who held herself superior to the "low, drunken Irish" around her, did, nevertheless, deal at the store. Immediately after reading that Tom Hardman was alive and well, she discovered that she was out of vinegar.

"My husband seen him himself," she explained volubly, as Mrs. O'Dennis was filling her pint measure, "down in Pajaro Valley, a-squattin' onto a powerful mossel of land as still as a spinx!"

One evening, soon after, Larry Cronin rushed excitedly into the shop, which was the best market for any rumor, however idle. He had been hunting ducks by the creek, and on his way home had seen such and such things, breathlessly recounted.

Other listeners dropping in, the story was repeated with still more zest. Calls were made for instant and organized effort to solve the mystery. But no joint action was taken: secret disintegrating motives were at work. If old Hardman was in the habit of visiting the Potrero furtively for the hiding of treasure, let him unearth the spoils whose wit was keenest.

The belief that their recluse neighbor had struck rich diggings in Pajaro gained fascinating ascendancy over some minds, and a deal of independent prowling was indulged in. After a month's patient watching, two men simultaneously discovered the stealthy light which Larry Cronin had described. As in his graphic recital, it wandered here and there across the Hardman place, and then kept close along the fence. When it settled into a dull, steady glow, the watchers (utterly unconscious of each other) crawled toward it from different directions. By the beam of the same lantern, which illumined Tom Hardman's diligent spade, they stared into one another's blank faces.

Mr. Finnegan put finger to lip, and Patsey Cronin shut an eye—by these signs silently agreeing to divide the spoils.

There were no spoils to divide. The two would-be thieves crouched and listened and watched. By all they heard and saw, the old man was guiltless of any wealth save the brown clods of earth to which he clung so tenaciously. His journeys hither were merely to make sure that all was going well with his family and his property. His wandering lantern meant thorough inspection of the fences; his digging, the setting up of a few posts blown awry by the wind.

The year wore on toward its close. In December—and a bitter cold December it was for California!—old Hardman came home in his usual unexpected fashion, toward nightfall, on a way-worn mustang; but not on his usual errand.

After a long frustration of the neighborhood's desperate craving for excitement, he had relented. It was characteristic of the man's stubborn resolution that he had abandoned his distant post only when convinced that a long, lingering illness was about to terminate fatally; and that he had endured the rough travel in his suffering condition.

He went from saddle to bed. Inflammation set in and did its work expeditiously. In twenty-four hours, he breathed his last. Patsey Cronin had been to the Mission that day. Coming back, he met Jack Hardman near the little bridge. The lad's eyes were swollen with weeping.

"What's on yez?" asked Patsey, who made sure that his mother had beaten him and that he was running away from home.

"Daddy's dead," said Jack with a fresh outburst of grief, "an' I'm a-goin' for the undertaker."

This intelligence being hastily carried to Patsey's neighbors, the women got together and held consultation, the result of which was that they crossed the dividing ridge of land and of sentiment in a body, and walked slowly down hill toward the widow's cabin. There were Mrs. Penniford, Mrs. Cronin (formerly Hannah McArdle), Mrs. McNamara, her negatory capfrill busier than ever, and last, but far from least, Mrs. O'Dennis.

In view of a death, there is an awe-struck state of mind which can only be appeased by full particulars. Patsey had been able to give none. Wondering and speculating, the visitors solemnly entered Mrs. Hardman's gate, and proceeded toward her door. They shuddered as they knocked there, in half enjoyable anticipation of entering upon a dramatic scene of

woe. Patsey Cronin's elaborate description of Jack Hardman's grief prepared them for something really sensational. Disappointment instantly flashed upon them in a rosy, cheerful face—Jack's face. With the elasticity of youth and superb health, the boy had recovered from his first horror and sorrow. Julia Hardman, a girl of twelve, was smiling too. It was enough to scandalize anybody, Mrs. Penniford afterward declared; and Biddy O'Dennis, who was a very demon for temper, said she never "lay eyes till such harrd-hearted haythin."

Mrs. Hardman soon showed herself. There was an air of settled, almost dogged, composure on her strong-featured face. Whatever the nature of those feelings that had held her so long apart from her neighbors, she accepted their visit at such a time calmly.

"You wout like to zee Dom?" she asked.

A murmured assent arose. She led the way to a small bed-room. Old Hardman lay on the little cot where he had died. She reverently uncovered his dark, wrinkled face, the shrewdness gone out of it forever. After the wont of her kind, Mrs. O'Dennis blubbered; and Mrs. McNamara, in memory of her own affliction, raised a long, soulless quaver—the Irish cry. Mrs. Hardman placed chairs for her visitors, and took one herself. She had made no attempt at mourning attire. Her purple print gown had been newly washed and ironed; her scant gray hair was neatly brushed. Mrs. Penniford asked of the dead man's disease, and she answered as best she could.

"My Dom," she began, wiping a slow, large hand across her nose and lips while dividing a mournful, sidelong gaze between Mrs. Penniford and the stark face beside her, "my Dom he wasn't he's zelf when he wend away dot last time to Podro. No, he wasn't he's zelf. Zhule he remembers dot he's fader wasn't not all right."

"Zhule he" referred to her daughter, Julia. One of the most marked peculiarities of Mrs. Hardman's diction was the use of superfluous pronouns, always of the masculine gender.

"But he never gomblained, dough I zayt to Zhag, 'I kin zee you fader's got anodder turn of dot neurolchy.'"

Be it said that, with Mrs. Hardman, "dot neurolchy" was an active and malignant agent in all bodily distresses not caused by visible wounds; nay, after the latter, "dot neurolchy" was almost sure to set in.

"My Dom he coot fight zigness, but dot neurolchy fedged him at last." She ended with a tear on her cheek, and, sighing deeply, drooped forward in her favorite posture, with a heavy hand resting on either knee.

Mrs. Penniford's thin head-voice became slightly didactic:

"You say he died of neurology: what was the seat of the disease?"

Mrs. Hardman lifted her pale countenance, the tear yet on her cheek, to meet her questioner's eye.

"Dot neurolchy," she replied, carefully weighing her words, "was inside him."

No physician ever expressed, in any language, profounder belief in his own diagnosis.

"Ochone!" broke in Mrs. O'Dennis, with a wild disregard of truth, "it's a bee-utiful corpse he makes, mim."

"Arrah, how much he must have suffered wid that—neurolchy," said Mrs. McNamara, very softly.

"He dit zuffer," Mrs. Hardman answered, as softly, turning toward the old woman. "Fer two days I t'ought he di'n't know me. But zhoost before he died he wake up und zayt: 'Dot landt, Mart'a. Keep holt him. Don'da give up dot landt, Mart'a.'"

This sudden revelation of what had been the ruling passion of Tom Hardman's life caused a deal of after comment. Belief was that Mrs. Hardman had forgotten her habitual reserve in a moment of retrospection.

Her husband put in quiet possession of a last modest square of mother earth, the widow prepared herself to battle, if need be, for her rights.

Never had her like been seen in the dull chambers of the Probate Court. Without expressing aggressiveness, she stood out before men's eyes a stern, vigilant, stubborn fact, arrayed in scant, though decent, black, her square throat innocent of any collar, and her feet thrust into heavy masculine boots, that added weight, if not dignity, to her step.

No callow underlings or busy lawyers hustled her, as they are wont to hustle the poor Irish widow with her apologetic manners and countenance corrugated by anxiety. An opinion prevailed that she carried an expostulator of formidable caliber in the leg of her right boot.

As somebody laughingly remarked afterward, she eyed the clerk mumbling the oath before her much as a self-conscious rooster eyes a strange bug sprawling helplessly under his scratching claw.

Her shrewd, "What's dot you zay?" startled that limp functionary into decent explanatory English.

The Judge, asking the ordinary routine questions touching the property left by the deceased, was struck by her clear and explicit replies. For a woman—and one who could not write her name—her command of dates and dimensions was remarkable.

Before joining her husband upon the Potrero, it seems that she had held possession of a piece of property at North Beach. This was now leased to a relative, who had pledged himself to defend it from lawless encroachment. According to the high hopes then cherished of the future of real estate in San Francisco, this land alone would make Mrs. Hardman rich. The dreariest pessimist only, if such existed in California's golden days, foresaw that the collapse in rents and values, which began late in '53, was to be in a measure final.

Mrs. Hardman's attorney rather plumed himself upon having so singular a client.

"She is apprehensive of but one creature on the face of the earth," he said, laughingly discussing her with his brother lawyers—"a squatter. I pity a bird of that feather who lights on her land. There'll be no red tape about her writ of ejectment, but there will be considerable cold lead."

"Zhoost to dinks, Zhag," lamented this hard and blood-thirsty creature, sitting dejectedly at home after her first day in court, "dot I should live to hear you fader galled Dhomas Hartman, diseased!"

The ice having been broken between Mrs. Hardman and her neighbors, the women, at least, took occasion to visit her now and again. Never inhospitable, she did not enter into the spirit of their voluble gossip, but would sit a little apart, watching and listening with an air of speculation, putting in a sober word at times.

Jack invariably took his overpowering blushes into the corner remotest from the guests, and there gaped or grinned in dumb enjoyment of the noise and company. One evening, however, he forgot himself in a loud laugh over some vulgar witticism of Mrs. O'Dennis, and drew upon himself the lavish compliments of that huge dame.

"Och, it's a foine b'y yez have there, Mrs. Harrdman," cried she, with her blear eyes fixed upon Jack, and her throat full of husky chuckles. "There ain't his match betune here an' the Plazy. Begorra, if I wasn't tied to Timmy, I'd be afther havin' Jack mesilf, or may I choke wid the lie."

At fifteen, the lad was, indeed, a splendid young giant, and his mother was proud of him. But Mrs. O'Dennis's language offended her, the more because she noted how eagerly Jack was swallowing it. So she came to the rescue, administering the following curt sentences as a corrective to nauseous flattery:

"Dere's boys," she said, dividing a sidelong glance between her son and Mrs. O'Dennis, "und dere's men. Und dere's dem ain't neider boys nor men. I galls 'em fools!"

But one inference was possible. Still, Jack did not take it to heart. What with Mrs. O'Dennis's praises and his mother's severity, he fairly perspired with delight.

Later, when the visitors were going, Mrs. Hardman became so far confidential as to announce her proposed departure for that long-time mysterious region, "Podro Wolley," her object being to see to her property there.

"You'll be afther lavin' Jack to take care iv this place, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. O'Dennis.

That was his mother's intention.

"An' a tough wan he'll be, begorra, for the squatthers, if they thry to handle him!" she exclaimed, gazing upon him admiringly, as he lingered in the background.

"There's enough of them squatters—wolves, I call 'em—around," said Mrs. Penniford, who always encouraged exciting topics of conversation. "Pap says there was three men killed to-day on Third Street, defendin' their land."

Mrs. Hardman was moved by this story. It was Third Street to-day; it might be the Potrero to-morrow. Whoever owned a bit of ground in those times must face the possibility of being called upon to surrender it.

Mother and son left alone (Julia had been sent to North Beach immediately after the funeral), the former sat pondering. Jack dutifully waited, knowing that she had something on her mind. Presently the woman lifted her pale, determined countenance upon him, and delivered the following quaint homily:

"Zhag, we must all die once in a while. We zhenerally goes by degrees."

She meant one by one.

"Zome he gids a zigness. Zome he goes anodder ways. Dot neurolchy fedges a plenty. It fedged your fader. If we live long enough, it will fedge me und you. When it's a queztion of proberty, Zhag," shaking a solemn finger and head at him, "when it's a queztion of proberty, why zhoost dinks dot bistol palls don'd hurt no worzer dan dot neurolchy, nohow. You fader he zayt, 'Don'da give up dot landt!'"

The next day, the widow set forth on her lonely journey. The winter had been one of unusual bitterness. The March heavens had poured forth a flood of waters upon the melting snow. Dry gulches became the beds of brawling rivers. Stage roads were impassable.

Often through driving rain, always through mud and slime, sometimes in a rough country cart, oftener afoot, and once up to her neck wading a treacherously swollen creek, Mrs. Hardman went on her determined way.

An odor of the grave clung to the shanty which her husband had left to go to his death-bed. The roof leaked like a sieve; she mended

it as best she could. The rude brush fences were blown flat in some places; she set them up again. This done, and a sheep-herder found who would hold possession for her in return for pasturage, she set out on her homeward journey.

By the time she reached San José, the storm had blown over, and the stage was about to start for San Francisco.

This rude conveyance set her down not far distant from the little bridge at the foot of Center Street, now Sixteenth.

Rolling softly to right and left, their dusty hopelessness passed utterly away and forgotten in an ecstasy of living green, the Potrero hills rose before her joyful vision. The outcropping rocks were thickly mossed. Little rills trickled down in the rejoicing hollows.

Ten days of incredible toil had told upon the woman's tough strength. She looked on longingly toward the four walls so dear to her. The smoke curling upward in faint, peaceful plumes, suggested that Jack was preparing the evening meal. She thought of her purple gown, well starched and clean, awaiting her, and could scarce endure for another moment the clinging of her wet, bedraggled skirts. Plodding on sturdily, she reached the western fence. A dark, bulky figure was crouching in a hollow there. It started up hurriedly.

"Zhag!" she said, sharply. Her son burst into tears of boyish rage and grief. She gazed at him, and then turned her face toward the four peaceful walls and curling smoke blankly.

"Three men are there!" gasped Jack answering her dumb query. "That —— —— over the hill is at the bottom of it."

"Mrs. O'Dennis?"

He nodded as he went on passionately.

"She came two nights after you left. To see how I was gettin' on, she said. When she was startin' home she axed would I go along of her. I went into the shop. She gave me suthin' to drink. An' that was all I knowed."

He paused, choked by a great, helpless sob. His mother listened without any comment. Sturdy determination was resuming its wonted control of her wearied limbs. Her head was alert, her eye clear. A weather-beaten end of ribbon fluttering from her bonnet, caught up by a sudden chill air, snapped sharply against her cheek. She neither heard nor felt it.

"When I come to, I was layin' out in the rain. I suspicioned suthin'. I got up an' ran home. There was a light in the winder—I hadn't left any, an' I heard men talkin'. My gun was standin' at the head of my bed. I couldn't do nothin'."

Mrs. Hardman's eyes traveled involuntarily in the direction of her home once more. A white, long line of geese—she had raised them herself and loved them—was winding slowly up-hill from the creek. She murmured softly, "Dem bretty goozes!" as if grieved that they did not seem to miss her. It was her sole sign of weakness, Her next words were harsh:

"Do dem people dinks I will give up dot landt?"

Within the half hour, she was talking to a carpenter on Mission street. All night long, there issued from this man's shop sounds of saw and hammer, busily creaking, busily beating. Mrs. Hardman and Jack worked side by side.

The light of early morning revealed the floor of a new cabin ready laid, and its walls went up bravely. By midday, the roof was on; by three o'clock in the afternoon, it stood completed; at four, it was going along Center street on wheels.

The carpenter and two teamsters where chivalrously pledged to set it on the widow's land.

So rough and broken was the road that at times the shanty rattled and reeled, and once had nearly fallen. A few additional planks being laid at the bridge, the precious burden was gotten safely over the creek. On the hill slopes progress was necessarily slow; but, at length, the desecrated home came into view. As if in mockery of Mrs. Hardman's trouble, the smoke still peacefully curled over the roof.

Reaching the western fence (through which a way must be broken), without any sign that the occupants of the cabin had observed them, brief council was held. It was believed that the unavoidable noise would bring the robbers out of doors. All stood on the alert, Jack took the ax and his mother gave the signal. At the stout blows, rails went crashing down; but their fears were not justified. Only a window in the distant shanty was hastily raised, and Dodd, the carpenter, was struck by a spent ball.

One of the teamsters—a violent fellow—abused the squatters roundly and dared them to come out. Mrs. Hardman ordered him to drive on.

It was pitch dark before a foundation had been hastily leveled in the hillside and the new shanty set there in a position to command the old. This done, the woman sturdily bade her helpers to go back quietly to their homes, and leave her to defend her own.

She listened as long as she could hear the retreating voices of her friends. Satisfied that they had retired without any warlike demonstration, she shut the door of her little fort. Jack sat on the floor with his back against it. Her station was at the one small window.

They had neither light nor fire. A raw, blustering wind beat itself frantically about the

shanty, as if enraged at the new obstruction to its free sweep across the slope. In spite of the coarse blankets provided by their sympathizers, it was bitterly cold. The darkness was ominous and appalling. Out of it the woman would whisper at intervals, "Zhag?" and the boy would answer, "I'm awake, mother."

The hours dragged so heavily that it may have been no later than midnight, when a sharp exclamation roused Jack from an uneasy doze.

"What do you hear, mother?"

"Listen."

He heard, too. A sound so faint it might have been the crowing of a distant cock expectant of morning; but, gradually drawing nearer and nearer, there were human tones.

"Mother," he whispered, excitedly, "good reason the squatters ain't attackted us; they wasn't to home."

"Dere was one man in dot house," she answered, slowly. "He coot killed us all if we wend near. Dem odders are goming back from dot zaloon crazy drunk."

Oaths, quarrelsome shouts, and snatches of ribald song went to confirm the truth of this guess. And by these the breathless listeners were enabled to follow their enemies' unsteady way along the fence and into the cabin.

Jack now anticipated an immediate attack; but, after watching and waiting a patient while, Mrs. Hardman said:

"Lie down und zleep, Zhag. Dey will gome in the morning."

The boy's heavy breathings soon filled the cabin. Meanwhile his mother sat at her post, alert and vigilant, watching a candle that flickered in the window of her old home. How busy her thoughts were, dipping into the past of honest and frugal toil, into the present of discomfort and danger, into the future of uncertainty! While she had a drop of wholesome courage in her veins, she would not give up one foot of the land. Upon that she was sternly resolved. She and Jack would fight and die for it, if need be. There was no redress in the tedious processes of the law.

The candle still flickered down below, and she gazed at it, or seemed to gaze at it, steadily. It may be that her heavy eye-lids fell in an instant of unconsciousness, for the feeble candle-flicker had suddenly become a broad flame, lighting up the hill-side and angrily reddening the lowering sky.

What had happened, what was happening, was clear to her in a flash.

"Zhag," she cried, in a strong, wakening voice, "dem drunken men has zet demzelves afire."

The sleeper neither woke nor stirred. She shook him roughly, but he was heavy with slumber and could not understand. The moments were precious. She pulled him back from the door, opened it, and ran down hill. No human voice broke the stillness. The eager flames leaped and crackled. The cabin was a mere shell, and as dry as tinder.

Jack awoke shuddering with cold. An unmistakable draft of out-door air was blowing on his face. He held up a startled hand, and felt the wind upon that.

"Mother!" he whispered, in shaken tones.

The silence was ominous. Strange visions of disaster had troubled his later sleep—he now thought them realities. The squatters had attacked them, and he was lying wounded, he knew not where.

"Mother!"

He fancied he heard a smothered groan. He rose, and half stumbled, half fell, through the open door.

Little shoots of flame, and quick, fiery sparks, rose up from a mysterious hollow, he could not tell in what direction. The air was full of smoke. He was utterly bewildered. Something seemed, in some blind way, to direct his steps. He ran forward, and struck against a prostrate human body.

Great and virtuous indignation blazed forth against "Old Mother Dutchy" over the hill. Those who had sympathized with her in her land troubles now bitterly denounced her. Had she shot the squatters, the popular verdict might have acquitted her; but to fire a roof over the heads of drunken and sleeping men was the work of a fiend.

In the small hours of morning, Mrs. O'Dennis had been awakened by a vigorous pounding on her door, and, demanding who was there, the answer came:

"It's us, Finnegan and Cronin. We're afther fetchin' Tim. We're badly hurted, an' he's nighhand dead."

The rescued men told conflicting stories. With unexpected chivalry, they seemed bent upon disclaiming any praise, each in the other's favor. According to Finnegan, Cronin had roused him and carried Tim out; according to Cronin, these good deeds were Finnegan's. Tim's poor, miserable life trembled in the balance. He could not speak. But on one point the two friends were agreed: they had both seen "Old Mother Dutchy" performing witch-like antics around the burning building. They went down to the city together to swear out a warrant for her arrest, on a charge of incendiarism. The mere syllables had frightful meaning in those days of devastating fires.

As the woman was a well known desperate character, and was backed by her son, three officers were detailed to make the arrest. Mr. Finnegan accompained them.

The little cabin that had made so sudden appearance stood closed and silent above the spot where blackened cinders told of sudden disappearance in flame and smoke.

The four men climbed the fence and marched resolutely forward. Finnegan gave unofficial advice to fire at the first sign of life, or "Mother Dutchy wud have the dhrop" on them. Not the least sign of life was given, however.

"Be the howly Moses!" was Finnegan's agitated whisper, "the ould hag has made thracks!"

They listened, crouching at the side of the house. There was no stir; no footstep within. But hark! Was that a muffled groan? Cocking his pistol, the officer in command opened the door and stepped, without any warning, over the threshold. The others crowded up behind him.

Something down in a corner, that seemed a huddle of old clothing, shook and stirred, and a face was lifted slowly toward them; a blind, blank face, horrible to see, with blackened forehead, shriveled eyelids, and raw, ragged burns. About this countenance, what may once have been neat, gray hair hung in a few crisped, hideous knots.

"You too lade, Doctor," said a rough, wandering voice. "Where's Zhag?"

The lifted head fell back; the huddle of clothing writhed, groaning.

Even Finnegan, coarse brute that he was, uncovered silently.

"Zwalleyin' fire is bad, Zhag," came the rough, wandering voice again; "worzer dan dot neurolchy. But I got dem drunken men oud."

There were hoarse, gasping sounds; then a long silence.

"Is she gone?" whispered Finnegan. An officer put up a warning hand. The woman stirred again; and an impatient quacking of unfed geese, down by the burned cabin, borne loudly through the open door, she murmured, "Dem bretty goozes." The officer did not understand. "Water?" he asked, bending over her. Her answer came strong and clear, "Dot landt! Don'da give up dot landt, Mart'a?"

And Jack? His mother dead and buried, he went to Pajaro Valley, and got into a dispute with the sheep-herder. The latter claimed that Mrs. Hardman had deeded him one-half her property there in consideration of his services. He produced a paper; it was signed "Martha Hardman."

"The deed is a forgery!" cried poor Jack; "my mother could not write."

Whereupon, the sheep-herder leveled his gun, took deliberate aim, and fired. Jack fell, never to rise again. EVELYN M. LUDLUM.

THE FESTIVAL OF CHILDHOOD.

[Mr. Edward Champury, a resident of the Familistère, at Guise, France, gives, in *Le Devoir*, a graphic account of the late annual "Festival of Childhood" *(Fête de l'Enfance)* in that institution. The following is a careful translation:]

The first Sunday of September is a great day for the twelve hundred inhabitants of the Familistère. On that day, every year, is celebrated the Festival of Childhood; on that day the pupils of the schools of the association receive rewards for good conduct, for progress in study, and for assiduity.

This day, therefore, is the burden of every conversation for a long time before it arrives. The mammas and big sisters make their needles fly over the new costumes and fresh *toilettes* that must be ready for that day. Little wide-awake boys talk about the prizes they hope to win, and of the games in which they will take part; little girls, with silky hair bristling in curl-papers, describe to each other the new dresses being made for them, and the color of the ribbons they will wear. Papas and big brothers, during the leisure hours afforded by their daily toil, discuss the decorations of the great central court, and study how to make it more splendid than it was the preceding year. In a word, everybody interests himself in the *fête* with as much enthusiasm, at least, as if it were a personal affair.

Sunday Morning.—The rain pours, but this does not prevent the people from busying themselves with the festival preparations as soon as the day breaks. The Familistère, indeed (thanks to its style of construction), is marvelously well adapted to the celebration of festi-

vals even in the worst weather. The great courts, covered with glass, afford perfect shelter and protection to everything. Therefore, during all the morning hours, you see ladders raised in the central court, and hear the sound of hammers—no one paying any attention to the rattle of the rain upon the great glazed roof. Great is the animation in the court. A whole army of joyous volunteers are decorating the galleries extending all around the court on three stories. Trophies of flags bearing the colors of France, garlands of evergreens or of brilliant paper, shields bearing various mottoes, masses of branches in full foliage, are fastened and festooned all along the three galleries, which extend around the four sides of the vast nave. At the eastern extremity of this court an immense escutcheon, three stories high, symbolizes the instruction and the protection of childhood.

Sunday Afternoon.—The distribution of prizes is announced for three o'clock, and from a quarter after two the pretty building devoted to the nursery and the kindergarten—the place appointed for the rendezvous of the children—is alive with a joyous throng. While without the thunder rolls and the rain pours like the best day of the Deluge, the spectacle inside is one of the most charming. This building, it must be noted, is connected with the palace of the Familistère by a covered gallery. Never was a hive of bees more full of life and joy. Every face is flushed with pleasure, every eye sparkles with keen expectancy. Those among the children who, the evening before, received decorations for good conduct or progress in learning, are the first to arrive. Ah! how happy they are! They are to carry a banner in the procession—a banner of brilliant colors, displaying in handsome golden letters the specialty in which they have obtained the first rank. Not without some difficulty do the principal and the assistant teachers succeed in classing, in the order of their merit, all the little boys and girls, so impatient and excited are they over their great yearly *fête.*

While the children are forming for the procession in their building, the orchestra of the Familistère meet in the halls of the *casino;* the company of firemen and the archery company form their lines before the principal *façade* of the palace, and there receive their flags. The other divisions of the *cortége* assembled in the great glazed court of the left wing.

At half past two, the different groups march out and enter the great central court, already described, and there the *cortége* is formed. The firemen and archers take their place at the end of the court, behind the ranks of children formed in a half-circle. In less than fifteen minutes every one is in his place, and the procession moves, the Familistère band of musicians filling the immense structure of the court with its grand harmonies.

By a fortunate coincidence the storm ceases at this moment. The clouds roll away, and the sun appears in all its glory, just as the procession passes out of the central door of the court and crosses the great place laid in cement, which extends from the palace to the theater, the schools, and the other dependent buildings. A crowd of people, mostly from the city of Guise, just across the River Oise, encumber this place, while from the two hundred and sixty-six windows of the front of the palace the inhabitants of the numerous apartments look down upon the imposing spectacle. According to custom, the sappers clear the way through the crowd; after them follow the drums and the clarions, all in their particular uniform; then come the Familistère firemen in their severe uniform, their helmets glistening in the sun, bearing their colors in advance. After these, in the place of honor, march the joyous heroes of the day, the pupils of the schools and of the kindergarten, two by two, or rather in two files—the girls at the left, and the boys at the right. The students of the first merit carry the banners; others wear medals, or ribbons of different colors, as insignia of distinction.

The second part of the *cortége* marches in the following order:

1.—The Familistère Musical Society *(l'Harmonie du Familistère)*, in their elegant uniform, and bearing their magnificent banner of garnet velvet, crowned with a trophy of medals.

2.—The founder of the Familistère, M. Godin, attended by the two councils of the association, the presidents and secretaries of the Boards of Mutual Assurance, Medical Aid, and Pensions.

3.—The *employés* of the Familistère Iron Works, and a delegation of former workmen.

The Familistère Archery Company, bearing its flag, closes the procession. As the *cortége* reaches the entrance to the theater, the fire company form in lines on either side, between which the *cortége* passes, the band plays a piece from its *répertoire*, and quickly the theater is filled. The public occupy the three tiers of galleries. The parterre is devoted to the children—the boys at the right, the girls at the left, and on both sides the smallest in front. M. Godin and the councils take their places on the stage, the orchestra behind them.

Masses of fuchsias, Reine Marguerite, dahlias, and amaranths, growing in elegant vases,

are arranged on steps that rise from the floor of the parterre to the stage. The vases, and also their pedestals, are cast in the Familistére works. At the foot of the stairs leading to the stage is a very beautiful terrestial globe and a *cosmographe à bougie*.* All around the first gallery are displayed drawings executed by the pupils, and in the lobby there is a fine exhibition of needle-work. The ladies belonging to committees have seats upon the stage.

It is a pleasure to see the pupils of the Familistère schools grouped in this way, the boys in their finest Sunday clothes, the girls in their daintiest and freshest *toilettes*. All are irreproachably clean. All are well, and some elegantly, dressed. Yet, with four or five exceptions, they are sons and daughters of ordinary laboring men. This fact is sufficient comment in itself.

The *Harmonie*, or orchestra of the Familistère, opens the ceremonies—if the word ceremony may be applied to this charming festival of childhood—by a fine selection from Ziegler, *l'Esperance*. A mixed chorus of children, with a soprano solo, sing *Les Abeilles* (the Bees), words by Henry Murger, music by Leon Delibes. The audience applauds with a good will, wondering, no doubt, how the pupils of the association can execute a piece of music like this, bristling with changes of measure.

The singing ended, a young pupil named Eugene Griviller takes his stand before the *cosmographe*, and, with perfect self-possession and in a good style, gives a lesson to his school-mates. From time to time, to assure himself that they are listening attentively, he questions one or another pupil, who rises and responds from his or her seat. For the most difficult parts, several pupils in turn are called before the *cosmographe*, to put questions themselves or to explain those put to them.

After this lesson, which we can say without exaggeration astonished the audience, a charming little girl, Palmyre Poulain, gives a recitation with great *aplomb* and perfect accentuation. The subject is, "The Origin of the Lazy and the Improvident." Two poems follow. The last, "My Grandmother's Spectacles," by Mademoiselle Héloïse Point, a little girl of nine years, is rendered with such art, and at the same time with such naturalness, that the entire audience, surprised and charmed, applaud her to the echo. It is an honor to the Familistére schools to have among its pupils those who can hold a large audience thus entranced.

* The technical name of the apparatus for teaching cosmography: "The constitution of the whole system of worlds, or the figure, disposition, and relation of all its parts."

At this point of the ceremonies, M. Godin delivered the remarkable address which we give below, and which will show that he takes issue very directly with the routines of instruction so generally prevailing in our schools. His discourse was warmly applauded.

ADDRESS OF M. GODIN.

"Dear pupils, another year has passed. For you a year of study—of progress in that knowledge which men and women must acquire in order to render themselves intelligently useful in whatever career they may be called to follow.

"Education, as we conceive it, should prepare the child for practical life. It should, in the first place, facilitate his finding a calling, and then enable him to seize the details of that calling and apply to them the knowledge of principles acquired at school.

"Unfortunately, this primary object of public education has not been recognized heretofore. Young people have been forced to devote their time to what is of little use to them, while receiving no instruction about those things they will most need on leaving school or college. Boards of education are now taking a determined stand against routine, and demanding that children be taught what is practical and useful. But how much time it takes to establish a rational theory of education—to construct a programme of rational instruction, and then to educate teachers for carrying it into practice!

"Such has been the folly of public school instruction up to this time, that reading, the fundamental basis of instruction, has been so neglected that before knowing how to read well pupils have been drilled in studies and problems of which they can never make any use. Their memory has been burdened with notions contrary, in nearly all instances, to the principles of modern society. Their judgment, therefore, has been atrophied, and they have been left in ignorance of that which is most important for them to know, namely: the progress of nations toward liberty and industrial emancipation.

"It is vitally important that public instruction should abandon its old methods and rise to the needs of the present day. To this end, the art of reading must be taught with care, with method, and with good text-books. Not only is it essential that the pupil know how to read in the commonly received sense of the word: he must be taught the full meaning of words, to digest each sentence, and to seize perfectly the sense of the author.

"Give to the child the art of reading, and you have given him the key to science. How many men have risen to distinction by their own efforts, after this simple accomplishment! It is safe to say that all that a child learns he will forget unless he learns how to read well. On the contrary, if he is a good reader he will not only retain what he learns, but he will constantly learn more because of his love of reading. Science to him will be easily accessible.

"Fathers and mothers, if you would know the amount of useful instruction which your children are receiving, measure it by the perfection of their reading; for if they read poorly, whatever they learn will be of little use to them. Let us, then, be careful that our children become good readers, since it is by reading that they become acquainted with what goes on in the world. Being good readers, their thoughts will acquire more precision, and the expression of them in writing more force and elegance. Arithmetic should be taught by constant exercise upon problems of common, practical use. Better far abandon the old method of making them study the solution of problems which have nothing to do with their after life. On the contrary, let them be well drilled upon the most ordinary, practical questions. Thus they will be developed into good workmen, foremen, engineers, and finally leaders of industry. Nothing which they have learned at school should be lost to them, and thus their entrance into a productive career will be easy.

"Such has been the principle that has guided us in the education of the children of the Familistère, and this principle should continue to inspire us if we would have all our children worthy successors of their fathers—successors who will continue to present, in the Familistère, the spectacle of a population of workers living in ease, harmony, and domestic happiness. But we must not forget that this result is too broad to be compassed by school instruction alone. Besides the knowledge necessary to the performance of daily functions, man must understand his social destiny, his rights and duties as a citizen; and with us a still further acquirement is essential: namely, the sentiment of fraternal love.

"We confess, with regret, that our Familistère schools are not yet free from the common faults of public schools. Good text-books are greatly needed—text-books meeting the demands of modern methods of instruction; and, also, habits contracted under the bad influences of the past are an obstacle that must be overcome.

"Our schools must rid themselves of all priestly interference, if they would become really progressive, and inaugurate a system of instruction worthy of a republican government, preparing for the nation noble citizens, who regard labor as the first and most sacred function of society—citizens rejecting all ideas of caste and class, and cherishing the sentiments of human dignity and of fraternity among men.

"This, dear pupils, is the *rôle* which belongs to you especially. In no part of the world has there been offered to any generation a mission so noble as that to which you are called. You are to be the continuers of the association established here. You are to succeed your fathers in the glorious task of practicing justice in the distribution of the products of labor. It is, therefore, indispensable that you raise yourselves through study and learning to the hight of the *rôle* which you have to fill. The association being established among us, you are to become its laborers, foremen, supervisors, accountants, engineers, directors, and its administrators. How can you accomplish this object if by your efforts you do not acquire sufficient education, and if, by trying to be good and true, you do not raise yourselves to the hight of those moral qualities necessary in the management of a fraternal association?

"And you, fathers and mothers, who are listening to my words, you who have long enjoyed the advantages of this association, labor to increase those advantages.

"The Society of the Familistère is now established. The institutions are founded here to give each of you security for the morrow, care and medical aid in sickness, a retreat for invalids, to widows and orphans the means of living, to every child education—all these institutions were placed in your hands at the same time that you became partners in the societary industries and in the instruments of labor which give you your means of living.

"But, despite the fact accomplished, many among you still refuse to believe in the reality of the association that I have founded here among you. Disposed to find in every act a personal interest, they refuse to see things as they are, and vainly ask themselves what motive the founder could have in establishing this association. To ask his workmen to share the profits of a great industry, when, as the owner, he could keep all for himself, is something that, according to them, no one would ever do; therefore, they will not believe in the association. The dividends distributed in the past, and the published articles of association, do not suffice to convince them. A longer experience of practical results is necessary. For such, nothing can be done but to wait. The day is not far off when they will come and eagerly demand to be

inscribed upon the roll of members. They will do this when they see their friends receiving their yearly dividends and the interest that will be due them.

"As to those among you whose hearts are with the association, but are too modest to ask admission, I would say: Be reassured. Have faith and confidence. Our society admits all those who will work for it with good hearts, and it exacts no sacrifice of them.

"Certain persons, I am told, pretend that no one can enter the association except by putting money into it. They have not read the articles of our constitution, or they are incapable of comprehending the full significance of those articles touching the future realization of prosperity for the laborer and the abolition of the wages system.

"May all doubt vanish from your hearts, and, in view of what has been already accomplished, may the most timid become inspired with courage to carry forward the great enterprise we have undertaken! Be vigilant from this time forward in maintaining the common prosperity. Give to the world the proof that the laborer himself is the largest factor in the problem of his own welfare, and that to solve that problem he needs only liberty and a field of action.

"And now, directors, administrators, and members of the councils, a noble task devolves upon you. You are the first to have openly accepted the moral responsibility of coöperating for the success of the association of capital and labor. Your efforts in the way of industrial work, as well as in the organization of measures best adapted to secure mutuality and fraternity in our association, will become known to posterity. History will record our success or our failure, and do full justice to each and all of us according to our merit; for the association of the Familistère is too important a fact in the history of labor to not be examined some day in all its details.

"The problem of the conciliation of interests between employers and laborers is the most pressing one before society at this hour. Let us endeavor to prove that this problem is not insoluble; that justice and equity may be established in the distribution of the fruits of production; that the worker of every degree, the common laborer as well as the employer, can receive a just share of what he has helped to produce.

"Our efforts here have demonstrated another and very important proposition, which is that associative labor has power to protect the weak, and to fully guarantee the family of the workman against poverty.

"We have, I repeat, practically demonstrated this already; but it is by the perpetuation of the work that the world will become convinced. Our association must continue to prosper, in order that its principles may serve the solution of the social problems that disturb society today. To secure this result, our children must continue the work we have begun. This is why I have called your attention to the duty devolving upon us in the education of the young in the Familistère of Guise, and upon the importance of developing the love of labor, and, above all, the love of our association in the hearts of our children.

"Do not lose sight of this; for, from this time forward, it is not simply their own individual interests that these children will have to consider: they are to show the world that it is by the power of association that the emancipation of the working classes is to be effected.

"From all parts of the earth you hear the voices of the workers, demanding their rights; everywhere strikes and conflicts between capital and labor. Reflect upon the privations of the laborer, and the uncertainty of his condition, and remember that we are accomplishing a holy work in demonstrating to the world how by the association of capital and labor, we have destroyed among us that hideous leprosy which decimates humanity—Poverty!

"Such a result is, indeed, worthy of your highest courage, your warmest enthusiasm. Let us work then, brothers, for it is by labor, and by the love of doing good, that man must accomplish the salvation of the world."

Following the address of M. Godin, was a song by the children, the music by Rivetti, and the words appropriate to the occasion. Then came the distribution of the prizes.

The first two names called are the young Griviller—the same whom we have just seen demonstrating before the *cosmographe*—and Master Aristide Tétier. These two have won the prize of honor in the highest division of the Familistère schools. It should be mentioned that in each division it is the pupils themselves who decide who shall receive the prizes. They are chosen by ballot, and in every instance it has been found that those they elect are precisely those whom the teachers would have named, had the responsibility rested with them alone.

Every promotion in the association of the Familistère is gained through legitimate competition. Mr. Godin, wisely believing that the best way to guard the institution of the ballot from ever becoming corrupt or inefficient was to develop among the members, from their childhood, the habit of carefully appreciating merit, he introduced into the schools the custom

of balloting for the prizes of honor, and the result has proved a perfect success.

After the awarding of the prizes in the highest division, the distribution of the ordinary prizes commences. These are about the same as in preceding years.

As each name is called, the pupil advances and receives, from the hands of the Directress of Education, a prize and a crown. The pupil takes the crown to one of the occupants of the big arm chairs on the stage, and asks him or her to crown him. The prizes are beautiful books—finely bound, illustrated, and chosen with the greatest care from among the editions published by Hachette, of Paris. The recompenses destined for professional instruction consist of tools, cases of mathematical instruments, etc., for the boys; and for the girls, sewing and knitting implements. Toys are given to the very young children.

The pupils receiving the highest honors this year after Eugene Griviller and Aristide Tétier, already named, were Zéphyr Proix and Alphonse Sarrasin, of the highest division; and in the second division, with Héloïse Point and Palmyre Poulain, already named, Camille Delzard. May the publishing of their names in this journal be a reward for their past efforts, and an encouragement for the future!

La Tourangelle, a very beautiful piece of music by Bleger, with a remarkable part for the first cornet, closed the ceremonies, and the quitting of the theatre was effected in the same order as the entrance. They all reassembled in the court of the left wing, and after the singing of the *Chanson de Roland* by the children—words by Sedaine, music by Grétry—and the execution of the *Marseillaise*, the crowd disperse over the place, where the industrials have installed various amusements. At eight o'clock in the evening, the orchestra mount the platform raised for them in the great court, the ball opens and continues until midnight. It is a charming sight, this vast ball-room, over one hundred and forty-seven feet long, in which hundreds of couples move about with perfect ease, while thousands of spectators (most of them from the city of Guise and from neighboring villages) form a living border in each of the galleries surrounding this immense hall.

Monday.—This day of the festival has special attractions for the children. It is devoted to games and plays. This year it is favored by uncommonly fine weather.

In the early morning the trumpet of the corps of firemen invites the curious to a parade and maneuver with the fire-engines, the Familistère Theater being the focus of a fictitious conflagration.

At 2 P. M., the drums and trumpets sound the rappel. The games commence. The boys, with *balle à cheval*, *casse-pot*, and *calottes de couleur*, occupy the court of the central pavilion, the court of the left wing, and the great square before the *façade;* while the girls amuse themselves with blind-man's-buff, the game of rings and scissors, in the court of the right wing and of the central building.

Conclusion.—Rightly understood, festivals like these are a culture to the people, mentally and morally. Deprived of them, the laborer degenerates into a mere working machine. It is absolutely essential to him that he should not only witness, but take part in, grand festivals and ceremonies. They afford him diversion and rest. The Familistère is admirably adapted to this end. Where will you find, except in a large association, grouped together in families, the conditions that enable simple laborers to give festivals so grand and well ordered as this which we have described?

Be not deceived. The success of the Familistère *fêtes* depends upon two causes, which, operating heretofore, have make all their celebrations splendid, and will make them more magnificent in the future. The first of these causes is that the unitary habitation affords material conditions for grand celebrations that can be found nowhere else; the second is that association accustoms its members to seek their pleasure in the pleasure of all.

MARIE HOWLAND.

"OLD CHINA."

MANCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 17, 1880.

MY DEAR JOHN:—When you were here a month or so ago, and wandered about my sitting-room with your hands behind you, looking at my pictures with an air of connoisseurship, and inquiring into the history of my *bric-à-brac* collection, do you remember that you particularly admired a small, blue china cup and saucer? It was so thin that you could hardly resist crushing it like an egg-shell in your great hand, and, in spite of your usual contempt of "gew-gaws," I think you really wanted that

cup—for it was all I could do to keep you from carrying it off with you to San Francisco. It is a sort of relic, a sacred one to me—for it has quite a history, which I am going to write about now.

I spent the summer on the unfashionable side of Mount Desert, at South-west Harbor. It is a small place and very unpretentious, its only pride being in its natural beauties. The toe of the village lies on a high bluff which runs out to see what the broad Atlantic is doing, while the heel rests under the shadow of the everlasting hills. Out on the point lives a family named King, but before I speak of them let me remind you how democratic I am. In accordance with my natural taste, I made friends of these rude, rough, warm-hearted villagers. I gave music lessons to a couple of girls who were ambitious to learn to play the "pianner," and thereby gained the approbation of the people, who are usually rather shy of city folks. I became so interested in the villagers, that I finally left the hotel and went to live with one Mrs. Haines, who was a sister to the Kings who live on the bluff. One day, hearing a loud talking and lamenting in the summer kitchen, I went out to see what was the matter. Mrs. Haines was crying, and one or two stout, weather-beaten men were looking as if they would like to cry, but didn't dare, so they put the energy of their grief into their jaws, and chewed their tobacco with more than usual zest.

"Oh, Miss H.," they all exclaimed when I entered, "what *shell* we do? David King is dead, and there's nary a girl to lead the singin' at the funeral. They's all gone over to Bar Harbor to wait on table. Priscilla Morton she's got the sore throat, and—poor David was *so* fond of that good old tune 'China' 'at it's a shame and a sin it can't be sang to him the last thing."

Before the harangue was half through the voices had diminished to one, that of Mrs. Haines, sister of the deceased.

"Well," I said, "if I can do anything to help you, you must be sure to let me know. Perhaps *I* can lead the singing if you can't get Priscilla to do so."

Mrs. Haines face brightened a bit, and she said, "Do," in her short, decisive way.

So, then and there, I made arrangements with "Sol," who kept store, dried fish, and performed the duty of undertaker to the whole village, to have the parson call on me that afternoon, to plan the rehearsal.

It was one of those lovely summer days peculiar to Mount Desert. The sunshine poured itself down in such rich abundance that it made even the shadows throb and thrill with yellow glory. I sat on the door-step awaiting the parson's coming. There was a narrow road between me and the ocean, which at high tide came almost to the road's edge, as if, in return for the bluff's advances, it was curious to know what we, on the land, inside those homely cottages, *could* be about. I'm afraid I fell into one of my dreaming fits as I sat there watching the sunshine dance over the water. The glory of heaven seemed to shine upon the earth that day; and although I knew there was death and sorrow out on the cliff, I *could* not be unhappy, for it was one of those times, when the sun and flowers alone make glad the heart. I was awakened from my reverie by seeing the figure of the parson approaching. As he drew nearer I could hear him repeating slowly, in a deep monotone:

"As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as asleep, and fade away suddenly like the grass. In the morning it is green and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered; for we consume away in thy displeasure, and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation. . . . . For when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told."

Then seeing me, he said, "Sister in the Lord, this is a mournful occasion, truly."

"Not so," I replied. "When a good man dies ripe in years and full of good deeds, has he not won his rest, and does he not deserve the quiet that death only can give?"

And then followed a discussion which would have amused you, John. It ended amicably, however, and we then proceeded to arrange matters for the choir.

"Where are the rest?" I said, looking at the road, and seeing none appear.

"Rest?" he queried.

"Yes; the young people who are to sing today with me."

"No one is to sing with you. The boys and girls are all away."

"I haven't got to sing alone?" I gasped.

"Yes, sister," he answered; "the widder expects it."

Seeing there was no withdrawing gracefully, I humbly asked who played the organ, and if I might see that person.

"There isn't any organist."

"No one to play for me? Must I do my own accompaniments?"

"There isn't any organ," responded this doleful, mournful servant of Christ.

"No organ, no piano, no player, no singers, and yet you expect me to conduct the musical part of the service," I replied, fairly aghast with horror.

"Certainly. There are four hymns the widder selected: 'China,' 'Hark, from the tombs,' 'Broad is the road that leads to death,' and one other, which I've forgotten."

I was horror-stricken at the appalling list, but, seeing that I was in for it, and that the best way was to go ahead, I gave my consent, and we arranged a programme for a service, which it took us no less than two hours to perform.

When the preliminary arrangements were finished, the parson said:

"I suppose you know where the singers' seats are, for I think you've been to meeting in our house."

"No," I said.

"They're on a platform under the pulpit, facing the congregation," replied he.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I cannot sing unless there is some other place for me to sit. I really could not do it there."

"Well," he responded, "there's the old gallery. No one's been up there for ten years, so I reckon its rather dusty, and there's only a ladder leading to it."

And with that he made me a bow, and took his solemn way to the house of mourning, leaving me to my own devices.

It wanted only half an hour of service, so I walked to the meeting-house to look up the hymns and try my voice in the strange, empty place. The walls were white and bare, save where a few smoky kerosene lamps had specked the spaces between the windows. The pulpit was of white pine, painted in imitation of marble. The books were black and doleful looking; in fact, there was not one bit of color in the place.

I found my way up the ladder into the loft, closing the trap-door carefully after me, lest in the darkness I should lose my way and fall down the hole. One little round window, with a green cambric curtain, was all I had to light me through my task. Soon I found the books, and when I tried the first hymn, "Why should we mourn departed friends?" my voice fairly frightened me, the place seemed so uncanny and gruesome.

Presently the people began to come in. First of all, Polly Jones, with her ridiculous bonnet, unlike anything I ever saw or heard of. To my horror, she took a prominent seat, and, turn which way I would, that terrible woman, with her sad face and absurd bonnet, haunted me. When I sang, "Or shake at death's alarms," I fear I was inwardly shaking at that alarming woman. Polly was followed by a string of villagers, all clean and appropriately solemn looking, in their "best Sunday clo'es." Finally the mourners filed in, one by one, to the front seats. Where the corpse was I could not imagine, and as I was to open the service with an introit (!) of some sort, I was a little anxious. We waited and waited, I for the corpse, the minister for me, the congregation for him. Although the minister was opposite me, at the other end of the church, he was so near-sighted that he could not see my interrogative gestures, so he remained in ignorance of my dilemma. Finally the trap-door of my ladder snapped open, and a little gray-bearded man popped his head up, looking, in his setting of darkness, like a Jack-in-the-box.

"We ain't goin' ter have no corpse!" he shouted across the gallery, in a stage whisper, to me. "It wouldn't keep; we's buried him down in his own seminary, in his garding;" and down he popped again, as suddenly as he had appeared, leaving me convulsed with laughter I dared not give utterance to.

Soon the parson, not knowing of the funny little man's performance on the ladder, arose and announced, with a loud "Ahem!" that "Miss H——, of Oakland, California, would favor them with a hymn."

Fancy it, John! It was almost too much for me; but with superhuman effort I mastered myself and began, "I heard a voice from Heaven," the congregation rising, and turning round to face me. After the prayer I sang

> "Why should we mourn departing friends,
> Or shake at Death's alarms?
> 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
> To call us to His arms,"

which sounded very strangely with only one part. When the service was over, I waited till the people had all gone, and then I descended from the loft and went out of the church. At the door I met Mrs. King, the widow, whom I supposed had gone home.

"Oh, my dear child," she sobbed, "how beautiful it was!" and, putting her arms about my neck, "I wish you'd a ben here when my Sammy died!"

Wasn't that pathetic, John? You can imagine how guilty I felt at having wanted to laugh so. I spent the rest of the day on the door-steps of Mrs. Haines's house, watching the sunset on the water, and thinking what a queer experience I had had, and how my Californian friends would have laughed at me, had they happened to go to that meeting-house at that hour, and heard the music and witnessed my predicament.

Presently a boat came rowing down from the bluffs; it stopped in front of the door, and a tall, gaunt man jumped ashore, carrying the

painter of the boat in one hand, and nervously tucking his hat under his arm with the other. He approached me, saying:

"Be you the—be you the young woman as sang to my father's funeral ter-day? 'Cause ef you be, here is a mackerel I kotched fur yer supper. I wish—I wish it was a whole boat-load I had, and you wanted every one of them, marm!" And, without waiting for a reply, his long legs carried him to his boat again, and his long arms soon pulled the craft out of sight.

Later, when the moon rose, and I was still sitting on the steps, I saw Mrs. King coming down the road. She was carrying a white package in her hand.

"I've heerd," she began, "that folks in cities gets paid for doin' what yer done this afternoon. I know yer don't want none, and I ain't agoin' to offer yer none; but ef you'd like to remember how you soothed a poor widder's grief, and let in a bit of God's sunshine to her heart, I tho't as how you might take this," handing me the blue cup and saucer you admired so, John. "T'was David's, that's dead and gone, and his father, and his father afore him, drank out of it; but yer'll take it ter please me, now won't yer? And would you mind doin' it once more for me—it's *so* sweet."

So in the moonlight we sat, and, taking the poor woman's hand in mine, I softly sang the quaint minor strain,

"Why should we mourn departing friends?"

Heigh, ho! How near together lie the pathetic and the ludicrous! I never quite knew whether to laugh or cry at that day's experiences. But now you know why I value that cup, and, how by gratifying some one else's love of old "China," my own passion for "old china" was gratified also, for that cup is one hundred and fifty years old.

Your affectionate sister, M.

P. S.—You must not think I have embellished this story; for it actually occurred just as I have related it.

MELLIE A. HOPKINS.

IN TIME OF DROUGHT.

A brown and barren world! Ah, desolate
The land whose green of spring is ended,
Whose harvest-gold is all expended,
Whose ocean wind with dust is blended—
Ah, desolate!
Yet who shall call it cursed of Fate,
If, closely clasped by skies unclouded,
It lies with tender blue enshrouded,
Till barren Earth with Heaven is crowded?
Uncursed of Fate.

Ah, desolate the life—ah, desolate—
Where childhood's springing grass has faded,
Where love's ripe gold long since evaded
The feeble hands that clung unaided—
Ah, desolate!
Yet who shall dare to rue its fate,
If, resting in some faith unclouded,
With gladness infinite enshrouded,
Its grief with larger peace is crowded?
Most blessed of Fate!

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

A NEW POET.

It is surprising to note how few men of the younger generation, here in America, are doing poetic work of the least originality or force. The old race are passing away, one by one; but when we ask who is to succeed them the question seems answerable only in one hopeless manner. A brilliant exception to this dearth of promise, however, has of late come to the notice of literary observers. There is a young poet in New York, Mr. Francis S. Saltus, whose claims to future distinction are growing stronger with every succeeding year. Mr. Saltus published a volume of poems in 1873, under the *imprimatur* of Messrs. Lippincott & Co., entitled *Honey and Gall.* It was a youthful affair in many respects, and, excepting about ten or twelve of the poems which it contained, gave little evidence of what striking achievements were to follow from the same hand. It called forth very severe criticism, and in some quarters it even roused a certain horrified dislike. The author was still in his early twenties. He had lived for years in France, and had completely drenched himself with the rather pagan spirit of modern French literature. The influence of Charles Baudelaire was strongly manifest in *Honey and Gall;* and Baudelaire, even for a man of trained capacity, must always be the most dangerous of models. Another marked fault of this book was the tendency shown by its author to employ obselete words and weird, arbitrary neologisms. Every language has its hospital of disabled adjectives and invalided verbs, and it would seem as if Mr. Saltus had been stimulated by a longing to send these unfortunates hobbling out again into the healthy daylight of popular usage. Still, it must be conceded that "The Landscape of Flesh" was a poem no less powerful than hideous; that "A Dream of Ice" had undoubted grandeur; that the verses on "Goya," that ghastly Spanish painter, were strong in several stanzas, and that a trifle called "Chinoiserie" had a unique ring, in spite of some affectation. The general culture, the familiarity with foreign literatures, and the poetic sense, now clear-seen and now struggling to find fit expression, were features of *Honey and Gall* that chiefly struck an unprejudiced reader. It was a remarkable book for a beginner, but it was evidently a beginner's book. Its recklessness was sometimes unpardonable; its artistic sins were often more than peccadillos. But it gave great promise; and the object of this article is not to speak further of *Honey and Gall,* but to show, as we think can very conclusively be shown, that its author has redeemed that promise, in his later poems, with noteworthy fulfillment.

The Evolution, a New York journal of irregular excellence and of very bold social views, has thus far published Mr. Saltus's best verse. Not long ago the *International Review* took occasion to call him, in the course of a certain book notice, "our American Baudelaire," and it is doubtless almost solely on account of Mr. Saltus's work in *The Evolution* that this striking bit of eulogy was paid. *The Evolution* series has, on the whole, been a very important one. It began, if we mistake not, with a poem entitled "Ad Summum Deum," which contains not a particle of so-called atheism, but a great deal of revolt, discontent, and of that which orthodoxy must of necessity denounce as gross irreverence. Its first stanza at once strikes the key-note of all the rest:

> "If, O God, thou art eternal,
> Most omnipotent, supernal,
> Spare us from life's pains diurnal."

The other lines bear one unvarying strain of arraignment, audacious caviling, and saturnine accusation. There is no doubt that few English-writing poets have ever presumed to cast aside all trammels of conventional thinking as the author of "Ad Summum Deum" has done. The poem may be hated by the majority, for whom the love of the Deity, vigilant though unexplained, existent though darkly mysterious, is a changeless religious tenet. A few will appreciate it alone for the fine technical management of its stanzas, and a very few more will value it because expressing just those moods of defiant bitterness which are harbored by certain souls after a crushing grief or a profound disappointment. The poem continues thus:

> "How can I respect thy glory,'
> When, through years of myth and story,
> Thou appearest stern and gory?
>
> "Can the throngs of souls o'ertaken
> By thy wrath, by thee forsaken,
> Love and faith in men awaken?
>
> "Can we call thee just and blameless,
> When by thy desertion shameless
> We still groan here blind and aimless? * *

"For thy Son's divine prediction
Must weak mortals in affliction
Wait another Crucifixion?

"Why, if he has died to spare us
From all torments, shouldst thou bear us
Hate implacable and dare us,

"In our wrechedest prostration
With thine anger's desolation?
Are we not of thy creation?

"If the sun and stars thou makest,
If supreme the stars thou shakest,
If from naught thou something takest,

"Prove it to us, though thou rend us
In divine ways and tremendous—
Thrill us with thy might stupendous!

We know of nothing in English that at all resembles this poem. It bears a certain vague similarity to the verses of Alfred de Musset, beginning:

"Pourquoi rêver et deviner un Dieu,"

though the resemblance is one neither of phrasing or general treatment, but merely of intellectual gloom and pessimism. Mr. Swinburne, it is true, touches something of the same chord in his "Félise" and "The Triumph of Time," though between the poetry of Mr. Saltus and Mr. Swinburne there are very few points in common. The verse of each is structurally different. The younger poet has drawn nothing from the elder. Each is original in his way, but each has a separate voice of his own. We should say that Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, De Musset, and Théophile Gautier (as will be shown afterward) have all gone to the making of Mr. Saltus. He is essentially and individually French. Not always, though sometimes, in the way of careful polish; for occasionally, even in his later capable work, he deliberately refuses to hamper his daring, dusky, or grotesque thought with neat elaboration. But he is always French, on the other hand, in his disdain of boundary lines that seem impassable to the average Anglo-Saxon mind. In English we should say that he had of late chiefly studied, as regards the way of putting things, Mr. Tennyson and the succeeding poets of that school. Not, indeed, the Tennyson of "Godiva" and "The Miller's Daughter," but rather him who gave us such grim, florid, or sensuous work as "The Vision of Sin," "The Dream of Fair Women," and "The Palace of Art." He has a passion for the double rhyme, and sometimes uses it to the detriment of perfectly spontaneous expression in poems of a sustained narrative sort. But he is a rhymer of wonderful richness and almost unerring correctness.

The second poem of *The Evolution* series eclipsed its predecessor in boldness. It is a work of pure imagination, executed with a strong hand, and probably calculated to shock, by its acrid and merciless sarcasm, nine-tenths of the readers who have seen it. It is called "Extermination." "With prescient sight that pierced the future's distance," the poet is supposed to witness earth as it will exist in twice a million years from now. In a vision he sees

"Vast populous towns of contour Babylonian,
Temples and palaces imperially rare,
Mazes of marble grandiose and Neronian,
Towering everywhere."

Beauty, form, splendor, grace and magnificence meet him on all sides, and the race which inhabits these abodes of grandeur is described as creatures

"Who knew but one all-sacred duty,
One cult to which the vilest would adhere:
A perfect love of pure impeccable beauty,
Supreme, immense, sincere!

"The poesy of broad skies, the moaning ocean,
All Nature's glory spoke not to their souls;
For Art alone they held sublime devotion,
Despising other goals.

"No anthems filled the air, no psalms or psalters
Praised the Creator who had given them birth;
His name, unknown, was honored by no altars
On this strange perfect earth.

"No voices sang harmonious Te Deums,
No prayerful women bowed with pious plaints,
No roses sighed upon the mausoleums
Of long-loved martyr-saints.

"The woe of Christ to them was but a story,
A pleasing myth of legendary lore,
And in our God's unique stupendous glory
These men believed no more."

And now comes the strange, almost terrific *raison d'être* of this extraordinary poem—not justifying, many will say, the abundant beauties of language and delicacies of melody which prelude and accompany it, yet somehow clad with a sinister fascination, like that which makes the tales of Poe entice, while at the same time they repel us:

"Then, as I gazed upon them in my dreaming,
I saw a man with white majestic head
By frantic crowds from every by-way streaming,
Unto a grim cross led.

"Spat on and stoned in his severe affliction,
He calmly stood, nor did his glances quail;
Helpless I saw his odious crucifixion,
Felt every rugged nail

"That tore his feeble palms and feet asunder,
And yet he shrank not, in his pride august,

While the great hum of voices like a thunder
Exclaimed, 'His pain is just.'

"And all the throng, the haughty and the lowly,
Cried, 'Peerless Beauty, may thy will be done!
This wretch upon our faultless earth, all-holy,
Is now the only one.

"'No shame, no torture can be too unlawful
To free from his vile feet the ground he trod,
For he who writhes before us, pale and awful,
Dared to believe in God.'"

We have said that this poem contains sarcasm, and when the reader's first surprise at its peculiar *dénoûment* has worn off, the sarcasm, we think, becomes more biting in its sharpness. It is emphatically a poem of imagination, and not fancy. The whole picture rises before us with perhaps the hideousness of a nightmare, but with none of the inaccuracy and contradiction so common among dreams. Its colors have the baleful glory of a flower that has fed on rank dampness and noisome exhalations, and whose perfume bears a deadly keenness. It is a genuine *fleur du mal*; but, for all that, it is a flower, full of serpentine symmetry and morbid splendor.

"Misrepresentation" is the next of the series under discussion. This has even a bolder grasp and a wider range. But it is a poem positively soaked in the night-dews of thought, and seemingly the product of a spirit from which horror conceals none of her most appaling imageries. It is Mr. Saltus's first attempt in a new field, which he afterward worked with astonishing power. We mean the building of certain poetic structures upon the basis of a scriptural theme. Before we had frequent mention of the Deity and Christ, but as yet he had formed no poem upon any plan of recognized biblical legend. He now takes the legend of the Crucifixion, and daringly makes it serve his own artistic ends in a way that no reader who accepts the authenticity of Revelation can read without a shiver of repulsion. It is probably the most audacious poem that he has ever written, and at the same time it abounds in passages of dazzling beauty. We ask ourselves for the motives that could have stimulated so frightful a conception, and induced the commingling of so much radiant eloquence, so much vivid-hued picturesqueness, with a fantasy of such grisly and miasmatic origin. It is useless to seek an answer for this question. "Misrepresentation" has been written with neither moral nor immoral motives. Like many other of Mr. Saltus's poems, it is the product of a mind which believes that lyric originality and dramatic strength may seize their material from whatever source they choose, and that the one success resultant from such effort is the vigor, freshness, and pervading harmony of the achievement. If it is ghastly and horrible, if it shocks rooted beliefs and strikes a blow in the very face of religious worship, its aim has not, for this reason, been marred, or its right to exist at all shaken. The critic may condemn any such theory if he desires, but he is always conscientiously bound, as in the present case, to show with what consistency it has been carried out. These are the opening stanzas of "Misrepresentation," and tell their own Dantesque story:

"In desolate dreams whose memory terrific
Will haunt me to my life's unhappy close,
The ghost of Christ, our Saviour beatific,
Disconsolately rose.

"Sad years have flown, but still to me are vivid
The angry fevers in his piercing eyes
As he before me stood, erect and livid,
But God-like in no wise.

"The bleeding palms and feet, the blonde beard tangled,
Were changed not since the dolorous day of death;
I saw the thorn-pressed brow, the lean side mangled,
And heard his hot quick breath;

"But marked with stupor that no sign of meekness
Dwelt in that face, still marvelously fair,
And that his lips were curled in scornful weakness,
While no prayer lingered there.

"And he whose pure imperishable glory
The fears of men for ages did assuage,
He, the unique, the sweet, the salvatory,
Stood pallid in strong rage.

"And with vindictive voice upon me calling
This poor Redeemer, bartered, murdered, sold—
To me, mute, shivering mortal, an appalling
And hideous story told,

"Which, were it known, and could mankind conceive it,
This strange, weird vision, most sublimely sad,
Would fill with awe the minds that dared believe it,
And make whole nations mad.

"*For in this tale of sacrifice and error,*
Monstrous narration of bewildering things,
I understood at last Christ's pain and terror,
His unknown sufferings."

We have intentionally italicised the last few lines quoted, for by their aid the "horror, the soul of the plot," first dawns upon the soul of the reader. This haggard spectre then narrates how, as a child, he received, in a vision, God's charge to be holy, faithful, meek, and chaste, and afterward to preach the sacred Word among mankind. Knowledge and wisdom then grew within the mind of Christ. Having reached maturity, he went forth on his inspired mission. His experiences as teacher

and reformer are now told in the following stanzas, which, for felicity, warmth, tenderness, and exquisite melody, are rivaled by few passages among the loftiest singers of this century:

"Ah, now, while my poor spirit wanders sphereless,
Alone in incommensurable space,
I still remember those delicious peerless
Sweet dreamy days of grace!

"When throngs adoring, in that past existence,
Kissed with quick eager lips my passing hem,
While white before me in the sapphire distance
Rose towered Jerusalem!

"And I recall with tomb-touched memories tender,
The Mount of Olives, and each fruitful tree
That nursed blithe birds above the gem-like splendor
Of lakes like Galilee.

"By Him at that hour I was not forsaken,
For in the inner essence of my soul
Poesy's charm to me he did awaken
And gave me its control.

"Then I than earth's most noble bard was greater,
And on my lips inspired there ever hung
The unuttered canticles of my Creator,
Songs that no man has sung.

"And I remember those departed glories,
When Kedron's vales reëchoed linnet's songs,
And how I charmed with texts and allegories
The vast attentive throngs;

"And when, with my disciples, friends, and leaders,
I roamed where Spring had made Gennesaret green,
And how amid fair Bethany's tall cedars
I preached my creed serene;

"With John beside me, Matthew, James, and Peter,
The upright Andrew, the confiding Jude,
Men whose allegiance and whose love made sweeter
The strange life I pursued.

"And I recall those nights when, charmed, I listened
To music of soft ugabs and shophars,
While the blue depths of calm Tiberias glistened
Beneath a world of stars!"

The phantom of Christ then records how he was perpetually buoyed up, amid all the trials which beset him, by divine encouragements; how, amid disgrace, derision, and curses, he ever heard that his Father rejoiced in his strength, and compassed him with sweet, invisible protection. Then at last came the hour when he was seized by the Jewish rabble and led before Pontius Pilate. But still he believed firmly in the helpful guardianship of Jehovah, never suspecting that his enemies would be permitted the fearful triumph which they afterward secured. "Surely," he thought, "I cannot perish," even when they had nailed him to the fatal cross. Enoch and Elijah were translated to Heaven. Why should *he* fear? How, indeed,

"Could he, this God superb and powerful,
Take life like mine, when He had said to me,
'More great than kings thou shalt be on the flowerful
Green slopes of Galilee!'"

Hanging on the cross between the two thieves, he waited for help, but no help came.

This weird and unearthly poem, so full of savage majesty and solemnity, ends with these lines, spoken by him who is supposed to have dreamed the doleful dream of which they form the substance:

"Then, the sad silence of my vision rending,
I heard a wail of terrible despair,
And saw a hundred spectral hands, descending,
Clutch at his gory hair. . . .

"'Twas o'er. . . . The martyr's ghost far from me fluttered;
Sighing, I woke and, gaining thought's control,
Suddenly felt the truth of all he uttered,
And terror seized my soul.'"

The next poem deals with the Old Testament story of the Witch of En-dor and Saul. Mr. Saltus's version of this legend is entirely his own. Shumma, an Israelitish harlot, passionately loves Saul, the King. She watches him march to battle, exults in his victories, dreams of him by night and day, yet never can win from him the lover-like heed for which her soul thirsts. Observe the splendid force and richness of this passage:

"And I in dreams saw battles raging frantic,
Swift-hurrying steeds and labyrinths of spears;
I heard the clash of tzinnahs and the cheers,
And, over all, I saw him tower gigantic.

"A diadem upon his brows, and weighted
With glistening greaves, a carnage-god most grand,
While in the supple terror of his hand
His massive, reeking chanith scintillated.

"Ah, sweet Jehovah blest, was he not glorious
The day the gross Amalekites he slew
And dragged Agag, their king, and retinue
Captive and gyved unto his towns victorious!

"Yes, and I loved his blind impetuous valor
The towering passion of his soul and eyes,
His brawny torso and his battle-cries,
And all that face that never knew fear's pallor.

"And when, war-worn, he feasted to restore him
From sullen thought, I, with his slaves, would come,
And, to the sound of timbrel and of drum,
Would dance in stately palace-ways before him."

Note the marvelous picturesqueness of that final line, which is one of many similar touches that fill this stately, Hebraic-tinged poem. Shumma now tells of how the day at length arrived when the legions of the Midianites invaded Gilboa. Saul, fearful of coming disas-

ter, and with eyes where "gleamed the fires of madness," goes to consult the witch of En-dor in her dismal cave amid the wilderness. Shumma personates this witch, clad in rags, which conceal beneath their foulness a luxurious robe. "Fasting, pale, and by his God forsaken," the unhappy Saul comes to her, goaded with dark presentiments of calamity. Then the false sibyl burns strange mephitic drugs in a caldron, and causes her slaves to personate phantoms, which rise one by one in the misty gloom of the cave. At length Saul falls prone upon the earth in livid fear. Shumma then ends her sorceries, and prepares for him a refreshing feast, of which Saul presently partakes. When the subtle and powerful wines have warmed him into new life and vigor, the wily Shumma flings aside her disguise, and stands before the king in glowing, gem-adorned beauty. Fascinated and bewildered, Saul yields at last to the allurements of her charms. He hears the story of Shumma's subterfuge, and amorously pardons her. He tells her that she has "tossed to gloom all brooding superstitions," and that he will go on the morrow fearlessly with his sons, Jonathan and Abinadab, "to rend the mongrel hordes" that oppose him. But still, though desperately enamored of Shumma, and inspired by fresh courage and confidence, he questions her as to whether she saw *all* the phantoms that appeared in the cave. Haunted by an unconquerable doubt, he asks her:

"'Didst thou behold or bring about the horrid
Dire shadow, draped in mysteries of white,
The accusing figure of a Midianite,
That hurled dull blood unto my burning forehead?

* * * * * *

"'Didst thou see all?' . . . . 'Yea, yea,' again I told him.
'This canst thou swear?' . . . . 'Aye, have no foolish dread.'
And, sighing, on his breast I drooped my head,
And with soft arms did languidly enfold him.

"Gone were the visions, terrible and hated,
Gone were the pains my kisses strove to heal,
While by his side, like a great ghost of steel,
His mighty massive chanith scintillated."

At dawn Saul goes forth from the cave, "to Gilboa and to death," leaving Shumma in ecstasy at her conquest, and undreaming of the immediate doom that awaits her new princely lover. Thus the poem ends. It is probably the longest that Mr. Saltus has yet published. Its faults are an over-luxuriance of expression —a tropical excess of expletives. But in a young poet this may scarcely be termed a fault, and in these days of cream-tinted mediocrity it is almost refreshing to find opulence and liberality of phrase. Indeed, what shall we say of such a tendency, when, as in the early part of the poem, describing the despondence of Saul, it gives us a stanza so incomparably beautiful as this:

"For deadly dreams and fantasies would seize him,
His valorous veins would bound with unknown fears,
While David, moved by his infuriate tears,
Would throb his moaning heart's soul forth to please him."

Nothing could be finer than that last sinewy yet æolian line, and we have no hesitation in saying that only a man in whose soul dwelt the essential spirit of song could have written anything so faultlessly tender. But, after all, the poem abounds in many such lines and passages. Even those who would decry it as a whole for being uselessly unwholesome, must admit the shining literary merits of its composition. And if we give their niches to Heine, Baudelaire, and Poe, why refuse like honor to one who has steeped his spirit in no darker shadows, while walking among them with feet as firm and fearless?

Better, to our thinking, than any of the poems in this scriptural series, is "Potiphar's Wife," whose appearance followed that of "The Witch of En-dor." It is set in the same key as "Misrepresentation;" that is, a ghost addresses the poet—a homeless spirit, uttering low sighs, tortured with unrest, "all Egypt's beauty blooming in her face," and "clasping a mantle in one shadowy hand."

This is the ghost of Potiphar's wife, who records, in a melancholy and passionate wail, her love for Joseph, while hovering above the tomb in which he lies buried. The shred of mantle that she holds is the legendary one torn from Joseph as he fled. She now moans for his pardon, saying:

"See, thy fair mantle in my hand I hold,
A shred of thee, as sacred as thy kiss,
Far holier than the heart of Anubis;
And though the joys of Paradise I miss,
Still have I clung to it as worlds grow old."

But at length the poet himself says:

"In the vague gray gloaming I could see
The poor, unpardoned ghost caress the mound
Where envied pity she had never found,
Prostrate and humble on the leafy ground,
Clutching the mantle in dumb agony.

"And when her lamentations seemed to cease,
To this distracted spirit, love-denied,
A dull, sepulchral voice at last replied,
And from the crypt's deep gloom in anger cried,
'Away, thou specter harlot. Give me peace.'"

This is less artificial in conceptiom, more legitimately and naturally dramatic, more appealing through spontaneous pathos, and more soundly effective in its tragedy, than anything which Mr. Saltus has yet done. In that final line, spoken by a voice from the depths of the tomb, we have all the typical chastity of Joseph, whose name has come down to us through the centuries as the very incarnation of such icy rectitude as can never feel one qualm of real temptation. But the workmanship of "Potiphar's Wife" is somehow inferior to that of the other poems. It has beautiful passages—what one of Mr. Saltus's poems has not?—but the ghost's passion seems to us in places somewhat turgid and hysterical. Surely not so, however, when she exquisitely says:

"Blame for my sin, if sin it be, alone
The curves symmetric of thy perfect limbs;
Blame the grave music of Hebraic hymns,
The memory of thy voice, that nothing dims;
Blame my frail heart, that could not be of stone.

"Blame the voluptuous murmur of the Nile,
The pomp and glitter of my home, the palm
That shaded every reverie, the calm
Of torrid star-thronged nights, the gentle balm
Of dreamy wines—but, above all, thy smile.

That line, "the grave music of Hebraic hymns," is a wonderful bit of felicity, and deserves a permanent place in the language of quotations, like Keats's "large utterance of the early gods," or Tennyson's

"Music that softer on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Strange enough, the last poem in this series is one that utterly forsakes the realm of lurid imagination. It is entitled "The Cross Speaks." The cross on which Christ was crucified tells of how it stood for years in towering stateliness, "the lord of cedars," in the holy woods of Lebanon. Below it "roamed the solemn peace-eyed herds," while winds from the Grecian seas caressed it. Its life was full of sanctity. In the distance it saw the towers and spires of Sidon. But one evening "strange men with shining blades" passed through the wood where it grew.

"Then to the core they struck me with sharp steel;
I felt the sap within my veins congeal;
I writhed and moaned at every savage blow.
And I, whose strength had braved the fiercest storm,
Tottered and fell, a mutilated form,
While all the forest waved its leaves in woe."

The tree is then fashioned into a cross, and dragged "down to the holy town, Jerusalem," there to give death to those condemned by the law. The city's thieves are nailed upon it, one by one, as time lapses. Its "wood is soiled by blood and split by nails;" wild cries echo from it; "oppressed by carrion weights," it lives for weeks "in one mad hell of harrowing wails." The final eight stanzas of the poem had best be given entire, since no descriptive paraphrase could do justice to their swift, brilliant, and yet pathetic beauty:

"Then came a dark and sacrilegious day
Of crime, of malediction, of dismay.
Rude soldiers tore me from the hated ground,
And brought me, with foul oaths and many a jeer,
Before one pale sweet man, who without fear
Did tower above them, god-like, nettle-crowned.

"Shrill voices, formed to curse and to abuse,
Cried, choked with scorn, 'Ignoble King of Jews,
Save thyself now, if that thou hast the power.'
But he, the meek one, resolutely caught
My hideous body to him, and said naught,
And God was with us in that awful hour!

"Thrilled by his touch, a sense I never knew
Sudden within my callous fibers grew,
Warning my spirit he was pure and good.
And I could feel that he was Christ divine,
And that a deathless honor then was mine;
In one dark instant I had understood!

"The raucous shouts of thousands rent the air
When on his outraged shoulders, scourged and bare,
He bore to dismal Calvary and night
My ponderous weight, my all-unhallowed mass,
While I, God-strengthened, strove and strove—alas,
Without a hope!—to make the burden light.

"He perished on my heart, and heard the moan
That shuddered through me—he, and he alone.
But no man heard the promise he gave *me*
Of sweetest pardon, nor did any mark
His pitying smile that aureoled the dark
For me, in that wild hour on Calvary.

"When tender women's hands, that sought to save,
Had carried his sweet body to the grave,
A streak of flame hissed forth from heaven, and rent
My trunk with one annihilating blow,
Leaving me prostrate, charred, too vile to know
That I was nothing, and God was content.

"But he who punished my sad sin with fire,
Forsook me not in my abasement dire,
And mercifully bade my soul revive,
To take new spells of life that all might see—
With beauty far exceeding any tree,
Once more with resurrected leaves to thrive.

"And now, in verdurous calm, adored of birds,
Circled by flowers, and by the tranquil herds
That love beneath my stateliness to browse,
I dream in peace, through hours of sun and gloom,
And near unto the Saviour's worshiped tomb
I wave my soft and sympathizing boughs."

This is very beautiful and forcible, but we think a mistake has been made in having the cross speak of its "sad sin" being punished by God; since, as Mr. Saltus manages his legend,

the episode of Christ's death upon the cross was something for which its own mere passive compulsion could not possibly have made it blameworthy. Then, too, the stanza beginning, "He perished on my heart," shows, to our mind, a management as awkward as it is uncharacteristic of the author. We have, in the second line, the pronouns "me," "he," and "he" once again, while each is immediately afterward repeated in the third line, making an unpleasant clash, and suggesting constructive weakness, whatever may have been the writer's real intention. But these are minor faults, and easily passed over amid the manifold excellences of the poem. Certainly there is nothing here to shock or wound the most exacting reader. Let him disapprove ever so strongly of "art for art's sake," he cannot but grant that art has been employed in "The Cross Speaks" only for sweet, healthful ends and uses. The whole poem has the fervid sincerity, the mingled eloquence and ingenuity, which marks so many of Victor Hugo's lyrics. The idea vaguely reminds us of Hugo; he might easily have chosen and used it, and had he done so, the great master's general treatment would probably not have been dissimilar to the one here employed.

Mr. Saltus is a most skillful sonneteer. It is in this branch of poetry that his love for Théophile Gautier becomes chiefly apparent. He builds his octaves and sextets usually after the most approved Tuscan model. And he has drawn his inspiration in sonnet-writing, too, at first hand, having studied the famous Italian singers for years. It is not long ago that he showed his able mastery of the Italian language by the following scholarly sonnet to Mr. Longfellow, of whose poetry he is said to be a profound admirer:

"AD ENRICO W. LONGFELLOW.

"Dopo la lettura del suo Capo Lavoro sul Ponte Vecchio di Firenze.

"Scritto hai di luoghi al cor Toscano santi
Dell' Arno e di Santa Maria del Fiore:
D'Amalfi tutta rose ed amaranti,
Di Roma augusta in tutto il suo splendore!

"Rifulge Italia d'immortali incanti,
Nei versi che t'inspira ardente il core,
E le sue glorie, i pregi, i prieghi, i pianti,
Trovano un' eco in te sempre d'amore!

"E della bella Italia tu sei degno:
Che a te lasciò Petrarca l'armonioso
Plettro d'amor; Boccaccio il suo sorriso.
Ma di Dante il sublime e forte ingegno,
Rese il tuo spirto grande e vigoroso:
Nè mai il tuo nome fia del suo diviso!"

French sonnets and lyrics of great grace and charm Mr. Saltus has also frequently written, and he has repeatedly given evidence of possessing the very rare power to translate English poems into French with great fidelity and literalness, while at the same time preserving all the force and finish of the originals. It may be said here, in passing, that the English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages have no secrets for him, while he is acquainted with numerous European dialects, and has considerable knowledge of Russian and Turkish. Let us take one or two of his English sonnets. This, for example, which we think he wrongly entitles "Graves," and should call "The Night-Wind," is absolutely perfect in every way:

"The sad night-wind, sighing o'er sea and strand,
Haunts the cold marble where Napoleon sleeps;
O'er Charlemagne's grave, far in the northern land,
A vigil through the centuries it keeps.
O'er Greecian kings its plaintive music sweeps;
Proud Philip's tomb is by its dark wings fanned;
And round old Pharaohs (deep in desert sand,
Where the grim Sphinx leers to the stars) it creeps.
Yet weary it is of this chill, spectral gloom;
For moldering grandeurs it can have no care.
Rich mausoleums, in their granite doom,
It fain would leave, and wander on elsewhere,
To cool the violets upon Gautier's tomb
Or lull the long grass over Baudelaire."

We have only space for another sonnet of Mr. Saltus, a masterpiece of color, music and passion:

THE BAYADERE.

"Near strange weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
Bathes domed Delhi, I watch, by spice trees fanned,
Her agile form in some quaint saraband,
A marvel of passionate chastity and pride,
Nude to the loins, superb and leopard-eyed.
With redolent roses in her jeweled hand,
Before some haughty Rajah, mute and grand,
Her flexible torso bends, her white feet glide!
The dull kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
And mad with motion, as in a hasheesh trance,
Her scintillant eyes, in vague ecstatic charm,
Burn like black stars beneath the Orient moon,
While the suave dreamy langour of the dance
Lulls the grim drowsy cobra on her arm."

From the copious examples we have given, it must have become apparent to any reader that this young poet is a genius of very distinct and notable endowments. Never was promise of future greatness more abundantly given, and seldom has a man scarcely past his thirtieth year made for himself so stately a monument of accomplished work. He is so full of power that even those who dislike must recognize him; and while there is much in his work that the average newspaper critic will neither understand nor tolerate, there is also much that the literary age to which he belongs must of necessity welcome and value.

ABNER D. CARTWRIGHT.

THE GARDENS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

If we would get at the secrets of Nature, and be enabled to read her works with understanding minds, we must learn her language, and get the meaning, in the first place, of her simplest and commonest words. We must understand the first principles of her language, as revealed in the beginnings of things. Without this the study of the earth and the planets, the stars and space, motion and force, would be comparatively fruitless.

I propose, therefore, to consider some of the first of organic forms—the letters that make up the words, and the words that make the sentences, that may be read in the rocks, in the waters, and in the air.

In the study of marine botany we have to deal with the beginnings of life. Here we find protoplasm and the cell in their primitive, simplest form, easiest to recognize and understand. Without seeing the machinery of life thus simplified, we can hardly form a distinct idea of the intricacies as seen in the progressive forms of plants and animals.

What that force is that is planted in a bit of plastic matter—or, more properly speaking, what that principle is that exists as a center, and draws about it material from all directions, yet has no limit of wall or membrane, reaching out and commanding the atoms to fall into line and march to some definite design—science does not tell us. It is beyond the sense of vision, aided by the best of microscopes. Chemistry or natural philosophy cannot unfold it. It is, possibly, an infinitesimal brain, with sympathies wide as the universe, yet home so narrow that it cannot be measured by any of the means at our command; a principle of illimitable possibilities, and yet it has been impossible for the human mind, so far, to comprehend it. We have called it *vitality*, or the *life principle*. It is that force which takes hold of matter and rearranges its elements, forming them into definitely shaped bodies, that move and grow, and then die and fall to pieces. It differs from chemical affinity; and yet, as an eminent microscopist has said, "there is on the one hand the drop of resin gum or mucus, held together by the natural chemical affinity, and on the other hand there are certain *living beings* so exceedingly simple in structure that they may be compared to a drop of gum or mucus, but from which they are distinguished by being held together and animated by the affinity which is called the *principle of life*."

It has been held by some that life is but a mechanism, that runs for a time and then stops—a living machine, in which matter is decomposed and its elements rearranged. "Molecular machinery" is the term, existing in matter, conditioned so that it may run for a season and then cease. But there is something that conditions this machinery, that supplies the animation, that generates the vitality, that designs the shape of the body, and that superintends all the processes of growth, maturity, death, and disintegration; something that makes the tall forest tree, the monster whale, and the humble seaweed, into such different patterns from simple cells not distinguishable by our senses from each other.

But our purpose is not to speculate about the unknowable, but rather to consider a few things, plain and simple, coming so near the hand of the Maker that some of us think we almost know how the work is done, and that we are nearly wise enough to do it ourselves. The probability, however, is that we are as distant from a solution of the mystery of life, and know as little of it, as we know of some almost invisible star that went down last evening behind the western sea.

Impressions of sea-weeds are found in the oldest sedimentary rocks, and are doubtless the earliest of organized things. The plant preceded the animal. Its duty was and is to prepare the mineral kingdom for ready appropriation by the animal. The sea brought forth plants and animals in abundance before there was any dry land. At certain times and places the plant-growths in the sea must have been very abundant. They were of such a tender and evanescent growth that, with few exceptions, all signs of their existence have disappeared. I may mention here that one large and interesting family of the Algæ, the Diatoms, made up of a silicious frame-work, admired and studied by all microscopists, has been left in large deposits, adding much to the bulk of sedimentary rocks. Some portions of the mountains on the northern shore of Monterey Bay are largely made up of minerals that are the result of marine plants—silex, lime, and alumina. How important and extensive, then, must have been these plants when the sea covered the earth's

surface almost, if not quite, universally! By them the water was kept in purity, so that animals might live therein. And all the way down through the epochs of the earth's progress they have continued, and still continue, to exert a salutary influence.

There are but few, if any, deserts in the sea. Almost every drop teems with spores of plants, and in many places the waters are so filled with dense tangles of vegetation that ships cannot pass through. So it has become proverbial that the sea is our mother. Even the same word in many languages is used for sea and for mother. In a poetical sense the poet Wordsworth says:

> "Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither."

The currents which exist in all oceans carry the spores of sea-weed to all the coasts, and there, if the surroundings are favorable, they grow. In all the explored latitudes sea-weeds abound. The number of species decreases as we approach the poles, but the quantity is not lessened. I have said there are few deserts in the sea. The water is full of microscopic kinds in all latitudes. But sea-weeds rarely grow on sand, unless it is of a very compact form. When the sea-bottom is of loose sand, as it is in many places, Algæ will not grow there; hence, there are many submerged deserts as plantless as the African wastes.

With but one or two exceptions, all the marine plants belong to the class known as *Algæ*. They are *cellular* plants, with no system of canals or tubes running through them to carry fluids, as in ferns and flowering plants. The circulation is carried from cell to cell through the cell-wall by the process known in physics as *osmosis*. They derive their nourishment almost entirely from the water. Their roots serve more for hold-fasts than to derive nourishment from the material on which they grow. Although some forms of Algæ have root, stem, and leaf, there are many kinds that consist of a simple cell. Generally these cells are in masses, and imbedded in a jelly-like material, but each cell is independent of its neighbor, and there is no union of mind to form a body. Then, again, these cells have a common purpose to spread into a leaf, or membrane, or to form in lines, and present a cylindrical body, with, perhaps, a membraneous expansion at the summit. Some continue in strait lines, with joints at regular distances. Others tend to branch at these joints, just as a bud starts out from the axis of a leaf. Some cling to the rocks and stems of other sea-weeds so closely that they seem a part of the rock or plant on which they grow. Some are hard and brittle, like coral, some leathery and tough, while others are thin and fine as silk, and as fragile as the web of a spider. Some float in the water, growing on each other in immense fields, at the centers of ocean currents, like the Sargassum. Indeed, there seems to be as great a diversity of form in plants of the sea as in plants of the land, but less intricacy. In fact, there is, to my mind, no good reason why marine botany should not precede the study of the terrestrial. While it makes but little difference where we begin, we find that all roads lead to it as the beginning of the science. It seems "as if Nature had first formed the types (in the waters) of the compound vegetable organs, so named, and exhibited them as separate vegetables, and then, by combining them in a single frame-work, had built up her perfect idea of a fully organized plant."

Suppose, for a few moments, we glance at a few types of plants as we see them in the line of progress from the simplest form to the most complex. We will not attempt to follow the links of the chain—that would be too difficult, and require too much time—but merely take up a plant, here and there, familiar to all.

Growing on the smooth surface of perpendicular cliffs, in this neighborhood, may be seen, during the rainy season, one of the water-plants, appearing on the rocks like a coating of red or dark brown paint. It looks, in some places, as though blood had been brushed on the banks. Under the microscope, we may see that it is a one-celled plant, surrounded with a kind of gelatine; in fact, it grows in patches, or communities. Each cell is of globular shape, and independent of its neighbors, so far as its life-history is concerned, although the gelatine belongs to the community. Its growth is similar to the "red snow," of which nearly everybody has some information. By some naturalists it is called *Palmella;* by others, *Porphyridium*. It is classed among the fresh water Algæ.

Let us take one cell, or plant, as we find it in the mass of gelatine—round, full, blood-red. Watching it for a little while, we begin to see a tendency towards division. A thin wall is thrown across the middle, and soon we have a separation, each half becomes an independent cell. These again divide; and so the process of binary division goes on for a good many generations. We see no reason why it should stop until the whole world, and the universe, is full of the little microscopic Palmellas. But they have a different mind, and in one of these numerous generations a change takes place. Instead of the little round cell dividing, as heretofore, we see it filled with a different kind of

endochrome, chlorophyl, or cell-matter, as we are pleased to call it, from the cells we have been noticing. They burst, and from each hole in the cell issues swarms of spores. These are exceedingly small, and armed with *cilia*—fine, thread-like projections—so that the spores move, by means of these cilia, through the water, or air, as the case may be. Now, here is a new form of life-development, the product of a cell, and yet very different from the parent. They move with great rapidity, in every direction, when set free in water. They seem to be animals; and were they to remain, and continue to exhibit the same activity, for any considerable time, we could not distinguish them from many forms of life which are known to be animals. But in a little while—say an hour or two—they seek lodgment, and come to rest. The cilia fall off, they increase in size, and soon we find a well developed cell, just like the one we commenced with, ready to go through the process of "binary division" through certain generations, until it reaches the reproductive cell again. Now, this is the life of a plant consisting of a single cell, one of the smallest forms of Algæ, that can be seen only with the microscope, unless in large masses. It is also, perhaps, one of the simplest forms. Yet it exhibits a mind of a similar character to that of some forms of animal life; especially in the little round of development it makes, reminding us of the Aphides, or "plant lice," and other animals of a still more complex organization, or rather *differentiation*, but far removed from the simple plant of a single cell.

Let us look for a moment at another little plant found in streams and pools of fresh water; for it seems these little, almost insignificant, things are too fragile for rough handling in the sea, or to endure the salt water, so we find them about springs and shallow waters. It belongs to a small tribe of plants called Nostocs. It consists, instead of separate and almost independent cells, as in the Palmella, of a filament distinctly beaded, and lying in a firm, gelatinous mass of somewhat regular shape. These filaments are usually simple or but seldom branched. They are curved and twisted in various direction, but having a tendency mainly toward a spiral direction. The masses of jelly that contain these filaments are sometimes of considerable size, and suddenly appear after a rain in places that were apparently dry before. It is only with a microscope that the filaments can be seen in the jelly. Now, one of the peculiar features of this plant is that at regular distances on the beaded filaments can be seen one or more beads larger and more distinct, as if the mind of the plant, after making ordinary cells for a long time, suddenly changed, and made and intervened a peculiar kind of cell, differing in many respects from the common kind. As well as we can understand, these cysts, which are called *heterocysts*, are in some way so changed for purposes of reproduction. This Nostoc, then, is increased in several ways: 1. By one cell growing ("budding") on the side or end of another, extending in a continuous line to form a filament of definite size and in a definite direction. 2. Division of the filament by breaking up of the jelly when wet or dry, as the case may be, each fragment serving as a nucleus for a fresh colony of threads. 3. By the escape of a subdivision of filament, around which, in the course of time, a gelatine is formed, and a continuation of growth. These two methods correspond to "cuttings." 4. By *spores*, which are formed in the *heterocysts*, or enlarged cells, that I have mentioned. These spores are of two kinds contained in these vesicles or cysts, contiguous to each other. They are different from the endochrome that is found in the common cells. They are more like zoospores, or animal spores, and some of them have cilia moving freely through the water, similar to many other water plants and fungi containing "swarm spores." This method corresponds to the seeds or fruiting of flowering plants.

We will glance now at another plant found growing on the rocks in all our seas—a beautiful, feathery, deep green little plant, looking like a small fern, or branches from a fir tree. It is called *Bryopsis plumosa*. Each frond and frondlet consists of a single tube, straight and round. The walls of the tube are made up, as usual, of little cells, closely fitted to each other, a thin, transparent structure. These tubes taper to each end, where they are closed nearly, if not quite. The plant grows from a base having a number of branches, tree-like. The plume is generally confined to the upper half of the frond, and the deep green color is given to it by the chlorophyl filling these tubes. This, when mature, escapes from the plant by the bursting of the tube, and is the means of its propagation, in the form of zoöspores. Thus we have in this plant several things. We have a root, which, although of little use to convey nutriment to the fronds, serves as a hold-fast. It is a single elongated cell or tube, containing starchy matter and a slightly fibrous structure. From this arises a single tube, branching by buds from the side. These branches come off pinnately, and instead of a single cell filled with cell-matter (endochrome), we have little cases, slightly connected, surrounded by a cellular membrane, in which the processes of its simple

life are carried on. The mind of this plant is toward a symmetrical structure, sufficiently differentiated to look toward a higher type and greater complexity—a root, a stem, a frond, all constructed out of single, but much enlarged, cells, each one being an elongated tube, built into a beautiful little tree of the most exquisitely green shade.

Common on the rocks of our sea coast grows a species of *Halidrys*, commonly called the "sea-oak." It is a stout plant, with leaves cut and lobed, somewhat resembling certain species of oak. I mention it rather for contrast than comparison with the several plants we have been looking at. It belongs to the Order of *Fucaciæ*, and is closely related to the *Sargassum* of nearly all the temperate and tropical seas. It has a root which seems to adhere by means of a sort of cartilaginous disk spreading over the surface of rocks. It often grows to be seven or eight feet long. In this case the tips of the branches are composed of long strings of air-vessels, growing from the tips of the broad, leaf-like frond, and branching numerously, so that when these become tangled, it is very difficult to unfasten them. The first growth from the root is a flat leaf, mid-veined, and from this the frond proceeds. This leaf is six or eight inches in length. As the plant grows older, the mid-rib of this first leaf is bordered with lobes, and these gradually develop into cysts, or air-vessels, and surmounting all these we find the fruit, situated in spore-cavities, or cells, especially arranged for perfecting the seed for new plants. In this plant we notice what we have not noticed before. The whole structure contributes toward a fruiting process, located, not in all the cells, but in a special part of the plant, and by a special kind of cells. We also see the whole plant contributing to another special function—the air-vessels, which are for the purpose of suspending the plant in the water. We likewise see what might be called leaves, with mid-ribs attached to the frond. We find a thick and dense cellular structure, having, in the old plant, but little appearance of the delicate cells we noticed in the plants we have been looking at.

The features of this coarse sea-weed have been added step by step from the little moving spore that found a crevice in the side of a rock in which to plant itself, throwing off cell after cell to make the root and the leaf; an expanding of the lobes; a change to air-vessels; a throwing in here and there, as needed, of connective tissue; and, finally, the construction of a little chamber, at the tips of the plant, lined with silky threads, in which the spores for the new plant may grow and mature.

Now, after considering this matter, may we not repeat what is true and has been taught in phenogamic botany for many years: that all the organs of a plant are transformed leaves. But we may take a step still nearer the beginning of organic things, and say, with equal truth, that all plants and all animals are but transformed cells. At least, we may say they are formed of cells, each one of which, at some period of its living existence, was a simple, independent being. They have become the *formed material* of the bodies of plants and animals. Comparatively speaking, there are very few living cells.

The proportion of the living to the dead, or formed, matter is as the thin, narrow surface of the living coral insects to the mass of the coral island. When a cell has fulfilled its office, it dies, and is either thrown away or enters into the composition of the body in which it grew, to carry out the form of that body according to the mind which presides in, over, and about the organism. A cell may be considered an organic unit, and whatever its elementary composition may be depends on the use it is intended to serve in Nature's endless diversity of forms.

After long and careful investigation, with patience and years, some of our naturalists have almost arrived at the conclusion that many of what are classed among the lower plants and animals as distinct forms, species, and genera, are of doubtful character, and are but spores, or cells, that will possibly, and in some cases certainly, change into something else. Thus some of the plants that we have been looking at are liable to change, before our eyes, into something quite different from the parent; as the little string of beads in the Nostoc filament suddenly develops into a large, round vesicle or two, or four, and then suddenly relapses again into the common little cell. I do not know that we can call this development. Nature seems suddenly to have changed her mind, and we have a flying, egg-laying Aphis after many generations of a helpless, wingless, plant-eating parasite. We have a Lichen which is suspected as originating from a Nostoc. And, indeed, all our orders of Lichens are suspected by some as being only escaped Algæ, and held in prison by fungi. There are green coatings low down on shaded walls, fences, rocks, trunks of trees, and sometimes on the ground, when it and these are damp. These may be seen at all seasons of the year. They are generally single cell plants. They are called *Protococcus*, *Pleurococcus*, *Chlorococcus*, etc., by botanists. It is possible they belong to something else—are a part of some process of development, which, for the time being, is delayed in its progress to-

ward a higher state of existence; or, quite as likely, they never reach beyond their present form, and that their little round of existence ends with the dissolution of the walls and granules that compose their cells.

I have used the word "*differentiation*" in the sense of special organs, "each performing actions peculiar to itself, which contribute to the life of a plant *as a whole*." Differentiation leads to a composite fabric, as stem, leaves, roots, flowers, fruit, etc. I can see no reason why the number of organs should invalidate or constitute any organism to recognition as such. Whether the plant has one cell, or an indefinite number, and a complex organization, matters but little with independence and individuality. For we may compare an animal, or plant, to a populous town where each person follows his own vocation, yet all helping in the general prosperity.

Lately, Edmond Perrier, at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, advanced some new views in regard to this subject. They are probably not new to those who have considered transformations of plants and animals from their earlier beginnings. But M. Perrier may be the first one to publish these views. He says: "The law which I now have to put forward may be called the law of *association*, and the process by which it works, *the transformation of societies into individuals*." He has reference to colonial societies in which the individuals are almost, if not quite, in contact by continuity of tissue. For example: Polyps, as illustrated in the sponge and the coral. The animals of the colony are independent individuals, as may be proved by separating one or more of them from the group, when they will live and start a new colony. What, then, is a sea-weed, a cabbage, or a tree, but a colony of independent plants, associated and working for a common interest and object? So we have a system of form, color, and regularity of structure, according to the mind that is in, over, and about every living organism. What that mind really is we do not clearly see, we do not fully know. But as Dr. Carpenter, the world-renowned scientist, has lately said: "I deem it just as absurd and illogical to affirm that there is no place for a God in nature, originating, directing, and controlling its forces by his will, as it is to assert that there is no place in man's body for his conscious mind." The application of science by the human intellect is limited. Professor Tyndall likens our minds to "a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which, in both directions, exists infinite silence. The phenomena of matter and force come within our intellectual range, but behind, and above, and around us, the real mystery of the universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution."

But, because we are placed in the midst of the infinite, there is no reason why we should not strive to solve all the problems within the range of our power. Moreover, that range has unknown limits to us. We know not how far in either direction we may be able to see and to comprehend. The fields of research in science are fruitful whichever way we look. Every fact we discover adds to our mental vista. Every well tested phenomenon is an aid to discovery. We are strengthened and enlightened as we proceed. It may seem of little account to plod over a pile of sea-weeds, or even to study the beautiful forms and colors that pertain to some of them, to admire the arrangement and structure of their cells, to learn their long Latin names, and perhaps worry no little in their classification and arrangement. And so it is of little account if we are to stop here. They are but the A B C, or, at best, short words, that go to make up the language that Nature speaks. For

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

No two plants have the same mind, or the same language to express that mind. The Nercocystis, with its long thread, or rope-like stem, crowned with a wide expanse of leaves floating over the water, on which, in places, the sea-otter feeds and sleeps, has a long history of seafaring life to tell us, in words old and strange, dating back to a period when "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" for the first time—an ancient language, yet always new to each succeeding generation; never a dead language, save to those who will not at least try to read it.

Of a different mind, and a different language, are the pines that whisper over our heads in tongues more modern, and more complex,

> "The murmuring pines, and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green;"

while,

> "Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
> Speaks, and, in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest."

But the voices of Nature are only audible in a poetical sense. Her grandest works, and most wonderful and powerful processes, are silent to our ears. The coral islands, infusorial depos-

its, and Algæ, with lime and silex, building up great continents, and not so much as the sound of a hammer is heard! Even the immense system of worlds, moving with inconceivable velocities about and among each other, and not so much as a vibration is felt by our senses. The "music of the spheres" may be all about us, but we cannot hear it.

Well, then, may we, each one, soliloquize in the words of Bryant's "Forest Hymn:"

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me; the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thine own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see again,
How, in the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms!"

C. L. ANDERSON.

OLD HUNKS'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Pacific Street held high carnival; in fact, all Barbary Coast was in a blaze of glory. Christmas Eve was being celebrated—save the mark!—in the gin-mills. From every door, as one passed along the street, burst out sounds of music and hilarity. Down in the cellars men were sitting at tables drinking to the accompaniment of orchestrions. Overhead—for, as though it were not enough that saloons should be placed side by side, they were piled one over the other—overhead, boisterous raffles were going on for Christmas turkeys, and there was more blaze of gaslight, and more men were drinking in the thick, smoky atmosphere; while women, passing to and fro in gaudy costumes, laughed in metallic and joyless tones at jokes of as questionable character as themselves. Sailors from all parts of the world, men and women of every nation, oaths and jests in every language! Block after block—saloon after saloon!

Up on the hill yonder the stately mother smiled on her children as they gathered around the tree in eager anticipation, and the father looked over his broad expanse of waistcoat with a smile of serene content. But how was it on Barbary Coast?

In little knots on the sidewalks, lured with a fatal curiosity nearer and nearer until angrily ordered away by the bar-tenders, were children, ten, twelve, fourteen years of age, with little pinched old faces; children unduly wise, who laughed and jested at drunkenness, to whom the light and the hilarity had a resistless fascination; human shrubs whose dwarfed and distorted lives were destined never to bear flowers or fruitage. Some of them were smoking, some were munching oranges that the fruit-venders had rejected and thrown into the street; but the most of them were peering with admiration into the saloons in defiance of the occasional efforts made to drive them away.

Some of the "respectable" saloons had wooden screens inside in front of the doors to shut off the view from the street. At these places the music was louder, the laughter more continuous, the numbers greater, the smoke thicker, the confusion and glare more bewildering. Larger groups of children were here gathered on the sidewalk, and occasionally one more daring than the rest would creep around the corner of the screen and gaze upon the feverish and noisy scene with admiration. From little back rooms came the clink of coin, and, child as he was, the boy at the screen knew what it meant. Indeed, as he stood there, with a cigar stump in his little mouth, which he occasionally removed to pay his respects with unerring precision to the nearest spittoon, he was different from those about him only in size. Give him time, and the difference will disappear.

On this particular Christmas evening there was suddenly a shout among the urchins on the outside. The boy by the screen was on the sidewalk in an instant.

"What's up?"

"There comes Old Hunks."

Slowly up the street, muttering to himself, came an old, stoop-shouldered man, who glanced apprehensively at the group of boys. His appearance was shabby in the extreme. His hair was unkempt, his eyebrows were shaggy, his beard was tangled and uncombed, and his small, nervous gray eyes shone like balls of fire. To a stranger the old man might have appeared to be in the depths of destitution. But the residents of this neighborhood knew better. Many of them paid rent to him, for he owned many of the buildings that were illumined to-night with such a fateful glare. His tenants hated him. They said he was a miser, that he was hard-hearted, that he granted no delays, that he had no soul. What use could a miser have for a soul?

The boys heard this talk at home.

"Hello, Hunksy," said one, with a box slung over his shoulder. "Have a shine? I'll take yer note for it."

No one knew the old man's name. Probably it appeared somewhere on musty old title-deeds. He signed his rent receipts, always, "O. H.;" and when some wag—for they have a grim humor on Barbary Coast—suggested that the letters stood for "Old Hunks," the name stuck to him.

"What yer goin' to give me for Chris'mus?" queried a cross-eyed gamin with a freckled face.

"Lemme a bit, will yer, Hunksy?" asked another. "I'll pay yer out er my divvydends."

"He wouldn't len' a feller a stable to be born in, he wouldn't," replied a third, "not without yer spouted yer watch with him."

The old man grabbed the last speaker, and administered a couple of sound cuffs.

"Who yer hittin'?" angrily demanded the urchin, although there seemed little room for doubt on that question.

But before he could get an answer, the miser had turned into a side-street, and the boys went back to the saloon door, not without some jeers at their crestfallen companion.

Old Hunks evidently was out of humor. Some of his tenants had not paid him to-day. Several were overdue a considerable time. There was Digby, for instance, who lived with his wife and four children in the two back rooms over the last saloon. Digby was more than a week behind, and it was Digby's boy whom he had cuffed. The father was in the saloon, drinking, as the old man probably knew. Four or five others were behind from one to two weeks, something Old Hunks had never permitted before. They pleaded hard times. They said they couldn't get work. What had he to do with hard times? It wasn't his fault if they couldn't get work. They didn't want to work. They wouldn't work if you'd give them a chance. Work, indeed—nonsense.

But the worst case was that of the sick woman with the two little children, who lived in the tenement house on this side-street.

"Three months now," growled Old Hunks to himself as he shuffled along the narrow sidewalk, from which the tired-looking, hard-faced women withdrew into their doors with their children to let him pass.

"Three months now, and not a cent. That's what I get for showing a little kindness to these people, and letting the rent run."

He turned in at the door of the tenement house, and climbed slowly up the narrow staircase. The air was musty, and rank with the smell of the afternoon's cooking, which had mingled from a dozen different apartments. There was no light, save that one of the rooms on the first floor boasted a stained transom, thick with venerable dust, through which a few rays struggled from a candle inside. It was sufficient to enable him to feel his way up the creaky stairs.

As he finished the third flight, and stopped to catch his breath, he heard a woman's sobs, interrupted by those of two children.

"They heard me coming," muttered Old Hunks to himself, "and they're getting a good ready."

The old man knocked at the door. There was no response. He waited a moment, then knocked a second time. Still the sound of sobs within, but no answer.

Putting his hand upon the knob, he opened the door and went in. The room was cold and bare. The wind came in at a broken pane in spite of the effort some one had made to check it with a piece of newspaper. There was one chair, with the rounds missing, one small table, and a bed. Upon the latter, in the corner of the room, lay a woman, sobbing, and evidently very sick. By her side were two small children, a boy about five years of age, and a girl about three. The children also were crying. They were so occupied that they did not see the new comer.

Old Hunks did not look at the group, but fixed his face in a hard, set way, toward the vacant wall.

"I have come for my money," he said stonily, advancing a step or two.

His voice, and the sound of his feet upon the bare floor, attracted the attention of the sick woman. Turning with evident difficulty and pain, she looked in his direction, drawing one arm in instinctive fear about her children. Old Hunks saw the movement, although he avoided her face.

"I have come for my money," he repeated. "I have been put off long enough."

The woman put her hand to her head, as if trying to realize what was going on. She uttered a moan of pain, which she seemed too weak to stifle. At last she broke down completely, and commenced to sob.

"My children! Oh, my poor children!"

Old Hunks shifted position uneasily, but still held doggedly to his declaration, in a sterner manner.

"I have come for my money. What do you expect to do? I can't keep you along forever."

The woman straightened up in her bed. A sudden power seemed to have seized her. She rose with desperate resolution, and, walking unsteadily across the floor, caught the miser

by the sleeve. The pallor of death was in her face. The clutch of death was in her fingers. Her white garments hung about her like a shroud, and her luminous eyes burned with an unearthly light.

"For the love of God, sir, do not let my children starve. If you hope for mercy—oh, my poor children!—do not—"

The exertion was too much. She staggered, and fell to the floor. The old man, with some effort, lifted her upon the bed. He chafed her hands nervously for a few moments. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. At last he saw that she lay very still, that the nostrils did not appear to move. Her eyes had a glassy look, and the children, who had huddled together frightened, began to cry. And well they might, for outside was the merciless world, and here, in this silent room, was merciless Death.

The little boy dropped something from his hand. It fell at the feet of the miser, who picked it up and looked at it, then took it to the light, and held it there some time. It was a small locket, and contained the picture of a young girl apparently about eighteen years of age. The locket was gold. It had a small chain, long enough to go about the neck, also gold. He examined both chain and locket closely, then put them upon the table. He picked up his hat, and moved toward the door. He hesitated at the threshold, came back, put the locket and chain in his pocket, and went out, closing the door behind him.

Who can tell his thoughts as he shuffled, muttering to himself, down the rickety stairs and into the narrow street? Was it not enough to lose his money? What right had a woman to die and leave her children for others to feed? It was not to be tolerated. Other women would be doing the same thing. People must pay their honest debts, and support their children. Little they would care for Old Hunks if *he* were to die! What if he did have a little money—there wasn't so much after all—but what of it? Didn't he get it honestly? Didn't he pay his debts—that was the question—did he ever die and leave both debts and children behind?

Whatever Old Hunks's thoughts may have been, he went slowly down the stairs and out into the night. And the helpless children were left alone with their dead—so helpless that they thought it was sleep, so innocent that they fondled her dead face and wondered why she answered not, and so tired with their sobbing that they finally crept up beside her and went to sleep upon her bosom.

Two hours passed, and still they slept. The clock on St. Mary's tolled the hour of midnight. The narrow street grew quiet, but around the corner Barbary Coast was still ablaze, though the boys were no longer seen on the sidewalks. Men were drinking deeply and sullenly now. Now and then a drunken man staggered by on his way home. Now and then a noise from some saloon told of a brawl over the dice or cards. Farther up the street a man had been killed in a quarrel over a disputed game. On the hills above the lights were dying out of the windows. In a few homes they still shone on happy faces, and on fair forms that moved in the graceful dance. It was only a few blocks from this—to this. It is only a step from wealth to poverty, from virtue to crime, from innocence to shame.

The echoes of the cathedral clock had scarcely died upon the midnight air when a carriage drew up in front of the tenement house. Two ladies and a gentleman alighted, and the three passed up the narrow stairs. At the third flight they stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, opened the door facing the staircase. The children were still sleeping.

"Poor things," said one of the ladies, "what would have become of them!"

Carefully lifting them one by one, still sleeping, the gentleman carried them down stairs and handed them tenderly to some person in the carriage. He then returned up stairs, and the carriage drove rapidly away.

Pacific Street awoke sluggishly the next day. On the side-street few were stirring early in the morning. The fumes of Chrismas Eve still polluted the pure morning air of Christmas Day. Mrs. Dennis Regan, who had rooms on the third floor of the tenement house, having heard unusual noises in the next apartment during the night, peered out of her room about eight o'clock. The door opposite was open, and she saw three persons, two ladies and a gentlemen, watching there. "The sick woman's dead," she said to herself, "and her rich friends have come to watch wid her. It wouldn't have hurt 'em to have looked afther her a bit when she needed it more than she does now, poor sowl."

The news of the death, and the interest taken by the "rich friends," soon flew through the street, which straightway began to be mollified in its usual bitter feelings toward well to do people. But at ten o'clock an event occurred which roused the popular indignation to the highest pitch. The undertaker arrived, accompanied by a man muffled in a great coat, under whose directions the body was soon taken away. But Mrs. Dennis Regan, happening to come up the narrow stairs as the muffled man, who seemed desirous of avoiding observation, was going down, recognized him as the much detested miser, "Old Hunks."

The theory of the "rich friends" was immediately abandoned by the street.

"The old skinflint, bad cess to him," abjured Mrs. Dennis Regan, "has garnisheed the dead woman for the rint."

"The Lord save them pore childers!" shuddered her neighbor, as she listened with breathless interest to the story of the miser's heartless action.

"To think of me takin' that deperty sheriff fer a gintleman, and them two brazen-faced things fer ladies," exclaimed Mrs. Regan.

That Christmas afternoon, Old Hunks climbed up to his little room on the fourth floor of one of his own buildings—a room for which no one would pay rent, and which he had accordingly occupied for many years. Do you know what manner of place a miser's home is? It is'nt a very inviting spot, to be sure. It has a barren and desolate look, like the life of the miser himself. But some how or other, the old man had become attached to this room through all the years that he had lived there. They were weary years as he looked back on them; years rich in gold, but oh, how poor in human sympathy and companionship! There was little pleasure that he could remember in them. He had given himself wholly over to money-getting, and his soul had shrunk, and shrunk, until the room had not appeared small and mean to him. That is the worst of a sordid passion; we lose our finer sense of the perspective and relation of things. On this afternoon, somehow, the room seemed cramped and oppressive. He sat down by the table, and leaned his head upon his hand. He was buried in deep thought. The hard expression was relaxed, and there were fine lines in his face. Observed closely, he did not appear so old as his white hair would indicate. He was evidently much distressed, and a nature capable of entire devotion to one object, even though a sordid one, is capable, also, of intense feeling. At last an expression of pain escaped him:

"O my God! And I never suspected it."

Rising after a while, and, going to an old trunk in the corner, he unlocked it and took out a strong tin box, which he brought back to the table and placed thereon. Producing a small key from his pocket he opened it. On the top were some deeds and mortgages. Removing these, he came to a small parcel, carefully tied in a piece of oil-silk. He undid this parcel slowly, and as though every movement was painful to him. It contained two old letters, and a small gold locket with a chain. He took from his pockets the trinket which he had taken from the little boy. In outward appearance the lockets and chains were exactly similar.

The one he had taken from the box contained the picture of a young, and, withal, handsome man, and bore the inscription:

"O. H. TO A. M."

The one he took from his pocket contained the face of a young girl, and in similar lettering was inscribed:

"A. M. TO O. H."

The two letters in the box were yellow and discolored with age.

"Twenty years!" he said, bitterly, to himself. "Twenty years! And we both threw our lives away for a momentary spite—she to become the wife of one she did not love, and I to become the miserable thing that I am. And I hunted her to the death! O my God! If I had only suspected it!"

He paced the floor in agitation. The past rose before him like a hideous specter, grinning in horrible triumph. Even the sweet face in the locket was turned to him sadly, with a reproachful look. A strong nature, capable of utter self-abnegation, of the demolition of every ideal and idol, of the pursuit of a repulsive object not as a matter of choice but of will, is susceptible, upon occasion, of the most bitter and intense remorse. There was no thought in his mind of the contrast between the promise of his youth and the barren and dreary fulfillment of his manhood—only the haunting suggestion of the wrong to another, of the contrast between the sweet face which looked up to him from yonder table and the agonized face which had implored him with dying eyes the night before.

"Heaven is my witness that I never suspected it. I cannot——"

It was too much. His head burned, and he felt a heavy, oppressive pain at his heart which startled him. He went to the table, took a sheet of paper, and commenced to write. After a few lines he tore it up and selected another sheet. Upon this he wrote a few short sentences, then signed his name and affixed the date. Weak and exhausted, he went to the bed and lay his head upon the pillows. The afternoon sunlight came in at the little window and shone upon his tired face. The rays seemed warmer and more rosy than usual. Looking out through the panes, the west was aflame with a glory of color. And through this radiance of the heavens the sun was sinking slowly into the waters of the limitless sea.

Early the next morning, Digby, still out of work, and still in arrears for his rent, mounted the stairs leading to the miser's room, to beg for a further delay. Digby considered himself

wronged, in some indefinite way, by every one who had wealth, and by his landlord in particular. It had so happened that, on a certain day of the week before, Digby had been possessed of the money to pay his rent. But the landlord, not knowing this fact, failed to call upon him, having done so without success several previous days in succession. As a consequence, the money went into the coffers of the saloon situated immediately under the Digby residence, and that worthy, by some irrelevancy of logic, considered Old Hunks principally to blame for this result. Hence it was, as he climbed the stairs, that he looked upon his errand as largely in the nature of a humiliation; and it was a little vindictively, perhaps, that he knocked with such unnecessary distinctness. Hearing no answer, with the usual directness of his class, he applied his hand to the knob, and opened the door.

He stood a moment irresolute. There is one presence which unnerves the strongest. Digby was not a bad man at heart. He took his hat from his head instinctively, and said, below his breath:

"God forgive me for the hard things I've said about him."

A doctor was soon brought, but human skill is powerless in the presence of the awful mystery of death. He pronounced it heart disease. He never knew with what unconscious truth he spoke.

Upon the table they found a holographic will, penned, signed, and dated in the well known characters. It lay, still open, where it had been written. They took it up, curious to read the will of a miser. After the appointment of an executor, it contained these words:

"I forgive and release all persons in my debt the amounts to which they are severally indebted. To my said executor, I give one-half of all my property, real and personal, in trust, to be invested by him, and the income to be applied to the relief of worthy people in distress in the city of San Francisco. All the residue and remainder of my property I give, share and share alike, to the two children of my deceased friend Alice Benton, formerly Alice Marshall. And, with trust in His eternal goodness, I commit my soul unto Him who knoweth and forgiveth."

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

NOTE BOOK.

THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM ASSOCIATION is the name of an organization having its headquarters in New York City, and having in view the accomplishment of the following objects, as declared in the second clause of its constitution:

"The object of the Association shall be to establish a system of appointment, promotion, and removal in the Civil Service founded upon the principle that public office is a public trust, admission to which should depend upon proved fitness. To this end the Association will demand that appointments to subordinate executive offices, with such exceptions not inconsistent with the principle already mentioned, as may be expedient, shall be made from persons whose fitness has been ascertained by competitive examinations open to all applicants properly qualified; and that removals shall be made for legitimate causes only, such as dishonesty, negligence, or inefficiency, but not for political opinion or for refusal to render party service; and the Association will advocate all other appropriate measures for securing intelligence, integrity, good order, and due discipline in the Civil Service."

Mr. George William Curtis is President of the Association, and the high character of those who are engaged in promoting it is a sufficient guaranty of its purpose and aims. It is probable that this organization may be productive of great good if its influence be not dissipated in the attempt to bring about inconsequential "reforms" with which the people are not in sympathy. In other words, the progress of civil service reform so far has been retarded by the attempted enforcement of irritating, petty regulations as to the individual conduct of office holders, regulations which in some instances went so far as to abridge the freedom of one in office to participate with his fellow-citizens in the privileges of American citizenship. It is safe to say that the people have never been and will not be in sympathy with any such efforts. Now, the essential point in reforming the civil service is to introduce a tenure of office during life or good behavior. So long as the petty offices shall be bestowed in payment for party zeal, so long will those who desire to possess or retain those offices be mere retainers of the party "leaders," so long will the "leaders" use their power to perpetuate their rule, and so long will the reform be delayed. On the other hand, let the tenure for life or good behavior be introduced, there will be every incentive for the honest performance of duty, and none whatever for its neglect. Public officials will look forward to a long and honorable life in the Government employ, and these positions will grow in respectability and general esteem. There is no good reason why a change of administration should affect the position of any officer of the Government, except, possibly, the Cabinet. But how is this to be brought about. It is not to be expected that Senators and Representatives in Congress will lend their aid to any scheme which shall deprive them of the patronage by which they perpetuate their power. In fact, experience has proved that they will stand like a solid phalanx in the way of any such measure. And if one Congress could be persuaded into the passage of an adequate law, the same would be subject to the amendment, repeal, or practical nullification of every succeeding Congress. It is clear that any pro-

vision of this kind, in order to be permanent, must be placed above the reach of those who might be interested to have it abrogated or amended. There is but one such place, and that is in the Constitution of the United States. In the case of our federal judges it was thought to be important that they should hold office during good behavior, and it was accordingly so provided in the Constitution. As a result, they are, in general, men of intelligence and honesty, keeping aloof from partisanship and performing their duties efficiently. From the beginning of the Government the judiciary has been its most honorable and learned department. Now, if it be desirable that all our offices be as inviolable as these, it is also desirable that the enactment be equally beyond the reach of those who would render it nugatory. It is better, perhaps, not to make the experiment than to fail in it. If the Civil Service Reform Association will devote its efforts to procuring a constitutional amendment providing that all appointive executive officers, save members of the President's Cabinet, shall hold office for life or during good behavior, except when retired for old age upon suitable pensions, it will accomplish more in the direction of reforming the public service than can be brought about in any other manner. It is well enough to urge competitive examinations, but the manner of appointment is of infinitely less importance than the tenure of office after appointment.

THE INFLUENCE OF SUCH A REFORM upon the motives of the voters will not be inconsiderable. The elective franchise will be to an extent lifted out of the quagmire of politics on to the higher and better ground of statesmanship. The objective point will be essentially different. An election will no longer be a mere scramble for offices. It will be a struggle to secure the legislative rather than the executive department of government—to shape the national policy, to enact the laws, and to determine in a given way grave questions of statecraft, rather than merely to secure the spoils. In England, when a change of administration takes place, a score or so of gentlemen, whose positions have directly to do with the national policy, go out of office, and are replaced by as many of their opponents. The great body of office-holders are undisturbed. The question of spoils does not come even remotely into the contest. The question of individual gain does not and cannot enter the mind of the average voter. It is purely a matter of public, and not at all of personal, moment. The end in view is to influence legislation or to effect in some manner the public policy. It is a matter of utter inconsequence who does the clerical work, who fills the petty places. A broader, higher, and better motive prevails. In this country the struggle is to secure the executive department. The party is deemed to have won who has this, even if its adversary remain in possession of the law-making power. Every voter is a possible office-holder, and it is to be feared that too many of them have this fact in mind at the polls. When the tenure of office is for life or during good behavior, this motive will cease to exist, and voters will consider merely the public good.

THE INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY OF WRITERS for the opinions which they express in the articles published over their signatures in THE CALIFORNIAN has been editorially proclaimed upon several different occasions. But as a number of persons not otherwise open to the charge of feculence of intellect seem unable to comprehend this very general rule, we take occasion to reannounce it. We desire, and expect to publish, vigorous and able articles from leading men on both sides of live questions. We do not expect to prune, cut down, or distort the same, nor to strike out ideas with which we do not agree. If the magazine were to be held responsible for opinions expressed in articles it would be necessary to do this. Every article would be deprived of its individuality, and the only opinion would be that of the editor. We prefer to make the magazine the exponent of the best thought of the contributors, and we shall not ask them to write or think by measure according to our dictation. As a corollary, it is not THE CALIFORNIAN, but the contributor, who is responsible for the sentiments which appear over his signature.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

DUST-SHOWERS.

The wide-spread area over which a single occurrence of that class of phenomena known as "dust-showers" frequently extends has suggested the idea that they may oftentimes have a cosmic origin. Dust-showers, it is true, often occur from local causes, such as volcanic eruptions, by which ashes are distributed over areas of many hundred miles in extent, or from dust raised by the passage of wind-storms over large tracts of desert, and deposited at distant points, as often occurs in the southern part of California. But the following, collated from the official organ of the United States Civil Service for March, 1880, would seem to imply a cosmic origin: A most remarkable dust-shower made its appearance in British Columbia on the afternoon of March 24th, and, moving southward, passed over Idaho on the morning of the 25th; still continuing its easterly course, it was central in Nebraska on the afternoon of the 26th. At midnight of the same day it was central in Iowa. On the afternoon of the 27th it was felt in Illinois, and at midnight in Ohio. Very remarkable dust-storms prevailed at the same time in Missouri, Kansas, and New Mexico. During the continuance of this fall of dust the barometer at the different localities mentioned varied from 0.04 to 0.75 below the normal point. It is well known that snow collected on mountain-tops and within the Arctic Circle, far beyond the influence of factories and smoke, or the effects of wind passing over the bare earth, confirm the supposition that minute particles of dust float in space, and, in time, come in contact with our atmosphere, when they fall to the earth. These particles of dust are sometimes found to consist largely of iron, and by many scientists are thought to bear

some relation to auroral phenomena. Gronemann, of Gottingen, has put forth the theory that streams of these particles revolve around the sun, and that when the earth passes through such streams the iron particles are attracted to the poles, from whence they shoot forth in long filaments through the upper atmosphere with such velocity that they often become ignited, and they produce the well known luminous appearance characterizing auroral phenomena. Professor Nordenskjold, who recently examined snow at points far north of Spitzbergen, reports that he found in it exceedingly minute particles of metallic iron, cobalt, and phosphorus. It would seem exceedingly probable that such particles could have no other than a cosmic origin.

HOT ICE.

The idea of "hot ice" would seem to be somewhat paradoxical. Yet it may be realized, and ice, or frozen water, may be kept in a vessel—glass, if you please—so that it may both be seen and handled, and yet be so hot that it will burn the hand that holds it. The principle under which it is possible that this curious experiment may be shown is as follows: In order to convert a solid into a liquid, the pressure must be above a certain point, else no amount of heat will *melt* the substance. Hence, if we can keep a cake of ice at a certain point of pressure, no heat can liquify it; the degree of heat which it will withstand depending upon the degree of pressure which is maintained. This interesting experiment has recently been performed by Mr. Thomas Carnelly, during his experimental investigations in regard to the boiling point of water, and other substances, under pressure.

ENGLISH DISLIKE OF INNOVATION.

One great cause of the decrease in English exports is the conservatism among English manufacturers and their extreme dislike of innovations. They are inclined to stick to old processes and old styles, refusing to study the tastes of their customers. They seek to impose their own notions and ideas upon the world. Hence, foreign buyers seek in America, in Germany, and in France, goods better suited to their taste and needs. French manufacturers are particularly ready and quick to suit their work to the tastes of their customers. They are especially apt in devising new styles and patterns, such as shall most readily meet the varying tastes of buyers. They realize that variety is pleasing and fashion capricious, and never hesitate to change a machine, or a pattern, when the old one fails to suit; while the Englishman looks well at the cost, and prefers to continue "in the good old way," with the hope that some day the fashion may come round again. Another example of the conservatism of the English manufacturer is manifested in his preference for hand work over machine work. He refuses to believe that a machine can be made to do more perfect work than the hand. Hence, in the manufacture of watches, of sewing-machines, and of many classes of fire-arms, he utterly fails to compete with more progressive mechanics on this side of the Atlantic. The more observing and thoughtful of Englishmen themselves are beginning to realize these facts, and have already raised the note of alarm. A British correspondent, who styles himself "A Skilled Workman," who recently visited some of our manufacturing establishments, writes as follows to the Sheffield *Telegraph:* "The use of files, rasps, and floats are superseded by other tools [machine tools] astonishing in their adaptability for perfect and rapid production. No written description could convey an idea of their great ability and method. . . . . The skill of the engineer has taken the place of the skilled artisans; for mere boys are tending these operations, and yet quality is not ignored. . . . . The readiness of the employers to adopt any practical suggestion from any one of their hands is a notable feature in most American factories, whereas the cold shoulder is generally given such in England. We weakly waddle in the wake of America in the matter of inventions until a necessity is proved, when an earnest effort is made and progress is attained. Old-fashioned methods of manufacture will have to be abandoned for newer and better ones, if 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,' is not to be written across British commerce in the future. The individual skill and handicraft of the best Sheffield workmen I have not seen surpassed in the United States, but they are inadequate for all the requirements of the present age."

A DELICATE INSTRUMENT.

Professer S. P. Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, has invented an instrument for measuring the intensity of radiant heat, which he claims is thirty times more sensitive than the ordinary thermopile—the most delicate instrument yet invented for such use. Moreover, the thermopile is very slow in its action, while the Professor's new instrument, which he calls the thermal balance, takes up the heat and parts with it, so that it may be registered, in a single second. Its action is almost as prompt as the human eye. Its accuracy is so perfect that it will record within one per cent. of the amount to be measured. Its sensitiveness is so great that it will register, accurately, an amount of heat which will not exceed one fifty-thousandth part of a degree of Fahrenheit. When mounted in a reflecting telescope, it will record the heat given off by a man, or even any small animal in a distant field. The Professor has been applying it to measure the heat of the moon, from which some interesting and reliable data may soon be expected. It is the most delicate and truly scientific instrument for measuring the energy of radiant heat which has ever been devised.

THE DEAD-POINT IN MIND TENSION.

It is a common subject of marvel that criminals, in the presence of immediate execution, are so often perfectly self-possessed, and exhibit such singular composure. They will sleep through the night before execution, and rise as for an ordinary day's duties. Those who form exceptions to this rule, who are more or less prostrated by the agonizing prospects of violent death, no doubt suffer much more than those who control their feelings. The former usually retain every faculty and sense, and seek for information, and adopt measures to minimize their sufferings at the critical moment. As a general thing, their pulse is even less disturbed than is that of the officials who are compelled to carry out the dread penalty of the law. Why is this? *The Lancet* answers as follows: "The mind has reached what may be designated a 'dead-point' in its tension. The excitement is over, the agony of anticipation, the trem-

bling doubt between hope and fear of escape, has exhausted the irritability of the mind, and there is, as it were, a pause, an interval of passive endurance between the end of the struggle for life, and the bitterness of remorse, and agony of disappointment, which may begin at death. In this interval, the mind is released from the tension of its effort for self-preservation, and almost rebounds with the sense of relief that comes with certainty, even though the assurance be that of impending death. . . . . The mental state of a criminal, during the hours previous to execution, presents features of intense interest to the psychologist, and, rightly comprehended, it is to be feared they would throw new light on the supposed preparation these unfortunate persons evince for a fate which, being inevitable, they, at the final moment, are able to meet with a composure in which hypocrisy or self-deception finds the amplest scope."

ART AND ARTISTS.

WILLIAM KEITH.

There are few among the landscape painters of the country whose work is more full, both of fulfillment and promise, than the artist whose name stands at the head of this paragraph. Mr. Keith has recently returned from New England, and has, in his San Francisco studio, eighty-seven sketches in oil of scenes in Maine and New Hampshire. To say that these are admirable is to do them scant justice. They range through all the different moods of Nature. They paint her in all her costumes, from the gaudy glory of her autumnal dress to her most sober and ashen vestment. They display more versatility than one would have imagined possible. To one familiar with New England landscape, they seem, in their way, perfect. A lady not inaptly remarked that they made her homesick. Detailed criticism is, of course, from the number of these sketches, impossible. The characteristic which they have in common is a remarkable truthfulness of impression, a bold grasp of the subject as a whole. They are vivid, realistic, true to nature as well as to art. In fact, one insensibly renders them the highest tribute that can be paid; he forgets the art, he sees only the scene. The impression one gets is general, not detailed; it is that which is received in gazing upon Nature for inspiration, not in examining her for information. Artists too often make the mistake of finishing every rock, tree, and bank as it appears upon a close study. As a result, the picture has no perspective; neither foreground nor background. It is bewildering. The one impression sought is lost in a maze of impressions. The picture is merely a botanical catalogue in oil. In Mr. Keith's sketches, everything is properly subordinated to and harmonized with the whole, as in nature itself. It presents the scene as the poet sees it, as the artist beholds it, not as the painstaking scientist analyzes it. Mr. Keith's admirers will claim that these sketches are equal, if not superior, to anything which has been produced in the same line. And those who enjoy the rare privilege of seeing them will not be inclined to dispute this claim.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

This society, founded in Boston a year and a half ago, has now had its experts for some months in the field, and is likely to make very important contributions to our knowledge of the life of prehistoric man in America. The remains of the works of the former inhabitants of this continent are the principal source to which we must look for a knowledge of the condition of man in America previous to its discovery four hundred years ago. These remains have never yet been made the object of a comprehensive survey and a scientific classification, but their varied character, and the wide field over which they extend, make them a most attractive object of exploration. From the south-western corner of Colorado, across New Mexico, Arizona, and Mexico, to Yucatan and Central America, the unexplained structures of a vanished race impel us to inquire what were the objects of their builders, and how far their methods of construction indicate an intellectual purpose, mechanical skill, the possession of improved tools, or any other advancement toward civilization. Within the limits of the United States the principal structures awaiting interpretation are: (1) the extraordinary cave-dwellings, found principally along the tributaries of the San Juan, in Colorado, and built in the faces of cliffs hundreds of feet above the level of the valleys; (2) the towers and the ancient pueblos, no longer inhabited, built in terrace form, and comprising, in some instances, as many as five hundred apartments in one structure; (3) the modern pueblos, like the ancient in plan, and, like them, found principally in New Mexico and Arizona, and inhabited by existing Indian tribes. Such are the pueblos which extend along the Rio Grande del Norte, and are found at Zuñi and Moqui, points hitherto remote from contact with white men. To explore each of these groups of structures will be the first object of the Archæological Institute, which has wisely determined to begin investigations by a precise study of the inhabited pueblos. This will enable the Institute to put on record a scientific account of the mode of life, the industries, the customs, the religion, the folk-lore, the traditions of tribes which must soon perish before the advance of our own race. The information thus acquired will doubtless furnish the key to interpreting the constructive purposes of the ancient pueblos, so closely allied to those of the present; and the theory advanced as to the connection between the plan of the buildings and a supposed communal mode of life will probably be definitely settled. It may not be too much to expect that the study of existing pueblo life will also supply many hints as to the objects for which the cliff-dwellings may have been erected. The Institute will, at any rate, secure trustworthy ground-plans and measurements of those and of all other structures; and, in view of the demolition of many structures for building purposes which is certain

to attend the approaching settlement of the country, this work has not been begun a moment too soon. It is also of importance that the work of collecting the legends and superstitions of the numerous small tribes of Indians scattered over Arizona should proceed as rapidly as possible. It has been a matter of frequent observation by travelers who have visited Arizona at intervals during the past ten years that a frightful mortality invariably manifests itself in tribes which come in contact with the vagrant mining population of the place. This fact should stimulate the Institute to push its work forward as rapidly as possible. The ability to do so will no doubt depend upon the subscriptions received. The Institute appeals to the whole country. It is a thoroughly American enterprise. At the same time the field of its labors belongs especially to the Pacific Coast, and we do not doubt that the value of the Institute's researches as a basis for future history will be appreciated here, and meet with substantial encouragement. In the list of life-members, which appears in the first annual report, Mr. D. O. Mills has the honor of representing California. It is to be hoped that in the next report the names of many other Californians will stand by his. The conditions of membership may be learned by addressing the Secretary, Mr. Edward H. Greenleaf, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

DRAMA AND STAGE.

CONTRARY TO GENERAL EXPECTATION, *Daniel Rochat* is a success in New York. Originally produced at the Théâtre Français, under the author's immediate supervision, to an audience composed of the *élite* of Paris, and interpreted by the best actors in all Europe, it failed to achieve even the modest success of being understood. This is something of a paradox, and the explanation interesting—for it is not often that the verdict of Paris is reversed in New York. The simple fact is, *Daniel Rochat* is an English play in a French dress, and its philosophy proved quite too subtile for the *naïveté* of the French mind. In the first place, the character of "Lea Henderson" could not be intelligible to them from any stand-point. That a woman could be religious without being bigoted, and worship liberty without denying God, has never entered into their ideas. Yet there is a little town in Massachusetts, Boston by name, which we venture to say would indorse "Lea" *in toto*. It is curious, in this connection, that the author of *l'Oncle Sam* should have displayed to the eyes of Europe so favorable a specimen of American womanhood. He would apologize, perhaps, by pointing out the fact that she is half English. Again, giving to "Lea" the power of analysis was positively startling to them, and the remark which so fascinated "Rochat"—"La liberté en France est un peu comme le génie de la Bastille, le pied toujours en l'air pour s'envoler"—could never have come from the mouth of a French girl. As she is the central figure, and "Rochat," dramatically speaking, but a foil to her, this, of itself, would explain its success where she was a living thing, its failure where she was a shadowy unreality. Moreover, making "Rochat" more bigoted that bigot was another shock to the conventionalism which is so characteristic of the French mind; and yet the proposition that proselytism and intolerance are common to human nature, and not the accidents of creeds, would seem to be almost an axiom. Sardou evidently apprehended some difficulty here, since in the long scene between the elder "Fargis" and "Rochat" he is careful to contrast the average skeptical temperament with the rarer enlightened one. "Rochat," completely taken aback by the conservative skepticism of his friend, exclaims:

DANIEL.—Enfin tu n'es pas un clérical! Tu es un philosophe!
FARGIS.—Religieux!
DANIEL.—De quelle religion?
FARGIS.—De toutes.
DANIEL.—Et moi d'aucune.

It may be urged that all this belongs rather to a thesis than to a play. But there is a practical, a dramatic—nay, a poetic—side to the most negative of human ideas; and if Sardou has failed to state his premises with simplicity, he has not overlooked any element of human interest in the working out of his conclusion. It is just the element of human interest in "Daniel Rochat" and in "Lea" which is precious, for he would be a poor playwright indeed who should found a work appealing almost exclusively to the feelings and the heart upon a negation. They are in the position of two travelers meeting at cross-roads, but to take widely divergent paths. She, hating tyranny of every kind, thinks to find in "Rochat" a liberality equal to her own, but awakes to discover a skepticism more narrow than the bigotry from which she has fled. For if "Lea" is typical of anything, it is of a thirst for liberty, but not the liberty which rejects the good with the bad. She prosecutes a crusade against all tyranny in the name of God; he, a crusade against all religion in the name of liberty. The situation of making a play turn on the mere formalities of marriage is not absolutely new to the stage, but is nevertheless one of great power and purpose; that of being married and not married is certainly dramatic enough for any taste, and this is the gist of *Daniel Rochat*, all else being mere details grouped around the central point. That two persons should contract with enthusiasm, marry in haste, one of the parties even ignorant that she was married at all; that out of discussion of mere formalities should grow a knowledge of one another; that a terrible duel should arise; that love should expire in the conflict, and divorce be a welcome solution—surely all this is dramatic enough; perhaps too much so.

THOSE WHO THINK THAT GENIUS HAS DEPARTED from the stage should see Sheridan. If greatness consists in a complete identification of the actor with the character, then Sheridan is unmistakably great. On seeing *Louis XI.* a second time, we tried the experiment of repeating mechanically to ourselves, "This is Sheridan the actor." The experiment proved a failure. Sher-

idan the actor disappeared, and in his place stood the grim personality of "Louis." Sheridan has this advantage over many of his fellow-actors, that he has attained celebrity after a long apprenticeship. He is master of the technics of his art. Sheridan has this in common with his English prototype, Irving. They are both realistic, though the former possesses a far greater power of drawing out the salient features of the characters he plays. Moreover, he would not have stooped to the bit of clap-trap which Irving introduced into his *Louis XI.*, in making his hair turn white between the fourth and fifth acts. In fact, he is an artist, disdaining all unworthy ways to public favor. Never playing to the galleries, but always to the most critical of his audience, he has attained complete success by absolutely artistic methods.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FOUR CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LETTERS. Selections from the Correspondence of One Hundred and Fifty Writers from the Period of the Paston Letters to the Present Day. Edited and arranged by W. Baptiste Scoones. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

This collection of letters is, of course, open to the same general criticisms as all collections. They are never very satisfactory. They contain too much and too various matter to be read consecutively through, and not enough to be perfectly satisfactory for browsing among. The old letters of English writers are as interesting as any branch of history, biography, or literature could be, but the ideal way to read them is in full files. We ought to have libraries at our elbows in which should stand side by side full collections of the letters of every English writer worth publishing, and also of a good many not worth publishing, to make us appreciate the good ones. Among these volumes we could search and prowl at our own sweet will, and feel very much as if we had found in an old chest up garret stores of yellow packets recording the courtship of our great-grandfathers and the household affairs of their aunts and mothers, and had sat down on the floor beside it, with our laps full of the brittle sheets, to spend a long afternoon in wandering through the world of a hundred years ago. The obvious impossibility of reading old English letters in any such ideal way, unless one lives at some great literary center, reconciles us to such eclectic works as the one in question. It gives to most of us the opportunity to read letters that otherwise we should not have read at all.

It is somewhat surprising to see how small a proportion, even in a book of selected letters, consists of really good ones, and flattering to nineteenth century vanity to see how this proportion steadily increases as one nears the present time. The chronological order adopted by the editor displays this progress excellently. The most marked and permanent impression made by the book is the steady increase in simplicity, self-respect, and sincerity apparent in the tone of the letters. The strain of artificial compliment in all the earlier ones seems to us not simply a custom, but an indication of a certain servility. The self-respect with which writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries ask favors, the frank equality with which they address friends, is not to be found earlier. Humor, too, appears to be in letters a modern product, though literature showed no lack of it as far back as Chaucer. Another thing which few of the older letter-writers seem to have been capable of is clear and direct expression. It is really refreshing to see the vague, cumbrous sentences grow clearer, century by century, as we approach the present.

The really good letters are distributed among a very few writers, and these are almost invariably men of literary distinction, whose "Life and Letters" are already in print. This fact takes away from the interest of the book. We feel that all that is best in it we have had before in lives of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Macaulay, etc. Nevertheless, the book gives us an interesting opportunity to compare the good with the mediocre; it includes many letters that are not brilliant, yet are mildly interesting, and it also includes some excellent ones that are not likely to be found elsewhere, especially among the older writers. There are one or two excellent letters of Roger Ascham, of Sir Thomas More, and of Lord Bacon, shining out like lamps among feeble tallow-dips, and there is at least one good, vigorous letter from Queen Elizabeth, written when too angry to mind the formalities. But the whole collection leaves us free to believe that instead of lost arts, letter-writing and conversation are still vigorous, and improving from generation to generation.

LEARNING TO DRAW, OR THE STORY OF A YOUNG DESIGNER. By Viollet-le-Duc. Translated from the French by Virginia Champlin. Illustrated by the author. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Everybody can learn to draw, but not everybody can be an artist. This dictum, which has the support of Ruskin, is also the guiding principle of the lessons conveyed in this capital book by the late distinguished architect and critic, M. Viollet-le-Duc. "Drawing," says the author, "taught as it should be, no more leads a child to become an artist than instruction in the French language leads him to become a poet. To me drawing is simply a mode of recording observations by the aid of a language which engraves them on the mind and permits one to utilize them, whatever the career he follows." If children who have gone through a long series of drawing lessons "never think of making a sketch which will remind them of a scene, a place, a piece of furniture, or a tool," it is "because they have never been taught to see; and one learns to see only by drawing, not from engraved patterns, but from objects themselves." These principles M. Viollet-le-Duc proceeds to illustrate in a charming story; for his whole book is only the story of a little boy who showed in a crude, but original, drawing of a cat that he had the talent of seeing for himself. Captivated by this sketch,

a generous old bachelor takes the boy into his own hands, and diligently trains his eye to see and his hand to record. From the drawing of geometrical cubes he advances to the study of plants, from plants to the anatomy of a bat, from the bat to man. On all sides the habit of observation is strengthened, and in the course of years the boy and his master visit the cliffs of the French coast, the "crags and peaks" of Switzerland, the art galleries of Italy, and at last the boy finds his vocation. All teachers of drawing will find this book rich in suggestiveness, and, with a little explanation of the more technical passages, it might be put in the hands of pupils with the certainty of stimulating enthusiasm and correcting wrong tendencies. We speak of explanations because the author's philanthropic bachelor has not always united to his judgment a simplicity of statement adapted to his youngest readers. There is, we imagine, an art of being a bachelor not unlike that "art d'être grandpère" of which Victor Hugo is the consummate master.

NEW COLORADO AND THE SANTA FE TRAIL. By A. A. Hayes, Jr. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

At a moment when a southern overland route is about to be opened to travelers, the publication of a book descriptive of Colorado and the Santa Fé Trail is especially timely. Mr. Hayes's copiously illustrated book is probably the most complete, as well as the most trustworthy, account of that portion of the country which has yet been published. Chapters on cattle-ranches and sheep-herding supply carefully prepared statistics for the settler, and there are convenient directions for the tourist and the invalid, besides many incidents of travel and sketches of character for the casual reader. The style is unfortunately marred by stale quotations, cheap jokes, and a painfully conscious effort to be amusing.

THE BOY TRAVELERS IN SIAM AND JAVA. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

MR. BODLEY ABROAD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

THE LOYAL RONINS. Translated from the Japanese of Tamenaga Shunsui by Shiuichiro Saito and Edward Greey. Illustrated by Kei-sai Yei-sen, of Yedo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

JAPANESE FAIRY WORLD. Stories from the Wonder-lore of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated by Ozawa, of Tokio. Schenectady, N. Y.: James H. Barhyte. 1880.

Certainly children's books were never made more beautiful or interesting than now. Those of the present season seem to relate largely to foreign and fascinating lands. The reputation of the "Bodley Series" is so well established that *Mr. Bodley Abroad* will be welcomed with delight by thousands. It is profusely illustrated, and the peculiar charm of the other Bodley books is not wanting in this latest one. The Orient brings all its wonders to delight the children of America. Mr. Thomas Knox, whose *Boy Travelers in China and Japan* was so favorably received, leads off with a supplemental volume, in which he conducts his young *protégés* through Siam and Java. A great deal of information is mingled with the narrative. The book is elaborately and beautifully illustrated. In *The Loyal Ronins* we have a translation of a Japanese romance, with cuts by a Japanese artist. The work is certainly unique in the book-maker's line. The "Loyal Ronins" were a band of faithful retainers who avenged the death of their master. As a piece of literary *bric-à-brac* this book is unexcelled. Not less quaint in its way is the *Japanese Fairy World*, in which the folk-lore of Japan is reproduced. Here also are specimens of native art. Those who delight in the literature of fairy-land, and we confess we believe them to be the best and most sympathetic minds to be found, will hail this addition from a new and strange quarter.

ONTI ORA. A Metrical Romance. By M. B. M. Toland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This little volume, beautifully bound and illustrated, is just at hand. The author is the widow of the late Dr. H. H. Toland, of this city, and to his memory the work is dedicated. Aside from a certain facility of metric construction, and a few good lines here and there, the poetry is ordinary and spiritless. Purporting to be American in scene and plot, the surroundings rapidly become European as the story advances, and the thread of narrative, with its gypsies, apparitions, and noble Frenchmen, is stereotyped and threadbare. The composition lacks character, thought, and the true poetic atmosphere, and we cannot but deplore the tendency toward the production of this class of literature.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. A Narrative Poem, with Some Minor Poems. By Thomas E. Van Bebber. 1880. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The work before us has been indited by a Californian writer and issued by a Californian publisher. We feel very friendly to home enterprise. We therefore refrain from a review.

THREE FRIENDS' FANCIES. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

JOHN SWINTON'S TRAVELS. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1880.

LOCKE. By Thomas Fowler. English Men of Letters Series. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

MARPLE HALL MYSTERY. A Romance. By Enrique Palmer. New York: Authors' Publishing Co. 1880.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

No. 143.—*English Men of Letters*—Burns, Goldsmith, Bunyan.

No. 144.—*English Men of Letters*—Johnson, Scott, Thackeray.

No. 145.—*Three Recruits.* A Novel. By Joseph Hatton.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

No. 145.—*Missing.* By Mary Cecil Hay.

OUTCROPPINGS.

CHRISTMAS.

When I look back over the years that I have lived, I find my earliest recollections clustered around Christmas, and clinging with a tenacity that defies time. I can recall every incident of that happy season—the joyful anticipation, which dated from the morning of the fifth of July; the eager expectation as the time drew near; the count of months and days and hours; the mysterious hush of Christmas Eve; the golden dreams that thronged the night, and the delirious joy of the winter dawn; the pattering of little feet, and the visions of little nightgowns, as the elders were awakened by the happy childish voices. Then the calm fruition of the day, and the sisters and the cousins, and the turkey and the pudding, and the stomach-ache that grandly crowned the whole. But the day came when we awoke from the bright dream, and in place of the rubicund and frosty face, the flowing beard, and the pawing reindeer, we found the ministering hands of parents and friends. It is the first idol that is broken, and nothing in after life, neither riches, nor power, nor fame, nor beauty, nor love, can quite fill the pedestal. Out of the mists of life's morning the rising sun fashions fleecy mountains and cloudy towers and depths of golden sea, while the bright blaze of manhood's noon dwarfs the mountain, scatters the towers, and the sea itself is found to be but the mirage of youth. But, though bright illusions go out of life, memory is constantly recalling them. Nor is material progress really hostile to sentiment; it is simply busy. By and by, when it sits down for a moment to wipe its heated brow, it will be sorry it had not time to notice that poor little feeling. Amid the clank of the piston, and the hiss of steam, and the click of the magnetic lever, the human heart is still beating, and once a year the children's hour commands a hush till you can count the throbs. Who shall estimate the value of this season? How many withered hearts have been renewed under its tender influence! How many selfish natures have felt the unwonted pleasure of making others happy! To how many Scrooges the Christmas carol has brought a revelation of humanity! If Christianity had given the world nothing else but Christmas, it would have given that which, in the sum of human happiness, outweighs all the gifts of all the creeds that earth has seen. Its distinctive glory is that it is the religion of humanity—the religion that softens man, that elevates woman, that casts a halo around infancy. The doctrine of Christ's nativity may be repugnant to the reason; the facts of his humanity touch the heart. Who can withhold veneration from a being who, in a world of violence and hate, preached the gospel of peace and love.

In the noble words of Macaulay, "It was before Deity, embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, sharing in their joys, leaning on their bosoms, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions were humbled in the dust." To realize what Christianity has done for women, look back on the ancient world. Take the literature of Greece. Think of its richness and variety. What phase of thought or feeling has it left untouched? It has reached the hight of sublimity in the thunder of Demosthenes, and the billowy roll of Homer's hexameters. It has sounded the depths of passion in the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles. It has peopled comedy with the most fantastic figures, and made it vocal with bursts of song and peals of elfish laughter. What impression do we carry away of women? We know that there was a class of brilliant beings who amused the leisure, and sometimes shared the toil, of great men. But they had no domestic existence. We know that Socrates had a wife the thought of whom must have made the hemlock palatable. Doubtless, there was the household drudge, but her life has no place in story. The names of some Roman matrons have survived, famed chiefly for harsh and unlovely virtues. But woman, the companion and helpmate of man, the sharer of his joys, the consoler of his griefs, the queen on whose brow the wreaths of poetry were laid, and at whose feet mail-clad warriors knelt, owes all that makes her lot brighter than the lot of her sister in the ancient world to the infant that was born on Christmas Day. Has she forgotten it? Religion, faint from the blows of reason, has taken refuge in the hearts of women. Darwin and Spencer, and Huxley and Tyndall, may investigate, and illustrate, and demonstrate, and prove; as long as one mother shall gather her little ones around her to tell them the story of Bethlehem, so long one ear shall be deaf and one heart closed to aught that would injure the religion which made a woman the mother of God. Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." They have come, O Galilean! Men may reject Thy cross, but children will kneel around Thy cradle. E. FIELD.

AT THE CIRCUS.

It was really a splendid show, was Cole's Circus. (Don't start, Mr. Editor; it's neither a puff nor an advertisement—they sailed for Australia more than two months ago.) It was instructive, too, my escort said, as we stopped in the menagerie tent to look at the animals, tame and wild, there assembled.

"Highly instructive," I assented, bitterly, as I gazed at the zebra in his cage; "for didn't I boldly use the simile 'striped as a zebra's legs,' in something I wrote the other day; and here I find every part of that aggravating brute's body striped, head and tail included—only not his legs! What shall I do?"

"Don't write about what you don't know, for the future," was the curt reply.

I got mad, of course, but kept my mouth shut till it was time to go into the next tent to see the performance. Just as my escort was about to enter the narrow lane leading into the large tent, I held him back.

"Don't," said I, beseechingly; "don't leave this tent. You can see for yourself that this menagerie is 'the most comprehensive and complete ever brought to

this coast,' with one exception—they have no bear. Now, if *you* could only be prevailed upon to stay with them, the collection would be perfect."

He pocketed my rebuke as submissively as I had taken his, and we went amicably together in search of our seats. The performance progressed in the usual satisfactory manner; the horses were something above the average; the wit of the clowns fell but little behind, and the athletes kept one in a delicious state of expectancy; every leap through mid-air looked as if it must be their last.

Just as the young lady who suspended herself through a pair of rings, about five hundred feet above sea level, was twisting and untwisting herself, to the enchanting strains of "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," my dizzy glance slipped over something directly in front of me. I had brought my eyes down from the gyrating maiden on high, to rest them. But when they fell where they did, they literally slipped right off, and I had to raise them to my neighbor's face, so that they could rest on something dull and sober-tinted. I took the liberty to nudge him, however, and point out to him the shining object with my finger. It was a little boy's head, with the hair shingled. Shingled? Scraped, sand-papered, planed off, would express it better. It was just one polished surface, cranium and forehead alike smooth, and the rays of the light reflected from both with equal brilliancy.

Even Bruin chuckled; and I laughed till I thought the boy's broad-faced mother must turn around to see what I was laughing at. Perhaps my laughter did not strike her as out of place, for she herself laughed at everything that was said and done—even by the clowns; and her pug-nosed husband brought up the rear of the ripple, so to speak—for from the mother the shingle-headed boy took his cue, and from him, two larger brothers, seated between him and the father; and, in this way, the laugh passed along the whole line.

Soon, however, a dark cloud was to obscure all this harmony and mirth. A loud-voiced man stepped into the middle of the ring, and announced that, after this performance was closed, there would be an extra performance—a family concert—to which all were invited to remain, upon payment of the extraordinarily low sum of twenty-five cents per head. It was a study to watch the effect of this announcement on the group in front of me. The pug-nosed father looked, questioningly, at the broad-faced mother; but this worthy matron's features seemed to harden and set during the short speech of the showman, and the three boys, never once consulting the eyes of the father, turned their triple attention to the *madre's* face. She was determined to ignore the three pairs of pleading eyes fixed upon her, and she looked straight ahead at the saw-dust ring; but three voices raised, in chorus, "Ma, let's stay—shan't we?" soon convinced her that this storm must be bravely faced.

"Hsh—sh—sh," she whispered, energetically, "not a whimper out of you;" and she learned forward to give them all the benefit of her threatening eye. The storm was only momentarily quelled, however, and it broke out with renewed fury directly.

"Ma, I want to stay—want to stay—want to stay," the refrain came along the line, more clamorously than before, and the stern parent was obliged to resort to more severe measures. Without another word she passed her arm behind the three young lads, and a spasmodic backward jerk of the oldest one's head, and his sudden silence, convinced me that his hair had been pulled with unusual vigor. The second one dodged forward in the midst of his refrain, but did not escape his measure. Only the youngest, the one nearest her, came off unscathed.

Bruin had been watching this side-show with his habitual somber expression, but he bent over to whisper in my ear:

"Now you see what a shingled head is good for. That boy escaped his mother's wrath only by having no hair to pull."

I bridled up at once.

"Nothing of the kind," I said, indignantly; "she never meant to pull *his* hair. He's the youngest, don't you see? She wouldn't pull his hair if he had a bushel of it, and, besides, there's enough hair on his head to pull, if it is shingled. But what does a bear know about maternal tenderness and forbearance toward a youngest child?"

And I shrugged my shoulders in pity and contempt.

When we got ready to go, the interesting family marched ahead of us in the same order they had sat before us: mother, youngest, second youngest, oldest, father. Almost at the outlet of the tent stood the tempter once more, proclaiming this as the last chance to buy tickets for the family concert about to begin in a few minutes, price only twenty-five cents, children with their parents, *free.* Madame the mother set her teeth; Monsieur the father looked moved; but Messieurs the sons set up a shout of mingled woe and remonstrance against maternal cruelty and hard-heartedness. Moving on with the crowd, and unheeding the combined lamentations, the strong arm of discipline was once more brought around the three pairs of shoulders, two youthful heads were jerked backward, the third dodging instinctively, but, Bruin insisted, unnecessarily.

"I tell you," he whispered, excitedly, "she *can't* pull the little one's hair or she would. I can see it in her eye."

"You are mistaken," I answered, loftily, determined to have the last word, at all events; "she does not want to pull it. But there is hair enough on the boy's head to pull, and I'll prove it to you."

Bringing thumb and forefinger close together (for I knew there was not very much hair), I raised my hand stealthily to the back of the youngest boy's head, took a good aim, and smiled in anticipation of seeing a startled childish face turn on me with a command to "stop pulling my hair." Instead of that, presently came a howl:

"Ow—wow! O golly, who's a-pinchin' my head?"

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

NIRVANA.

I stand before thy giant form, Ranier,
That rises wrapped in robe of dazzling snow,
And wonder what has made thee tower so
Calm, cold, and changeless in the sunlight clear.
The answer comes: Volcanic rocks have here
For ages burnt, upcast with fiercest glow
In fiery torrents from the hell below.
Thus did this mighty pyramid uprear
Its matchless form, till now it stands alone
Above the storms that vex the lower skies,
And snows eternal clothe its shapely cone.
O soul, cast out the hell that in thee lies
Of passions and desires that makes thee moan,
And, clad in white, thou, too, shalt grandly rise.

C. S. GREENE.

SOME INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Old Tousus came into my claim one morning, equipped, as usual, with his mining outfit, consisting of a broken pick, a pan, and tin cup, and a piece of hoop-iron which had been transformed into a scraper. In those days the Indian population did a great deal of mining in a small way, and it was no uncommon thing to see a whole village, including the squaws and papooses, scraping industriously over the bed-rock which the white miners had cleaned in the careless way peculiar to the early days of mining, and instances are not wanting in which the Indians got the cream of the claim.

Tousus did not come alone this morning. He was followed by his squaw and little ones, and with them was an old Indian I did not recollect having seen before. I asked Tousus who he was.

"He—he my brother."

"What's his name?"

"Jim."

"I don't mean his American name, but what is his name in Indian?"

"O-o."

Which, being freely translated, meant that he did not know. Now, any man, white or Indian, should know the name of his brother, and of course Tousus lied. But the lie was what we Christians would call a "white" one, because it was told without intent to do any harm. As a matter of fact, old Tousus would about as soon have thought of cutting off one of his hands as to tell a stranger the Indian name of either himself or any one closely connected with him. In his firm belief, it would be followed by some great disaster to the party. But other Indians, while equally reticent about themselves, gave me the coveted information without hesitation, and I found the name of the new-comer was "Wywanny," which signifies "going north."

It was not a great while after this that I had an opportunity of seeing another example of Indian customs, which, while it does not have so deep a foundation in superstition as the one I have instanced, was yet adhered to most religiously. "Kentuck," a young Indian who had already attained fame as a hunter, was taken sick, and, notwithstanding the incantation of the most famous "medicine men" of which the tribe could boast, died in a very short time. Kentuck was the son of a former chief, and Indians came from far and near to attend the burial. A deep, round hole was dug, the body, rolled in blankets and doubled up like a ball, was lowered in, and then commenced the destruction of everything he owned while living. Among other things, a fine, new rifle, with which he had slain about forty deer the winter previous, was broken across a log, and the pieces thrown into the grave. Kentuck had been the purveyor of fresh meat the winter before for the whole camp, whites as well as Indians, for the snow had fallen deep early in the fall, and beef-cattle could not be driven across the mountains. Knowing Kentuck's gun to be the only good one owned by the Indians, I asked another, who was also a good hunter, why it was not saved. His answer was conclusive, so far as it went:

"He's dead now—he can't shoot it any more."

The wanderings of the Indians took them to another section, and some months elapsed before I saw Tousus again. When I next saw him, the whole family, as well as himself, were daubed with pitch—a sign of mourning.

"Who's dead, John?" I asked, using the name the whites had given him.

"My brother."

"What? Wywanny, the one here last summer?"

But such a cry of horror at this inquiry went up that I knew at once that I had, to use a slang phrase, "put my foot in it" somehow. Cries of "Don't name him," or words of similar import, came from every one. When the shock occasioned by my blunder had subsided, I asked one who talked English pretty well why the name of a dead Indian was not to be spoken, and was answered at once:

"S'pose he hears you call his name, then he'll come here."

These superstitions of the race have given rise to some curious incidents. The valley of the Trinity, when gold was first discovered, supported a large aboriginal population, and by all the accounts which have been handed down to us, it would seem that they were very friendly toward the new-comers. Be that as it may, the friendly feeling was soon broken by the act of an Oregonian, who shot an Indian deliberately one day, "just to see him jump," he said. After this act the Indians took to the mountains, and kept up a predatory warfare against the whites until the spring of 1852, when one of their camps being surprised and almost the entire population killed, in punishment for the murder of Captain Anderson, near Weaverville, the other villages sent in messengers to ask for peace. But the number of white men whose lives were sacrificed before this time was reached will never be known. The Indians were conscious of the numbers and superiority of those with whom they had to do, and carried on their war of revenge with a fiendish cunning which for a long time secured them comparative immunity from pursuit and vengeance. At that time the prospector who was present one day might be found miles away upon the morrow; or he might be encamped for weeks in a place while his very name would be unknown, perhaps, to his nearest neighbor. If missed from his claim or camp, it would be assumed that he had gone to some other locality, and if no suspicions of foul play were raised, the chances were that in a very brief space of time he would be forgotten. Such a condition of affairs was in every way favorable to the manner in which the Indians conducted their attacks, which were always directed against small parties or single miners and travelers, and were so successful that their victims never escaped to tell the tale.

After peace was concluded, the tribe came into the settlements and freely intermingled with the whites, when one of the common results of frontier life soon followed. Women, in the mines, were few and far between, and, as a natural result of this condition of society, many of the miners "took up" with Indian women. Some of these ill-assorted alliances continue even to the present day, where the miners became attached to the ones they had chosen, and were legally married. It was then only that the whites began to learn the extent to which their race had suffered while hostilities were in progress. Many a spot has since been pointed out as the scene of a conflict, in which one or more white men were slaughtered, and their bodies dragged away to some lone place, or buried, to conceal the evidences of the fray.

Plunder, as a matter of course, was a necessary accompaniment—plunder for its own sake, if nothing more. In many cases, the victims were the possessors

of large amounts of money, generally gold-dust. The Indians knew nothing then of the uses or the value of money. To them, it was only something that the white man cared for, and, therefore, legitimate "spoils of war." When one of their own number was killed, either in a fight where the white man was killed also, or on a cabin-robbing excursion, the booty thus acquired was looked upon as the peculiar property of the unfortunate aborigine, and buried with him. In many cases it was stolen, and thrown away afterward, as of no value. A legend points to a large sum thrown into the bushes, within sight of the town of Weaverville, which, though search has been made for it several times, has never been found. So far as recovering anything of this kind which was buried with, or strewn above the grave of one of their number, so great is their superstition that they would not think of touching a penny's worth of it, though it kept them from starving. And the same superstitious fear of speaking of the dead prevents them from pointing out such deposits to any white man, however friendly the relations may be otherwise. It was not until after years had passed, and those who lived with the whites began to be somewhat shaken in their beliefs, that intimations (slight and intangible at first, but given more fully after frequent questionings) were dropped. Yet although twenty or thirty places, where large sacks of dust, and pieces of money, "shaped as if cut off the end of a rifle-barrel" (fifty-dollar "slugs"), have been indicated, only two, so far as known, have been discovered. Two or three more of these mysterious finds have been made which may, or may not, be attributed originally to this cause. Of the first of these, I knew but little; the second I knew of, for I was well acquainted with all the parties, and learned the full particulars, except in regard to the amount of treasure recovered.

From the particulars of the story, it seems that some time in the year '50, or '51, a white man was traveling alone down the Trinity River, below the point where the main wagon-road to Shasta now crosses the stream. He rode a white horse, and carried a rifle. He was seen by a small band of Indians, who were upon the mountain above. They slipped across the ridge to a bend of the river below, to a point where the mouth of two brushy ravines made a most complete ambush. In the fight that followed, the white man was killed; his body was hidden, or buried; the gun, which became broken in the contest, was thrown into the river; while the white horse and pack were taken to the Digger camp. But the rifle, before it was broken, sent its messenger of death through the arm of one of the attacking party; and as the Indians were not able to bring any of the appliances of surgery to the aid of the wounded man, the hand came off some time before the death of the Indian. The hand was buried, and the gold-dust scattered on the little grave, with all the funeral ceremonies.

Among those present at this burial was a little girl of five or six years of age. Some years later, she was living with a white man, to whom she related the incident, and a party was at once formed to search for the treasure. The grave was in a flat, now fenced in and sowed to grain, and the leveled ground showed no trace of anything unusual. It soon became evident that the squaw either did not know the exact locality of the object of their search, or, knowing, was so worked upon by her superstitions, or so influenced by others, that she would make no further revelations. After they had searched for about two weeks, and were about ready to give up, a band of Indians passed where they were working, and stopped to talk with the squaw, who told them what they were looking for. With the band was an older woman, who was known to have been at the burial, but resisted all persuasion and offers of reward to disclose what she knew. From the fragments of conversation overheard by the white men, it became evident that the Indians were trying to influence the young squaw to persuade her companions to quit the search. When the band went away, it was noticed that the old woman cast a stealthy glance toward an oak tree in another part of the field, and after the departure of the band, the man who observed this went where she had looked, and was fortunate enough to find the treasure. The ground had been plowed and harrowed several times, scattering the dust over a large surface, but the party (although they kept their own counsel) undoubtedly recovered several thousand dollars.

A great many other searches have been made, but with very indifferent success. As matters now stand, it is probable that nothing more will ever be found, unless through the medium of accident. The once numerous tribe of the Wintoons, which then peopled the valley of Trinity and its branches, has dwindled away to a mere handful, and if there are any yet living who remember the places to which Indian custom consigned the plunder taken from the hated race, their superstition is yet so strong that they will carry the secret with them to their graves.

T. E. JONES.

AT POINT BONITA.

Upon this frowning promontory's hight
Whose base is lashed by the upheaving surge,
I stand alone, and watch, with aching sight,
Yon lessening speck on the horizon's verge.

I trust my love to thee, and am undone
If thou prove merciless, O treacherous sea!
Thou hast thy myriads, while I have but one,
But she outvalues all thy wealth, with me.

Brave bark that bears her, fading down the west,
God speed thee, since 'twere vain to bid thee stay.
With thy fair freight o'er Ocean's placid breast,
May heaven's own zephyrs waft thee on thy way.

And thou, sweet wanderer, my plighted bride,
Though fate condemns us for a time to part,
Where'er thou stray'st, thy home is by my side,
Thy throne, fair despot, still is in my heart.

GEORGE T. RUSSELL.

AUTHORSHIP AND CRITICISM.

Addison somewhere declares that no man writes a book without meaning something, although he may not possess the happy faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning clearly. So also is many a well intentioned author mistaken in his judgment as to the value of that which he would indite; and, after the labor of composing and the expense of publication—when it is too late—it is discovered that time and labor and money have been expended upon a useless or vicious thing. When such is unfortunately the sad state of affairs, the fact is surely brought to light when the vigorous scalpel of the vigilant critic is applied to the tissue of the work.

The last named class of professionals, when they ply their art with a knowing hand, a steady nerve, and an honest heart, are very serviceable, alike to those who read and those who write; for they freely and fearlessly lay bare every substance-fiber, point out with unerring precision every element of truth and of beauty, and distinguish every tissue of worth and worthlessness; but when captious instead of critical, malignant instead of just, and bungling and boggling instead of applying with confidence and skill and intrepidity those tests that reveal true worth, separate gold from dross, they mislead the public, and send a Java-poisoned arrow, quivering, into the bleeding bosom of a worthy author, which, like a gnawing canker, saps the life-blood of his young ambition, and, mayhap, consigns him to oblivion or the tomb.

England's erratic poet sings mournfully of

> "John Keats—who was killed off by one critique,
> Just as he promised something great."

Her abused and neglected singer, whose organization was so delicate that he could

> "Hardly bear
> The weight of the superincumbent hour,"

whose earthly remains were committed to the urn near the Spezian floods, and his great *cor cordium* was sent to the British Museum to be placed among the curiosities of his native country, says that this kind and gentle and loving minstrel fell

> "Pierced by the shaft which flies in darkness."

A strangely sensitive creature Keats certainly must have been, who could feel so deeply an unjust criticism that a hireling reviewer could publish; yet he did feel, and feel poignantly, the sting of the *viper*, and his spirit was so utterly broken by it, his ambition so hopelessly crushed, and his despair so absolutely reckless, that, as Headley declares, he wished to record his own ruin, and have his very tombstone tell how worthless were his life and name. With the fading of the last ray of hope of life, his dying hand indited a line he directed to be placed upon whatever monument should call the attention of succeeding generations to his last resting-place, which was done. The line reads thus:

> "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Surely singing birds, who prosper in serene regions, cannot flourish in a storm.

> "Oh, can one envious tongue
> So blight and blast earth's holiest things
> That e'en the glorious bard that sings
> Grows mute, and, all unstrung,
> His bleeding, quivering heart gives o'er,
> And dies without one effort more?"

Dr. John Hawkesworth, a brilliant essayist, whom Samuel Johnson pronounced capable of dignifying his narratives with elegance of diction and force of sentiment, is said by the elder Disraeli to have "died of criticism." Dr. Bently declares, and he was in a position to know whereof he spoke, that John Lake's thorough confutation of Bishop Stillingfleet's metaphysical treatise on the "Trinity" hastened the death of the Bishop. William Whiston, the intimate friend and warm admirer of Sir Isaac Newton, declared that he did not think it proper to publish his treatise in confutation of the philosopher's work on the "Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms" during his lifetime, because he said he knew Newton's temperament so well he knew that it would kill him. Pope, the invalid poet, writhed in his chair under the sting of the light shafts darted at him by crabbed Cibber. And Tennyson, the English laureate, ere he had yet given anything to the public, read that exquisite little poem, "Lilian," to a company of his friends, and was laughed out of the room for his pains. When he first published his poems the critics found fault with them, and, with his shy and somber nature, Tennyson retired to solitude and study, and for ten years his name was not seen in print, and his very existence was forgotten by the literary world. When he did appear again and claim the attention of the public, he took his position among the veterans. Who can tell what would have been the result had the critics again found fault with his performances and the public turned aside with a sigh of disappointment?

The light of many a rising and ambitious genius—the world and the critics now recognize the critic-murdered Keats to have been a man within whose sensitive and delicate organization resided the Olympic fire of true genius—has been nipped in the bud by the unjust and harsh opinion of some hireling critic; so that in this day of doggerel verses and crabbed criticism we feel fully the force of Pope's caustic couplet, when he says:

> "Such shameless bards we have; and yet, 'tis true,
> There are as mad, abandon'd critics, too."

When Byron's pugnacious spirit was roused to its highest pitch of fury by Henry (subsequently Lord) Brougham's ill-natured critique in the *Edinburgh Review* on his "Hours of Idleness," he wrote, in consummate spleen:

> "As soon
> Seek roses in December, ice in June;
> Hope constancy in the wind, or corn in chaff;
> Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
> Or anything else that's false, before
> You trust in critics."

And when Dr. Kenrick pronounced "The Traveler" to be "a flimsy poem," discussed it as a grave political pamphlet, condemned the whole system, and declared it built on false principles, and said that "The Deserted Village" was "pretty," but that it had "neither fancy, dignity, genius, nor fire"—poor Goldsmith, the impulsive child of Nature, could not resist the temptation to visit condign punishment, though summary justice, upon the impudent critic by administering to him a sound caning. For this indiscreet action the public severely condemned the poet. He published a defense of his action in the papers of the day, in which occurs the following characteristic paragraph:

> "The law gives us no protection against this injury. The insults we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only increases our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavor to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom."

Goldsmith was in a measure justified in his action. This man Kenrick was an Ishmaelite of the press—the hired tool of the Griffiths. He was a man of some talent and great industry, who had abandoned a paying

business as a mechanic for the thorny path of authorship as a profession. He tried his hand in every department of literature, gained a popular name, and received from some obscure university the title of Doctor of Laws; but he did not win success. He was one among that class of men of whom Dr. Johnson said they succeeded in making themselves *public* without making themselves *known*. His own want of success made him jealous of every one who was in any measure successful; and being reduced to book-work to gain a livelihood, in malignant reviews he made dastardly attacks on almost all the authors of his day. The following sketch of the critic is left by one of his contemporaries whom he had attacked:

"Dreaming of genius which he never had,
Half wit, half fool, half critic, and half mad;
Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,
With all his rage, but not one spark of fire;
Eager for slaughter, and resolved to tear
From others' brows that wreath he must not wear,
Next Kenrick came; all furious and replete
With brandy, malice, pretense, and conceit;
Unskilled in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learnèd, or refined;
For faults alone behold the savage prowl,
With reason's offal glut his raving soul;
Pleased with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,
And mumbles, paws, and turns it, till it stinks."

Vicious criticism, though always ungenial and nipping, to use Disraeli's figure, "does not always kill the tree it has frozen over," and points with force the saying of Richard Cumberland, that authors should never be thin-skinned, but shelled like the rhinoceros. Yet it is a sadly lamentable fact that the solitary road to literary preferment and successful authorship lies through the galling gauntlet of criticism; and it requires something of the spirit that impels the warrior to scale the walls of the citadel and carry off the fire-belching cannon, to pursue the even tenor of a course mapped out, and of plans laid, undisturbed and unruffled by the average critic's chirp—a something not at all in keeping with the modest, retired, and timorous nature of most authors.

It is certainly a source of consolation and comfort to sickened and disheartened authors to know that in his tremendous sweep, old Father Time, the great autocrat of the world and the sovereign arbiter of the fame of men and the life of nations, not only destroys authors and annihilates critics, but, with a benevolence scarce expected and surely not surpassed by mortals, kindly rescues from the slough of contempt and the misery of neglect some who have been ruthlessly cast down by critics, and mercilessly consigned to oblivion by the shallow public who humbly bow down at the critic's shrine, and, by daily weakening and removing unjust criticisms and unfounded prejudices, lifts worthy authors to their deserved places in the world's literature and history, making them

"A burnin' and a shinin' light"

to all the nations. In ancient times, when superstition and ignorance held a firm grip upon the base of the world, the dignities of the church detected witches and the magnates of the cities rabid dogs, by casting them into the water; so also could they, by a direct interposition of the hand of Providence, bring to light the truth or falsity of a statement or position, the worth or worthlessness of a book, by an application of the "ordeal by fire." When all Italy was thrown into intense excitement over the proposition to substitute the Roman for the Mozarbaic rite, about the year 1077, with one common voice a resort was made to the fire ordeal. A missal from each was committed to the flames, and, to the great joy of all patriotic Castilians, the Gothic offices were untouched by the flames, while the others were utterly consumed; and thus, it was contended and conceded, the Lord of Hosts confirmed the decisions of the courts previously rendered in favor of the national ritual, greatly to the consternation and mortification of the partisans of the Roman offices. It will be remembered by the student of church history that at the commencement of St. Dominic's crusade against the Albigenses, the arguments of each were reduced to writing and the parchments committed to the flames to test the truth and accuracy of each. That of the Saint was unscathed by the fire, while that of his opponents was reduced to ashes. An appeal to this "law of fire" occurred at Constantinople as late as the thirteenth century. When Andronicus II. ascended the Byzantine throne, he found the city torn into factions by reason of the expulsion of Assenius from the patriarchate; and, in accordance with the prevailing custom and the popular demand, the statements and claims of each faction were reduced to writing and consigned to the all-determining fire-fiend, to ascertain which was in the wrong, when, much to the mutual surprise of each faction, the manuscript of each was entirely consumed.

This method of detecting spiritual truths and testing literary excellence may have been potent and reliable during those dark days of human history, when devils incarnate walked the earth and lurked in the vicinity of churches, and their allies—witches—infested and pestered communities, but it long since passed from use among the civilized and the enlightened, whom devils have abandoned and witches have ceased to trouble. Fire may now very properly be dubbed a *consuming* critic, inasmuch as it consumes all works regardless of classes or merits.

Criticism proper may be divided into two classes or kinds, to wit: Constructive criticism and destructive criticism. It is the province and mission of the first class to analyze and detect the author's methods of procedure, as well as to point out the beauties that are to be admired and the defects that are to be shunned and avoided; and thus help to a hearty appreciation of a chaste and healthy literature. The solitary end and aim of destructive criticism is to find fault and point out defects; the first is frequently, if not generally, captiously done, and the latter magnified, if not manufactured. This class of criticism, while distaseful alike to the author and the public, can benefit but one party, and that is the author criticised. This is not a class of criticism to be indulged in by the critic or commended by the public.

Literary criticism is regarded by many as merely the art of finding fault systematically; the frigid application of certain technical terms and set rules, known and applied mainly by one class of persons only, by means of which those who make them a study are enabled to cavil and censure in a learned manner. Such has been declared by the prince of English rhetoricians to be "the criticism of pedants only." He then adds, and his doctrine in this is recognized as the true and only one:

"True criticism is a liberal and humane art. It is the offspring of good sense and refined taste. It aims at acquiring a just discernment of the real merit of au-

thors. It promotes a lively relish of their beauties, while it preserves us from the blind and implicit veneration which would confound their beauties and their faults in our esteem. It teaches us, in a word, to admire and to blame with judgment, and not to follow the crowd blindly." J. MANFORD KERR.

NO MORE!

Come back? Ah, yes, when the faith
Thou hast slain like a bird in its track
Shall arise and revive out of death,
I will come back.

Come back? Yes, when from the dust
Of the grave's mouth, hollow and black,
Shall awaken my dead, lost trust,
I will come back.

And when in my heart this word
That tells of thy treason is dumb,
Thy voice that recalls may be heard,
And I will come.

But the dead that are dead rise not;
From the night with its ruin and wrack,
The hope that went forth proud and hot
Doth not come back.

And the grave and the pit give not up
The feet that have trodden their track;
And the drops thou hast spilled from the cup,
Can they come back?

No; pass on thy way, and know this:
Nevermore, through the long years' sum,
Shall we meet for woe or for bliss—
I will not come. BARTON GREY.

A MULE KICKS A BEE-HIVE.

I was visiting a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The morning was beautiful. The plash of little cascades about the grounds, the buzz of bees, and the gentle moving of the foliage of the pepper trees in the scarcely perceptible ocean-breeze, made up a picture which I thought was complete. It was not. A mule wandered on the scene. The scene, I thought, could have got along without him. He took a different view.

Of course mules were not allowed on the grounds. That is what he knew. That was his reason for being there.

I recognized him. Had met him. His lower lip hung down. He looked disgusted. It seemed he didn't like being a mule.

A day or two before, while I was trying to pick up a little child who had got too near this mule's heels, he kicked me two or three times before I could tell from which way I was hit. I might have avoided some of the kicking, but, in my confusion, I began to kick at the mule. I didn't kick with him long. He outnumbered me.

He browsed along on the choice shrubbery. I forgot the beauty of the morning. Remembered a black and blue spot on my leg. It looked like the print of a mule's hoof. There was another on my right hip. Where my suspenders crossed were two more, as I have been informed. They were side by side—twin blue spots, and seemed to be about the same age.

I thought of revenge. I didn't want to kick with him any more. No. But thought, if I had him tied down good and fast, so he could not move his heels, how like sweet incense it would be to first saw his ears and tail smooth off, then put out his eyes with a red-hot poker, then skin him alive, then run him through a threshing-machine.

While I was thus thinking, and getting madder and madder, the mule, which had wandered up close to a large bee-hive, got stung. His eyes lighted up, as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned on that bee-hive and took aim. He fired. In ten seconds, the only piece of bee-hive I could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that falls on the company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at.

The bees swarmed. They swarmed a good deal. They lit on that mule earnestly. After he had kicked the last piece of bee-hive so high that he could not reach it any more, he stopped for an instant. He seemed trying to ascertain whether the ten thousand bees which were stinging him meant it. They did.

The mule turned loose. I never saw anything to equal it. He was enveloped in a dense fog of earnestness and bees, and filled with enthusiasm and stings. The more he kicked, the higher he arose from the ground. I may have been mistaken, for I was somewhat excited and very much delighted, but that mule seemed to rise as high as the tops of the pepper trees. The pepper trees were twenty feet high. He would open and shut himself like a frog swimming. Sometimes, when he was in mid-air, he would look like he was flying, and I would think for a moment he was about to become an angel. Only for a moment. There are probably no mule-angels.

When he had got up to the tops of the pepper trees, I was called to breakfast. I told them I didn't want any breakfast.

The mule continued to be busy.

When a mule kicks himself clear of the earth, his heels seldom reach higher than his back; that is, a mule's fore-legs can reach forward, and his hind-legs backward, until the mule becomes straightened out into a line of mule parallel with the earth, and fifteen or twenty feet therefrom. This mule's hind-legs, however, were not only raised into a line with his back, but they would come over until the bottom of the hoofs almost touched his ears.

The mule proceeded as if he desired to hurry through.

I had no idea how many bees a hive would hold until I saw that bee-hive emptied on that mule. They covered him so completely that I could not see any of him but the glare of his eyes. I could see, from the expression of his eyes, that he didn't like the way things were going.

The mule still went on in an absorbed kind of a way.

Not only was every bee of the disturbed hive on duty, but I think the news had been conveyed to neighboring hives that war had been declared. I could see bees flitting to and fro. The mule was covered so deep with bees that he looked like an exaggerated mule. The hum of the bees, and their moving on eath other, combined into a seething hiss.

A sweet calm and gentle peacefulness pervaded me.

When he had kicked for an hour, he began to fall short of the tops of the pepper trees. He was settling down closer to the earth. Numbers were telling on him He looked distressed. He had always been used to kicking against something, but found now that he was striking the air. It was very exhausting.

He finally got so he did not rise clear of the ground, but continued to kick with both feet for half an hour, next with first one foot and then the other for another half an hour, then with his right foot only every few minutes, the intervals growing longer and longer, until he finally was still. His head drooped, his lip hung lower and lower. The bees stung on. He looked as if he thought that a mean, sneaking advantage had been taken of him.

I retired from the scene. Early the next morning I returned. The sun came slowly up from behind the eastern hills. The light foliage of the pepper trees trembled with his morning caress. His golden kiss fell upon the opening roses. A bee could be seen flying hither, another thither. The mule lay near the scene of yesterday's struggle. Peace had come to him. He was dead. Too much kicking against nothing.

LOCK MELONE.

A REMARKABLE REMINISCENCE.

Cases where persons have read their own obituaries are not infrequent in history, but are considered none the less remarkable. Lord Brougham the veteran English politician, Thiers the French statesman, Peabody the philanthropist, and Proctor the astronomer, all thus had the pleasure of reading the verdict of the press on their supposed-to-be ended lives. The similar and more recent case of Nellie Grant-Sartoris is fresh in public memory. While General Grant was sailing through the Golden Gate last year, in the course of conversation with the reporters and others around him, the subject of the false rumor of his daughter's death was broached, and the emotions of Mrs. Sartoris upon reading her would-be *post mortem* eulogies, were commented upon. General John F. Miller remarked that he had twice read obituaries of himself, having been reported dead on the battle-field. This led General Grant to relate a similar incident of Colonel Chamberlain, who has since been Governor of Maine.

A propos of these reminiscences, is the case of a resident of Oakland, whose story, apart from the coincidence, is full of interest, illustrating as it does the ups and downs of American society. Charles Snyder, the old gentleman who for a long time has been installed as manager of the Oakland Free Reading-rooms, and whose face is familiar to all frequenters of that newsy resort, is now sixty-five years old. Over a quarter of a century ago, under the stage name of Charles Ashton, he was an opera singer and actor of wide-spread fame in the Eastern and Southern States. His early musical instructor was the then noted Signor Bazzioloe. He made his *début* with an elder sister of Adalina Patti, at the Astor Place Opera House, in New York City, under Maurice Strakosch. Snyder was henceforth recognized as the leading tenor of the time, and had a memorable run at the old Astor. This opera-house—which was then the acknowledged resort of the upper-ten—has since been transformed into the Clinton Library. After this, Snyder sang one winter with Madame de Vries in Havana, thirteen weeks with Jenny Lind in New Orleans, and was just finishing a farewell opera season in Cincinnati with Madame Alboni when the incident referred to occurred. He was under a $100,000 engagement to go to Europe with Madame Alboni, when he was taken violently ill with congestion of the lungs. For several days he sunk, until his life hung as it were by a hair. At length his physicians gave him up, and when on a certain evening an intimate friend of Snyder called to learn of his condition, he was informed that the case was hopeless—Snyder would die at midnight. The gentleman was one of the editors of the Cincinnati *Nonpareil*. True to his journalistic instincts, the editor smothered his grief, went straightway to his office, and wrote a half-column obituary of Snyder, recounting the virtues of that eminent singer, who, he said, had died at midnight. The article appeared in the next morning's paper. And now comes the strange *dénoûment*. At midnight, the time set for Snyder's demise, an unaccountable change for the better occurred. The tide of life ceased ebbing; the sufferer began to breathe easier, and before morning was pronounced out of immediate danger. The next day he was able to peruse his own obituary. Mr. Snyder recovered, and subsequently became for a time an instructor in elocution in Washington. But he never again appeared before the footlights. The ravages of the disease had ruined his fine voice, and, with but brief intervals, he has not since been able to speak much above a whisper.

W. B. TURNER.

"SUCH A FAMILYAH PLACE."

Last spring, I rented a house quite near the business part of our town, and hired Henry—a colored man—to saw some wood for me. When I went home to dinner, I stepped out into the yard where Henry was at work, and asked him how he liked my new place.

"Oh, dis is a nice place," said Henry. "Such a familyah place, sah."

"Familiar place! Oh, you have worked here often, have you, Henry?"

"No sah; nevah worked heah afore in de world, sah," answered Henry.

"How is it so familiar to you, then; have you lived near here?"

"No, sah; my house is a long ways from heah, sah; I don't mean dat it's familyah to me, but familyah to de town; very familyah to de main street, sah."

"Oh, you mean convenient, Henry," said I.

"Yes, sah; conveent, sah, dat's it. I done mistook de word, sah; dat's all."

"Yes, it is a convenient place, Henry, and I think I've got a pretty good garden, don't you?"

"Yes, sah; fine garden, and so much scrubbery," said Henry.

"Scrubbery—what's that?"

"Oh, de currints, an' goosebries, an' rasbries; an look at dem plum trees, sah; an' apple trees. Yes, sah, you got de best scrubbery ob any one on dis street, sah."

C. L. C.

SEND US ITEMS.

Our aim is to make "Outcroppings" a light and pleasing corner of the magazine, and we should be glad if our readers would send us from time to time, briefly and pithily told, such humorous incidents as may come under their observation.

AN ELEGANT HOLIDAY PRESENT.

There can be no more suitable or distinctive gift to friends at home, in the East, or abroad, than a year's subscription to THE CALIFORNIAN.

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THE IRISH QUESTION PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

To deny that the ever harassing and chronically unsettled Irish question is beset with enormous and discouraging difficulties would be futile, and would be also a betrayal of ignorance of past and current history. It has baffled the investigations, the devices, and the remedial measures of the most astute British statesmen; it has caused the overthrow of several ministries; it has afforded themes for limitless eloquence to patriots and politicians of all grades on both sides of St. George's Channel; it has given rise to several rebellions; it has brought to the hideous ordeal of a high-treason execution, or death in prison, the Fitzgeralds, the Emmets, the Sheares, the Tones of their times; it caused the "monster meetings" of half-millions of people, under the leadership of O'Connell, in the years '43 and '44, the subsequent formation of "The Young Ireland Party," which resulted in the exile to penal settlements of William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Mitchel, and the rest of the "patriots" of that era; the foundation of what is known as "Fenianism," and to-day the question is apparently as far from settlement as ever. But to aver that it is incapable of solution would be not only unmanly and cowardly, but it would be an unworthy admission that the science of politics is faulty and incomplete, and that there are universal national wrongs for which there is no remedy. Seeing that those evils were of purely human creation, and cannot be attributed to Providence or nature—like earthquakes, droughts, floods, cyclones, etc.—they must be held to be correctable by human agency. Nor is another Alexander necessary to cut this modern Gordian knot. To those who would solve the Irish problem, it is only necessary to bring to the task a fair knowledge of Ireland's story from the time when her history began to be known, a disinterested desire to undo and reform existing grievances, a recognition of natural rights that belong inherently to the people of every country, and a determination to adjust the question on the plan of natural and national justice and equity. Before discussing the *modus operandi* to be pursued with the object mentioned, it will be well, as a foundation for argument, to state sufficient of the facts in Ireland's history to enable the reader to take an enlightened and comprehensive view of the situation. In the following necessarily brief *résumé* of events I shall confine myself almost exclusively to those of a political character. For all who require fuller information, there are plenty of works to consult on Ireland's hydrography, climate, geology, population at different eras, agriculture, fisheries, mining, manufactures, commerce, religion, and education.

The early history of the country is shrouded in much obscurity, and little is known of it before the fourth century. There is a tradition that Ireland was originally inhabited by the Firbolgs and Danauns, who were subsequently subdued by the Milesians, or Gaels. In the fourth century the inhabitants were known as Scoti, and they made descents upon the Roman province of Britannia and Scotland, and even crossed to what is now known as France.

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Early in the fifth century Christianity was introduced, when St. Patrick became, and has since been considered, the Apostle of the land. Religion and its handmaidens, civilization and learning, then made rapid progress, and in the sixth century missionaries were sent forth from the Irish monasteries to convert Great Britain and the nations of northern Europe. Schools, churches, and religious retreats were built in all parts of Ireland. The people, at this period, were divided into numerous clans, who owned allegiance to four kings and to an *ardrigh*, or monarch, to whom the central district, called Meath, was allotted. The Irish were not long permitted to enjoy the island in peace, and its progress in civilization was seriously checked by the incursions of the Scandinavians in the eighth century. They for a time firmly established themselves on the eastern coast, whence they made predatory incursions into the interior of the country. After having caused trouble for about two centuries, they were finally overthrown by the Irish at the battle of Clontarf, near Dublin, in 1014, the victors being commanded by Brian Borumha, the "monarch" of Ireland, as distinguished from the provincial "kings."

From the eighth to the twelfth century Irish scholars enjoyed a high reputation for learning. The arts were cultivated, and the famous round towers—ruins of which still exist—are believed to be remains of the architecture of this era. Although the Popes have ostensibly claimed temporal power only in that portion of Italy known as "the States of the Church," yet at least one of their Holinesses has certainly helped to lose Ireland to the Irish. In 1155, Pope Adrian IV. (the only Englishman who ever wore the tiara; there never has been an Irish Pope) took upon himself to authorize Henry II. of England to take possession of Ireland, on condition of paying an annual tribute.

In pursuance of that iniquitous arrangement, the first invasion by Englishmen on Irish soil was made under Henry, in 1172. He received the homage of certain chiefs, and authorized certain Norman adventurers to take possession of the entire island in his behalf. In the course of the following century, the thirteenth, these Norman barons, favored by dissensions which they had fomented among the Irish, had succeeded in firmly establishing their power; but in the course of time their descendants identified themselves with the Irish, even to the extent of adopting their language. It then was not long before the power of England became limited to a few coast towns, and to the districts around Dublin and Drogheda, known as "The Pale." In 1541, Henry VIII. of England received the title of King of Ireland from the Anglo-Irish Parliament, then sitting in Dublin, and several of the native princes acknowledged him as their sovereign; but the majority of them, and the bulk of the inhabitants, refused to make such acknowledgment, or to have their country made a dependency of England.

The attempts soon after made to change the religion of the country from Catholicity to Protestantism led to repeated revolts, and the lands of Catholic chiefs were lawlessly seized and parceled out among the English and Scotch settlers. The so-called "Plantation of Ulster"—the stronghold of Protestantism and Orangeism—took place in this manner under James I. of England. In 1641 arose the Catholic rebellion against the Protestants, to whom the real estate of the former had been confiscated. But that rebellion, after terrible bloodshed, was crushed by Oliver Cromwell, who laid the island waste in 1649. At the Revolution the native Irish generally sided with James II., the English and Scotch "colonists" with William and Mary, and the war lasted until 1692, when the Catholics were subdued. In order to thoroughly weaken and keep them down, rigorous penal statutes were enacted against them; and the general dissatisfaction gave rise to the rebellions of the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. It is needless to describe here those barbarous laws, which were subsequently piecemeal repealed, and what is known as "Catholic Emancipation" was granted in 1829. On the 1st of January, 1801, the Irish Parliament was legislated out of existence, and the Act of Union was passed which politically incorporated Ireland with England under the title of the "United Kingdom."

Before closing the evidence or fundamental facts in this controversy, and reaching the arguments and conclusions, it may be stated that the best historians and other authorities on the subject admit that every *quasi* bargain or contract made between the Irish and the English was based on fraud, bribery, and corruption, and is therefore void. Eminent Catholic and Protestant historical witnesses exhibit a oneness and conclusiveness in their testimony on this point, which are not only satisfying and comforting to the presumably disinterested jury of mankind who are to pronounce a verdict on the question, but which ought to leave no doubt as to the final adjudication of the case. The fraud and force by which Cromwell and the English kings mentioned confiscated the lands of Catholics are too patent to need argument. It is admitted by both sides—by these is meant the Irish and English—that the act of legisla-

tive union which went into operation on the 1st of January, 1801, was brought about by the grossest bribery and corruption. Lord Castlereagh, who represented England, was the principal actor in that movement, and he bestowed titles and pensions right and left on members of the Irish Parliament to induce them to vote for the political union of the two countries. Castlereagh was so filled with remorse at the frightful bribery which he had employed that he committed suicide. To quote on this point a high authority in the British House of Peers, Lord Byron, after alluding to "carotid artery cutting Castlereagh," declared that he had "first cut his country's throat and then his own." The peerages and sums of money given by England for votes in the last Irish Parliament to pass the Act of Union are now as well known as last year's revenues of both countries. Such are briefly what may be termed the original facts with which the public have to deal on the Irish question, and on which to arrive at a correct decision on the disputes between the two islands. But there are some more recent facts bearing on the question, which will appear further on.

There are several stand-points from which to view the leading events narrated—the Irish stand-point, the English stand-point, and the stand-point of the whole civilized world, for nowadays every civilized nation takes an interest in every other civilized nation. Let us, in order to arrive at a just conclusion on the question, consider those several stand-points in their order.

At the first blush of the question it would appear that the position taken by the people of Ireland is unassailable and unanswerable. They have natural and national law and logic on their side, and this, too, as propounded by the greatest jurisprudents of the age on both sides of the Atlantic. The primary law of nature and nations gives the right to the inhabitants of every country to rule it as they please. It is mainly by going back to first principles that the Irish controversy can be equitably settled. But besides resorting to these primary principles, the Irish people deny, and have ever denied, that they voluntarily gave up a rood of their soil to the dominion of England. They hold as nonbinding on them, and as nugatory, every act by which Cromwell and other English leaders wrested the lands from the legal owners and bestowed them on parasites and favorites. It was those arbitrary and unjust proceedings which originated the present oppressive system of landlordism in Ireland, and took the ownership of the soil from prosperous millions and vested it in a few favored individuals, who gave no value for the land to the lawful owners. Of the five and a half millions or so of the present population there are only a few thousand fee-simple proprietors. The great bulk of the people, who are the descendants of those who were unlawfully deprived of the land, are compelled to pay to those whose title originated in fraud the highest rent that can be exacted, and which keeps the agricultural part of the population in a state of chronic want, bordering on starvation. Ever since this position of affairs has existed, and particularly since the island was devastated and confiscated by Cromwell, the conduct of the people has been a continuous protest against the wrongs mentioned. This is evidenced by the action of their leaders in and out of Parliament, and by the rebellions and the constant dissatisfaction that has ever prevailed. The standing protest against the English occupation of Ireland was not made alone by the Catholic leaders, but by such eminent Protestant patriots as Burke, Grattan, Flood, Curran, Sheridan, and others. It is true that the Protestant Irish, for the most part, especially those of the north —in Antrim and neighboring counties—give powerful support to the British. This partly arises from the fact that the Protestants, to whom, or to whose ancestors, the penal laws referred to never applied, are better off in worldly goods than their Catholic fellow-countrymen; partly on account of religious animosity; and partly, but mostly, by reason of that bane of Ireland, Orangeism, which even causes trouble in the United States, Canada, and Australia. There are, however, a large number of the Protestant population who side with the Catholics in their national aspirations, and among those who were exiled to penal settlements in the contemptible *fiasco*—unworthy to be called a rebellion—of 1848, there were nearly as many Protestants as Catholics. In all the high treason trials, and trials for that singular combination of crime, "treason-felony," the wrongs and oppressions of the people were set before the juries in burning eloquence, but invariably without effect, so far as procuring an acquittal was concerned. As a specimen of the kind of language that was so addressed to courts and juries on such occasions, the following brief extract from the speech of that veteran counsel, Robert Holmes, on the trial of John Mitchel, may serve as a sample:

"In the history of provincial servitude," observed Mr. Holmes, "no instance can be found so striking, so afflicting, and so humiliating as Ireland of the influence of moral causes in counteracting the physical aptitudes of nature, and producing weakness and want, and ignorance and wretchedness, where all the outlines of creation seemed formed for power and happiness. For many

a long century a deep and blighting gloom had covered this fair and fertile land on which the benignant gifts of Heaven seemed to have been poured forth in vain. A light once shone across that gloom. Bright and glorious was that light, but short and transient, serving but to show the darkness which had gone before and the deeper darkness that followed after. Yes, a light overshone that gloom. That light was extinguished by the foulest means that ever fraud or injustice practiced; and now it seems that every attempt to rekindle that light is to be crushed as sedition, and the sentence of dependence and degradation pronounced against Ireland is to be confirmed and made perpetual."

Such appeals, which were really meant as a justification of revolution, or, at least, of very radical measures to set matters right, were invariably vainly made. The penal laws debarred Catholics from sitting on juries, and, even after that boon had been granted, juries were invariably "packed" with men who were aliens to the Catholics in faith and in feelings. There should be no attempt or desire to antagonize people on religious grounds. But, admitting that the Irish Protestants, as a body, were and are favorable to a continuation of English rule in Ireland, their fewness of numbers—about a million, as compared with about four and a half millions of Catholics—should not be allowed to prevail. In other words, a very small minority should not be permitted to sway and override the will of a very large majority.

It may be assumed, for no point has ever been better proved and settled, that England would never consent to part with Ireland by moral suasion, or otherwise than by physical force. This aspect of the question was thoroughly and finally disposed of by the repeal agitation of Daniel O'Connell in 1843–4, who was, to a fault, a man of peace, and who denied that what he called "the regeneration of Ireland" was worth the cost of a single drop of human blood. Without discussing that proposition, it will be generally conceded that the "moral force" which he brought to bear on the British Parliament could not be exceeded or surpassed. He literally had all but a fraction of the Irish people at his back when they numbered about eight millions; he was indorsed, almost without an exception, by the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood; the newspapers were enlisted in the cause; each of his principal out-door meetings was attended by hundreds of thousands; he could send whomsoever he pleased from the Irish constituencies to the British Parliament, and he had a large following in England and on the European continent. At every session of the House of Commons he introduced a bill for the repeal of the act of legislative union between Ireland and England, yet he never secured a fourth of enough support to pass the measure. Nearly all the English and Scotch members, numbering about five hundred, voted solidly against the one hundred or so Irish members, and the "moral force" and "repeal agitation" were worse than useless, and would be so, if again tried, to the end of the chapter. Still considering this subject from the Irish stand-point, the question arises, Moral force or suasion being useless, is, or would Ireland be, justified in resorting to revolution to gain her independence? There is abundance of authority to justify the affirmative of that proposition. Victor Hugo, not long ago, while attending the funeral of a noted revolutionist, made a speech at the grave, and, among other things, said, "Here, in the presence of that great deliverer, Death, let us name that other great deliverer, Revolution." It certainly was revolution that overthrew in France the *effete* Bourbons. It was revolution which hurled the perjured Louis Napoleon from the throne he had usurped, and gave the French their present republic. It was revolution that regenerated the early Roman and other empires, and gave the people a purer government. It was revolution that enabled the Saxons themselves, whose descendants now domineer over Ireland, to shake off the yoke of the Romans, who had overrun and despoiled the land, and had long made Britain a Roman province. It was revolution which gave the people of the United States their glorious republic. And other instances of the beneficent result of revolution might be mentioned. With these examples before their eyes, the great mass of the Irish people, viewing the wrongs which they have endured from England for seven centuries, claim the right to adopt the violent and extreme remedy of revolution. This, as has been shown, is no new claim, but the rebellions have hitherto been abortive. The right of an oppressed people to everthrow their oppressors will scarcely be denied. It was acknowledged in the case of the Poles, and more recently in reference to the Cubans, who had the sympathy of most Americans, and substantial aid from many in the United States. But in discussing the Irish question, even from the Irish stand-point, and admitting the right of every people to govern their own country, it may be asked, Could a revolution in Ireland be inaugurated and prosecuted to a successful issue? If not, would such an extreme proceeding be wise? Can the grievances arising out of the tenure of land system be rectified by legislation in the British Parliament?

To answer the last question first, it is perfectly safe to assume that if every agriculturist in Ireland were made a present of a farm, and given a fee-simple title to it, Irish discontent against

England would be just as rife as ever. That fact is perfectly well known to every student of Irish history or who understands the Irish character. The London correspondent of a New York journal knew what he was speaking about when he recently telegraphed as follows:

"I fear it will be found, sooner or later, that the land agitation is only the outward manifestation of a deep-seated feeling that the proper place in which to make laws for Ireland is College Green, Dublin, and this feeling will remain in spite of all land measures that the Government will introduce and Parliament pass."

The Marquis of Salisbury, no mean authority, in his late speech at Woodstock, said:

"The land agitation is only a surface manifestation of the old Home Rulers' spirit, which still thoroughly permeates what may be called the rebellious sections of Ireland, being the west, south, and south-west, and part of the eastern coast. No amount of legislation, however conciliatory, can wipe out the Nationalist feeling in Ireland."

The correspondent of another New York paper recently cabled the following:

"They are blind who do not recognize the Irish movement as a great revolutionary act, and the only one which ever stood any chance of success. . . . It took an army to dig Captain Boycott's turnips, yet, despite that army, Boycott had to leave his home with his family forever. We read that the Coldstream Guards are coming, yet one hundred thousand Saxon soldiers might occupy the country without affecting the situation in the slightest degree. Wholesale evictions might take place, but the soldiers could not stand guard over every evicted farmer, and the farms would be reoccupied after the soldiers left. The armies of the world could not compel the payment of rent, or force men to work for obnoxious fellow-men, or keep shop-keepers from refusing to sell. Coercive acts, a few months ago, would have been effective, but now they would be useless. The people have learned their power too well to be cowed."

These extracts are given because they are founded on a correct diagnosis of the situation and of the Celtic character. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that no land law which the British Parliament could enact for Ireland would have the effect of quieting the people or rendering them a whit more tolerant of English rule.

One of the questions propounded is, Could a revolution in Ireland be prosecuted to a successful issue? It would probably be a great mistake to answer that question in the negative on the sole ground that no revolution by the Irish against the English has succeeded. The circumstances of the case are now very different from those existing at any previous rebellion. The people are better armed and drilled; the doctrines of Fenianism, which is a military revolutionary organization, permeate the peasantry from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway; the movement would have an almost world-wide moral support, and very substantial assistance from the millions of Irish in the United States. Money, arms, and recruits would be extensively sent from America, and it would be next to impossible to prevent their being landed on the Irish coast. But, notwithstanding all this, an insurrectionary war would probably last over as many years in Ireland as the similar struggle was prolonged in Cuba, and with doubtful result. The old adage, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," would scarcely apply at the present time, as Great Britain is not at war with any country that could assist the Irish. It was different in the rebellion of 1798, when England was engaged in war with France, and Bonaparte, not for any love he entertained for the Irish, but to annoy and harass the English, promised to send a large number of troops to Ireland. His hands, however, were too full on the Continent. He needed all his soldiers at home, and the few he dispatched to Ireland were of no avail.

For years past prominent Irish and Irish-American papers have actually seriously advocated that Ireland should become the thirty-ninth State of our United States, but the proposition is, perhaps, too extravagant for serious consideration. That there is a bond of sincere sympathy between Americans and Irishmen is undeniable, and that bond is strengthened by the fact that four of the signers of our Declaration of Independence were born in the Green Isle. Nevertheless, Congress would scarcely be prepared to place Ireland in our column of States, as, however desirable it might be for the interest of our Republic to obtain a firm foothold in Europe, and so to open additional markets for our exports, there is no doubt that Ireland could be gained only by an expensive war with England. The result of such a contest could not be doubtful, as with the coöperation of the Irish their island could unquestionably be won for the United States. Only a *plébiscite*, taken in Ireland, could be held as a satisfactory assent of the willingness of the people of that country to have it annexed—if the word "annexed" is a proper term to use in this connection—to our republic. All writers on the law of nations concede the fact that every people may choose its own form of government, and alter it at pleasure, and that that pleasure may be expressed either by a *plébiscite* or in the national legislature. Blackstone, in his *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, says that it would be quite in order for any member of Parliament to move to repeal, alter, or amend

the Act of Succession to the Throne, and to substitute either another form of government, or another reigning house, instead of the existing one. He would, perhaps, be a bold member of the British House of Commons who would introduce a bill declaring that the House of Hanover, to which Queen Victoria belongs, should cease to reign, and that some John Smith and his heirs should reign instead. Yet the legality of such a bill is beyond doubt, and if it could be passed its constitutionality would be unquestionable. Is there any valid reason for not applying to Ireland the general rule stated, and for affirming that she alone among the countries of the earth should be denied the right of choosing her own form of government? Even England allows to each of her nearly fifty colonies its own legislature, or law-making power. Each of the Australian colonies has its upper and lower houses, answering to our Senate and House of Representatives. But Ireland is denied a parliament or a legislature of any description.

Viewing the question by the light of the facts stated, it ceases to be a matter for wonderment that all British remedial legislation for Ireland has been unsatisfactory and unacceptable to the inhabitants, and the like would be the case, as stated, with respect to any land law which might be passed. The reason is that no applied remedy has gone to the root of the disease. It is as though a physician were to treat locally a complaint which requires constitutional treatment. Thus, if a man were to have a cutaneous eruption on his neck which denoted a general blood disease, it would manifestly be improper to endeavor to effect a cure by local applications alone. A constitutional remedy must be adopted, a medicine given that will eliminate the poison from all the blood. So it is with Ireland. The land grievance is only a single manifestation of general discontent which has its root in the non-independence of the people; in other words, their being governed by a foreign power. On a former occasion the great complaint was the existence of a dominant church in Ireland. That church was disestablished by an administration under the premiership of Mr. Gladstone. No sooner was the church-ghost exorcised, than the place became possessed of other unquiet spirits, and when these were laid at rest, then the demon of landlordism erected its head, and so a line of angels of darkness, as long as the procession of spirits seen by Macbeth, appears to torment the Irish people. They have got it into their heads that nothing short of self-government would be a *panacea* for their wrongs and grievances, and nothing else will ever satisfy them. They certainly have good grounds for the stand which they take in this connection. While they had their own Parliament, the island was comparatively prosperous. Since the Act of Union things have been going from bad to worse; nor could it be otherwise. When the Parliament assembled in College Green, Dublin, its members were largely composed of the wealthy landlords, who necessarily had to remain in Ireland for a great part of every year, and so spend the money in the country whence they drew their rents. When the Parliament was abolished, and Irish legislation was transferred to England, those landlord members, while still drawing their rents from Ireland, spent the money in England and on the continent, and to that extent impoverished Ireland. For that grievance there is no remedy under the sun except to retransfer the Parliament to Dublin.

In whatever way the question may be viewed from the Irish stand-point, one thing is certain —namely, if the condition of the people were not bettered by self-government, it certainly could not be made worse than it is now or has been since the Act of Union. There is no surer sign of a country's decadence than a steady decrease of her population. The last four censuses exhibited the following figures: In 1841 the population was 8,175,124; 1851, 6,552,385; 1861, 5,792,055; 1871, 5,412,377, and since then it is certain that the number of inhabitants has much decreased. A fruitful cause of the decrease is unquestionably emigration, and this progressing on a large scale, and carried on by a people who are naturally very attached to fatherland, show the straits to which they are driven to make a bare subsistence in their own country. They are the worst fed, the worst clothed, and the worst housed of any people in the world, and this, too, in a land which is remarkably productive, and which is calculated to afford abundance for a much larger population than has ever inhabited Ireland. Before the Act of Union her commerce was large, her manufactures—especially of linen—extensive, her mines thrivingly worked, and her coast and river fisheries prosecuted on an elaborate and remunerative scale. Of late all these and other industries have languished, and the country is hardly worth living in. The landlords are exacting and relentless, and the tenants are crushed and desperate. Is it, then, any wonder that there is a demand for a change—a demand to be reverted to that self-government under which the people were happy and contented? Ireland, left to herself, can be not only a self-supporting, but an exporting nation. Knowing this, the celebrated Dean Swift advised his coun-

trymen to burn everything that was brought from England, except her coal. His remark was founded on the fact that it has ever been England's policy to sell her goods in Ireland, and to obtain the latter's money in return—a policy which is ruinous to Ireland. The Celt must have his "grievance" against Great Britain, even if he has to go without his dinner; but, truth to say, he seldom has any difficulty to find a just cause of complaint.

Of course it is only fair to present the question from the English stand-point. England's title to Ireland is claimed under the usurpation of the island by Henry II., by permission of Pope Adrian IV., although that Pontiff had no title in the soil to pass or convey to another. Secondly, by the Anglo-Irish Parliament, in 1541, acknowledging Henry VIII. King of Ireland; and, thirdly, by the conquest of the island by Oliver Cromwell in 1649. It is deemed unnecessary here to argue at length on the validity of the title so set up. Suffice it to say that such validity of title, for reasons already mentioned, is denied *in toto* by the Irish people. But, even for the sake of argument, admitting the genuineness of the title so derived, it is no answer to the broad principle stated, and allowed by all civilized nations, that the inhabitants of every country, on the axiom that "all power is from the people," have a right to change their rulers and form of government whenever and as often as they please. England herself acted on that principle when she was a Roman colony or province, by driving the Romans out of the place and establishing her own system of government. The proverbial goose and gander sauce is as palatable now as ever. But while the English press prate of "the conquest of Ireland" as a justification for the British oppression of that island, it would be treating with injustice the common sense and acumen of English statesmen to suppose that they resist the constant demand of the Irish for self-government on the ground that the title mentioned is valid. Nothing of the kind. England holds Ireland for other reasons: First, to squeeze all the wealth she can out of the island, which certainly is not much at present, whatever it was formerly. Secondly, because if Ireland were given autonomy she might, on account of old sores and grievances, be a continual source of annoyance and peril to Great Britain. Thirdly, if England were at war with another power, she could not afford to have the enemy allowed a foothold in Ireland, and so make an invasion by way of Wales or Scotland. This, in the opinion of British statesmen, would be a perpetual menace. And, lastly, continental statesmen would probably be constantly intriguing against England with the Irish Government in matters of commerce and otherwise. Those reasons are forcible from the English stand-point, but are destitute of logic when put forth as arguments for depriving another people of autonomy. They simply amount to a plea that Ireland was made for the English, not for the Irish, which the latter respectfully decline to admit. British statesmen aver that Ireland is too *near* to England to be allowed her independence. She was equally near when she had her own Parliament up to eighty years ago. She is not so near England as France is. The United States and Canada have no quarrels on account of their nearness to one another. Only an imaginary line separates Spain and Portugal, and two or more of most of the European and Asiatic continental powers lie in near proximity to each other. Without elaborating the reasons put forth by British statesmen for retaining Ireland in subjection, every intelligent reader can form an opinion for himself on that aspect of the question. It really resolves itself into this: Should one country be kept in a state of serfdom in order to gratify the interests and convenience, and to dispel the fears and suspicions, of another country?

No friend of Ireland would counsel a revolution in that country to throw off the British yoke unless the movement were backed by the assistance of a foreign power. But until the present so-called "land agitation" got to a considerable heat, the idea was almost universal that only by revolution could Ireland secure autonomy. O'Connell himself, with all his professions of a "peace policy," was in the habit, in his speeches, of quoting Byron's lines:

"Hereditary bondmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought," etc.

He knew that the union of Ireland and England, somewhat akin to that of the Siamese twins, was, to his countrymen, as compulsory as it was revolting. But the *quasi* "land agitation," while worthless for what it professes to be, bids fair to make Ireland too costly and troublesome for England to hold. While it would be unadvisable to risk the result of a revolution, yet, for the reasons stated, that result could not be predicated. But, without taking chances in the matter, it is tolerably clear that if the Irish keep up a peaceful opposition to the landlords, refuse to pay rent, decline to sell supplies to all who will not join their movement, and so forth, they may eventually, and without bloodshed, exhaust the English treasury and power in Ireland, and abolish English rule in that country. This is, perhaps, the only satisfactory solution of a question which is the greatest political conundrum of the age.

R. E. DESMOND.

THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA.

In the upper Pyrenees, between France and Spain, is an ancient republic of which but little is known, for it is seldom visited, and its people have never occupied any important place in history. Its government, however, has existed, without change, for more than eleven hundred years, a monument of independence from the time of Charlemagne, and remains to-day the oldest civilized government in the world.

The Republic of Andorra lies between the Pyrenees of the Department of the Ariége and the Pyrenees of Catalonia, and is approached only over mountains, whose tops, even in midsummer, are covered with snow.

I twice visited this interesting country—once by making the ascent of the mountains from the French side of the frontier, by way of the valley of the Ariége. As I passed through this beautiful valley I encountered a most delightful landscape. Fresh banks, groves, cultivated fields, and flocks and herds, were spread out before me, and the background, as it gradually receded toward the horizon, displayed a broad undulating belt of green and gently sloping hills. But what a contrast followed! In an hour's time this charming prospect passed out of sight, and I beheld only the severest aspect of the mountains, with their peaks covered with snow. The great gorge of the Ramade opened before me like a vast tomb of granite. My eyes sought involuntarily to measure the distance over the wild and barren region in front, but in vain, for the pathway was crooked, and the mountain walls were high and almost perpendicular—so high that the sun only at meridian could possibly reach me. Down in the bottom ran the Ariége; all about was solitude and desolation.

I pursued my lonely way up by the side of this deep ravine, along the ledges of crumbling rocks or the shelving sides of the precipice, until at last the giant walls of the mountain began to widen, and the gulf below to look less hideous under a broader expanse of blue sky. High above me, on an eminence that seemed to divide the abyss of the Ramade, rose the ruins of an old castle—the Château of Miglos—an ancient and feudal nest, long since deserted, but still standing with its towers and battlements as if to guard the passage of the mountains, as no doubt it did in its day. Ascending to the top of the ridge beyond, I witnessed another change; life reappeared, and the little *bourg* of Vic-de-Sos lay before me. The mountains were here spread out in the form of a semi-circle, and presented at the bottom of the perspective a triple range of summits. In the valley below were chimneys and forges, and men at their work; culture and industry enlivened the scene. Not far distant from where I stood were some Druidical monuments and towers of the dark ages; and side by side with these relics of barbarism were clustered the grottoes of the Albinos, fortified asylums of that unfortunate and proscribed race. The Albinos, like the gypsies of the Basque provinces, and some other races of Navarre and Catalonia, are placed outside the protection of the law. They are said to have sprung from negro fathers and white mothers. Their complexion is of a dirty white, tinged with red, the latter color most noticeable about their eyes and fingernails. They still preserve their short and crispy curls, and their features and habits in general indicate the race from which they are descended. *Ex nigrâ stirpe albus homo.*

Several little streams came foaming down through the crevices of the mountain, and, passing through the valley, blended their murmurs with the melody of grazing herds—native music in a foreign land. As I turned to one side I beheld the Montcal and Rancié, and on the other was the Col de Sem. A Druidical monument elevated itself upon a solitary summit, and near by I could distinguish a table of granite resting upon three small blocks, as upon mutilated feet, between which the distant sky was visible. This roughly worked table of stone still presented in the center of its surface the circular cavity which in former times received the blood of human victims. Bearing toward my right was the Col de Sherz, but towering above all were the dreary ice-fields of the White Pyrenees, far above the habitations of living men; and immediately in front was the passage that was to conduct me up into the mountain regions of Andorra. I went down into the valley on to the threshold of Vic-de-Sos, the very center of a great amphitheater, from which point I followed a winding pathway up to the Col de Sem, where, from a hight of over two hundred feet, falls a beautiful cascade perpendicularly over great rocks, surrounded by a forest of stunted fir trees. On the opposite side

of Vic-de-Sos is an ancient camp of Charlemagne, where still remain scattered upon a mound the *débris* of a large fort. Continuing my toilsome journey, I found hidden away upon the slopes, and in the gorges of the mountains, a number of little hamlets, and among them the villages of Suc d'Ollier and Goulier, the latter always half buried with snow or lost in banks of fog.

The inhabitants of the villages whom I encountered, whether farmers, muleteers, or miners, differed noticeably in their habits and customs. One commune was noted for its habits of order, sobriety, and economy, while in another, not a league away, the people were extremely frivolous and indolent. The inhabitants of Sem do not know how to read, but they are all adepts in the art of chicanery. The miners of Goulier are hard workers, and noted in all the surrounding country for their athletic powers and prodigious appetites. Their meals were simply enormous, enough to recall the repasts of Apicius. In drawing nearer to the borders of the Republic, I crossed the summits of mountains where snow obstructs the passage for at least six months in the year. On the frontier of Andorra I was arrested by something more than mere curiosity to reflect that I stood before a republic that dates from the time of Charlemagne, whose public records bear the inscription, "In the eleven hundred and second year of the Republic," and that maintains a government which all its neighbors respect, and which above all respects itself.

The Andorrese as a people are still faithful to the rustic manners, institutions, and usages of their ancestors. The stability which reigns in family life has preserved to each valley and to each village its own peculiar characteristics. The clans remain side by side, as in days of yore, and the friction of centuries has not succeeded in effacing the little differences that tradition says have always distinguished them. Coming down from one generation to another, fathers have transmitted to their children the same callings, the same ideas, and the same manner of living.

The existence of the Republic of Andorra as an independent State dates from the year 778, the time of Charlemagne's first expedition against the Moors, when he made the passage of the Pyrenees by way of Andorra, a region which the Saracens believed to be inaccessible to an invading army. The Andorrese, a warlike race, were the first champions against the Moors, and had successfully repulsed their repeated attacks. They now joined the forces of the great Emperor, and conducted them through the defiles of the mountains down on to the plains of Catalonia. Charlemagne defeated the Moors in the Valley of Carol, to which he gave his name, but was routed, and a portion of his army destroyed, as he was returning to France (according to the *Annales* of Eginhard) through the Pass of Roncesvalles. In the first book of *Paradise Lost*, the discomforture of Charlemagne is, by a geographical error of Milton, located at Fontarabia:

> "Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
> When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell
> By Fontarabia."

To recompense the inhabitants of Andorra for their services, Charlemagne made them independent, and left them to be governed by their own laws. He authorized them to select a Protector, which they did in the person of the Count of Foix, and the arms of the Republic are still quartered with those of the Counts of Foix. There were certain rights reserved, however, which still exist, and consist principally of a tribute and the retention of a part of the judiciary power. The tithes of the six parishes were granted to the See of Urgel.

In the year 801, Louis le Débonnaire, King of Aquitaine, granted the Andorrese a fresh charter, expressed to be in right of his father, Charlemagne, for their fidelity to the Emperor and the support they had rendered the Christian cause againt the Moors. The original manuscript of this charter is still preserved among the archives of the Republic. This was the year of the second expedition against the Moors to the south of the Pyrenees, which was under the immediate command of the King, whose object, says Theganus, was to expel Zadun, the Moorish chief of Barcelona. Louis organized a more perfect administration of government for the Andorrese, which exists to-day in the same form; and the names, divisions, and boundaries are the same, presenting the remarkable phenomenon of a little country preserving its independence, with the same institutions, for eleven centuries, in the midst of revolutions which have so often changed the forms of government of the two great neighboring States. The apostles of revolution have been listened to with effect in one period or another in most of the civilized countries of the world, but their words have never penetrated the walls that surround the valleys of this ancient and model republic. Louis subsequently surrendered up to the people some of the rights that Charlemagne had reserved. Among other things, it was stipulated that one-half of the tithes of the six parishes should belong to the Bishop of Urgel, and the other half, the city of Andorra excepted, to the chapter of the cathedral church which the

Moors had destroyed. The half from the city of Andorra was given to one of the principal inhabitants, as a recompense for the services he had rendered the French arms, and that portion is still called *droit carlovingien.*

In the year 860, Charles the Bold issued a diploma wrongfully assigning the sovereignty of Andorra, which Charlemagne had vested in the inhabitants, to the Bishops of Urgel. But this the Andorrese refused to recognize, whereupon commenced the four hundred years' war of independence, between the Republic as an independent and lawful sovereign, the Bishops of Urgel as pretenders, and the Counts of Foix nominally as protectors. The Counts, like nearly all the protectors and powerful families of that age, merely ravaged the country they professed to befriend. In 1278, the Andorrese succeeded in a final pacification, under which the Bishops and Counts receded from the contest, and, in course of time, their authority settled into a sort of co-protectorate. The Counts of Foix became absorbed in the house of Béarn, which, in its turn, became absorbed in that of Bourbon, and the protectorate at length attached to the *de facto* French Government. The President of the French Republic and the Bishop of Urgel are now the joint protectors of Andorra, under the charter of 801 and the convention of 1278.

The manner in which the *de facto* government of France obtained the protectorate is related as one of the legends of Andorra. The Syndic of the Republic in the time of the first Napoleon was a guest of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. He went there in his official dress, a long black coat, a cocked hat, and leather breeches. Napoleon had commanded that he be received with all the splendor that the palace and court could display. The magnificence of the imperial household, the elegant costumes of the people, and the familiar and fascinating ways of the ladies of the court, greatly bewildered him as he thought of his own people and their humble dwellings in Andorra. The imperial host enjoyed the embarrassment of the Syndic immensely, for he knew that he would gain the small victory upon which he was resolved. The business which had brought the Syndic to the French capital was to amend the anomalous relations between France and Andorra caused by the fall of the Bourbons, who had been the hereditary co-protectors, and also to relieve some of the privations of his countrymen by concluding a commercial treaty. He never questioned that the heir of Louis XVI., who was the heir of the Counts of Foix, was the only French protector of the commonwealth. But, under the influences of the court, the austere devotee of republican institutions halted, doubted, and wavered, and the imperial blandishments at length triumphed. The fidelity of the Syndic to the memory of the extinguished Counts of Foix melted away in the seductive atmosphere of the court, and he signed a treaty with the Emperor, which was afterward ratified by the Republic for the sake of the commercial advantages, which were a counterpart of the Andorrese acknowledging the *de facto* government of France as co-protector with the Bishops of Urgel.

The Andorrese are very jealous of any encroachment upon their religious or political rights, as well as of any violation of their territory. In 1794, General Shabert was ordered by the French Government to pass his troops through Andorra to attack Urgel, but the people objected, and the order was revoked.

The territory of the Republic has an area of about thirty miles in length by twenty in breadth, and contains three beautiful and fertile valleys, one of which runs parallel to the great range of the Pyrenees, and the other two lay almost at right angles to it. The government of Andorra partakes of a political, military, judicial, and commercial character. The charter of 801 forms the six parishes of Andorra, San Julia, Massana, Canillo, Encamp, and Ordino into an independent State, under the title of "*Respublica Handorrensis,*" subject to the right of tithe previously given to the See of Urgel. Louis Débonnaire, in the name of his father, Charlemagne, traces out for the Andorrese some general principles of government, and advises them, among other things, to establish an equality of civil rights, to make the country an asylum for foreign political offenders who might take refuge in its territory, and urges them to foster agriculture and improve the character of their dwellings.

Each of the six departments has its own legislature, which is composed of those land-holders who can show a descent from ancestors who possessed the hereditary right of legislation. These bodies severally elect two Consuls, who form the executive of each division, and serve for one year. The General Council of the Republic is composed of twenty-four delegates, four being sent by each of the local legislatures, and consists of the two Consuls for the current year and the two last ex-Consuls in each division. The General Council elects a Syndic and a Deputy Syndic, who constitute the executive authority of the Republic. All citizens from sixteen to sixty years of age are armed, and the military organization and drill of each parish are under the direction of a captain, while the chief judiciary authority of the

State is the head of the whole army. There are no salaries or emoluments connected with the government; all citizens of the Republic are supposed to be patriotic and brave, and willing to serve their country without pay. Here is a complete administrative organization where no salaries are given, and, proportionately speaking, a large military establishment without a dollar of taxation.

The feudal theory of nobility exists among the land-owners, and possession of land is the Andorrese idea of freedom. Andorrese nobles, whose long descent would dwarf the genealogical tree of an Arundel, or a Percy, and who derive their grants of land from the Emperor Charlemagne, may be found grooming their own horses or shearing their own sheep. The intellect of these hardy mountaineers is mostly ruled by physical strength. Education and luxury are unknown among them. The people are noted, however, for their high public virtue and private charity. So benevolent are they that in winter he who has goods shares them with the poorest around him.

The General Council of the Republic meet five times a year at the city of Andorra to deliberate upon public affairs, though but few laws are ever passed. Certain days of religious festivals are chosen for the meeting of the Council; these are Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, All Saints' Day, and Saint Andrew's. The twenty-four deputies arrive at the place of meeting on horseback, and each puts up his own horse in one of the twenty-four stalls of the national stables. The first duty of a consul is to attend divine service in the little chapel attached to the capitol building. He then proceeds to the robing-room, where the peasant dress is changed for a more stately costume, consisting of a long, black, straight-collared coat, with two rows of very large buttons, leather knee-breeches, and a turn-up black hat. The building in which the Council meet is called the "Palace," and is constructed of rough granite blocks. The hall where the deliberations are held is on the second floor. To the right and left, on entering, are benches for the Consuls, and at the upper end of the room a chair for the Syndic, who acts as the President of the assembly. In the Council Chamber is a great strong-box, which contains the archives of the nation. The State records are preserved with such religious care that but few persons have ever been allowed to see them. The cabinet which contains these sacred documents is fastened with six locks, having each a different key. The locks correspond to the six different divisions of the State whose records are deposited there. The executive of each parish is intrusted with the key to a single lock, and as the six locks are on the outer door, no part of the box can be opened except in the presence of the six heads of the six departments, who are required to be present at the meeting of the Council.

The faculty of reading is almost exclusively confined to the twenty-four Consuls. I believe that most of the Andorrese nobles sign their names by making a cross. Any land-owner who inherits the right to be a legislator, and can read the Andorrese records, and correspond with the French and Spanish officials on either frontier, may aspire to govern the Republic. Not a book of any kind exists in the Andorran tongue, though the language is not difficult to acquire, having only a dialectic difference from the Catalan. A late Syndic had heard of North America, but he believed that all Americans were copper-colored, and that England was a colony of France. The ignorance and real simplicity of the people reminds one of the amusing fable of Wieland related in his *Geschichte der Abderiten*, illustrative of the extreme simplicity of the Abderitans. The story of Wieland, even within the last quarter of a century, would have applied to the Andorrese, for they have taken more than one traveler to be out of his senses because his sayings were beyond their comprehension.

The title of "Most Illustrious" is given to the members of the General Council by the Andorrese, but in official reports and communications with foreigners, the Syndic and two criminal judges receive only the title of "Illustrious." These latter carry a sword as a distinctive mark of the supreme authority of the law. The civil or inferior judges are called "Honorable." In the General Council there are three forms of deliberation, according to the importance of the business, comprising: First, one member from each parish; second, two members from each parish, and third, all the members of the General Council as a committee of the whole house.

The judiciary system consists of one judge appointed by France for life, who is generally a magistrate from the Department of the Ariége, and another appointed by the Bishop of Urgel, who must be a subject of the Republic, and who holds office for three years. These judges exercise criminal authority only, while the civil power is vested in two inferior judges, selected by the criminal judges from a list of six presented by the Syndic. There is no trial by jury, and no written law. Equity and custom alone determine the decisions of the courts. The sentence of the court, when proclaimed by the General Council, is irrevocable, and must be

carried into execution within twenty-four hours. A court of appeal exists only on the civil side. Its chief, appointed by France and the Bishop of Urgel, sits from time to time to review the decisions of the two inferior judges.

Neither the French revolutionary law of inheritance, nor the partition of property as established in Spain, have as yet influenced the character of Andorrese legislation. The law of primogeniture still prevails as of old. Some of the mountain races in both France and Spain attempted to retain this right of having their estates descend only to the eldest son, but, being amenable to the law of their respective countries, they were obliged to adopt the expedient of family compacts.

The patricians of Andorra, who are the lesser land-owners, do not appreciably differ from the common laborers, and are not generally admitted to the rank of senator. The laborers in the valleys live in poorly constructed huts, and sleep on the skins of bears or izards. The mountain shepherds, in yet worse hovels, dwell in winter in constant fear of avalanches and wolves. While the habitations of the people are poor, their churches show that they bestow considerable upon their religion in aid of architecture. The interior of the church at Canillo is an example of this, for it is spacious and in good style, with some carving and decoration.

Field sports are in favor with the Andorrese. They shoot partridges and pheasants in summer, and bears and wolves in autumn and winter. Wolves are hunted on horeback in the valleys and on the lower ridges, but the bear and izard choose the cover of the steep mountain-sides, and the hunt is consequently conducted with guns and dogs, and is sometimes attended with both hardship and danger. Bears are now becoming scarce, except on the highest mountains. In severe seasons both bears and izards descend into the lower regions, and are easily taken. Bear's meat, even after the fatigue of a hard day's shooting, is strong and tough, but the natives of the country, on their return at night, feast upon it in the lurid light of their chimney-fires with the sumptuousness of a Cyclops.

In religion the inhabitants of Andorra are Catholic. Religion is there associated with every circumstance of business or pleasure. It opens legislation and initiates dancing, the latter being a recreation of which the people are very fond. The chief dance is called the Val d'Andorre, and is awkward, but peculiar to the country. It is said to have been in vogue as long ago as the time of Charlemagne. Religious *fêtes* are a national pastime, and the Val d'Andorre may be witnessed on any Saint's Day sacred in the Andorrese calendar. The anniversary opens with a short mass, celebrated at the nearest chapel, and the remainder of the day is given up to dancing. But a Saint's Day is not always necessary, for a piece of greensward, a clear moonlight, and the balmy air of a midsummer night are generally sufficient incitements. The women are robust and well proportioned. They are French in manner and action, but Spanish in physiognomy and complexion. Their ways are frank and somewhat attractive, but they are under a certain degree of subjection, for every wife regards her husband as her master.

The Republic has no roads. Even the highway leading to the capital must be traversed by men and horses sure of foot. Notwithstanding this, the country at large is almost unequaled for the variety of its productions, as well as for the beauty of its scenery. The land is divided between tillage and flocks and herds, the highlands being pastoral, and the lowlands arable. Horses, sheep, and pigs are the principal animal productions of the country. There are also goats and fowls, but few cows or oxen. The valleys are rich, and produce fine crops of wheat, barley, rye, and corn. Wheat bread is used in the cabins of the land-owners, and rye in the huts of the peasantry. Grapes, figs, dates, and olives grow on the warmer hill-sides in the neighborhood of Auvina, and cocoa-nut trees in the western communes. The flocks, in appearance, are hardly to be surpassed, and the mutton is equal to the finest in the world. Iron mines are plentiful, but coal is altogether wanting. There is an abundance of wood in the mountains. This is public property, and is furnished to the inhabitants gratuitously, but sold by the parishes to the proprietors of forges. The manufacture of iron is exceedingly crude, and the forges are the most primitive that I have ever seen. The cloth manufactured there is the coarsest that could possibly be made. To carry their produce to market, in the absence of roads, the people have contrived large quadrangular baskets, formed of strips of wood, which they fasten to the backs of horses. These frequently obstruct the narrow highway, but the traveler must of course give way. The State receives a small income from imports and pasturage, out of which the Syndic pays $190 tribute each to France and the Bishop of Urgel, the chief expense of the Republic.

On taking my departure from Andorra and its hospitable people, I visited Auvina, near the Spanish frontier, on the road to Urgel. At Auvina is a grand cascade and a succession of beautiful waterfalls, the finest in the Pyrenees. There is an interesting legend connected with

Auvina, which the Andorrese believe to be authentic. I give it in substance as it has been before related:

In the middle ages the Bishops of Urgel had arrogated to themselves a supremacy over the Republic. These claims of ecclesiastical ascendency were in collision with the spirit of Andorrese independence. The exactions of Urgel became more and more intolerable. Meanwhile a lady, called, from her dress and appearance, the White Lady, became possessed, in right of her father, of a tower on the hights above the Cascade of Auvina, which commanded the road leading from Urgel to San Julia. Certain magical powers were attributed to the owners of this ancient building, and the White Lady was accordingly supposed to be skilled in the black art. The tower had been originally built as a bulwark against the irruptions of the feudal prelates of Urgel. On this account, as well as upon account of the dark gifts with which it was thought to be endowed, the lords of the tower of Auvina were popularly regarded as the guardians of the Republic.

The White Lady had more than once forbidden the entrance of the Bishop intc Andorra. He, nevertheless, came and went, until one night, on his return toward Urgel, the White Lady stood before him in the moonlit glade beside the Falls of Auvina, and beckoned him away from his attendants. He followed her, spell-bound and alone, to the edge of the woods. At length he returned, with a greatly altered countenance, and refused to divulge what he had seen or heard. For a long time he ventured not again to pass the Cascade of Auvina. His priests undertook missions in his stead, and each time, at whatever hour of the day or evening they might pass, the White Lady stood before their path. At length, however, she was more rarely seen, and the Prelate of Urgel dared once more to cross the threshold of Andorra. They were no longer troublesome times, and he undertook the journey unattended. He was never again seen, nor did the White Lady again visit the cascade or inhabit the tower. From this time forward a solitary wolf infested that part of Andorra, and devoured all the sheep that came within its reach. The simultaneous disappearance of the enchantress and the Bishop gave a mystical character to the place. The Andorrese went forth from time to time to shoot the depredator on their flocks, but in vain. At last the Syndic himself went in search of him, and succeeded in killing the marauder. But ever afterward, night after night, he became subject to frightful dreams and visions, which lasted while the sun was down. His health soon began to fail, but the visions did not intermit. As it became evident that his hours were numbered, the White Lady appeared before him. His attendants implored the exercise of her magic to effect the Syndic's cure.

"I could deliver the Republic," said she, "but I could not deliver thee from the power of the Bishop. The wolf thou killedst was even he."

The Syndic died, and the White Lady was never again seen. From that time the Bishops of Urgel never attempted to invade the rights of the Republic. The moral, that prelates should not covet their neighbor's rights, is remembered in the land of Andorra, however much it may be forgotten at Urgel.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

A DAY ON A GUANO ISLAND.

Shortly after sunrise the swift little brig *Nautilus* left the harbor of Papeete, Tahiti, bound for San Francisco. Usually passengers taking this trip do not see land again from the time the mountain peaks of Tahiti are lost to view until they sight the Farallones, thirty miles from San Francisco. But the three passengers on board the *Nautilus* (myself one of the number) were fortunate in being on a vessel which, taking a more westerly course than usual, was to stop at the Guano Islands of the South Pacific to leave a mail, and, remaining there for a few hours, receive one in return, destined for California and England. We were favored with a good breeze, and in a week from the day we left Papeete, shortly after sunrise, we anchored off the islands about a mile and a half from shore.

There is quite a large group of these islands, but the principal ones are Vostok, Flint, and Caroline Islands. The first named, Vostok, is the smallest, being only half a mile in width. The next, Flint Island, is about three miles long and three quarters of a mile wide. It is in 10° 26′ south latitude and 150° 48′ west longitude, and extends in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction. Nearly five-sixths of the island is covered with trees, the rest being coral beach and reef. The trees are from sixty

to one hundred feet high, and the land is about twelve feet above the level of the sea. For the past three years or more, the English company engaged in shipping guano from these islands have made Flint Island their headquarters; but at the time we visited them their operations were being carried on at Caroline Island, which is much larger than the others, being seven miles and a half long, and one mile and a half wide, lying north and south. It is in 9° 56′ south latitude and 150° 6′ west longitude. There is a large lagoon near the center of the island, surrounded by forty small islets, and, indeed, the whole island seems made up of many small ones; so that when the tide is low one can go from one to another on the reef, which forms the connecting chain that binds them together. Looking at the islands from the deck of the ship we could see a long line of breakers dashing over the reef, and sending the spray continuously in the air; so that a snowy mist seemed to conceal the land, save an occasional glimpse of bright green foliage, above which the cocoa-palms reared their heads, ever a distinguishing feature of tropical scenery.

Our vessel had hoisted signals, which were answered from shore, and in an hour from the time we had come to anchor a boat, containing two Europeans and four native oarsmen, came alongside the ship. On coming on board the gentlemen were introduced as Mr. Arundel, the English agent of the Guano Company, and his friend, Mr. Robinson, who was stopping at the islands, for a few months, for the benefit of his health. After receiving their letters and papers, and hearing the news from the outside world, from which they seemed to be so isolated, they left for the shore again to prepare their return mail. Before leaving, however, they extended to us a cordial invitation to return with them and visit their island home. We gladly accepted the invitation, and in a few moments the other lady passenger and myself were climbing down the rope ladder at the side of the ship into the boat. It took but a short time to reach the shore, or reef rather, for it was low tide, and, disembarking, we walked about a quarter of a mile over the reef, avoiding as best we could the hollows which the receding tide had left filled with water, forming natural aquariums. The reef passed over, we stepped on shore, and many were our exclamations at the novelty and beauty of the scene before us.

My idea of a guano island had always been that it was very rocky, and covered with a white substance resembling mortar before the sand is mixed with it. I imagined, too, that it exhaled an odor differing somewhat from the orange groves of Tahiti. Had I not been told that I was on a guano island, I would not now have known it from the surroundings. Instead of being rocky, the soil was mellow and dark, and everywhere vegetation was most luxuriant. The air was remarkably clear and pure. During a walk around the island, I then learned that there are two kinds of guano; or, rather, that of certain qualities which all guano possesses, some of these qualities predominate in that found in a given locality, while guano taken from islands differently located possesses in a much stronger degree some other essentials. Thus the guano of the islands off the coasts of South America, exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, where the surface of the land is never cooled, and where rain seldom or never falls, possesses the strongest ammoniacal properties. Not only the excretions of birds are deposited there, but the birds themselves come there to die; and eggs have frequently been taken out, a little below the crusts which form over these deposits, that are almost pure ammonia. The guano of these islands has a strong, pungent odor, and is white and light brown in color. But the guano of the islands of the Southern Pacific is made up of decomposed coral, forming mostly phosphates of lime and magnesia. It is entirely inodorous, and of a dark brown color, resembling well pulverized loam. It is believed that the birds, which in large numbers inhabit these islands, living, as they do, almost entirely on fish, deposit phosphoric acid on the coral, and also leave the bones of the fish, which they cannot eat. These decompose the coral, and thus form the phosphates which give to the guano its value. The guano is separated from the coral in the following manner: There is quite a force of natives employed, who gather the earth in large heaps, and then screen it in the same manner as fine coal is separated from coarse. The screens are about eight feet by three, and the iron gauze covering them is fine, allowing only the guano, or fine portions of the earth, to pass through, and leaving the coral in the screens. The guano is then sacked, and shipped to Hamburg, whence it is reshipped to different parts of Europe.

Having satisfied our curiosity in regard to the guano, we looked about us for other objects of interest. There is quite a plantation of cocoanut trees on one side of the island, but they appear to be slowly dying. It is strange that although this tree attains a great hight, and appears capable of withstanding the storms of decades, yet should any disease or worm attack the central tuft of feathery foliage which crowns its top the tree inevitably dies. There were other trees, also, on the island, one of which, whose name I have forgotten, furnishes a very

beautiful wood for cabinet use. Mr. Arundel showed us an easy chair, the frame of which was made from this wood. It is of a dark color, takes a fine polish, and is as durable as mahogany.

We had been all this time slowly walking toward the beach which partly inclosed the island. Although at the landing-place the reef came close up to the shore, on the western side of the island it ran out into the ocean about half a mile from the land. Here there was a fine beach, two or three miles in extent, covered with glistening white sand, in which could be found many beautiful shells, but we had time to gather only a few. There were the shells of various kinds of lobsters, crabs, and other shell-fish, which the sun's powerful rays had bleached to a pearly whiteness, or changed into hues of lavender, deep purple, and brilliant blue. I carried some of them away with me, but they were so brittle that they were broken on the passage home. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than this beach, with its banks of snow-white, glittering sands, the green, luxuriant vegetation above them, and the foamy, crested waves, which, gallantly charging onward, seemed eager to submerge the tiny island, until, as if in obedience to that mighty voice which says, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," they suddenly broke and divided into numberless tiny ripples at our feet.

We next visited a small lagoon, which had been inclosed, and some green turtles, caught by the gentlemen, placed therein. But alas for their future anticipations of turtle soup! An enterprising hard-shelled turtle had made an opening in the *corral*, and not only had he himself escaped, but the others had all followed in his wake. Passing through a small grove of trees, we were shown the house of the native minister, built of bamboo, up in the branches of one of the trees. Here the old preacher could sit and meditate upon his sermon for the coming Sabbath; and eloquent, indeed, should have been his discourse, surrounded as he was by two of God's most glorious works, the ocean and the heavens.

We had been roaming about for several hours, and the summons to dinner, which reached us at that moment, revealed to us the fact that mental food will not satisfy the demands of the stomach, and that "nature abhors a vacuum" equally in mind or body. Our bill of fare was quite varied. Fowls, canned meats and vegetables, desiccated potatoes, pudding, fruit, and such handsome eggs it seemed a pity to break the shells. They were the eggs of the plover, I believe, and beautifully mottled brown and white, gray, blue, and a delicate green. The frigate, or man-of-war, bird is also found on these islands. This bird, instead of catching its own fish from the ocean, as do other birds, waits until it sees some poor bird, smaller than itself, wearily flying home with a fish in its beak. Darting down upon it, it pecks at the bird until, exhausted, it drops the fish. This the frigate bird seizes upon, and hastens away to enjoy its ill gotten meal, while the other bird must either go supperless to bed or catch another fish.

Our hosts made the dinner hour pass most pleasantly by their interesting accounts of the neighboring islands, with their products, birds, and so forth. When we rose from the table we were shown through the dwelling-house, and then the gentlemen retired to write their letters, having bidden us to look around wherever fancy dictated. The house was a large, one-story cottage, built of wood, with a broad veranda running around three sides of it. The room in which we dined was dining and sitting-room combined. A parlor organ stood in one corner, pictures hung on the walls, and rare shells and curiosities were placed in attractive positions. There were book-cases filled with books, magazines, and papers from every part of the world. Newspapers which I had not seen since I left Massachusetts, years ago, looked at me with familiar pages, and my heart thrilled at the thought that words penned in my native State, thousands of miles away, wafted across a continent and over the broad Pacific, should meet my eye on this lone island. Native mats were strewn upon the floor, and everything, from the little flower garden outside of the veranda to the exquisite neatness inside of the house, bespoke the culture and refinement of our gentlemanly host. Adjoining the sitting-room was the bed-room, containing two single beds. Back of these rooms was the laboratory of the Superintendent. There were crucibles and retorts, a brick furnace, shelves containing bottles of chemicals, acids, and powders, bags containing samples of earth brought or sent from other islands to be tested as to their value in guano, and many other needful adjuncts to a scientific investigator. There were also curious looking minerals, and the gathered trophies of many a voyage to distant lands. Another large room, used as a store for the natives employed on the island, and a bath room, completed the list of apartments, the kitchen being in a separate building, at a short distance from the main house. There were also a fowl-house, a stable for the three horses employed on the island, and the bamboo huts of the natives, forming altogether quite a settlement.

Mr. Arundel, the Superintendent of these guano islands, is what we too seldom find in

these far-away places—a Christian gentleman, educated and refined, who tries in every way to benefit those who come within reach of his influence. The natives reverence and love him. Were more of our white traders and business men who go to the islands of the South Pacific possessed of a similar spirit, it would not be an open question, as it certainly must be now to any thinking person who visits these islands, whether civilization has not been more of a curse to the natives than a benefit.

But the pleasantest days must have an ending, and the sun, gradually, but surely, sinking toward the western horizon, admonished us that the short twilight of the tropics would soon be upon us, and that we must return to our ship. The tide now covered the reef, and as it was not considered safe to bring the boat up over it, lest the jagged edges of coral might injure it, we ladies, seated in Chinese lounging chairs, were escorted in honor down to the boat by natives, two on each side of our chairs, holding us up above the water, which was nearly three feet deep. Every now and then the foot of one of the men would slip into one of the numerous hollows of the reef, and we had fears of an involuntary bath. But we reached the boat without any such mishap befalling us, and with many thanks to the gentlemen for their courtesy and kind attentions, and amid the smiling "*yurannahs*" of our native bearers, we bade farewell to Caroline Island.

EMILY S. LOUD.

MOTHS ROUND A LAMP.

The red sun fell two sultry hours before;
No dew has made the lawn's vague spaces damp;
In through my open windows more and more
The giddy moths come reeling round the lamp.

From bournes of Nature's pastoral silence brought,
Below the night's pure orbs, the wind's faint breath,
What willful spell, I question of my thought,
Entices them to this mad glaring death?

By what perverse doom are they led to meet
This fiery ruin, when so calm and cool
The deep grass drowses at the elms' dim feet,
The moist leaves droop above the starlit pool? . . . .

But while in dreamy watch I linger long,
To duskier coloring my mood recedes,
Till now the tranquil chamber seems to throng
With dark wild imageries of man's misdeeds.

And then, like some full rustle of sudden wings,
A long breeze floats disconsolately past,
And steals from unseen foliage that it swings
A murmur of lamentation, till at last,

While the sad pulses of each gradual tone
A sadder meaning from my reverie win,
All earth's rebellious agony seems to moan
The curse, the mystery of all human sin!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

CHAPTER XIII.

Howard felt the necessity of reaching San José with all possible dispatch. But he was compelled to walk, and the distance was about fifteen miles. He hoped, however, to fall in with a wagon; but night had overtaken him, and he had found no assistance. It was impossible for him to sleep. Already he was weary and footsore; but he was capable of great endurance, was full of youth and life and strength, and was spurred forward by a powerful desire to shield those who were so dear to him. He could do this with perfect ease. The case was plain enough—his surrender and confession would relieve them of all suspicion.

He was, as Judge Simon had conjectured, an extraordinary man; but, after all, a confession of a crime is not an uncommon thing. Frequently the commission of a desperate deed is the sole purpose of life. When it is done, everything is accomplished, and the problem of life has been worked out, and the end reached. In such cases, unless coveted death comes to his relief, the criminal thereafter leads a miserable, broken life. It requires a peculiar temperament to bring about such a condition. There must be morbid sensitivenesss and a quick conscience. Hope must be dead, and all the charms of life must be changed to bitterness.

Perhaps Howard was playing a deep game, and saw a way out of the difficulty.

Nevertheless, his purpose was strong, and no power in heaven or earth could shake it. Having a sound judgment, and fully relying upon it, he would accept from no one any advice. As Judge Simon once remarked, it was strange that the young man should persist in a course which he knew would break his mother's heart. Was this merely an alternative?

Howard trudged heavily along the road, following the windings of Los Gatos. The stream had not yet subsided to the volume of a mere brook, and sometimes the road, which frequently traversed the bed of the stream in dry weather, wound in and out among clumps of shrubbery on the bank.

It was some time after dark that he found himself confronted by a tall man, who stood perfectly still, awaiting him. He had been walking with his head down, absorbed in his thoughts. He suddenly halted, and his heart leaped with a strange dread. He had caught sight of the man with much the same feeling that one sees an object in the room at first waking, and which, but imperfectly seen and understood, takes on a hideous shape, and causes fright; or as, when walking in the dark, one catches sight of an object that seems immediately near, when, in fact, it may be a great distance away.

Howard was hardly susceptible to fear, but being of a nervous temperament he was easily startled. His first impulse was to address the silent figure. Then he laughed at his temporary timidity, and went forward, expecting the man to stand aside, or speak, or show some sign of life. At this time he was about ten feet from the man. Howard was greatly surprised to see him make a movement as if to spring forward, with his right arm raised, and something in his hand. This could barely be seen in the gloom. The man, however, suddenly checked himself, sprung aside, and disappeared in the brush. Howard called after him, but received no answer, and presently everything was silent again.

This strange occurrence filled the young man's mind with forebodings of no pleasant character. He went on, pondering deeply on it, when suddenly he uttered a suppressed exclamation:

"The Crane!"

Was this man hunting his life, and did his courage fail at the supreme moment? Howard was almost in his power. A quick stroke might have done the work, though the young man was active and strong, and might have turned the tables. He searched his mind for an explanation, and then discovered it: the Crane would murder him, and hide his body, and claim Mrs. Howard's offered reward. Howard smiled in some bitterness as he reflected on the fact that the means his mother had adopted to save him were now directed against his life. The Crane did not know of the reward for Howard's arrest that had been offered by the authorities, which was ten times as great as the stake for which he played.

"Very well," thought Howard. "If he attempts it again I will tell him of the Governor's reward, and permit him to arrest me."

Still, this conclusion did not banish the dread he experienced, for the Crane might strike him

in the back unawares. The young man did not really believe that the Crane would again make the attempt; but his recent narrow escape filled him with alarm, and he was determined to be on his guard henceforth. With brisk walking he ought to reach San Josè by sunrise; but the whole night was before him, and his position was perilous. As a precautionary measure, he armed himself with a heavy stick, which he used as a walking-cane, and again walked briskly on.

The night was still, and the least sound could be heard a considerable distance. Once or twice he thought he heard the crackling of twigs as of some one walking along the mountain-side, and on such occasions he halted and listened intently, and heard nothing more. He grasped his stick firmly, and trudged on, never passing a clump of bushes or a large tree on the road-side without expecting the appearance of the Crane.

About ten o'clock he heard behind him, faint in the distance, the approach of a wagon. Just as he had halted, and was straining his hearing to catch the sounds, something sprung upon his back, fastening its fangs in his shoulder, and suddenly jerking him to the ground. He fell upon his back, and his assailant pressed his knee upon his breast, and raised a knife, and struck. Howard caught the wrist, and the Crane made powerful efforts to liberate his hand; but Howard held it like a vice. A quiet struggle then ensued. Howard was a stronger man than the Crane, and easily held the right arm of the latter with his own left hand. But he could not rise. The Crane held him to the ground. It was then merely a matter of endurance and time. Whoever should get possession of the knife was the victor. The Crane closed his fingers on Howard's throat, and Howard tore his hand away, and thus held him firmly by both hands.

The wagon rapidly approached. The Crane suddenly became aware of its proximity; and, cursing and twisting, attempted to rise; but Howard pulled him down, and held him.

"Hello, there!" called one of the two men in the wagon, as the horses reared with fright at the strange sight in the road.

No answer was returned. They alighted, and approached cautiously. The two men on the ground were breathing audibly.

"I believe they are the men we want. Who are you? What are you doing?"

"Take that knife from him," said Howard, speaking with difficulty, all the Crane's weight being on his chest.

"Fighting, are you?" replied one of the men, as he secured the knife, which the Crane willingly yielded up.

Howard released his grasp, and the Crane rose, followed by Howard. The two strangers were greatly astonished. The Crane remarked:

"He was a-tryin' to git his work in on me, an' I got the knife away from him, and throwed him down."

Howard simply smiled at this statement.

The man who had remained in the background, seeing that the danger was over, stretched himself, causing apparently every joint in his body to snap. He slowly produced a revolver, and said:

"Ye're the man I'm lookin' fer, Howard. Ye're my prizner. Ye wasn't satisfied with killin' a girl, but ye wanted to put this fellow out o' the way."

Howard made no reply. The men bound him, and placed him in the wagon; and during all the time thus occupied, Howard did not utter a word. As he took his seat in the floor of the wagon, one of the men grasped his collar, that he might not escape.

"Hello! What is this?" he exclaimed.

He released his hold, and examined his hand.

"Blood," he said. "Where're you cut, young man?"

Howard sullenly remained silent. The man lighted a lantern, and examined his prisoner's shoulder, and found a knife wound.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "That was struck from behind."

Then he looked around for the Crane, who had disappeared.

"'Pears to me," said the man of noisy joints, as they whipped up the horses, "jedgin' from the wipe he fetched ye in the shoulder, that ye warn't the man on the kill. 'S thet so?"

Howard deigned no reply. He was peculiarly a stubborn man, and scornful of many things.

"Well," mused the clerk, "I reckin' ye're right to hold yer lip. Mebbe he hed a proper grudge agin ye;" saying which, he relapsed into silence, and the wagon bowled along the mountain road through the dust.

With all necessary pomp and decorum the two men turned over their prisoner to Casserly. They related with much satisfaction their acuteness in discovering the outlaw through his profound disguise, and his cunning behavior in attempting to escape identification, and the sanguinary struggle they witnessed in the road.

Casserly was grateful. His plans all worked smoothly enough, and he had little of which to complain. The prisoner's wound was very slight, for the Crane in his excitement had missed his mark.

The problem that now confronted Casserly was this: While there could be no doubt that

all three of the prisoners were cognizant of the facts connected with the death of Rose Howard, it was utterly improbable that all were guilty; consequently, the criminal must be one, or perhaps two; and the difficulty lay in extorting a statement from any one of them. Casserly had studied this problem from every point of view, and he and Garratt had discussed the matter at great length. It was quite true that the testimony of Emily and Mrs. Howard could be dispensed with, for John Howard reiterated his confession, adding that neither his mother nor the girl was connected with the affair in any way whatever. It was his own concern, he said.

Casserly was somewhat startled to hear Howward say in some confusion:

"I killed her accidentally."

"Ah," thought Casserly, "he is regretting already, and is commencing to hedge. I will talk further with him about this."

Howard was again in the Little Tank, which had been made secure.

"I regret," he said, in a calm manner, "that I informed you the shot was fired accidentally. I regret it, because I surrendered myself as a murderer, whereas accidental killing is not murder; and in this particular there is a variance in my confession. But let me put the case to you in this way: When I saw that I had killed her—she was very dear to me," and the prisoner's voice was not quite steady as he said this—"I was in despair, and acted impulsively. Again, if I had at first said the killing was accidental, it would, as matters have turned out, have been discredited by all the evident efforts my mother has made to shield me."

"If it was accidental, why did she wish to shield you?"

"Because, in my despair, I neglected to tell her that it was accidental, and she acted under misapprehension."

This explanation completely disarmed Casserly. It was the solution of the whole mystery, and was so unexpected as to be a violent surprise. He sent for Garratt, and related this new development.

"I would by no means accept it," said Garratt. "Why did you buy the pistol, Howard?"

Garratt's brusque manner incensed Howard, who regarded the Coroner with a look of scorn. Turning to Casserly, Howard quietly said:

"If you take this—person away, I will explain it."

Garratt turned on his heel and left, boiling with rage. Before he had got beyond ear-shot, Howard said, deferentially, to Casserly:

"If you have no serious objection, I will thrash him."

Casserly smiled gravely at this *nonchalance*. Garratt cast a terrible look upon the prisoner, and then passed out.

"The purchasing of the pistol," said Howard, "was merely a circumstance. I bought it for the simple reason that burglaries are so numerous now."

This was plausible, for house-breakers infested the town.

"Why didn't you explain this matter to your mother when she stole you from the mob?"

"Because she would not let me speak, the Crane being present; and, to be sure that I should not, she removed my clothes, stuffed them with straw, secured the two placards, and did not, during the whole time, remove the gag from my mouth, fearing I should say something that it would be dangerous for the Crane to hear. It was after she left me that the Crane removed the gag."

"Did she untie your hands?"

"No."

"How did she remove your coat, then?"

"She cut the sleeves with a long hunting-knife."

Casserly nodded, and said:

"That's right; the sleeves were cut. You would have removed the gag and explained if she had released your hands?"

"I might have done so, and I might not. There was no necessity for it."

"Why did you not come back as soon as the Crane released you?"

"I saw no necessity for that, for I did not know that my mother had been arrested, or that Emily had fled, or that a reward had been offered for my arrest, until I read the account in the store of the man who arrested me. As soon as I did find out that it had taken so serious a turn, I started to come, and was overtaken and arrested. Furthermore, after I had regained my liberty the possibility occurred to me that my statement of accidental killing would not be believed, and I valued my mother's happiness too highly to run the risk of the gallows through a possible unwillingness of the jury to credit my statement."

At Casserly's request, Howard entered into the minute details of the killing.

He was explaining to his cousin the use of the revolver, when it was accidentally discharged.

Casserly would have been perfectly satisfied with this statement, though it caused him disappointment and chagrin, and he could have effected the young man's release; but Garratt, whom he immediately sought, laughed at him for his credulity, and made him waver.

"I am surprised," he said, "that an experienced man like you should be hoodwinked by

such a shallow story. It seems probable, but I tell you it is *not* true."

"Why not?"

"Well, one reason is that his perturbation and excitement at the time of his surrender should have been grief. Again, it is altogether improbable—and you know it is, Casserly—that he should have neglected to inform his mother at once."

"Then, what do you think is the truth?"

"I am forced to one conclusion, Casserly. I hardly believe the boy is guilty, though his face shows that he is capable of anything?"

"Who is guilty?"

"The mother."

This was the first time that such a proposition had been put in definite shape, and Casserly unconsciously felt his heart sink.

"What is your reason for thinking that, Doctor?"

"You know we have learned that Rose Howard was a dependent, while Emily Randolph has a large property. The mother is proud and ambitious. She induced this girl to visit her, in the hope that she would win her son, who, I believe, loved the dead girl, and was broken-hearted at her death. The mother, finding this to fail, murdered her niece. Knowing that his mother committed the deed, and having nothing more to live for, he surrendered himself to save his mother. Now, see what a craven coward he is: after having had time to reflect upon it, and regain his equilibrium, he commences to retract and modify. It is our duty, Casserly, to bring the right person to justice. It would be wrong to allow this young man to be tried, and possibly convicted, for a crime of which he is not guilty."

Casserly was silent. The Coroner's words impressed him deeply.

"Oh, by the by, Casserly, did I show you this letter?"

"What is it?"

"A long letter from Howard to his cousin. It was found this morning. That will convince you."

Casserly read the letter. It was an earnest outpouring of the deepest affection. It puzzled Casserly exceedingly. Then he noticed the date.

"Why," said he, "it is ten months old."

"That makes no difference."

"He might have changed his love."

"Bah! Are you looking for excuses, Casserly? Again, on the night of the killing the mother raved, and said, 'My poor boy, my poor boy!' What did that mean? Simply that she regretted the act, and feared the effect on her son."

"What would you suggest?"

"We will make the woman confess."

"How?"

"By confronting her with her son's confession. We will let her know nothing of this new phase he attempts to thrust upon us. She is very deep and wily, and may find a way to explain it all. But I feel certain that she will not permit him to stand trial; and, if we are cautious, we may extort a confession. I have seen the girl. It is utterly useless to try anything in that quarter. She has no confidence in her own shrewdness, and, besides, leaves everything to Mrs. Howard: so will not speak."

"Well, I am willing to try it," said Casserly, reflecting.

"It is your duty, Casserly. Now listen. I suspect Judge Simon of a great deal."

"What?" asked Casserly, opening his eyes.

"Never mind now. For all you know he might have arranged this last plan, and the mother may know all. But you must not let him see Howard again, and he must not know what has occurred, if he doesn't already know. Let us go and confront the woman."

This they did at once.

Chapter XIV.

They found her looking weary and broken down. She received them graciously, but with some reserve. This alarmed Garratt. He asked:

"Has Judge Simon been here this morning, madam?"

"Yes."

"I suppose he told you of your son's arrest."

"No," she replied, becoming very pale, and much frightened.

Garratt was triumphant. Evidently the old man had not heard the news.

"Yes; he was brought in this morning."

She regarded them eagerly and anxiously. It could plainly be seen that her strength was failing, and that, with shattered nerves, she was not the woman of two days ago. She had been unable to sleep, and could not partake of food. In spite of her strong efforts to retain complete mastery over herself, she failed, and her face betrayed her. The most powerful agency that hunters for criminals can employ is to wear out their game, and bring it to bay through exhaustion. The principle is this: anything is preferable to suspense.

"I see no chance for him, madam; he protests his guilt."

She remained speechless a long time, and then asked:

"Will you let me see my son?"

"It is out of the question, madam."

Again was she silent. Presently she asked:

"May I speak to Judge Simon?"

"He has gone to San Francisco to remain a few days. He left this note for you, as he was called away suddenly."

She read the note, which ran thus:

"MRS. HOWARD:—I think it will be far better for all concerned to make a full statement. I advise you to do this. Trust all to me. ADOLPH SIMON."

This was the severest blow she had received. Was Judge Simon betraying her? Many conjectures rapidly chased one another through her weary brain; and then she hung her head, and gave up all hope. She had staked her all, and had lost. It was impossible that Judge Simon had betrayed her. She banished the thought, ashamed that she had entertained it a moment. "Trust all to me." That meant a great deal—it meant everything. Perhaps, then, it were better to tell the whole truth. Perhaps he saw a way through it all. He was deeply learned in all matters pertaining to the law, and his judgment was better than hers. What would be the effect of prevarication? It may destroy the effect of the truth, if the truth must be told at last. She pondered long and deeply. The way was dark, and she groped blindly, and stumbled, and ——

"I will tell you the whole truth," she said at last, in her soft, musical voice, but with pain in her eyes.

Again did she become silent, as if unable to utter the words, or as if pondering beforehand on their effect.

"Well?" asked Garratt, his voice startling her.

Then she hung her head, and would not look them in the face, as, in low tones, she told the following story, raveling, the meanwhile, a handkerchief which she had torn to bind her aching temples:

"I had hoped," she said, "that I would be spared this conf—— statement. I had hoped that my son's innocence would be established; and that, all suspicion having been removed from him, it would not rest elsewhere. At first I did not believe that justice would be so persistent; and in my blindness I thought it would become weary of the hunt. I hoped that, as there was so little to be gained by the discovery of the truth; as nothing demanded it but a strict construction of justice and the clamor of the people for a careful investigation; and as it would destroy happiness and, perhaps, life, without recalling the dead—I hoped that justice would become weary, and desist. Doctor Garratt," she continued, regarding that gentleman steadily a few moments, "after you have heard what I am about to say, I hope you will not regret your zeal. I trust that in years to come, when age shall have bowed you down, and the grave opens at your feet; or when, by some unexpected means, sorrow may overtake you, and your heart thus become softened, and opened to the memory of things that you have done, and of acts of harshness or kindness that, through a sense of duty, you have performed—I trust that then you may not regret your zeal. I shall pray that, for your own happiness, and that of your wife and children, you may never learn the grand truth that human charity is the noblest virtue, nor that the standard which the purity of our own lives raises up for all other lives is not always lasting. You have hunted me down, Doctor Garratt."

She dropped her eyes to the handkerchief which she was raveling, and pulled out several threads at once, causing the fringe to lengthen perceptibly.

"Mr. Casserly," she continued, "I believe you have done your duty. I think you have noble and generous impulses. It is my opinion —though I may be mistaken in my estimate of you—that if you had relied solely on your own construction of right, this last extremity would not have been reached—it would have been unnecessary. I am sure that what you will learn from my recital will pain you, even though it may not plant a sting in your conscience. Your regret will be, not alone that justice is harsh, but that you have been led to believe that justice is necessary. I have no reproaches for you, Mr. Casserly."

The fringe was lengthening very slowly.

"Gentlemen, my son is innocent. It makes little difference to me whether you think I am attempting to shield him or am telling the truth. Indeed, I think that you expected me to protect him. I rescued him from a terrible death, and at the same time tore him from the grasp of the law. I would have done it though he had been guilty of the darkest crime that history knows. I would have saved him though he had attempted my own life. He is a noble boy. I knew he would be, when, as a babe, I held him to my breast; and doubly great did my devotion to him become when his father died, ten years ago. He is my only child, and, what is infinitely more, my only son. And no circumstance has ever transpired to shake my love for him, or to make him other than what he is at this moment—my king."

She paused after saying this, for her voice was husky, and she was busily engaged in re-

moving a tangle in the fringe, which, being long, was becoming rebellious.

"Is it possible, gentlemen, that none of you have understood his nature well enough to see that his persistency in avowing his guilt is unnatural? Are you so blind to truth, and so absorbed in an insatiable desire to mete out punishment for a crime you know has been committed, that you cannot see his motive? Consider: he is not a man capable of cool and deliberate calculation. His nature is impulsive, because his heart is warm and generous. What, then, would be the natural consequence? Suppose that he loved his mother even with the love of simple gratitude; suppose that this love was merely an appreciation of his mother's devotion; suppose that from this source came not a tenth of the love he bore his mother, but was the deeper and truer love of a son—a love that would live through a mother's cruelty, through her disgrace, through her poverty, through everything, even hate—what would he do were she in great distress? Think of that carefully. I would ask you, Mr. Casserly, what would you do for your mother?"

She raised her eyes, and regarded Casserly for a moment, while he looked only at the floor. The fragment of cloth was now half raveled, and the length of the fringe gave her considerable trouble; so she tore away the hem from the other side, and started afresh. The threads began to fall rapidly on the floor.

"You will readily understand, and believe his innocence, when I tell you the history. Rose Howard was adopted by my husband when she was quite a child. She was a sweet, lovable, unselfish child, and we loved her dearly. She brought so much sunshine into the house! Her flaxen hair, and rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, and cheery child's laugh, transformed our quiet home. My boy had always been grave, and so dearly did he love me that he watched with jealousy my growing love for the litle girl, and would have learned to hate his little cousin; but she would throw her arms around his neck, and kiss him, and laugh at him, and show in so many ways how sweet she was and how much she loved him, that he would kiss her in return, and laugh as heartily as she. I was ambitious for my son. He developed a strong mind and stanch principles, and I saw a brilliant future awaiting him. As they advanced in years it began to dawn upon my mind that the bright little beauty had become very dear to him. This grieved me much. Ah, what a mistake I made! My ambition blinded my love. Then I sent him away to college. After acquiring a fair education in America, I sent him to Europe, and he graduated with high honors. Two years ago he returned. You cannot imagine how proud I was to see my boy a strong, handsome man, free from contamination with the corrupting influences of the world, and gentle, kind, and brave. My heart had so yearned for him during all the years that he was absent that I lavished a wealth of love upon him. His cousin was just merging into lovely womanhood. She had become more quiet, but was cheerful and happy. The children had regularly corresponded, and, though they employed endearing and affectionate terms, there was nothing to indicate more than the natural love between brother and sister. When they met, there was a tender, touching welcome from her, and he took her in his strong arms and smothered her with kisses. I thought little about it, but presently Rose, who had been quietly holding one of his hands while I held the other, slipped away to her room. I soon went to find her, and saw her lying on the floor, crying.

"'Rose, my child,' I asked, 'what is the matter with my little girl?'

"'Oh, mother,' she replied, 'I am so glad he has come! It almost kills me.'"

The poor woman worked nervously at the raveling, and two bright tears trembled upon her lashes, and then dropped upon her hand. The strip of cloth was becoming narrower and narrower, and the fringe was very much longer.

"It distressed me exceedingly, but I lived in hope that the extensive knowledge my son had of the world; the number of charming women he must have met; the callousness that, perhaps, numerous love affairs had produced; the keen appreciation I knew he had for a bachelor's freedom; the lack of restraint that I knew he loved; an ambition to utilize, in the study of law, the extensive knowledge he already had acquired; the desire I knew him to possess to mingle as much as possible with learned men, and to be free from the obligations to seclusion that a married life imposes—all these, in addition to a desire that I thought existed in him to marry, if at all, a woman of the world—brilliant, rich, worshiped by society—these, I thought, raised up a barrier between him and his cousin. But I was fatally mistaken in his nature. I found that the world, as it does with all but ordinary natures, had broadened his views and made liberal his ideas. I discovered that wanderings in strange lands, among strangers, had taught him a deep and holy appreciation of home, and of the quiet and happiness it affords. I learned that his nature was more affectionate than ambitious, and that he was warm—sometimes impulsive—but, withal, singularly quiet and unobtrusive. Modesty was a prominent

feature in his character. He was not a seeker for novelty or excitement. Still, it was a peculiarity with him that he could readily accommodate himself to whatever surroundings he might have; but, for all that, he had a choice in all things. He was remarkably unselfish, liberal, and charitable. I had some means—enough for all purposes as long as either of us might live; but he was not extravagant, and his wants were very few. And it struck me as being particularly singular that he despised my money, though he endeavored to conceal his feelings; and I saw that his greatest aim in life was not to win fame, nor become a hero or a wealthy man, but to live independent of my means. I must confess that this disappointed me greatly. I saw that he had more pride than ambition, and that his will was stronger than mine. It was then that I felt his power and superiority, and thenceforward he was my master. It made me love him the more, and cling to him the closer, and depend more on his better judgment in all things; and it was not without a pang of wounded pride that I, who had from girlhood been a queen in my own home, and who had held him on my knee when he was a helpless infant, saw him rise up in his great manly strength and conquer me. I looked up to him, and worshiped him, and this is the punishment that God has visited upon me."

And still the fringe grew longer and longer.

"It was his unconquerable pride that opened my eyes to the fact that he would not marry for money; that, other things being equal, he would marry poverty in preference, and fight his way through the world, proud and independent. Still I did not despair. Learning that Emily Randolph, the daughter of an old friend, was threatened with consumption, I offered her a home in my house. Though not a brilliant girl, she had been given superior advantages, and had well availed herself of them. I knew that my son loved his cousin—how deeply I did not know, but I believed she was very dear to him; for when he would leave home for short trips he would write her letters full of the tenderest affection. Emily Randolph, I thought, was better fitted to be his wife. She was not only wealthy, but had a timid, shrinking, retiring nature, that I felt sure would win upon his strong character. So you will understand that my motives in introducing Emily to my home were not altogether ambitious ones. Her connections were high, proud, and influential. Her disposition was very different from that of my niece, who was all sunshine and storm. Rose's temper was not as patient as Emily's, but I believe she was more unselfish and self-sacrificing. She was bright and cheerful, and prettier than Emily, and fuller of life and spirit. But I thought that for these reasons John would love Emily the better, for he was strong and she was weak. The climate of California proved vastly beneficial to Emily's health; but, as we were living in San Francisco, the climate became too harsh for her after she had experienced the first benefits of its bracing effect, and, as soon as I could, I moved to San José. I thought at first that my plans worked well. My son petted her, and treated her like a child; but that only gratified me, for I saw that he felt the difference in their natures. She seemed for a time to dread him, for he was, in her eyes, a peaceful lion, that might suddenly burst through the restraints of his taming, and tear and crush; and I think she still regards him in that light. Rose had a stronger nature, and did not fear her cousin. She was his companion, and not his slave. Now, you will at once see that with a man having his disposition—kindness and tenderness, accompanied by strength—there is no inclination to exercise, or feel consciousness of, any superiority whatever, but rather is there a longing for a helpmate and a companion. So I saw my cherished scheme fall to the ground through an insufficient knowledge of human nature on my part. I had studied the problem carefully, and had failed to solve it. I saw my niece continue her sway over my son's heart. Then it was that I resorted to the last means in my power. I would reason with my niece, and plead with her, by the love she bore my son, to relinquish him. This interview occurred on the night of the 20th of June."

But a few strands remained. A moment more, and the last thread would be raveled.

"I led her into my son's room, and broached the subject as tenderly as I could. It was a terrible blow to the poor child; and at first it crushed her; but soon she recovered, and then, rising up in the majesty of outraged womanhood, she charged me with heartlessness and cruelty. Not only this, but she openly defied me, and said that she and my son were as near and as dear to each other as wife and husband could be, and that no power on earth—not even the machinations of his mother—could separate them. I was standing near the bureau, on which lay a small pistol my son had recently purchased for protection against burglars."

The unhappy woman paused a while, for the supreme moment had arrived. Only one strand remained to hold together the straggling fringe, and she regarded it closely before removing it. Her voice was very low as she continued:

"In a moment of mad passion that I should be defied, and my fondest hope spurned, I raised the pistol . . . . and fired. . . . . May

God . . . . have mercy . . . . on my soul!" She buried her face in her hands; and, choking with sobs, fell upon her knees as she uttered the last words. Nothing now held the fringe together, and it fell upon the floor, an ungainly heap; where a gust of wind, which then came eddying in, madly caught it up, whirling it hither and thither, finally driving several of the strands out between the bars—out to life, and light, and freedom. W. C. MORROW.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE DIVISION OF THE STATE.

The project of a division of the State of California is not new. Even at the time of the organization of the State, in 1849, the feeling in favor of a separate government was very strong in what are now the southern counties. This feeling, instead of dying out, grew stronger after the organization. In 1859, the State Legislature, recognizing the existence of this feeling, passed an act to provide for the separation of the counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, and a portion of Buena Vista, from the remainder of the State. This act provided for the taking of a vote of the counties specified upon the question of such separation. The act was approved by the Governor. The vote was taken, and the result was in favor of a separation. A certified copy of the act, with a report of the vote of the people of the six counties ratifying it, was transmitted officially by Governor Latham to the President of the United States.

These facts I take from a republication of the official documents in the Los Angeles *Weekly Express*, of May 8th, 1880, forming a portion of an article by ex-Governor John G. Downey. The ground is taken by Governor Downey, in his article, that this act is still valid, and that only the consent of Congress is now necessary to complete the division. Congress took no action at that time, probably because of the coming on of the war, and the absorbing interest of political subjects since then has left the whole matter dormant. The project has never been forgotten, however. It has since then been at various times discussed.

Several years ago I published in one of the Los Angeles papers an article urging anew the subject. This article was noticed to some extent by the papers of the State. The object of the present article is to show the causes at work tending to a division of the State; not discussing the question in any sectional or partisan manner, but as a question which should be considered in only one light, *viz.*: the welfare of the people interested in its decision. Yet I write as a Southern Californian, loving my home, loving its snow-capped mountains, loving every mile of its broad, sunny plains, and the long leagues of its foam-girt shores.

Reasons tending to produce a separation:

First—The contour of the State is such that the southern portion belongs to an entirely different geographical system.

In an article entitled "Climatic Studies in Southern California," published in THE CALIFORNIAN for November, 1880, I described the two great parallel ranges of Californian mountains, the Sierra and the Coast, which hold between them that vast interior basin, the Sacramento-San Joaquin. This basin, with the San Francisco Bay and upper coast valleys, as the Humboldt, the Santa Cruz, and Salinas, forms one natural division of the State, constituting especially the Alta (or Upper) California of early Spanish days. But, as described in that article, these ranges, gradually drawing near to each other, at length unite south of the Tulare country in a broken confusion of peaks, from which the Sierra, emerging, circles around the westerly rim of the Mojave Desert, and then turns off to an easterly course, forming a vast wall between the upper interior basin and California of the south. This mountain-wall marks the dividing line between the Sacramento-San Joaquin California and an entirely different country. Practically, the only line of communication between the two for a quarter of a century of union under the one State Government was by the long circuit of the sea—down the rivers to San Francisco Bay, out of the Heads by ship, down four hundred miles of coast to the ports of Santa Barbara, Wilmington, and San Diego, and then back by land to the interior. The power of these mountains to separate a people is shown in the fact that places in a direct line only a few hundred miles from each other were thus, for the purposes of commerce or trade, a thousand miles apart.

This practical separation of many hundreds of miles subjected the people south of these mountains to long and tedious delays—delays involving great loss and expense in the transaction of business with the legislative and judicial departments of the State; for the preponderance of population and wealth fixed the capital in the northern division. Had this coast, like the eastern, been settled more slowly, it is not probable that two sections so dissimilar geographically, so shut off from each other by impassable mountains, would ever have been joined under one State government. The exigencies of the times, however, the power of political parties, and the perils of a common blood thus far removed from its home, forced a union which circumstances have since kept up. The union was felt to be so in opposition to natural laws that at that time the people of Southern California were much disinclined to assent, and, as before shown, they have always been restive under it, and have made one serious attempt to cut loose from it.

The completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to Los Angeles has made the separation somewhat less marked, but the steep grades of the Tehachepi show the feeble tenure of the bond thus made, and the three thousand nine hundred and sixty-four feet of elevation at which the road crosses that range forever mark the dividing line between two distinct commercial systems.

It has been said that mountains interposed make enemies of bloods that had else, like kindred waters, been mingled into one. In this instance they have not made enemies, but they have made two distinct and separate peoples.

Second—Climatic differences, and the consequent development of different types of character in the people.

As a result of the difference of topographical features, the climate of Southern California is very different from that of the upper portion of the State. The two great parallel ranges, the Coast and the Sierra, with the long interior plain of the Sacramento-San Joaquin, give to the country north of the Tehachepi a sweep of cold northerly wind, which is unknown in Southern California, where the transverse ranges wall off the north-westerly trade-winds and the northers of the fall and winter, while the country opening out toward the warm southern sea has a hinting of the tropics in its climate.

With the difference in climate, and a difference in the distribution of the precious metals, has come a difference in the pursuits of the people. Upper California has been a mining country, and is now becoming a grain-producing country. Southern California from a pastoral life is changing to a life of vineyards and orchards. The emblem upon its seal should be not the miner's pick and the crouching bear, but the clustering grape, the orange, the olive, and the broad leaves of the banana, drooping in the warm rays of the southern sun.

With this difference in climate and pursuits, and as a consequence of it, there has been developed a difference in the character of the people. The restless, uneasy mining population of the north, ever drifting, without local attachments, has no counterpart in Southern California; neither has the wild spirit of mining speculation ever flourished here. Stocks have no charms for the calmer blood of these people of the south. Their wealth lies in their warm sun, and in the broad leagues of well watered and fertile soil. With this peaceful life, possibly in part as a result of it, there has been grown up in the people an intense love of their land. I have seen nothing like it in the northern portion of the State. And it is for their own section of the State that this love exists. They call themselves not Californians, but Southern Californians. The feeling is intense. I can only liken it to the overmastering love of the old Greek for the sunny shores that lay around the Ægean. Philosophize over it as we may, the fact remains that here dwells a population which is not Californian, but Southern Californian.

For myself, I feel more and more each time that I visit the upper portion of the State that I am going into a strange land. And the impression never leaves me until, upon my return, I look down from the crest of the Tehachepi over the warm southland. Then the feeling comes to me that I am in my own land, and among my own people again.

There is a certain tinge of pride, also, in the feelings of this people. They cannot forget that when San Francisco was yet a drift of uninhabited sand-hills, and the interior known only to a few wandering *vaqueros*, Southern California was a land of towns and vineyards, and of a settled people. They cannot forget that Southern California is the older California; that it was the former seat of government. It is the pride of a century looking down with somewhat of a courteous pity upon the growth of thirty years.

Third—Different commercial ties, needs, and interests.

California of the north is centered in San Francisco. The only outlet to the sea of all the vast interior, which reaches from Shasta on the north to Mount Piños upon the south, and from the Sierra to the Coast Range, is

through the Golden Gate; and there San Francisco sits as toll-gatherer. Paris is not so much France as San Francisco is California of the north. It is San Francisco that rules the daily life of all the broad plains of the Sacramento-San Joaquin. Not until the grade of the Tehachepi is crossed is the overmastering power of this one city lost, and men no longer care what San Francisco says or does.

Why is this?

It is simply because of the fact that the crest of the Tehachepi marks the dividing line between two entirely different commercial systems. North of that line the law of grades forces everything to the sea through San Francisco Bay. No ton of grain can go out to the consumer unless toll is paid. South of the Tehachepi freight reaches ship at Santa Barbara, Ventura, Wilmington, and San Diego. At the foot of the land lies the great highway of the sea, and beyond are the markets of the world.

The completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad eastward still further separates the commercial relations of Southern California from the upper portion of the State. It is giving back to Southern California again its old position at the portals of the East. As San Francisco, for a quarter of a century, when the commerce of the State was carried on by the sea, stood at the gateway of the land, so, under the newer order of railroads, shall some city of Southern California stand warder at the entrance to the State from the plains.

The long line of the Sierra lifts like a forbidding wall between Northern California and the heart of the continent. The Central Pacific climbs it on the route from San Francisco directly eastward, at an elevation of nearly eight thousand feet. For hundreds of miles it has no break. The whole length of the Sacramento-San Joaquin plain has no pass worthy of the name through it to the East. Here, however, in Southern California, for the first time, the range breaks down.

At the San Gorgonio Pass, directly east of Los Angeles, the grassy plain swells up, and, without even a distinguishable crest or dividing line, rolls through to become one with that other great southern plain whose farther verge is fringed by the surf-line of Atlantic waters, for the Rocky Mountains this far south hardly mar the horizon line of that long inland plateau. A gentleman could drive his one-horse buggy from San Pedro to Galveston without dismounting through stress of road.

The greatest elevation in the San Gorgonio Pass is only two thousand eight hundred feet. Vineyards look down upon it, and in midwinter cattle and sheep graze upon the green grass. Coming westward from the Mississippi, all the natural grades of the continent point southward toward this pass and the Cajon, which breaks through the same range from the Mojave Desert a few miles further north. The Utah Southern, the Atlantic and Pacific, the Atchison and Topeka, the Southern Pacific, the Texas Pacific, all are aiming to reach the waters of the western seas through these low southern passes.

These roads make Southern California independent of San Francisco. The positions are reversed. San Francisco must reach the East through Los Angeles. Southern California is to keep the toll-gate hereafter; and she knows it. Her trade is already reaching out—not northward, but eastward. Arizona and the interior territories consume her produce. Her merchants are laying their plans to buy their goods not in the markets of San Francisco, but upon the quays of St. Louis and New Orleans. The Southern Pacific says it will in four days lay down the wines and the wheat of Los Angeles upon the wharfs of Galveston, to take ship directly for Europe.

What, then, has Southern California commercially in common with San Francisco? Nothing. And the people feel it. They say, Our paths lie apart. Neither are they content that San Francisco should retain all the trade with China and Japan. They say, With our short land lines, and easier grades to the East, we shall claim our share of this trade for our own sea-ports. They say, We talk of it now; in ten years we shall have it.

Fourth—Among the minor considerations leading to the separation are questions of the difficulty of framing State legislation to suit communities so widely differing in interests as the northern and southern portions of California; questions of local inequalities and injustices in taxation; the undue centering of State institutions, and expenditure of State moneys in the San Francisco Bay counties—although the people of Southern California are ceasing to care about this: they say they prefer now to wait, and build up their own institutions; the difficulty of gaining any influence in Congress, and of securing Government aid for harbor improvements and public works; the desire to be free from the controlling and corrupting influence of San Francisco in State politics—for the new State would be essentially an agricultural and pastoral State, without any one great city within its borders to overshadow with its influence the purer vote of the country.

Another, and strong, consideration is the legal relations of the new railroad system which must enter Southern California from the East.

These, however, are questions of minor importance. The great reasons are, as I have stated, the feeling that geographically we are separated; that the mountains have divided us; that we are a different people, different in pursuits, in tastes, in manner of thought and manner of life; that our hopes and aspirations for the future are different; and that commercially we belong to a distinct and separate system, and must work out our business future for ourselves. People have not forgotten the days when the easy grades brought the trade from a quarter of a continent to the sea at San Pedro.

It is only fair in discussing the question of division to state the reasons which may be urged against such a step. Among the people here I have heard only one point raised—not against the division, but whether the population and wealth of Southern California will yet justify the step. It is conceded to be only a question of time; the doubt has been solely whether the time is yet fully come. Each year, however, is depriving this objection more and more of its force, and, with the rapid influx of wealth and population which will follow the completion of the southern transcontinental system of roads, the time must shortly come when such an objection can no longer be raised.

In conclusion, it is well for the people of the State to begin to face this subject. In Southern California it is not merely an idle abstraction. The people are looking forward earnestly to it. And when the time comes there will be no tie to sever except the strictly legal one; for this people, as I before said, look upon themselves not as Californians, but as Southern Californians. They have never surrendered their separate intellectual and social life. They have kept independent of San Francisco. They are building up their own institutions of learning. They form their own society.

As yet I have found no feeling of bitterness in this question. If bitterness arise, it will not be of our begetting. The only feeling is that for the future our ways lie asunder, and, as friends who have journeyed together, but who have now come to the parting of the road, we would shake hands, bid each other God speed, and each go his own way in peace.

J. P. WIDNEY.

A CHINA SEA TYPHOON.

It is now twenty years since a splendid clipper ship lay at anchor off the Pagoda, a few miles below the city of Foo Chow Foo, on the River Min. The last chests of tea were going on board. The sails were bent, every rope was in its place, and the ship was "ready for sea." A noble vessel she was, with lofty spread of canvas, and lines the symmetry of which at once proved to the nautical expert that she deserved the reputation for speed acquired during her previous career; and, what was better than speed, she had always been "a lucky ship."

"All cargo on board, sir, and seventy tons space in main hatch," reported the chief officer. He was ordered to "block off," and thus we sailed, drawing twenty-one feet six inches, with a cargo of new crop fancy brands of tea for the London market, insured for £120,000, refusing freight needed to fill the ship because we could get no additional insurance thereon in China, and no ocean cable was then available whereby it could have been placed in London.

On the 4th of August, 1860, the order was given, "All hands up anchor," and we slowly dropped down the tortuous River Min, narrow, but deep, reaching its mouth on the 6th of August, and there discharging our *four* Chinese pilots, with every appearance of fine weather, although one of the almond-eyed mariners remarked to me just before he went over the side, "Two, three day you catchee typhoon*—no likee topside." And he proved a true prophet, although the barometer then gave no sign. The shores of China faded in the dim distance, and our long homeward journey was commenced. With such a splendid ship, with a picked crew, "homeward bound," we commenced our voyage gladly, for we had tired of China and the Chinese.

With a fresh north-east monsoon we headed for the north end of Formosa, with every indication of easily weathering it, so that we could stand out of the China Sea, to avoid the south-west monsoon already blowing at its southern extreme. By 11 A. M. of the 7th, the weather commenced to look ugly, and the barometer, that faithful guide to the intelligent navigator, commenced its silent warning by dropping slowly and steadily. In the eastern horizen, whither we were heading, a dense bank of heavy, leaden

* Chinese—*Typhoon*, or *Tyfoong* (great wind).

colored clouds warned us to beware, and from the upper edge of this cloud-bank feathery, fleecy streamers detached themselves, moving with lightning rapidity to the northward. The ship, under double reefs, moved with a quick, nervous, and uneasy motion over a sea which, while not very high, ran without regularity of speed or motion. We knew that we were "in for it," and made every preparation. All light yards and studding-sail booms were sent down, sails were furled with "cross-gaskets," ports were opened to let the water run off the decks, hatches battened down, spare spars were double lashed, and everything that a sailor's experience could suggest was done to prepare our ship for the ordeal we felt was in store for her. We had ample time and warning. By 11 P. M., we were in a heavy gale, dragging under close-reefed top-sails and storm stay-sails, with a furious sea running. At this time, as we were fairly entering the radius of the cyclone, an occasional sharp flash of vivid lightning could be seen through the driving rain, followed by muttering thunder in the distance, both which phenomena were absent after we neared the vortex of the storm. By midnight the barometer had fallen to 28.60, and was rapidly dropping. By 1 A. M. of August 8th, it was blowing furiously, but thus far our noble ship made no sign. Her light cargo made her as buoyant as a cork, and although she had at times five feet of water on deck, she would rise to the sea and shake the water from her like a half drowned water-dog. At 1:30 A. M. of the 9th, the fore top-mast storm stay-sail blew out of the bolt-ropes, and a quarter of an hour later the main storm try-sail followed, both new sails going to ribbons with the report of a cannon, close aboard. We then took in our close-reefed mizzen top-sail, fortunately saving it. At 2:40 A. M., the close-reefed fore top-sail blew away, and we decided to try and save the main top-sail; but we had waited too long. When the weather-sheet was started it went out of existence like a flash, with a report which sounded for an instant above the roaring of the hurricane. We were thus "laying to under bare poles;" barometer at 5 A. M., 28.22, and still falling. By 4 A. M., we were feeling the fury of the typhoon; barometer 27.65. Successive seas had stove in our bulwarks, and at times the ship would go under forward to her foremast with such violence that I could not but ask myself, when, quivering in every timber, she recovered herself for another plunge, how much deeper she could go and come to the surface again. Meanwhile the wind had hauled easterly, heading us off, and we were on a lee-shore off the north-east end of the Island of Formosa. For a few hours there was no prospect of saving the ship. A rock-bound lee-shore in a hurricane is bad enough, but the additional certainty that if, by a happy chance, any of us reached the shore alive, we should have our throats cut by the savage aborigines inhabiting that part of Formosa, was not cheering. But the ship demanded my attention, and gave me little time to think of personal peril.

At 4:30 A. M., I witnessed for the first time, during a sea service of sixteen years, the full force of a "China Sea typhoon." *Its violence was awful, its fury indescribable!* The Omnipotent appeared to have concentrated His strength in one mighty effort to manifest His power! To hear a human voice, even with the aid of a trumpet, was impossible, and we looked aloft in astonishment to see the work of human hands withstand such power. The hurricane roared like a mighty cataract, and while one imagined that it was blowing as hard as it could, a sudden blast would strike the ship, sounding like a park of artillery fired under our ears. During this part of the typhoon our ship lay with her lee-rail to the water, and comparatively easy, as the immense violence of the hurricane had "flattened down" the sea, which was feather-white as far as the eye could reach, and this was not far, for the atmosphere was full of "spoon-drift"—flying foam, taken from the tops of the waves in white sheets, and hurled through the air with such violence that one could only keep his eyes open by looking to leeward. Momentarily expecting the masts to go over the side, we stood, helplessly lashed on deck, awed at the sublimity of the scene.

The hurricane expended its utmost violence in about two hours, and by 6:30 A. M. we could notice a diminished violence in the gusts, and the sea was again rising, more dangerous even than the hurricane, for such a confused cross-sea I never witnessed, and our ship labored heavily, frequently with hundreds of tons of water on deck, moving with such violence that it was impossible to stand without a firm grip on something stationary.

Morning dawned dark, gloomy, and tempestuous, with a tremendous sea running, but the vortex of the storm had passed, and the barometer had stopped its downward course. We were still on a lee-shore however, and as the wind had gradually headed us off, the sea was doubly dangerous. We decided to "wear ship," if such a thing were possible, under bare poles. The crew were placed at their stations, and they fully understood the dangerous character of the maneuver we were about to attempt, feeling that therein lay our only hope. The helm was grad-

ually put up, and as the squared after-yards felt the blast our noble ship started ahead like a frighted deer, and was off before it like lightning, with her head pointed toward the iron-bound coast under our lee. Watching closely for an interval between the blasts, and with a sharp eye on the tremendous sea running, our ship was gradually brought to the wind on the off-shore tack, heading the sea, and thus enabled to surmount it more easily.

At this time, 8:30 A. M., occasional patches of blue sky could be seen overhead, across which feathery thin streamers of cloud passed with lightning speed; a tremendous sea was still running, and a furious gale blowing. The barometer, to our delight, commenced to rise very slowly, and we felt that, unless knocked on our beam-ends by an unlucky sea, we could pass through the storm in safety. A test of our pumps showed that the ship was "as tight as a bottle."

By 10 A. M. of Augusth 8th, the gale had sensibly abated, and we were able to replace our storm-sails gradually, having the ship under close reefed top-sails by noon, when the weather cleared up, and we could see, happily astern of us, the rugged coast of the Island of Formosa, distant about fifteen miles. It looked verily a *terra inhospitalis*, and over its rugged mountains the Storm King held high revel, for the dense bank of clouds, with the flying scud over them, clearly marked the progress of the cyclone on its way to the Chinese coast. It had been an unwelcome visitor, and we were glad to see it leaving us, for it had given us a near call!

By 4 o'clock P. M., we had our ship under single-reefed top-sails, and were repairing damages, although when we finally reached London some of the scars of that contest were still visible. Eleven passages around Cape Horn, five around the Cape of Good Hope, and many winter passages across the stormy North Atlantic, have failed to furnish another such experience. I close the journal from which I have copied with a feeling of satisfaction that during a sea-life of sixteen years I have had one opportunity to observe how hard it can blow, and what severe contests with the elements a good ship, well manned, can pass through with impunity.

"What became of the ship?" The banner of St. George now flies at her peak. Over the Southern Ocean, in the English-Australian trade, she still does her full duty, driven from our flag by too onerous taxation.

WM. LAWRENCE MERRY.

SWINBURNE ON ART AND LIFE.

Mr. Swinburne is a defender of the doctrine of art for art's sake. He can make no terms with those who think that "to live well is really better than to write or paint well, and a noble action more valuable than the greatest poem or most perfect picture." To him art and morality are forever separate, and their followers occupy hostile camps. "Handmaid of religion, exponent of duty, servant of fact, pioneer of morality, art cannot in any way become." "There never was or can have been a time when art indulged in the deleterious appetite of saving souls or helping humanity in general along the way of labor and progress." In other words, art and the subject which it embodies are entirely distinct—the one may be perfect, however repulsive the other.

That Mr. Swinburne should insist on this separation is not, perhaps, altogether surprising. The doctrine is in perfect harmony with other tendencies of the times. The German pessimist, Arthur Schopenhauer, with ill concealed disgust at the discovery that he is not the Creator, condemns the world as the most wretched contrivance imaginable. In like manner, Mr. Swinburne, in his anger that the love of beauty should ever have suffered at the rude hands of Puritanism, denies all possible connection between art and morals. Each view is extreme, and proceeds from a reaction against previous exaggeration in an opposite direction. But no abhorrence of asceticism can be sufficient excuse for a doctrine which would lead to the worst consequences in life. Least of all are such views to be tolerated at a time when to establish a rule of conduct, and to obey it—at *all* times the gravest work of man—becomes doubly solemn and momentous in view of the weakness, in certain quarters, of traditional beliefs.

Mr. Swinburne's doctrine, however, cannot withstand the most moderate test. Essentially beyond the uninitiated, designed for those superior spirits who, under high pressure, are capable of enjoying moments of supreme delight, the doctrine—art for art's sake—involves

a confusion of thought to which nothing but the intoxication of those moments could have blinded its supporters. To assert that art is to be cherished for what it is, and not for what it expresses, is to insist upon a distinction precisely analogous to that of the metaphysicians, who for a long time made their own consciousness the measure of the universe, and thought it unnecessary for knowledge that there should be anything to be known, so long as there was anybody to know! To talk of distinguishing art from the subject which it expresses, is as absurd as to propose to take away the concavity of a line and leave its convexity. That the subject is noble does not, it is true, necessarily involve the excellence of the art; but that the subject is base, not only implies the degradation of the artist, but ultimately leads to the degradation of his work. Art is always the expression of the character of the artist; and great art, like all great work, implies great character. This does not mean that the artist must have a didactic purpose and make the teaching of morality the end of his work; but it means that the artistic sense must be supplemented by that moral temper which alone can give to its expression the enduring quality of perfected form. It is for the artist not only to perceive the beautiful, but also to make it manifest to those who lack his faculty of vision; and this task demands a power of expression, a mastery of the implements of his art, which moral excellence alone can give. Without this, faultless workmanship is unattainable; and if the degradation of sensuality be present, the work through its imperfect execution loses in æsthetic value, and fails to exhibit those qualities which give the art of the man of unimpaired character a beauty, which, in its ennobling influence, is moral.

But these conclusions are still open to evasion. Mr. Swinburne would no doubt readily admit that, in so far as a base subject does involve a degradation which will weaken the artist's power of execution, art and morality *are* interdependent; but, he would retort, who shall say that a base subject and a degraded character are necessary companions? Is the artist bound to govern his work by the ignorance of the multitude, and so to refrain from depicting passions the representation of which seems in their eyes indecent and immoral, though to him they are "sacred," like all else that is human? This specious argument cannot save the doctrine. It is sad to be compelled to deny anything to that which has been so often maltreated as genius; but there are, nevertheless, certain matters which even this age, with all its love of invention, rightly believes to be established beyond the possibility of improvement. Among them is the determination of the relative superiority of the human faculties. Error has undoubtedly been committed in cultivating the intellect to the neglect of the senses; but the superiority of the intellect over the passions which man has in common with brutes, needs not the experience of any previous age to give it certainty. And genius, so long as human, cannot, without self-destruction, exalt what is debased for all mankind. When men exclaim that all the earth wears the beauty of holiness, and pretend, like Walt Whitman, to consecrate each single atom of growth and of decay, it is quite as fair to suppose that their cries proceed from an ignorance of what is beautiful as from the discovery of any strange potency in vileness.

There is still a higher ground for the rejection of Mr. Swinburne's doctrine. "Art for art's sake" is laid down as a guiding principle of work—indeed, of that highest work which, from Homer to Tennyson, from Phidias to Michael Angelo, has been charged with the expression of all that is noblest in man. But a rule of work, or of conduct, or of any human action, must rest upon our conception of man's true relation to the universe. If we believe the world to be under a curse, it may not be improper for us to live a life of atonement and torture of the flesh. If we believe that the highest motives to action are the hope of heaven or the fear of hell, it will scarcely be inconsistent in us to make individual, selfish advantage the ground of doing good or of abstaining from evil. But if we believe that on this planet man must look for happiness, our highest motive will be to live for others. This is the principle denied by Mr. Swinburne and affirmed by science.

According to Mr. Swinburne, life is but "an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. For our chance is in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. High passions give one this quickened sense of life. Only be sure it *is* passion, that it *does* yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake, has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments, and simply for those moments' sake." That is Mr. Swinburne's doctrine—"the highest quality to your moments, and simply for those moments' sake"—a doctrine which carries selfish gratification to the sensual level of the beast in the field.

Science, on the other hand, disproves the existence of that human isolation which makes it

indifferent what the individual does, so long as he interferes not with the existence of others. The right, the imperative duty, of the individual to attain his own highest development, has its assurance—nay, its sanction—in all that science teaches. But "it is a universal law of the organic world," as the late Mr. Chauncey Wright has said, "and a necessary consequence of natural selection, that the individual comprises in its nature chiefly what is useful to the race, and only incidentally what is useful to itself, since it is the race, and not the individual, that endures or is preserved." Side by side, then, with its recognition of individualism, science asserts the "unity of all," and affirms that every man is what he is by virtue of his relation to all other men. This intersection of conflicting tendencies must, by necessity, be manifest in every stage of the development of society; and in the civilization of to-day we see it in the fact of a high degree of *individualism* co-existing with the need, imposed by the complexity of life, of the widest *coöperation.* In conduct, in work, these mutually opposed elements must be made to coalesce, and the fusion of the two into one is possible only through the recognition of unselfishness as the supreme guide of action. Be selfish in order to be unselfish is the command of science. Be selfish for the sake of the delights of selfishness is the precept of Mr. Swinburne.

I reject, therefore, his doctrine of art for art's sake, not only for its confusion of thought, for its degradation of both art and artist, but also as a principle of action which rests on the grossest misconception of man's relation to the universe. It involves a "barbaric conception of dignity," a deification of self, which, after what Copernicus, and, above all, what Darwin has taught us, is intolerable. All work, all wisdom, is valuable only for what it adds to the happiness of mankind, and civilization means only the eradication of selfishness. But with Mr. Swinburne's doctrine, disinterestedness is impossible. It acknowledges no debt to the past, professes no care for the future; and it sets up a dangerous principle of work which it would be only too easy to transfer to all branches of human activity. We should thus recognize as an established Power that selfishness which, in political and in social life, is even now everywhere belligerent; which has already caused the instinct of the statesman to transform itself into the appetite of the harpy, and has driven farther and farther away the hope of hearing many men unite in teaching, with Carlyle, "Thou wilt never *sell* thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart. Let the price be Nothing: thou hast then in a certain sense got all for it."

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

A PESCADERO PEBBLE.

It was only a bit of rose-pink carnelian, waveworn to a perfect oval, and holding in its translucent depths a gleam almost jewel-like in luster; but the palm of the little hand in which it lay was as delicately molded and as rosy-pink as itself; and when the owner of the palm, looking up from under her broad beach-hat with a charming air of confidence in his sympathy, asked Mr. Bradford, "*Isn't* it lovely?" it was small wonder that he, being half artist and wholly human, and taking into his survey, besides the pebble, the whole dainty figure in its blue yachting-suit, crowned by a rose-bud face lit by sweet brown eyes, should answer quite as fervently as she expected.

"It is, indeed, *very* lovely."

If his reply had reference *only* to the carnelian it was rather a generous concession on his part, for, though Pescadero pebbles are rare and lovely, they can hardly be of absorbing interest to a man who had bartered with Cingalese pearl-divers for their choicest "finds," had hunted for moon-stones and white sapphires under fierce Indian suns, had braved many a wild Baltic storm with the hardy gatherers of yellow amber, and had fought less successfully, if not less gallantly, for the rarer and lovelier blue amber against the rapacity of bronzed Catanian Jews.

But, whether he praised the pebble for its own pink beauty, or with a mental reservation in favor of the fair maid who held it, there he lay, in true Pescadero fashion—six feet of gray tweed stretched at full length along the beach—poking over the multi-colored gravel with a shapely sun-browned hand, occasionally holding up a bright bit for Miss Brenton's inspection, and talking to her, the while, of strange shores on the farther side of the blue water whose white crests slipped so gently up the

shore and broke in soft and rhythmic murmurs at their feet.

Miss Brenton was a good listener, having learned, during her short life, some valuable lessons in the art of putting herself in the background. Indeed, for a young lady who had recently been graduated with many honors and yards of white organdie at a fashionable seminary, and who awaited only the coming season for her introduction into a brilliant San Francisco circle, she retained her native modesty and lack of self-consciousness in a very creditable degree. So, with a few well put questions and a large amount of appreciative silence, she had completely charmed away the slight film of cool indifference with which Mr. Bradford liked to believe that he concealed from the world a naturally enthusiastic character, and it was hard to say which of the two enjoyed most his charming talk of his wandering during some months before in Oriental lands.

But salt air begets appetite, and a delightful drive along a tree-lined mountain road in Java, behind half a dozen pairs of the little native ponies, was not disagreeably interrupted by the shrill cries of "Lunch!" and "Chowder!" which rose above the soft booming of the waves. Then a querulous voice called:

"Pauline, dear, do come and help me."

And Miss Brenton and Mr. Bradford hastened toward two elderly ladies, who, seated upon carriage-robes out of reach of the waves, had been comfortably "picking pebbles" under the shadow of a great umbrella. Miss Brenton took possession of a rather faded, artificial looking little person, whose numerous belongings were widely scattered; but Pauline successfully rescued her veil from the wind, her bottle of pebbles from overturning, and her shawl and umbrella from other disasters, while she offered her arm, saying, cheerily:

"I suppose you're quite ready for this famous chowder, Aunt Nellie?"

"Oh, dear, yes, and half famished for the last hour," grumbled Aunt Nellie; "and now we've got to cross this dreadful beach that nearly covers one's feet at every step. I've fifty pebbles, at least, in my boots now. I'm sure I can't see why they spread the lunch away up under that bluff!"

"That's because the tide is coming in, and you wouldn't relish salt water in your chowder, you know, auntie."

"Well, I dare say they have made the tea of salt water, because where are they to get any other?"

"Oh, I fancy they wouldn't forget that part of it. I saw two great demijohns in the wagon, so I think your tea will be all right."

And so at last they reached the bluff, where Aunt Nellie was seated upon a drift-wood log, after a deal more of the same sort of complaint.

Meantime, Mr. Bradford, unmindful neither of the aunt's *exigeance* nor of the niece's patience therewith, had appropriated the other old lady, a stately little woman, whose sweet face, crowned with its puffs of silvery white hair, was, so far in the young man's life, the dearest face in the world to him. Under the cliff arose the blue smoke of a drift-wood fire, and near it stood a rude table, and toward this people were coming from all over the little cove, for this was a field-day at the beach; and instead of the usual private and exclusive baskets of cold lunch, there was to be a chowder, made under the immediate supervision of a distinguished epicure from "the city," with Mrs. Swanton as assistant. The season was a good one, Swanton House and outlying cottages being full to overflowing, and more than the usual spirit of good feeling and *camaraderie* seemed to exist among the guests. So there had been surf-fishers out since early morning, and a magnificent catch of red and blue rock-cod—worthy, in their silvery beauty, of a Brookes to immortalize them—was slowly simmering itself into a most toothsome mixture, while an aroma of hot tea and coffee, and a subdued popping of corks, added to the conviviality of a very successful day.

After lunch, there was more pebble-hunting, and much scrambling over rocks and cliffs in search of the dainty wild-flowers and hardy, sweet little strawberries that grow on the breezy uplands above the bluff.

But for Pauline there was little more hilarity of any sort, for Mrs. Hasbrook grew more exacting as she waxed weary, and her unreasonable and unreasoning demands upon the girl's strength and patience were aggravating to hear. But Pauline was equal to the occasion in her own cheery fashion, never dreaming that she was a martyr; and if she did think once or twice how very pleasant it would be to stroll with Mr. Bradford and his mother at the top of the cliff, she stifled the fancy as ingratitude, for it was quite evident that Aunt Nellie was "coming down" with a sick headache, and so, of course, not responsible for her ill nature. In fact, Pauline Brenton wasted all her opportunities for being miserable in the most provoking way.

"So exasperatingly cheerful!" complained her room-mate at school, who never exasperated anybody with *her* cheerfulness.

"Such a rest, such a comfort, as you have been!" whispered the teacher who had charge of her division, when, just before the commence-

ment exercises, Pauline came to her in all her white beauty for a last little "talk."

And so when she came home to Aunt Nellie—Aunt Nellie with her pet sick-headaches, which were an affliction to herself and an infliction to her friends, her querulous temper, and her gift for fault-finding—Pauline, I believe, was not a bit discouraged.

There had been in Mrs. Hasbrook's early life some of those crushing sorrows from which the spirit rises once, perhaps, in a thousand times, triumphant over earthly ills, to live thereafter in an atmosphere already half heavenly; but more often there remains but the poor, spiritless shadow of the former self to fight the battle with the world, the flesh, and the devil, in a weakened and half-conquered fashion. Mrs. Hasbrook was weak enough in body and spirit, and her small vanities had been fostered by the possession of an ample fortune; but, among a number of good deeds which I am sure the recording angel was glad to place to her credit, not the least was the taking of little orphaned Pauline Brenton to her heart and home. Home and love and education she had given her, and Pauline had grown in graces of body and mind, and had cultivated in the genial soil of her nature an old-fashioned flower we call gratitude, and its blossoms, uncommon enough in these days, crowned this rather stylish and modern young lady with a rare and old-time grace.

Truth to tell, Mrs. Hasbrook had some brilliant projects in view for the future of the niece who was rewarding her fostering care so well, and her day-dreams were often of the time when, after a brilliant season or two in California, they two should go abroad—to "dear, delightful Paris," of course; and, having in fancy once crossed the Atlantic, she found it easy also in fancy to gain a foothold in the very citadel of the *ancien régime*, and, after a gorgeous campaign in costumes from Worth and Pingat, accompanied by unlimited diamonds, she always, in these bright visions, married Pauline to a nobleman—nothing less than the bluest blood would do; for Aunt Nellie, like many very good and very wealthy Californians, though a native republican, was, *au fond*, the fiercest of aristocrats. As for the money, she would reflect with a shrug of satisfaction, that did not matter. She had always intended those shares of Segregated Maryland and that gold mine in Amador for Pauline's *dot*, and she rather fancied they would offset several gallons of blue blood.

But often, alas, the old lady would arouse from these roseate reflections to find unconscious Pauline singing away at some plebeian employment—perhaps the mending of her own dainty silken hose, or the concoction of a delectable dessert—in such utter unconcern for this brilliant future of hers that the dreamer of dreams would feel herself to be a much injured party, and would therefore render herself so obnoxious for the rest of the day that poor Pauline, unconscious of offense, could only, in charity, lay the blame at the door of her *bête noire*, the sick-headache.

For, with uncommon good sense, Mrs. Hasbrook had not as yet imparted these wonderful schemes to her niece, who, being fond of her books, her music, her pets, and even of her loving services to her aunt, had not yet begun to trouble her small head about fortunes or husbands, or any of the more serious matters of life.

While I have been telling you all this, Mrs. Bradford and her son have been enjoying their stroll at the top of the cliff, watching the groups of busy people, breathing the salt, sweet air, and talking together with a loving confidence that nothing has ever yet interrupted.

"So, little mother," Bradford was saying, "you like Pescadero?"

"Indeed I do, Bruce. It is restful and quiet here, and, after the regular California round, so refreshing not to be called upon constantly to admire something that is higher or deeper or larger than anything else of its kind in the known world."

"That's so," said Bradford, with a laugh. "I knew there was a charm about it, though I couldn't have expressed it so well. Nice people here, too. Don't you like little Miss Brenton?"

"Yes"—emphatically. "She is a dear girl—quite one of the old-fashioned sort; but, Bruce, she's a martyr. I should be glad to pull her worldly little aunt's blonde curls for her aggravating ways with the poor child."

"Come, come, Doña Quixote, don't you go tilting at a wind-mill. I can't see that the 'poor child' pines much under the treatment. In fact, she's quite blooming, and Coleman, of San Francisco, tells me that Mrs. Hasbrook has done everything for her."

"And well she may. The young lady will be a great credit to her socially, and is a perfect slave to her caprices, and—oh, Bruce, how lovely those cloud-shadows are drifting over the water, and what a wide and lovely view we have here!"

And so it was. Landward the hills, yellow with barley, blue with the bloom of the flax, or brown with recent plowing, rose and softly swelled into the mountains of the Coast Range, whose utmost hights, crowned with somber redwoods, fringed the blue and lofty sky-line. Sea-

ward there was nothing to break the wide expanse of amethystine sea, save when a great steamer passed noiselessly on her way to the Orient. And over all this glorious chord of color drifted the constant cloud-shadows of the broken and slowly gathering fog. After a little pause, Mrs. Bradford said:

"I suppose, Bruce, dear, you look for the Lawrences soon?"

"Yes. Lawrence told me they would be down the last of the month," and a long breath, that sounded uncommonly like a sigh of impatience, finished the sentence.

"Miss Lawrence is a very fine young lady, Bruce?"—interrogatively.

"Very"—concisely.

"And they have been very kind to us."

"Certainly; why not, dear?" lighting a fresh cigar.

"And we must show them all the attention we can, you know, when they come."

"Of course, *madame mére*, I shall be as civil as possible."

"But—Bruce—"

"Well, go on, mother. You seem uncommonly bashful," with never a look at the blue eyes trying so hard to find his.

"Well"—desperately—"you won't be *too* civil, now, Bruce, will you?"

With an amused laugh, he looked down at his poor little victim, and said, saucily:

"You jealous old person! I believe you don't want me to admire anybody but you. But don't you fear, mother mine—at least not in that quarter. Of course, as our banker on this side of the world, Lawrence has been very kind to us, and his wife and daughter also; but, though I don't like to say it, I fancy it is very much a matter of dollars and cents, and I have a feeling that the polish in that family is a sort of top-dressing, as the farmers say. I fear some day we shall see the ugly sub-soil crop up in a very disagreeable way. But come; there are the wagons, and I want you to have a comfortable seat."

After that day at the beach there followed many others, each with its charm of out-door life. Mr. Bradford and his mother, though so devoted to each other, had, apparently, no objection to a quartet, since Mrs. Hasbrook and her niece were nearly always of their party. There were long, still days up in the heart of the Redwoods, where the Pescadero, coming down from the mountains, had worn for itself a lovely path; past the gray and lichened rocks; under giant stems of redwood and fragrant branches of azalea, ceanothus, and madroño; where the trout darted through sun-streaked shallows or rested in sherry-brown pools; down, still down, through the sunny ranch-lands, past the village, and so out to sea.

Other days were spent under far-spreading branches of century-old laurels, which grew on the banks of a little tributary of the Pescadero. Here they spread their simple lunch, and read, or talked, or wandered through well kept fields and orchards, till the sun threw long afternoon shafts of yellow light athwart the branches, or the fog rolled in to drive them home. Sometimes they followed the Butano far up into the fern-loved forest, where the brake grew almost like palm trees, and the dainty maiden-hair ferns, nourished and protected through all the year, spread their branches far out over the water where it fell in sparkling cascades into a crystal green pool. Oftenest of all they sought the sea—sometimes at the pebble beach; sometimes where the Butano and Pescadero go out together in a broad estuary to the ocean, and where salmon-trout and perch abound; or, farther down, at Pigeon Point, where long ago on the unfriendly reefs the *Carrier Pigeon* went to pieces—but always they four together, the elder ones tolerating each other till toleration grew into a certain friendliness, the younger ones learning slowly, and of course delightfully, to do much more than tolerate each other. But this old-new lesson of loving, to be perfect, must be blindly learned; so these two were for many a long day unconscious of the part they were conning. Pauline only knew that never before had there been so perfect a summer, that the birds sung and the sun shone as in no other year of her life, and that no other valley that wound its sweet, wild way from the heart of the Coast Range down to the sea was half so lovely as that of the Pescadero.

Bradford had drifted down the days and the weeks lazily enough, taking, as was his philosophical way, all possible pleasure and profit from all possible people and circumstances. If he sometimes fretted at his self-imposed inaction, and longed for the busy life of a loved profession once more, his mother never knew it, but he was surprised at himself one day for being piqued into self-justification to Miss Brenton. She had expressed great admiration for some incident of manly energy, and Bradford found himself all at once in the middle of an explanation.

"My mother," said he, "was ordered a year's travel by her physician. I can hardly tell you, Miss Pauline, of all the opportunities I sacrificed when I left my business to take care of itself. I fear you think me a very lazy fellow, but indeed I love work—love it for its own sake and for what it brings, too; but I am determined the dear old lady shall not have her en-

joyment clouded by a single thought of sacrifice on my part. This fall finishes our year, and I am taking her home so much improved in health that I am well repaid."

"Ah," said Pauline, with an appreciative look, "but such inaction as that is better and grander than any year's work you have ever done."

If Mr. Bradford had had his mind's eye as wide open as usual, he might have suspected that his satisfaction at Pauline's reply was more intense than that he usually felt at the approval of his lady friends; but it was another day that was to open his eyes to a new fact in his existence.

On this day they had all gone to the beach—Aunt Nellie at first having declared she *would* not, but having finally yielded, like so many others, to the indescribable fascinations that those elusive pebbles possess. At first glance, lying upon the Pescadero beach, with the May sunshine all about you, soft Pacific airs blowing over you, and nothing to do but glean the rarest and loveliest pebbles, seems as near *dolce far niente* as anything in this disappointing world can. But try it all day; lean upon one elbow till it is damp with salt water and blistered by the friction of the gravel, till your spine aches with the unnatural position and your lips are parched with thirst, while the water-jug stands rods away under the cliff in aggravating coolness, and all about you people are finding lovely pink or red carnelians, bits of translucent amber-colored quartz, and "opals" which almost equal the genuine in their fire and luster, while *your* fingers, poke as they may, bring up only the commonest brown or black gravel-stones—and see if you do not go back to the hotel at night, tired, cross, and firmly determined to spend the remainder of your time hunting ferns in the Pescadero woods or trout in the Pescadero waters, leaving the beach to those who like it. Yet, after you have bathed and dined, and come out upon the twilight haunted porch, or, if the fog has come in, to the hotel parlor with its blazing live-oak fire, where people are exhibiting and expatiating upon the day's treasure-trove, you are once more fascinated, and the small miseries of the past are forgotten in an avaricious desire to outstrip the others. And when the morning comes, and the great omnibus dashes up to receive its indiscriminate load of young and old, lunch-baskets and surf-lines, pet dogs and babies, *you* are one of the first and fiercest; and with your wide-mouthed bottle clutched tightly in your hand you are off, leaving Pescadero woods and waters to keep their treasures for another day, while you have one more "try" for that ideal pebble, which, every time you closed your eyes last night, stood out against the dark in all its beautiful and elusive perfection.

Aunt Nellie, after many false starts, had at last got herself settled to her apparent satisfaction; and Pauline, seeing her so contented and that Mr. Bradford and his mother were near, said to her:

"Auntie, I've a fancy for going up the shore a little way, if you don't mind."

Auntie was aggrieved at once.

"Well, I suppose you can, my dear, if you wish; but, before you go, just bring me a cup of water, and—fasten a pin in this veil, and I'm sure the tide will be up soon, and I shall have to move—oh, dear! you've upset that bottle."

Pauline, with a comical look of dismay, was about to give up her little walk, when all at once Mrs. Hasbrook found her bottle right side up, and a cup of water at her very lips, while Mr. Bradford was saying, quietly:

"If you will allow me, Mrs. Hasbrook, I'll see that you are quite comfortable, and I'm sure the walk will do Miss Brenton good."

"Of course," said Aunt Nellie, with a half sense of her own absurdity, "I shall get along very well, I've no doubt. I'm afraid," she added, plaintively, as Pauline went gratefully off, "I'm afraid I'm a little exacting with Pauline; still, I think it's for her good."

What Mr. Bradford might have thought about that he did not say; but he took such good care of Aunt Nellie that she was quite happy and cheerful till the tide really did begin to come in, and then she began to worry about Pauline. She was quite sure she would either be drowned or get her feet wet—one disaster being, apparently, quite as deplorable as the other. Mr. Bradford, with praiseworthy alacrity, offered to go in search of the truant, which offer being accepted, he was off.

Pauline had not wandered far. A little cove, where the rocks shut out everything but the blue water, had attracted her, and happy in the possession of a fascinating book—it was the *Strange Adventures of a Phaëton*—she had yielded to a delicious feeling of laziness, and, lying at ease, with as sweet and salt an air about her as ever blew over the Hebrides, and a sea and sky before her that William Black would have loved to picture, she fell into a dreamful sleep, in which she was "Bell," and the blonde head of Mr. Bradford did duty as the "Lieutenant," and they were careering over the Pescadero hills in that identical phaëton, with Mrs. Bradford and Aunt Nellie in the places of Queen Tita and her husband. Oblivious of the incoming tide, she slept—in danger after a while of a thorough wetting, if nothing worse, though the under-tow is strong there,

and might have done her deadly harm. At least so it looked to Bruce Bradford, who arrived at the head of the cove just in time to see one great wave recede from her feet, and another, before he could reach her, envelop her wholly in its frothy, cold embrace. With something very cold, very vice-like, and exceedingly novel clutching at his heart, he sprung toward the poor girl and caught her in his arms, with an exclamation upon his lips, the warmth of which astonished Mr. Bradford himself, as much as it could have done any listener he might have had. If it reached Pauline's ears, it was too much like a part of her rudely finished dream for her to be certain of it, and when she fairly recovered from her bewilderment, and found herself quite safe, but still encompassed by Mr. Bradford's arm, she gently disengaged herself, saying:

"I think you have saved my life, Mr. Bradford; but I can't thank you now as I should."

He seemed half dazed, but, after a moment's hesitation, said, absently:

"Yes, yes; but you're very damp, you know, and in danger of taking cold. We must get home at once."

This was dreadfully common place for so romantic a situation. Pauline was quite sure the "Lieutenant" would have done better, but as she could only assent to the self-evident truth of the remark, she said, laughingly:

"Yes, I know what Mr. Mantalini would have called me, don't you?" Then, as they drudged briskly on, she added: "Pray, don't let us alarm Aunt Nellie; she will be quite distressed enough as it is."

Mr. Bradford only bowed assent, and hurried her on till they reached the rest of the party, where, after much wringing out of skirts and many explanations, she was put into the wagon and enveloped in all the shawls and robes her escort could beg or borrow. Homeward he was silent as the Sphinx itself, but watchful as possible of her comfort; and when he had seen her to her cottage, and ordered fires, and hot water, and tea, he took himself off, leaving Pauline to laugh heartily at his overpowering but dumb attentions, for to her young and strong *physique* the adventure was little more than a tonic, though she had been a good deal frightened.

Bradford emerged from his cottage soon after, armed with rod and creel, and betook himself to the brook-side, where he had been wont to capture the trout with gratifying success. But it was soon evident that the fish had little to fear from him that day, for he whipped the stream languidly a little, and then gave it up entirely. Throwing himself under the shade of a great buckeye tree, whose fragrant blossoms rained down upon him with every slightest gust, he gave himself up to a rather stormy reverie, if one might judge by the number and frequency of his cigars, and the vigorous and impatient pulls at his long blonde moustaches.

To confess the truth, he was regularly appalled at the revelation of the morning. He realized perfectly that if the wave which only drenched Pauline Brenton had carried her back with it out into the infinite unknown, there would have gone with her all the light from his life and all the strength from his ambitions; but so far from his plan of life had been all thought of love and marriage, except in the far future, that he could not at first give any welcome to this new feeling which already possessed him so wholly. All at once he was startled to find his destiny inextricably complicated with that of this slip of a girl who might or might not care for him, but who in either case could never again, to a nature like his, be as one of the rest of the world. Separate and apart forever would be the slight, dainty figure, the rose-bud face and the sweet eyes, from which looked forth, he would fain believe, a brave, faithful, and honest soul. Being brave, faithful, and honest himself, there could be but one ending to his reverie, and after more hours than he realized, he took up his homeward way with a definite purpose to woo and win, if possible; and to do him justice he had modesty enough to admit a doubt upon the subject, even to himself. Finding upon his return the subdued bustle attendant upon the arrival of the afternoon stage, "Any passengers?" he inquired of Sam Greaves, a bright youth of sixteen, who attached himself to Pauline in the *rôle* of youthful adorer.

"Yes, sir," said Sam, "lots. All the Daytons, three or four men, and the Lawrences. Know them, sir?"

"Yes," returned Bradford, concisely, somewhat put out to find his premeditated campaign thus interrupted.

"I say, Sam, could you take these wild flowers to Miss Brenton with my compliments, and ask how she is after her drowning?"

The delighted Sam grasped them valiantly, and strode away, leaving Bradford to go to his room.

After dinner that night, a wonderfully lovely twilight called every one out of doors. Pauline, who had been in close attendance upon Mrs. Hasbrook and her inevitable headache, and had dined in her room, had thrown a light shawl over her shoulders, and seated herself at the door of the cottage. Up and down the long vista of the porches people were passing and repassing, but she enjoyed her solitude and quiet

after the day's excitement. Two little words rang in her ears over and over again; and yet had she really heard Mr. Bradford say, "My darling," as he drew her from the water, or was that, too, only a part of her unfinished dream? What a lovely world, she thought; the earth was all in tune with her happy heart. High above Lincoln Hill swung the crescent lamp of a young moon, sending its soft light down through the Lamarque rose-vines that shaded the porch, and penciling their delicate foliage in shadowy lines upon the floor. Up from the garden at her feet floated faint odors of tea-rose and mignonette. Beyond the cliff sounded the low monotone of the surf, while some one in the half-lit cottage next door was playing in a dreamy, impromptu fashion, stringing exquisite bits of Strauss and Gounod and Offenbach upon a thread of dainty modulation, and down by the gate a night-bird called from an acacia tree in shrill, sweet tones. It was easy to believe, at least for to-night, that life might hold all sorts of sweet possibilities for her.

Just then upon this rose-colored reverie broke the sound of voices in some open window near.

"Yes," some one was saying, "he is a fine fellow, and quite a catch, too, I believe. Miss Lawrence has done well."

"Is it really an engagement, then?" asked another voice.

"I believe so. At least, the Lawrences don't deny it, and Mr. Bradford and his mother were their guests for some time this spring."

"Well, it really will be a good thing for Maud Lawrence. She's certainly a trifle *passé*, and might die an 'unappropriated blessing,' you know. I judge he is wealthy, or she would have none of him."

"Oh, yes. There is a handsome family property in New York and on the Hudson, and the young man is, besides, a promising lawyer."

And so on—though I doubt if Pauline heard even so much.

She was very glad, she thought, to have heard what she did. It was so much better that she should correct that little mistake of hers before she had come to believe it true. How fortunate that she had not given away even the least little bit of her heart unasked.

But—with a little shiver—how cold and dark it had grown. She looked for the moon, but its light was quenched in a bank of fog. People were disappearing from the porches, and the player in Mrs. Dayton's cottage had grown lugubrious. He was playing Chopin now, and the muffled drums of the "Marche Funèbre" made the heavy air throb with their sorrow. Just as the exquisitely sad *adagio* began, Pauline rose to go in. She would go to sleep. It was good sometimes to forget, and—was this a *tear* that wet her cheek?

The days that followed were gay with excursions of all sorts, planned for the pleasure of the Lawrences and other new-comers. Mr. Bradford, though inclined to perform his social duties to them in his own thorough manner, had no mind that Mrs. Hasbrook or her niece should suffer any neglect. So they were always among the first to be consulted, and it was always evident that some one was looking out thoughtfully for their comfort. Pauline, understanding, as she imagined, the delicacy of feeling that would not allow her little rush-light to be obscured by the rising of the bright particular star, accepted such attentions with utter good feeling, and gave no time to bitter thoughts. But several refusals were unavoidably given, owing to Aunt Nellie's ailments, so that she really saw very little of Miss Lawrence or of Mr. Bradford's supposed devotion to her. She discovered however, through sundry personal experiences, that the young lady was an adept in that sort of society stiletto practice which enables people to stab you skillfully in the back while presenting a smiling countenance to you and the rest of the world; though why Miss Lawrence should honor her especially with such attentions, Pauline was too blind to see.

Miss Lawrence's younger bother, one of those unsparing critics we often encounter in the very heart of our own family circle, said to her one morning:

"I say, Maud, I can't see why you waste so much ammunition on that little Miss Brenton. You're uncommonly free with your shot and shell when she's around."

"I can't help your blindness," was the elegant retort. "If you can't see that she is throwing herself directly at Bradford, I can; and that game of unsophisticated innocence is just the one to catch such a man."

"Well, to be candid, sis, if she really entered for the race, I believe her chance would be quite as good as yours. I didn't suppose *you* were so far gone, though."

"You know as well as I do how much I am likely to care for such a strict-laced individual as he is, but the Bradford property and the Bradford diamonds are worth winning, and I mean to do it."

"Then I advise you to be a little more careful. The young gentleman overheard your pointed observation about school-girl impertinence last night, and was furious. By Jove, I didn't know blue eyes could blaze so. Be careful, Maud. Ta-ta."

"If I don't win, *she* shall not," muttered Miss Maud, tragically.

From which bit of conversation it will be seen that Mr. Bradford's suspicion of the latent coarseness in the Lawrence family was not unfounded. It was during a day in the woods that more of the same thing came to the surface.

The excusion on this day was to the Falls of the Butano, and nearly every one was going. As everybody knows, the wagon road comes to an untimely end above Clellan's Mill, and it is customary to make a camp-fire there for those who do not care to attempt the rather severe trail that leads to the falls. Around the fire on this occasion gathered Mrs. Bradford and Mrs. Hasbrook, with several other elderly ladies, and Pauline, insisting that they needed some one to keep the fire and make their tea, decided to stay with them. The loudly expressed disapproval of the pedestrian party at the loss of one of their best walkers had no effect upon her, and she laughingly persisted in her determination, at which Mrs. Bradford expressed her gratification.

"You are the only one of the young people, my dear, who has patience with my fern mania and can tell one from another. Shall we have a little search for them to-day?"

Pauline was only too happy. To Mrs. Bradford, whose motherhood was the strongest part of her nature, all young girls represented, in one way or another, the ever regretted daughter whom Heaven had denied her; so, attracted to Pauline from the first, she had shown her liking generously and freely. This first real revelation of mother tenderness had been to the poor child almost too sweet to be borne, and she found herself yielding more and more to it as the days went by. So they set off together very happily, though a little sadly, too, knowing that not many more of these pleasant days could come. The ferns were plenty enough, and tropical in luxuriance. Every uprooted redwood tree left a grotto, which was speedily filled with brake and fern and feathery rush, till it seemed a home fit for the queen of all the fairies, and every fallen log was arched or hidden by the dainty growth. Pauline, with arms and hands full, was still pressing on, eager for more, when a sharp cry of pain stopped her suddenly, and she hurried back a little way, to find Mrs. Bradford lying beside a huge log she had tried to cross alone.

"I think, my dear," she said, faintly, as Pauline bent over her, "that my ankle is sprained. It is the one that has been hurt before."

That it was badly sprained was sure, for Pauline found it already almost impossible to unbutton the boot. How she got the suffering, but brave, old lady back to the fire she hardly knew; but it was done, and, leaving her to the care of the others, she at once took the trail to the falls in search of the son, who would, she knew, be the mother's best physician. In fact, she felt sure, and time proved her right, that it was no trifling accident, and that it was absolutely necessary to get Mrs. Bradford back to the hotel as soon as possible. Over the ground she sped, urged by keenest sympathy, climbing great fallen redwoods, over which she had before been helped most carefully; crushing down the remembrance of various stories she had heard of wild animals met in these woods, that *would* rise up to haunt her; startled, in spite of herself, at the vague, unfamiliar sounds of forest life around her, and feeling keenly how alone she was; catching her dress upon bush and brier till it was in tatters; crossing the creek once or twice upon fallen logs at dizzy hights above the water, from one of which she lost her hat, and gave it a farewell glance as it sailed peacefully down the stream; still on, losing breath as the trail began to ascend, but never wholly losing courage, till at last the loiterers of the party turned to see a little figure flying toward them with disheveled hair blown in tossing tendrils across the flushed face, and garments to whose streaming tatters clung twig and leaf and branch in mad confusion.

Reaching Bruce Bradford, to whose arm Miss Lawrence clung in interesting helplessness, Pauline expended her last remnant of breath in telling him of the accident to his mother. Then came that ugly cropping-up of the genuine Lawrence nature which Bruce had once prophesied to his mother. Realizing that, with all her disadvantages, Pauline had never appeared so absolutely lovable in her life, Maud, half mad with rage and disappointment, forgot herself entirely, and, clinging still closer to the arm she held, exclaimed, loud enough for every one to hear:

"Don't go one step, Mr. Bradford. I don't believe a word of it. She only wants to get you back to the camp."

Her words were so childishly angry as to be laughable, but Bradford was so agitated that he saw only the spirit that animated them, and, turning his white face toward her while he disengaged his arm, he said, coldly and clearly:

"Miss Brenton is utterly incapable of such deception."

Then, turning to the poor little messenger, who was cruelly hurt by this last and barest thrust, he rapidly and tenderly seated her upon a fallen tree, folded round her one of many offered shawls, and, calling her devoted Sammie Greaves, said to him:

"I want you to stay with this lady till she is cool and rested, and then bring her carefully

back to the wagons. Will you do this for me, Sam?"

"I'll do it for both of you, sir," said Sam, at the summit of pride and happiness to be serving two of his admirations at once.

Then Bruce, with one lingering look into Pauline's eyes which spoke volumes to her palpitating little heart, and with not a single one of any kind at Miss Lawrence, was off like the wind.

Pauline, half overcome with fatigue, excitement, and indignation, was decidedly on the verge of a good cry, which fact was quite apparent to poor Sam, who was beside himself with distress. What should he do for her? What did people do for weeping damsels, he wondered.

"Miss Pauline, don't now; please don't cry. What shall I get for you?" Then, as a happy thought, struck him: "Just wait a minute; I'll get the governor's brandy-flask. I'm sure that will do you good."

Pauline was obliged to politely decline the brandy, but her hearty laugh at the discomfited Sam quelled the impending deluge, and all was well.

I may as well mention here that Miss Lawrence gave orders to her long-suffering and much enduring parents to secure seats next morning for Santa Cruz and Aptos—that her maiden meditations are still fancy free, and that she considers Pescadero a very stupid place.

When Mr. Bradford sought an interview with Mrs. Hasbrook upon a subject of much importance to himself, she received him with considerable *hauteur*. It was a coming down, indeed, from that blue-blooded nobleman of her dreams to a mere American, no matter how much of a gentleman he might be, and she felt that for Pauline's sake she ought to hesitate about entertaining his proposals. Bradford, however, being entirely unacquainted with his visionary rival, and not even suspecting that there was one, being, moreover, armed with a knowledge of Pauline's acquiescence in his designs, took such lofty ground of assuming Mrs. Hasbrook's consent to be a foregone conclusion, that she finally yielded with what she considered becoming dignity, and in the days that followed —days of tedious seclusion for poor Mrs. Bradford, whose painful limb was the only shadow in the glowing picture of that summer time—Aunt Nellie came out gloriously as a gentle nurse, a genial companion, and, best of all, an emancipated martyr, for in all those weeks she forgot to have a sick-headache.

At a merry lunch party given in a hospitable Oakland home to a number of "graduates" from a celebrated seminary there was, of course, a great deal of "Class" gossip. As they lingered over the fruit some one asked:

"Does any one know where Pauline Brenton has been this summer? I've neither seen nor heard from her."

"Oh, yes," said another, "she and her aunt have been at Pescadero all the season. Nina Lewis saw them there; and our little Pauline is engaged. What do you think of that?"

Chorus of wonder and delight, finishing with a unanimous, though ungrammatical, "Who to?"

"A Mr. Bradford, a wealthy gentleman from the East, and handsome, too, Nina says."

"I wonder if it is a Mr. Bradford we met at the Lawrences last spring?"

"The same, I think; and, oh, girls! what do you think the ring is?"

"A big solitaire, I suppose, since he is so wealthy."

"My dear,"—impressively—"they are rich enough to do without diamonds, if they choose. No! The ring, for Nina saw it, is simply a pink Pescadero pebble!"

ISABEL HAMMELL RAYMOND.

TAXATION IN CALIFORNIA.

Three questions must present themselves to the consideration of the honest law-maker while making up his mind to support or oppose any bill for the imposition of taxes:

First—Is the measure just and right in principle?

Second—Is it practicable?

Third—What will be its effect upon the general prosperity of the people?

Only the first of these questions seems to have been thought of by the framers of our present Constitution. Consequently their work, though intended to compel equal taxation (except upon the farmers), has proved impracticable, and has thus far greatly disturbed and hindered the general prosperity.

Art. XIII, Sec. 1, of the new Constitution of this State, provides that "All property in the

State, not exempt under the laws of the United States, shall be taxed in proportion to its value." "The word 'property,' as used in this article and section, is hereby declared to include moneys, credits, bonds, stocks, dues, franchises, and all other matters and things, real, personal, and mixed, capable of private ownership; *provided*, that growing crops" and government property "shall be exempt from taxation."

A revenue law, intended to enforce assessments according to the letter of this definition of property, and yet avoid the double taxation of *things*, if not of *persons*, commanded by the Constitution, was passed by the last Legislature. From the new system of assessment thus inaugurated great results were expected in subjecting to taxation the millionaires and wealthy corporations who were supposed previously to have escaped their fair proportion of the public burdens. Let us see how these expectations have been realized.

The report of the State Board of Equalization now in press gives the following assessments for the whole State for 1880 as compared with those of 1879:

	1879.	*1880.*	*Increase.*
Real estate	$329,213,192	$349,157,295	$19,944,103
Improvements	107,344,299	111,536,922	4,192,623
Personal	101,198,292	149,656,007	48,457,715
Money	9,866,986	24,678,330	14,811,344
Railroads	.....	31,174,120	31,174,120
Totals	$547,622,769	$666,202,674	$118,579,905

In the assessment for 1880 the following new items appear:

Solvent credits (supposed to be the balance not offset by debts due to residents of this State)	$19,984,777
Assessed value of shares of capital stock in corporations (what a farce!)*	8,499,329
Franchises (?)	16,347,146
Mortgages, being simply a division of ownership in the real estate mortgaged, and adding nothing to the assessment list	96,811,171

As the total increase of the assessed value is only 21½ per cent., not only are we disappointed as to any reduction in the rate of State taxation, but we are called on to pay 64 cents on the $100, instead of 62 cents in 1879–80, 55 cents in 1878–9, and 63 cents in 1877–8.

In the city of San Francisco, whose rich men and corporations were specially intended to be reached by the new measures, the result is as follows:

1880.

Real estate	$122,098,868	
Improvements	42,931,540	
		$165,030,458
Personal	$68,828,264	
Money	19,747,623	
		88,575,887
Total		$253,606,345

1879.

Real estate and improvements	$166,429,845	
Personal, including money	50,959,491	
		217,389,336
Difference, being increase		$36,217,009
Increase in personal property and money only		37,616,396

As this increase bears no sort of proportion to popular anticipation, it is no wonder that the City and County Assessor has found himself compelled to file supplementary assessments on the supposed personal property of about 100 persons and corporations, amounting to $190,000,000, even though it may safely be presumed that no taxes from this assessment will ever reach the city treasury.

It will be noticed that, so far from any decrease in the city rate of taxation consequent on the expected increase in the assessment of personal property, we are taxed this year 1.59 per cent., against 1.27 in 1879–80.

Now, it is perfectly evident that the definition of property in the new Constitution has entirely failed to bring out but a very small proportion of the personal property which has hitherto not been assessed. Take the money item, for example. The State assessment this year shows $24,678,330, an increase of $14,811,344 over 1879. But the report of the Bank Commissioners of December, 1879, showed deposits in banks throughout the State amounting to $82,133,256.15, all of which was surely intended to be assessed by the revenue law. That is, $57,454,926 escaped taxation in this item alone; or, in other words, the assessors have found only $1 out of $3 which a public document informed them was liable to assessment.

It may be interesting to note that the sum insured on improvements and visible personal property in San Francisco, of course exclusive of money, debts, and franchises, was, in 1879, $172,175,238, which sum represented about half the market value of those descriptions of prop-

* The market value of stocks and bonds quoted in the *California Bond and Stock Herald* on December 17, 1880, was as follows:

State, city, and county bonds	$15,456,612
Bonds of California corporations	6,583,000
Stocks of banking and industrial corporations	47,737,722
Railroad stocks	40,406,625
	$110,184,459

From the first two items no deduction can be made under the revenue law. From the last two, deductions are allowable for property assessed to the corporations themselves. Besides these, the gross market value of all mining stocks whose works are beyond the State are assessable, which must amount to many millions. Yet we are gravely informed that the entire assessed value of all these stocks is just $8,499,329!

erty, for not more than half, if so much, is insured. But the assessors have found only:

Improvements	$42,931,590
Personal property (not money)	68,828,264
	$111,759,854

That is, the assessments on *real, tangible* personal property (for none other is insurable), and on buildings of all kinds, are taken at *less than one-third of the insurable value thereof.* Where are the remaining two-thirds? Where, too, are all the "credits, bonds, stocks, dues, franchises, and all other matters and things capable of private ownership?"

It is evident from these figures that the trifling increase of 21 per cent. in the State assessment roll, accompanied, as it has been, by an increase instead of a reduction in the rate of tax levied, both in State and city, deprives the advocates of the new Constitution of any argument in favor of its clauses on taxation, as derived from experience. Nothing at all commensurate with the expectation has been added to the assessment roll; there has been no deduction, but an increase of taxation. All the fuss and discussion about these new principles have, therefore, developed no good, but only the following evils:

A division of interests between mortgageors and mortgagees in the assessments of real estate, settled by an enormous increase of labor and expense to the State, but adding nothing at all to the assessment roll.

An attempted confiscation of 20 to 30 per cent. of the revenue heretofore derived from money lent on mortgage, which fails because there is now established in the market a discrimination against loans on mortgage, except at a rate of interest higher than on other securities by the estimated amount of the tax.

A complete exemption of all taxes on farm produce, in the farmer's hands, indirectly effected. For, as the growing crops are exempted by the Constitution, which also (Art. XIII, Sec. 8) fixes the first Monday in March as the time to which all assessments must relate, of course the farmer, whose crops are then just sown, is not assessed; and by the next first Monday in March the crop has been harvested, sold, and moved off, so that he escapes assessment altogether, except on the very small proportion ($5,000,000 this year) that then may remain on hand. Doubtless, $80,000,000* worth of farm produce, including what is consumed in this and the adjoining States, have thus escaped taxation this year altogether.

Another neat little arrangement for the farmer's benefit, at the expense of the city, is found in the clause (Sec. 2, Art. XIII), "Cultivated and uncultivated land of the same quality, and similarly situated, shall be assessed at the same value." Of course, under this clause cultivated land must practically be assessed at the value of uncultivated, for as "value" is defined in the revenue law, to mean "the amount at which the property would be taken in payment of a just debt, due from a solvent debtor," no Assessor would be justified in rating $10 land at $50. Consequently, under the Constitution the $50 land must come down to the rating of the $10 land. Thus we have in the report of the State Board of Equalization for this year $184,046,046 given as the value of 26,116,080 acres of land, being all the real estate, "other than city lots"—a value not exceeding an average of $7.04 per acre, or an amount probably no greater than the value of three years' produce of all kinds.*

Again, we have an insoluble problem presented to the assessors, under clause 3640 in the Revenue Act. To avoid double taxation, it is provided "that the assessable value of each share of stock shall be ascertained by taking from the market value of the entire capital stock the value of all property assessed to the corporation, and dividing the remainder by the entire number of shares into which its capital stock is divided." Now, this may work well enough when the stock is owned by an individual. But suppose two such corporations each to own a portion of the other's stock, which often happens, how is this problem to be solved? In fact, the assessors have not attempted to find, much less to figure, the values of stocks in private hands; and so the amount of stocks reached by them is a mere trifle compared with their actual amount.

Again, the clause allowing the reduction from assets of debts due only "to *bona fide* residents of this State" (Sec. 1, Art. XIII), if executed strictly, would work a crying injustice to importers whose debts are principally owing beyond the State. Why should the jobber be

* A careful estimate of the crop yield of the State, as reported in the Surveyor-General's report for 1879, less six counties not reported, gives a value of $66,708,097. This year the yield has been much greater.

* The report of the State Board of Equalization for 1880 puts the area of cultivated land at 5,313,580 acres. This, at $30 average value, which ought to be low, considering that it includes all the vineyards, orange orchards, etc., worth $500 to $1,000 per acre, amounts to $159,407,400. Now, it is safe to assume the value of the remaining 20,802,580 acres, to average $5 per acre, for certainly no land is offered for sale at less than $5. This gives $104,012,900; or,

An aggregate of	$263,420,300
Less actual assessment	184,046,046
Value unassessed	$ 79,374,254
Add value of crops	80,000,000
Total unassessed to farmers	$159,374,254

taxed less than the importer, by the deduction of his debts due the importer, while the latter must pay not only on the debts due to him by the jobber, but on those due by him beyond the State?

Thus much in criticism of the taxation clauses in the new Constitution, which, however, might be extended to other points. But there is another vice, common to both the new and the old constitutions, as well as to the plan of taxation, adopted by most, if not all, of the American States. A tax upon *principal*, however uniform, is necessarily a tax of varying and unequal amount on the *revenue* derived from the use of that principal. It is often frightfully excessive when the income, on which we all rely to pay taxes with, is considered. Thus, when the revenue is 6 per cent. per annum (now the current rate for safe investments) a tax of 2 per cent. confiscates 33 per cent. of it. But a tax of 2 per cent. on land valued at $10 per acre, and yielding a crop worth $10, is a tax of only 2 per cent. on the farmer's income. Englishmen pay an income tax of 6 pence in the pound, or just 2½ per cent. on incomes. Is it likely they will continue to send funds here for investment where the tax is 20 per cent., 30 per cent., or more, on the income of their money?

Therefore, it is useless to talk of establishing extensive manufactures in California while the present laws are in force. For, though but a single tax were imposed on property of all kinds, so long as that tax is on *capital* and not on *profits*, and is anything like 2 per cent. per annum, so long will such tax consume so large a part of the profits as to render such investments inexpedient. And so long as the Constitution requires double taxation of property, by requiring separate assessments of each interest in it, so long will the fear of its enforcement doubly prevent the use of money in the principal direction required by the economical wants of the State.

It is now perfectly evident that the attempt made in our Constitution and revenue law to bring out and place upon the assessment lists all the items of personal property that appear as such *on the private books of the citizens* has failed, as such attempts have always failed everywhere, and must always fail in the future. It is in fact impracticable. Our limited experience is precisely that of all the civilized world. The report of David A. Wells, Edwin Dodge, and George W. Cuyler, commissioners appointed by the Governor of New York, in 1871, to revise the laws of that State for the assessment and collection of taxes, shows (pp. 40, 41) that the assessment of personal property in that State for 1869–70 did not discover but $1 out of every $4.50 that was known by public documents to exist in that State. Theodore C. Peters, one of the State Assessors, made a report to the New York Legislature, in 1864, containing the following statement: "Of the taxable property of the State not one-fifth of the personal property is now reached. While the real estate is estimated at eleven-twentieths of its value, personal is at less than four-twentieths." "A further conclusion is arrived at that the real and personal property are of equal value in fact."

The figures attained by the assessments of other States, of cities and counties therein, show a wonderful inequality in the amount of personal property listed for taxation, and, of course, prove that only the wildest uncertainty, and consequent gross inequality, is inherent in the system of attempting to assess it at all. Thus the assessment for 1869–70 showed personal property *per caput* of the population:

New York	$ 99.13
Massachusetts	345.19
Ohio	189.67
California, 1880–1	207.00
California, 1878–9	138.83

"Fully recognizing facts," says Mr. Wells (on the fifty-first page of the above quoted report), "the recognition being due in most instances to years of tentative experience, all the leading civilized and commercial nations on the face of the globe, with the single exception of the United States, have abandoned all attempts to levy a direct tax on personal property in the possession of individuals, as something entirely beyond the reach of any power of constitutional law, or, indeed, of any power, save that possibly of an absolute despotism, to effect with any degree of perfectness or equality; while the opinion of the civilized world generally is further agreed that all attempts to practically enforce laws of this character are alike prejudicial to the morals and material development of a State." "Much of the property which it may be desirable, and is made obligatory on the assessors to assess, is invisible and incorporeal, easy of transfer and concealment, not admitting of valuation by comparison with any common standard, and the determination of the *situs* of which constitutes one of the oldest and most contraverted questions of law. When once, moreover, personal property is valued and enrolled for assessment, the assessment list is necessarily subject to losses, which never occur in respect to real property. Business firms assessed on their merchandise, machinery, or capital, fail, dissolve, and break up, and the taxes are practically abandoned. Household-

ers break up, sell their personal effects, leave the place of their assessed residence, and the tax levied on them is lost. Deaths break up households, and the property ceases to exist as assessed."*

It is evident from the consideration of the facts thus far quoted, which might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, as well as from the experience of our State during thirty years, that assessments upon personal property, define it as we will, are unequal, arbitrary, uncertain, attended with an inquisition into private affairs which no free people will submit to, and are to the last degree demoralizing by their reliance on oaths whose falsity is stimulated by a reward for lying and punishment for telling the truth. Consequently, all such assessments are impracticable in their very nature. Is it not time that our law-makers should recognize the fact that the laws of human nature are stronger than any form of government, and that the tide of economical necessity will rise high enough, in spite of all statutory brush-fences, to roll in resistless volume whithersoever the laws of nature propel it?

Now, the confusion in the public mind on the subject of taxation in this State is due to the ambiguity of the language of the Constitution, which leaves it uncertain whether *persons* or *things* are intended to be taxed. In theory, nothing is more just than the maxim, "Every *individual* should be taxed *in proportion to what he is worth*." This means, if it means anything, that each individual should pay taxes on the difference in his favor, if any, between his assets and his liabilities. Had the Constitution stated this maxim instead of what it does—*viz.*, "All *property* in the State, not exempt under the laws of the United States, shall be taxed in proportion to its value," followed by a definition of property in its vulgar sense—then the duty of framing a statute to enforce the mandate would have been clear and easily performed. Nay, more, the question of double taxation would not have arisen, for the double taxation commanded in the Constitution is of *property*, and not of *persons*. All the *different rights in the same thing*, owned by *different persons*, or represented by different evidences (as stock, bonds, debts, etc.), *are intended to be taxed to those different persons*, and its provisions, as they stand, were it not for the clause, "all *property* shall be taxed in proportion to its value," could be easily enforced by simply requiring each *person* to file his sworn statement of assets and liabilities with the assessor on the first Monday in March.

But would the people of California endure such an inquisition as this? Would any civilized people be willing to file their sworn statements of the condition of their private affairs in a public office? Does not all the world know that all attempts to base an assessment upon information extorted from unwilling witnesses by means of the oath results only in public demoralization? The once clear moral atmosphere of our country has now become thick with the murky clouds of almost universal perjury. At almost every point of contact between the Government and the individual the oath is interposed, like packing in machinery, as the only means of abating the necessary friction. Excessive use has long ago worn out this packing. Is there now one in one hundred who feels his conscience burdened by perjury if thereby he may reap a pecuniary advantage at the expense of the Government or a corporation? Is it not time that we realized the positive evil of so many unnecessary temptations to this crime, especially since the oath is no longer any guarantee of truth? Is it worth while to expect taxes from even a candidate for the Presidency when his own oath is our only reliance in ascertaining the amount?

Bearing now in mind that the prevailing idea is that taxes should be laid in proportion to *personal* ability to pay, while the Constitution is so worded as to make *property* the basis of assessment, the ambiguity consists in the adoption of the ordinary definition of the word "property," instead of defining it with reference to the extraordinary sense in which it must be used in levying taxes. Says Judge McKinstry, in *People vs. Hibernia Bank* (51 Cal.): "The sovereign power of the people, in employing the prerogative of taxation, regards not the claims of individuals on individuals, but deals with the *aggregate wealth of all*. That which is supposed to be unlimited is here limited by an inexorable law (of nature) which Parliaments cannot set aside, for it is only to the *actual wealth* that Governments can resort, and, that exhausted, they have no other property resource. This is as certain as that a paper promise to pay money is not money. It is property in possession or enjoyment, and not merely in right, which must ultimately pay every tax."

Says Judge Wallace, in the same case: "Mere credits are a false quantity in ascertaining the sum of wealth which is subject to taxation *as property*, and, in so far as that sum is attempt-

* Thus the San Francisco Auditor's report for 1878-9 (p. 591) shows:

Taxes on real estate roll	$4,264,722.78
Delinquent only	242.20
Taxes on personal property roll	916,763.32
Delinquent	308,966.78

Or more than 30 per cent.

ed to be increased by the addition of those credits, property taxation based thereon is not only merely fanciful, but necessarily an additional tax on a portion of the property already once taxed. Suppose the entire tax-rolls exhibited nothing but such indebtedness. Taxation under such circumstances would, of course, be wholly fanciful, as having no actual basis for its exercise."

If, therefore, property, and not persons, are to be taxed, it becomes logically necessary to define "property," for the purposes of taxation, to be *things*, not *rights* in things nor *representatives* of things, and the claim of the Government for taxes is a claim *in rem*, resulting from its right of eminent domain, and not *in personam*.

It is evident, on a moment's reflection, that the aggregate property of the State must be the aggregate value of the *visible, tangible things*, or, in other words, the *actual realized wealth*, owned no matter by whom, but situated within its limits—that is, the aggregate value of lands, buildings, animals, products, vehicles, ships, furniture, railroads, rolling stock, machinery, goods, etc. It matters not to the State *who owns* these things—whether there be one or a dozen titles to them; whether they are paid for or not; or whether the owners reside beyond its jurisdiction or not. The *thing itself* is what it is, or should be, liable to taxation, under a system of property tax, and it should be taxed but once.

Now, the relation of debtor and creditor between the tax-payers has nothing whatever to do with the aggregate value of their property; for, as by each individual's private books, what he owes is exactly balanced by the credit extended to him on his creditors' books, so the aggregate of *all* debts must exactly balance *all* credits, and therefore they neutralize each other. The *plus* quantities equal the *minus* quantities, so that their difference is nothing. For example: Suppose ten men each own a house and lot worth $10,000. The aggregate value is $100,000. Now let each man borrow $5,000 of his neighbor. The aggregate debt thus created is $50,000. But a corresponding credit of $50,000 is also created. Will our granger friends claim that the ten men are now worth any more than they were before? Equals from equals and nothing remains; so that, whether there be debts between the parties or not, the original $100,000 is the aggregated net value of the whole property for taxation or for any other purpose.

So as to stocks and bonds. Suppose a corporation to have $1,000,000 capital, and its stock to be quoted at 50 cents. It has real and personal property assessed at say $250,000. Deducting this from the market value of the stock, the latter is commanded to be assessed at 25 cents. So far there is no double taxation. But suppose the corporation has issued $250,000 of bonds, and these are assessed as required by law. The amount on which the corporation is assessed is

On real and personal property, assessed to the corporation	$250,000
On stock, assessed to stock-holders	250,000
On bonds, assessed to bond-holders	250,000
Total	$750,000

or 50 per cent. more than the whole value of the real and personal property in existence. Is not this double taxation of things, if not of persons?

Now, the assessment of tangible, visible things is all that is within the powers of the average assessor (who is not gifted with second sight); for all actual, material property shows for itself, and a claim *in rem* for taxes compels whoever owns it to pay the tax or lose his property by tax sale. If it were possible to force every citizen to exhibit his exact accounts to the assessors on a given day, showing the *things* owned by him, the result would be precisely the same as if the outside assessment of *things only* were made at the same value without noticing *rights* in things. Why, then, not confine the labors of the assessors to the listing of *things* only, instead of requiring from them impossibilities, at the cost of equality and truth, and of the demoralization caused by the present system? Let the Constitution command double taxation of property as it will, so great is the opposition of the people to it that the Legislature and courts will not enforce it, the assessors dare not impose it, and the citizens will not pay it. The only results will be what they already are, *viz.*, the destruction of that confidence without which capital withdraws or declines investment, leaving labor unemployed and our great resources undeveloped; the discouragement of immigration; and contempt of the supreme law of the land, thus crumbling into sand that cement of respect for law which alone holds the masonry of free institutions together.

The problem to be now solved is how to get our State out of the inconsistency in which it has been involved by the ambiguity of the language of the Constitution.

There are several ways in which this can be done, though all of them require amendment of the Constitution.

(1.) If the traditional public opinion of our State is yet too strongly set in favor of taxing both real and personal property to justify any attempt to change it, then the question of double taxation can be wholly eliminated by

substituting for the present definition of "property" the following:

"Property for the purposes of taxation is hereby defined to mean *things*—not *rights* in things, nor *representatives* of things. The claim of the State and muncipal governments for taxes is a lien *in rem* upon the things assessed. No evidence of debt shall be subject to taxation."

And in order to reach the agricultural produce of the State, which has always escaped taxation, another amendment should be made, fixing a separate assessment thereof in October or November of each year. Of course, all the clauses relating to the taxation of mortgages, debts, credits, etc., would have to come out of Art. XIII, and these changes would leave the whole matter just where it was left, in 1877, by the decision in *People vs. Hibernia Bank*, except that the farmers would be obliged to pay their share of taxes on personal property.

(2.) A second solution of the problem would be effected by striking out of the Constitution the words "all *property* in the State shall be taxed in proportion to its value" and substitute therefor the words "each *person* (natural or artificial) in the State shall be taxed in proportion to his wealth," leaving the definition of property as it stands, and compelling the citizens and corporations to make a sworn statement of the actual condition of their affairs on assessment day.

(3.) Another mode of solving the problem is to substitute for the "all property" clause the following: "Each *person* (natural or artificial) in the State shall be taxed in proportion to his income," striking out the definition of property and other inconsistent clauses altogether. Then make it mandatory on the Legislature to enact a statute providing that *all taxation shall be upon income only*, in the same manner as has been done in Great Britain during fifty years, or more. This is theoretically the fairest mode of taxation which statecraft has yet devised.

But the people of the State will never submit to the inquisition into private affairs required by both the last two suggestions. They will, therefore, not be advocated by any one.

(4.) But if public opinion should be so far instructed by the failure of our present system, as well as by the failure of taxes on personal property everywhere, as to be equal to the task of leading all the other American States on this vexed subject, I respectfully suggest, as follows:

(a.) That all taxes on personal property and all personal taxes be abolished, except an income tax on foreign corporations having no investments in the State, and excepting also municipal license taxes on those occupations only that tend to public demoralization.

(b.) That the only property *taxed shall be* lands, *to be assessed at their uncultivated value, and* buildings *of all kinds, including railroads and all other structures fixed to the soil*, except machinery, the works of the miner, the fences, ditches, and irrigating works of the farmer, and the dams, flumes, and machinery of the manufacturer.

The debates we have had on this subject in the daily press and on the stump have been exhaustive on the topic of double taxation, but have failed to notice either the ambiguity in the Constitution between property and personal taxation, or the remarkably shrewd manner in which our political masters in the country have contrived to shirk their share of taxes at the expense of the city. There is another vital principle which has been similarly ignored. I refer to the law of the *diffusion of taxes*. This law is thus stated by Mr. Wells, in his *Rational Principles of Taxation:*

> *"All taxation ultimately and necessarily falls on consumption; and the burden of every man, which no effort will enable him directly to avoid, will be in the exact proportion, or ratio, which his consumption bears to the aggregate consumption of the taxing district of which he is a member."*

This is best illustrated by the working of the tariff of the United States. Every one can see at a glance that if a gallon of wine costs a dollar to import, and must then pay a duty of 40 cents, whoever consumes that wine must pay at least $1.40 for it, exclusive of the dealer's profit. The duty is in fact a part of the cost of the article, and if not refunded to the merchant who advances it, would result in speedily breaking up his business. So with the duty on wool. It is sold at a price which includes the duty to the manufacturer, whose selling price of cloth of course includes this as well as all other items of expense in producing the cloth. The tailor having in his turn advanced the tax, charges it with all other items that go to make up the cost of a suit of clothes, and the consumer of the clothes repays the last advance without recourse to any one else. Evidently, the more wine and clothes consumed by any individual, the more tax he pays, whether he knows it or not; or whether he ever saw the inside of a custom house or not.

This law of diffusion of taxes is as much a law of nature as that by which a snowball grows with each successive turn. Every business successful enough to give a living *must* enable the man who pursues it to get back all his costs, including taxes of whatever nature,

besides the profit on which he lives. This proposition is self-evident.

It is also self-evident that whether the assessment list be large or small, the government must be supported, and *will* raise the sum necessary to its support, indifferently by a small tax on a large assessment, or by a large tax on a small assessment; by a tax on one interest or on all interests.

So that nothing is gained as to the amount of money raised, whether the assessment includes "everything capable of private ownership," or only one thing. Neither is anything gained by the people as to the amount of tax they pay, whether each man pays his tax directly to the Government, or whether one set of men advance the whole tax and the rest refund it. Therefore, if it be possible to select some one species of property whose nature is such that it cannot be concealed or removed, that a claim *in rem* against it would be always good, whose value can be ascertained by the assessors without the necessity of tempting the owner to take a false oath, whose use is a necessity to all mankind and *must* be paid for by all who use it, then shall we have found the solution of nearly all the difficulties that surround this most intricate question.

There are only two such species of property —*land* and *buildings*—including railroads and other structures fixed to the soil.

The taxes levied on rented land are refunded in the rent, which again is recouped by the produce of the soil which everybody consumes. If not rented, but cultivated by the owner, the produce directly refunds the tax with the other costs of production. If not used for any purpose, it ought to be taxed anyhow, for the holding of land on speculation has been long recognized as an evil in our State, and present sound legislation tends to its discouragement. Again, taxes on buildings are replaced by the rent. The tenant of a dwelling is the consumer who ultimately pays the tax, as does the owner who inhabits his own house. But the premises let for business uses carry the tax in the rent, which is an item in the expense of the business, and added to the cost of the product of the business. The customers of such tenants, if themselves merchants or shopmen, repeat the process with their patrons, until the tax has distributed itself infinitesimally among all who live on the land, or inhabit buildings, or consume any articles whatever. In this view, the baby in his cradle is a tax-payer, in the proportion that his consumption bears to that of the whole community.

In this view, the railroad people, who consume many millions per annum in merely operating their lines, to say nothing of building new ones, would still be the largest tax-payers in the State, though they paid no direct tax to the treasury; and we may depend upon it that all of the enormous taxation now attempted to be assessed upon railroads and railroad owners will be added to their fares and freights and thus exacted from the people, despite all the merely nominal regulations of fares and freights likely to be exerted by our boasted institution of Railroad Commissioners.*

The idea of confining taxation to land only is not new. It has been advocated by economists during many years. More than a century ago, Adam Smith wrote:† "The quantity and value of the land which any man possesses can never be a secret, and can always be ascertained with great exactness. But the whole amount of the capital stock which he possesses is almost always a secret, and can scarce ever be ascertained with tolerable exactness. It is liable to almost continual variations. . . . . An inquisition into every man's private circumstances . . . . would be a source of such continual and endless vexation as no people could support. Land is a subject which cannot be removed, whereas stock easily may. The proprietor of land is necessarily a citizen of the country in which his estate lies. The proprietor of stock is properly a citizen of the world, and is not necessarily attached to any particular country. He would be apt to abandon a country in which he was exposed to a vexatious inquisition in order to be assessed to a burdensome tax, and would remove his stock to some other country where he could either carry on his business or enjoy his fortune more at his ease." (How prophetic of what is going on in California to-day!) "By removing his stock he would put an end to all the industry which it had maintained in the country which he left," etc.

If, now, it be admitted that taxation on land alone would yield all necessary revenue, cannot be evaded, is more easily and cheaply assessed, is more equal, and diffuses itself thoroughly among the community by the laws of trade; that it would tend to discourage land speculation, and to encourage the most profitable use of the land; and if, on the other hand, the farmers can be made to see that the taxes on business they were smart enough to shirk for themselves are as irksome to all other branches of industry as to their own; that all industries

* The railroads from which no deduction of the mortgages is allowed are assessed at $31,174,120
Stocks and bonds arbitrarily assessed against three of the resident owners in the supplementary assessment of San Francisco, $19,000,000 each..... 57,000,000
$88,174,120

† *Wealth of Nations*, 672.

are alike valuable to the community in proportion to their relative magnitude; that, above all, manufactures are useful to the farmer, as creating *on the spot* a market for raw materials, and largely increasing local consumption of all the products of the soil, and therefore should be preëminently encouraged;* if they can be made to see that the relation between city and country is that of the belly to the members, and that their present attitude of oppression toward the city is slow poison to themselves—then why will they not be willing that the State should adopt the measure proposed?

Let us see how it would work:

The Controller's estimate of the expenses of the State for the fiscal years 1881–83 is $6,560,246, or $3,280,123 per annum. To meet this a tax of 64 cents has been levied on the total assessment of all kinds of property, amounting to $666,202,674. If the personal property portion of this assessment were all "good," as in the nature of things it cannot be, then it is evident that a tax of 50 cents would pay all the State expenses. The State Board of Equalization have, however, for this reason, as required by Sec. 3696 of the Political Code, levied a tax of 64 cents, or 14 cents more than would be needed if there were to be no delinquent list.

Now, the items of real estate and improvements amount to $460,694,217, out of the $666,202,674. A tax of 71¼ cents on this lesser sum would, therefore, pay the expenses of the State; that is, the additional tax of only 7¼ cents put on real estate and improvements would be all the difference resulting to the debit side of the proposed change, so far as State taxes are concerned.

In the city, the tax this year, on a total assessment of $253,606,345, is 1.57 per cent., or $3,981,620, for city purposes. If this were confined to real estate and improvements, the rate would be advanced to 2.41. Add State tax, and the owners of real estate and improvements would be taxed this year 3.12¼ per cent.

What, then, would be the results to the taxpayer?

(1.) The abolition of personal taxes, licenses, etc., would of course be in exact proportion to the increase of the tax on land and buildings in both city and country, so that in the aggregate the tax-payers would pay no more taxes than they now do. Furthermore, the aggregate of the tax would be reduced by the amount now wasted in the cost of assessing and collecting the revenue from so many sources. It would often be the case, too, that each tax-payer, who is now assessed on both real and personal property, would find the relief on the one tax balance the increase on the other.

(2.) Rents would be advanced to cover the tax, or more. At the least, all leases would thereafter oblige the tenant to pay the specific amount of the tax in addition to the old rate of rent, and by the process of diffusion already explained the landlord would be recouped and the consumer pay the tax. Nevertheless, real estate would be unfavorably affected for a while. But by and by—

(3.) All other taxes being removed, there being no longer any apprehension of interference of the tax-collector with business in any way or manner, capital would flow into the city, new enterprises would be inaugurated, population would increase, rents would go up, and real estate would recover from its temporary depression and soon reach much higher prices than before.

(4.) As new enterprises, especially manufactures, were developed, the accumulation of wealth would soon flow out into the country, where the demand for new and more remunerative products than wheat would gradually cause a change in the present destructive agricultural policy of our State. Small farms of irrigated land would produce $50 to $500 per acre from crops that can best be raised on a small scale, and for which there is now no demand, yet for whose production our soil and climate are particularly designed by nature. This paper is already too long to more than allude to what might be done with jute, hemp, ramie, sugar, cotton, tobacco, silk, madder, teasels, grapes, olives, and the whole list of fruits that can now be dried and preserved so as to become permanent articles of commerce. No taxes on money, on debts, mortgages, on business, stocks, shipping, banks, or corporations as such, capital would be attracted, and invested in a greater variety of channels than ever. Immigration would follow, especially to those regions heretofore monopolized by land speculators, whose burden of taxation would make them anxious to let go at a great reduction of former prices. I look forward with hope and confidence to the dawning of the manufacturing and industrial day, now apparently sure to succeed our long night of mere speculation. I hope to live long enough to see the State dotted over with manufactories, its lands generally irrigated, cut up into small holdings, and furnishing support to thousands of substantial resident yeomanry, where now there are but tens, the bulk of whom are employed only a few months in the year. How is all this to be accomplished when our vicious system of taxation strangles in the birth all ef-

* Vermont exempts wholly from taxation all manufactories for five years from their inception.

fort toward improvement? How can we thrive under a cast-iron Constitution, molded in the heat of class antagonisms, intended to affect present public interests as they appeared to the inflamed eyes of men laboring under mere temporary excitement, and formulated in contempt alike of the universal experience of mankind in the past, and of the changes in our requirements that will of course develop themselves in the future?

I have said enough thus far to enlist the attention of thoughtful, earnest, and patriotic men, enough to stimulate study of this most complicated of all the questions of statecraft, and enough to excite the attacks of that unfortunately large class in every new community who exhaust themselves in the effort to prove in their own persons that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Much more might be said in anticipation of the objections which are sure to be made to any proposition to change the new Constitution by those whose pride of consistency would lead them to sink the State rather than acknowledge an error under any circumstances. It is hoped that this paper may prove the entering wedge of a discussion *on the merits* of this most important subject, and that such debate may be conducted with that freedom from passion and prejudice which is essential to the development of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

C. T. HOPKINS.

NOTE.—Since the above was put in type, the report of the State Board of Equalization has been issued. It is full of suggestive facts in accord with the tenor of the above article. It shows that the maladministration of the business of assessment, especially in the country, has reduced the whole thing almost to the level of a scandal! After showing (p. 29) that, deducting the assessments of franchises, solvent debts, and shares of capital stock from the total value of personal property, "the assessed value of the personal property this year is only $1,716,718 over the assessment of 1878, and is $6,749,996 less than that of 1877." It says, "We feel sure that many millions of dollars' worth escape assessment. We believe that if it were possible to secure for once a full and correct assessment of the State, the assessment roll would aggregate $1,000,000,000." The report gives ample evidence of the utter incapacity, if not deliberate fraud, of a large portion of the county assessors—all at the expense of the city; *e. g.*, the average valuation of 1,389,550 acres of land in Kern County at $1.48 per acre, and 900,454 acres (376,930 less than in 1879) in San Diego County at 99 cents! But San Francisco's farming lands, 6,862 acres, though mostly sand-dunes or rough hills, are quoted at $168.32 per acre. The report deserves careful criticism by all classes of the community, and it is hoped the press will give it careful and discriminating attention.—C. T. H.

CALIFORNIAN CRADLE SONG.

There are cumulus clouds on these purple hills,
The water runs in forgotten rills,
Sedate nemophilas' eyes of blue
Demurely smile on the world anew,
For the raindrops cease their murmur of peace,
And the fowls creep out,
And the children shout,
And an oriole sings
Where a poppy springs,
And the field is green,
And the sky serene,
And the baby wonders, and cannot guess
Why the world is clad in such loveliness.

O wise young mother whose notes prolong
The dreamful tones of your tranquil song,
O trustful babe at your mother's breast
Remembering dimly a land more blest,
Do you think it strange that the hill-sides change?
That a flower renews
Its maidenly hues?
That an oriole sings
And a poppy springs?
I recall the grace
Of a lifted face,
And I see it again in this babe, and guess
Why the world is renewed in such loveliness.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

A STUDY OF WALT WHITMAN.

After making all allowances and concessions as to the bad taste and the coarse indecencies of much of Walt Whitman's earlier writing, it still remains true that he is the most remarkable literary phenomenon of the age. A great deal of worthless rubbish has clustered about the pure magnetic ore of his thought, but there is noble metal at the center. That it is no child's play to analyze and criticise his writings, opening up as they do the profoundest questions in poetry, politics, and religion, no one who has read his works will need to be told. It is puzzling to know where to take hold of him, or how. He cannot be classified. He must rather be understood and interpreted by sympathetic intuition. Whitman has been greatly under estimated and greatly over estimated. This happens because of his duality. He is mixed of iron and gold. He is like those statues in the shops of Athens of which Socrates speaks: outwardly they were ugly and uncouth *sileni*, but within were the images of the everlasting gods. Whitman sometimes seems the spokesman of the low-bred rabble, uttering only bluster, coarse fustian, and beastly indecencies of language, but on the very next page, perhaps, his strain rises high and sweet and clear, and you tremble with awe at the manifestation of superhuman power, recognizing for the moment in this rude poet of the new world the peer of Homer, of Æschylus, of Angelo. Swinburne puts the case very neatly in a single paragraph of a pamphlet entitled *Under the Microscope*. He says:

> "Whitman is not one of the everlasting models, but as an original and individual poet it is at his best hardly possible to overrate him; as an informing and reforming element it is absolutely impossible."

This is true. As a reforming element in poetry, political ethics, and religious philosophy, his writings are of incalculable importance. In poetry his chants are vast Angelo-cartoons of new world life and landscape, to be filled in by future American poets; in religious philosophy he is typical and prophetic, and has struck with mighty hands chords that are to resound for ages.

But, apart from his magnificent originality as an interpreter of nature, and apart from the unparalleled grandeur of his poems of immortality and death, he is absolutely unique in one thing: he is the first great poet of democracy. One hundred years ago modern democracy began to be, and Whitman is thus far the first tribune of the people who has bravely dared to take his seat in the senate of letters with the literary patricians of the world. In this, again, it is hardly possible to overrate his influence. This it is which distinguishes him from all others, and makes it certain that he will be read for centuries during the transition of humanity from feudalism to democracy. The other features of his writings, though deeply original, are yet paralleled and surpassed in the works of Shakspere, Goethe, and Emerson. But these writers have not been the spokesmen of the masses. The masses have never had a great poet until Whitman, unless, perhaps, we except sweet Robbie Burns, whose exquisite lyrics should not be compared with Whitman's vast, tumultous hymns of the universe. Burns is great as a daisy or a rose is great; Whitman as the cloud, the lightning, the tempest. It is foolish to deny to Whitman this title of representative poet of democracy, as a recent critic of him has done in an article in THE CALIFORNIAN. Thoreau said everything when he said, "He *is* democracy." We are told by the critic that he is no true poet of the people because (think of it!) he has actually read all the great master-pieces of literature, and talks about Osiris, Brahma, and Hercules, and many other things of which "the people" are not supposed to know anything. The mistake of the critic is in thinking that the people are so ignorant in this age of universal reading as not to understand allusions to the commonplaces of literature. The language, too, of Whitman, is that of the people—almost wholly Saxon. Take the song of the broad-ax, for example, in *Chants Democratic*, and the description of the European headsman in the same poem. Almost every word is Saxon, and every word, with one exception, is either monosyllabic or dissyllabic. It seems as if no one with eyes and a brain back of them could read Whitman's prose writings, the *Democratic Vistas* and *Memoranda during the War*, and not see that he is democracy incarnated.

The very grossness, the swagger, the bad grammar, and the billingsgate which so frequently deface his early writing, instantly stamp him as of the people, as belonging to the class

ordinarily spoken of as uncultured. He himself is avowedly very bitter against conventional "culture." It has been very justly said of him that he sometimes *affects* his *rôle*. There is too much of this, I admit. He is often too self-conscious.

But this too frequent self-consciousness does not by any means make all his work affectation, and his carriage always, or often, that of an attitudinizer or mere poser. This is only occasional.* No, he is really and truly representative of the people. As he himself says,

"I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

And in another place,

"I advance from the people in their own spirit."

Before Whitman self-government seemed problematical. Its ablest defenders had their despondent hours, and often in the bottom of their hearts were skeptical of the outcome. Those most enthusiastic for it were the ignorant, who saw not its terrible dangers, and learned theorizers, writers upon political science.

But here in America arises a man who, by the native grandeur of his soul and his vast prophetic insight and *vorstellungskraft*, discerns the magnificent promise of democracy, is filled with glowing faith in its possibilities, and loves it with the deep and yearning love of a mother for her child. He pours forth his burning thoughts in words—he writes the great epic of democracy, "the strong and haughty psalm of the Republic;" he calls it *Leaves of Grass*. The very title is democratic—suggests equality. His enthusiasm is catching, it is irresistible. Your skepticism gradually disappears as you read, and with deep delight you find yourself possessed of the national pride and self-respect which an unquestioning patriotism gives. Your debt of gratitude is very great. You love the man who has given you a country. You reverence the great heart that beats with such boundless sympathy and tender love for all men. You feel safe in the shelter of such mighty faith. Henceforth you are strong, self-reliant. The influence of your new faith is felt in every act and thought of your life. You are a new man or a new woman.

Whitman's idea of a republic is superb beyond comparison. Plato's dream is but a dream, but Whitman's ideal sketch is based on reality, on experiment. It is but a prophetic forecasting of the certain future, a filling in of the outlines already thrown upon the screen of the future by actually realized events. *Leaves of Grass* is destined to be a text-book for the scores of great democracies into which the Indo-European family is fast organizing itself in various parts of the globe; for it is the only book in the world which states in the plainest speech, and in a picturesque, concrete form (and therefore a popular form), the laws and principles, the ways and means, by which alone self-government can be successful. The principles laid down are as broad and true and unerring as the fundamental laws of nature. They will be as true thousands of years hence as they are to-day. In his republic Whitman will have great women, able-bodied women, and equality of the sexes. There shall be a new friendship—the love of man for man, comradeship, a manly affection purer than the love of the sexes, making invincible the nation, revolutionizing society. There are to be great poets, great musicians, great orators, vast halls of industry, completest freedom, and, above all, profound religious belief, without which all will be failure. The picture of this vast continental republic of the new world is wrought out to its minutest detail in the poet's mind. All on fire at the magnificence of the vision, he bursts forth into that wild, ecstatic century-shout, the apostrophe in *Chants Democratic*, which, for wild intensity of passion, seems to me unequaled in all literature:

"O mater! O fils!
O brood continental!
O flowers of the prairies!
O space boundless! O hum of mighty products!"

"O days by-gone! Enthusiasts! Antecedents!
O vast preparations for these States! O years!"

"O haughtiest growth of time! O free and ecstatic!"

"O yon hastening light!
O so amazing and so broad, up there resplendent, darting and burning!
O prophetic! O vision staggered with weight of light, with pouring glories!"

"O my soul! O lips becoming tremulous, powerless!
O centuries, centuries yet ahead!"

* I must again quote from Swinburne's *Under the Microscope* (p. 47): "What comes forth out of the abundance of his [Whitman's] heart rises at once from that high heart to the lips on which its thoughts take fire, and the music which rolls from them rings true as fine gold and perfect. What comes forth by the dictation of doctrinal theory serves only to twist aside his hand and make the written words run foolishly awry. What he says is well said when he speaks as of himself, and because he cannot choose but speak, whether he speak of a small bird's loss or of a great man's death, of a nation rising for battle or a child going forth in the morning. What he says is not well said when he speaks not as though he must, but as though he ought—as though it behooved one who would be the poet of American democracy to do this thing or to do that thing if the duties of that office were to be properly fulfilled, the tenets of that religion worthily delivered."

There are passages in Nahum, Habakkuk, and Isaiah which are even finer than this in splendor of imagery, but none which excel it in intensity. Take for example the following passage from Isaiah (v, 26–30), and see how quietly it reads in comparison with Whitman, and yet notice that in exalted majesty of imagery and in stately magnificence of movement it excels him:

"He lifteth up a banner for the nations afar off,
He whistleth for them from the ends of the earth,
And behold they haste and come swiftly;
None among them is weary, and none stumbleth;
None slumbereth, and none sleepeth;
The girdle of their loins is not loosed,
Nor the latchet of their shoes broken;
Their arrows are sharp,
And all their bows bent;
The hoofs of their horses are like flint,
And their wheels like a whirlwind."

In regard to the communistic tendencies of Whitman, I confess that to my taste his political creed is *too* democratic—too all-leveling. In his ideal American republic one is distressed by the monotonous uniformity of men and institutions. All such attempts (conscious or unconscious) to level distinctions arise from failure to keep steadily in view the great evolutionary law of nature—the law of continual and universal differentiation. Whitman says, in his prose work, *Democratic Vistas:*

"Long enough have the People been listening to poems in which common Humanity, deferential, bends low, acknowledging superiors. But America listens to no such poems."

To this I reply, that when any people becomes so mad as not to acknowledge its natural leaders and superiors, then we shall have anarchy and not democracy. But we must not do Whitman injustice. No one believes more unwaveringly in great men than he; and if generally he seems to expect that all may be raised to one uniform level of attainment, he yet firmly insists upon reverence for the native superiority of mind; as, *e. g.*, in the immortal words in which he describes the greatest city (*Chants Democratic*, ii, 6–15):

"What do you think endures—
A teeming manufacturing State,
Or hotels of granite and iron?
Away! These are not to be cherished for themselves.
The show passes; all does well enough, of course.
All does very well till one flash of defiance.
The greatest city is that which has the greatest man or woman.
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world."

"Where behavior is the finest of the fine arts;
Where the men and women think lightly of the laws;
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons;
Where fierce men and women pour forth, as the sea to the whistle of death pours its sweeping and unript waves;
Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best bodied mothers stands,
There the greatest city stands."

"All waits or goes by default, till a strong being appears.
A strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the universe.
When he or she appears, materials are overawed;
The dispute on the soul stops."

The great defect of Whitman's ideal of a democracy, as it is of his own nature, is that it is too coarse and rude—it does not provide for the polish and fine finishing which Nature shows through all her works. His ideal is a magnificent skeleton of a democracy, and herein seems absolutely perfect. But we still await the great poet who shall combine the strength of Whitman with the high-bred courtesy and elegance of Emerson or Goethe, and thus be himself a living incarnation of the Perfect Democracy. Whitman betrays the defect of his nature in a paragraph on his own style. He says:

"Let others finish specimens—I never finish specimens. I shower them by exhaustless laws, as nature does, fresh and modern continually."

But nature does finish all her specimens most exquisitely. And so must the greatest poet. So did Shakspere; and so have the ten or eleven other great master-poets of the world.

A word about the *Calamus* of Whitman. The billowing, up-welling love and yearning affection of Whitman's great heart—the love which led him to give those long years of self-sacrificing ministration to the wounded and dying in the hospitals of the war, this manly love, this love of comrades which he announces and sings in his *Calamus*—seems to the reader to be something entirely novel. Such is the force of the powerful flavor of originality that he gives to every subject he touches. This type of manly affection he symbolizes by the *calamus*, or sweet-flag. It is a beautiful and fit symbol. Like the grass, it too is a democratic symbol. It grows in fascicles of three, four, and five blades, which cling together for support. It is found in vast masses, standing shoulder to shoulder with its fellows, stout, pliant, and inexpugnable, confronting all weathers unmoved, rejoicing in the sunshine, and unharmed by the storm. The delicate fragrance it gives forth when wounded, and the bitter-sweet flavor of its root, are also

aptly typical of the nature of friendship. Whitman is the first great modern writer upon democracy who has insisted so strenuously upon loving comradeship as the indispensable condition of its success. The very essence of Christianity is contained in the principle. Jesus was the world's first great democrat.

Whitman's thoughts upon this subject are summed up in the following words from *Democratic Vistas:*

"It is to the development, identification, and general prevalence of fervid comradeship (the adhesive love, at least rivaling the amative love hitherto possessing imaginative literature, if not going beyond it) that I look for the counter-balance and offset of materialistic and vulgar American democracy, and for the spiritualization thereof. . . . . I say democracy infers such loving comradeship as its most inevitable twin or counterpart, without which it will be incomplete, in vain, and incapable of perpetuating itself."

This great love fuses and interfuses all Whitman's writings, as it has all his actions. It is this glowing love and mighty faith, born of perfect physical health and Greek strength and saneness, that flame out in his description of a visit to a dying man:

"I seize the descending man, and raise him with resistless will.
O despairer, here is my neck.
By God! you shall not go down. Hang your whole weight upon me;
I dilate you with tremendous breath, I buoy you up;
Every room of the house do I fill with an armed force—
Lovers of me, bafflers of graves.
Sleep! I and they keep guard all night."

And in the fine description of the wounded slave, where he says:

"Agonies are one of my changes of garments;
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels,
I myself become the wounded person."

And in the pathetic hymn, entitled "The Singer in the Prison:"

"A soul, confined by bars and bands,
Cries, Help! Oh, help! and wrings her hands;
Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest.
O sight of shame, and pain, and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul!

"It was not I that sinn'd the sin,
The ruthless body dragged me in;
Though long I strove courageously,
The body was too much for me.
O life! no life, but bitter dole!
O burning, beaten, baffled soul!

"(Dear prisoned soul, bear up a space
For soon or late the certain grace;
To set thee free, and bear thee home
The heavenly pardoner, Death, shall come.
Convict no more—nor shame, nor dole!
Depart, a God-enfranchised soul!)"
—*Passage to India.*

As well here as anywhere else I may speak of the coarse indecencies of language that have made Whitman's poems tabooed in all parlors and in all social circles. There is not a particle of excuse for these beastly blurts of language. I doubt whether society, as a whole, will be ready for even a refined treatment of the relations of the sexes for millenniums hence, and a coarse and bald treatment of such themes as Whitman's, notwithstanding the essentially pure and moral tone given it by the large purity of the poet's own nature, is a most unfortunate anachronism, and a most lamentable mistake in any writing. Such a thing never will be tolerated and never ought to be tolerated. We have enough and too much of this thing in Chaucer and Shakspere, in Rabelais and Swift. The progress of the universe is toward refinement, toward greater elegance, greater finish of details. The universal soul, through a million human hands, is giving finish and delicate grace to the plastic material in its great workshop of time. There is danger in refinement, it is true. Refinement has rotted nations. Whitman raises the warning cry for us when he says:

"Fear grace; fear delicatesse;
Fear the mellow-sweet, the sucking of honey-juice;
Beware the advancing mortal ripening of nature;
Beware what precedes the decay of the ruggedness of States and men." —*Chants Democratic.*

But then he goes too far the other way, and we are obliged to shun his coarseness and rudeness, and hold our noses while we read some of his paragraphs.

Let it be distinctly understood, however, that all that is objectionable in this respect is found only in *Leaves of Grass*, the work of his earlier years. His later poems are wholly free from the beastly language of parts of *Leaves of Grass*. He somewhere confesses that he himself has had misgivings about this early work. His mind seems to have gradually worked itself free from the fury of its first essays. The toss and turbulence of the stream in its descent from its mountain home—the foam, the roar, the deafening thunder-tumult of the breakers, the snarl of the rapids—have now given place to the slow roll of the calm, majestic flood of the plains.

A word may be said here upon the egoism and egotism of our poet. As to his egoism, we must accept that if we accept his poems at all, for they are avowedly based upon "the

great pride of man in himself," upon the individual personality. It is this which constitutes one of the most remarkable elements of their originality. In these poems the writer often speaks in the first person typically only. It is the soul, the cosmos, that speaks. It is God in self-conscious humanity asserting himself, proving his divinity. As to Whitman's egotism, it is disagreeably great, to be sure. It is often offensive. Its prominence shows lack of high breeding. But much can be endured in a man who possesses grandeur of soul and is *never* mean or contemptible. And, besides, his egotism is no greater than that of every man conscious of great powers, only in his case it is not concealed.* Then there are many passages which show how modest is his estimate of his printed works. *E. g.*, these:

"Poets to come !....
What is the little I have done except to arouse you ?...
I but write one or two indicative words for the future ;
I but advance a moment, only to wheel and hurry back
in the darkness."

"All I have done I would cheerfully give to be trod under foot, if it might only be the soil of superior poems."

"I am the teacher of athletes.
He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own ;
He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher."

In one of the most pathetic of his great organ-voiced sea-chants he says:

"I, too, but signify at the utmost a little washed-up drift,
A few sands and dead leaves to gather—
Gather, and merge myself as part of the sands and drift."

He calls the "Two Rivulets"

"These ripples, passing surges, streams of death and life,"

And elsewhere speaks of them in this modest and exquisite manner:

"Or from that Sea of Time,
Spray-blown by the wind—a double windrow-drift of weeds and shells ;
(O little shells, so curious, convolute, so limpid, cold, and voiceless !
Yet will you not, to the tympans of temples held,
Murmurs and echoes still bring up—eternity's music, faint and far,
Wafted inland, sent from Atlantica's rim—strains for the Soul of the Prairies,
Whispered reverberations, chords for the ear of the West, joyously sounding
Your tidings old, yet ever new and untranslatable !)
Infinitesimals out of my life and many a life
(For not my life and years alone I give—all, all I give ;)
These thoughts and songs—waifs from the deep—here cast up high and dry,
Washed on America's shores."

It remains now to speak of Whitman first as nature-poet, and second as religious poet; and these portions shall be preceded by some remarks on his style. We here come upon the inner secret of the man, that which is most difficult to analyze or describe, for the style is the man, and the man in this case is perfectly unique. The distinguishing characteristic of his style (as everybody who knows anything about him is aware) is its titanic strength. This is the secret of the thrill of pleasure given by the first four or five sections of the poem, or "Proto-leaf," of the *Leaves of Grass*. I never tire of reading this. I read it each time with fresh admiration, and with inward exclamations of wonder and delight. It is a magnificent shout, the joyous exultation of perfect strength. You do not until several readings see the full grandeur and beauty of these paragraphs. But they really reveal all the opulence of the poet's nature. In them, as in all Whitman's writings, the all-tyrannous fascination springs out of the subtile and evasive *spirit*, which breathes from the words rather than from the word-vehicle itself. His poems are palimpsests; the priceless classic thought lies beneath the written words. It is the very genius of the new world that speaks in the "Proto-leaf." Here at last is a man who confronts the grandeur of this vast new hemisphere with an answering grandeur of soul. Nay, more—it seems not to be the man that speaks at all; he seems to be but the æolian harp, or the darkened camera through which the storms, the glowing tumultuous skies, the encrimsoned forests, the broad blue lakes, the rivers, winds, mountains, and meadows of the new world, directly express their fresh living nature in miniature articulation or outline. I said the chief characteristic of the thought is its strength. This strength seems something superhuman. These first rude chants burst from his deep chest as from its iron throat the wild hoarse pantings of the locomotive. You tremble and shudder with a new and indefinable delight—a few sentences fill the mind to repletion. You could dwell for days upon single pages. It is the powerful magnetic thrill produced by great oratory that you feel. But it is a strength so rude that it tears and rends your very life at first. The cosmic emotion, the continual strain upon the imagination, caused by the irregular, elliptical style of expression, the incoherence of

* Compare the opening words of Thoreau's *Walden* upon the use of the pronoun *I*.

the thought—all these fatigue one terribly at first reading, much as one would be sympathetically fatigued at seeing the writhings and hearing the ravings of a frenzied religious fanatic, or a possessed person. The man resembles Danton or Mirabeau more than he does Homer or Dante, and we see that his poetry, as respects its form, is but rude barbaric poetry—the crude and uncrushed ore of melodious verse. Shakspere, and Shakspere alone, equals Whitman in strength; but Shakspere has united elegance and perfect melody with his superhuman power, and herein becomes, of course, superior to Whitman, as he is superior in every respect in his own field of human life.

Whitman is a New Yorker, "a Manhattanese," and the feverish, convulsive, and fluctuating life of that seething metropolis of the new world, its daring speculation, its splendid enterprise, and its haughty pride, are well represented and typified in its great poet. He does not represent its cultured class (which is really a very small portion of it), but he has absorbed the spirit of the whole place, the *genius loci*, the local tone. The wild and rugged energy, and the crudity, of his poems accurately express the features of New York City, and the whole country outside of the boundaries of New England.

The second great feature of his style is its amplitude and naked simplicity. He sketches in large and bold outlines, with the hand of an Angelo. The figures upon his huge cartoons are as naked as those of Flaxman, and as muscular as those of Blake. His landscapes are Turneresque. There is not a particle of Flemish painting in his work. He speaks with "the large utterance of the early gods." In this matter of diction he differs from Keats, from Homer, from Chaucer, in one respect only—their pictures are *tableaux vivants;* they are sculpturesque. The tranquil mind contemplates calm scenes, embalmed in the deep and far serenity of the past; but Whitman's pages, while equally Greek, have yet the quality of unrest. There is always the idea of infinity, of immensity. The mind is always on the stretch. The conditions of our modern life make this inevitable. We have discovered the universe, and all our thought has a cosmical side. The serenity and limitation demanded by true art are hard to attain or retain in this age. The prose style of Whitman is most astounding. It is Greek-Gothic, an Olympian plain strewed with the wrecks of classic temples, a luxuriant tropical jungle, or banyan grove, tangled with blossoms, fruit, and undergrowth of vines and shrubs. It is worse than Carlyle's, worse than Jean Paul's, worse than Milton's prose, in complexity and involution. It is splendid and exasperating, and, withal, indescribable.

As illustrating the quality of largeness and simplicity of which I have spoken, it may be interesting to many to be told that the handwriting of Whitman is very large, and bold, and naked, the marks of punctuation being very few.

A *vexata quæstio* in literature at the present day is the problem of what constitutes poetry. What is its province, and what are its essential and necessary methods of expressing itself? We need not here inquire into the nature and province of poetry, but the nature of Whitman's writings and theories make it a necessary and interesting task to glance at the laws of poetic form or expression. Whitman, as is well known, maintains that the greatest and truest poetry cannot be cribbed and cramped by rhyme and arbitrary meters, but that all that is necessary is a certain rhythmic flow of language. Now, all admit that poetry must have melody of some sort. Lewes, in his *Life of Goethe*, speaks thus: "Song is to speech what poetry is to prose: it expresses a different mental condition. Impassioned prose *approaches* poetry in the rhythmic impulses of its movements (as with the Arabs, Hebrews, and most semi-civilized nations); but prose never *is* poetry." Lewes then illustrates by placing a sentence from Goethe's prose version of *Iphigenie* side by side with the same thought in the poetic version. The prose is "Unnütz seyn, ist todt seyn;" the poetical form is,

"Ein unnütz Leben ist ein früher Tod."

Schiller, too, somewhere speaks of how closely substance and form are connected in poetry. Indeed, so long as the processes of all nature are rhythmic, from the lapping of the waves of the sea to the orbital movements of the heavenly bodies, so long will no sane man be found who will deny that the emotional thought of man must express itself rhythmically. Now, tried by this test, a great deal of Whitman's writing is true poetry, and that of the very highest kind; for, as Rossetti says, much of his poetry "has a powerful, majestic, rhythmic sense." There is nothing new in Whitman's theory. The poetry of all barbarous and semi-civilized peoples consists of rhythmical chants. Oriental poetry is all of this character. African poetry is of this character, too. Take, *e. g.*, the following chant improvised by Stanley's men in a moment of deep emotion, when they were approaching the Victoria Nyanza Lake after a long and toilsome march:

"Sing, O friends, sing—the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to the great Nyanza;

Sing all, sing loud, O friends—sing to the great sea;
Give your last look to the lands behind, and then turn to the sea."

All that Whitman has done is to recall the Occident to the fact that sublime poetry *can* be expressed in other than fixed and arbitrary metrical forms. He has shown to be true what the poet Freiligrath suggests; *i. e.*, that "the age has so much and such serious matter to say that the old vessels no longer suffice for the new contents." It is a good service to break up any cramping and too tyrannous custom. Undoubtedly, a great poet of this age, with a powerful sense of melody, may translate into such rhythmical forms as he will or can the mighty and struggling thoughts which the rediscovered universe is awakening in the mind, Whitman has chosen the irregular rhythmical chant. So far so good. But now note this: it is only occasionally that he rises to the melody of perfect rhythm. The greater part of what he calls poetry is nothing in the world but pure prose. The pieces of poetry are magnificent exceptions—nuggets of gold in vast masses of quartz. And just in proportion to the splendor of the expression, and to the wild intensity of passion with which the thought is uttered, do the words approach more nearly to regular metrical forms. This is seen in the song of the broad-ax, in the apostrophes to the night and the sea, in "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn," in the little stanza,

"Long, long, long has the grass been growing,
Long and long has the rain been falling,
Long has the globe been rolling round;"

and, finally, in the poem on the "Convict Soul," quoted above, which is his only rhymed poem, and one of the most pleasing. From this we may gather that, while the conditions of modern life make it permissible, and perhaps imperative, that Whitman, dealing as he does with the vastest and most solemn themes, should make use of the majestic and stately chant; yet that, tried by his own test, he has been only partially successful. In respect of melody, he falls far behind Shakspere, Homer, Milton, and Dante. He has not the music in him that the greater poets always have. He has a good deal of it, and might have had more if he had cultivated his talent. But, perhaps dimly conscious of the defect of his nature in this respect, and being compelled to lead a stormy and busy life, which afforded little leisure for the cultivation of the sense of melody, he made a virtue of necessity, expressed his thought generally in crude prose form, and succeeded in convincing himself that his defect was a virtue. He has been very headstrong in maintaining his theory, but his own poetry would confute him, if the great poetry of all time did not do so. "The arts," says Taine, "require idle, delicate minds," long periods of leisure, and opportunity for reverie. If Whitman had had more of this leisure, we should probably have had more metrical and more symmetrical poems, and less foolish talk about the obsoleteness of rhyme and the iamb, spondee, trochee, dactyl, and anapæst. But let us thank heaven that he had the courage to express himself in any way, for his thought is of great value in and of itself. Before leaving this part of the subject, I must quote a few lines from Whitman, and also from C. P. Cranch. The subject treated by each is nearly the same. Whitman gives us pure prose, and Cranch pure poetry:

WHITMAN.

"But now the chorus I hear, and am elated....
A tenor, strong, ascending, with power and health, with glad notes of day-break, I hear;
A soprano, at intervals, sailing buoyantly over the tops of immense waves;
A transparent base, shuddering lusciously under and through the universe;
The triumphant tutti—the funeral wailings, with sweet flutes and violins—all these I fill myself with.
I hear not the volumes of sound merely. I am moved by the exquisite meanings.
I listen to the different voices, winding in and out, striving, contending with fiery vehemence to excel each other in emotion.

—*Music Always Around Me.*

CRANCH.

"Had I, instead of unsonorous words,
The skill that moves in airy melodies,
And modulations of entrancing chords
Through mystic mazes of all harmonies,....
I would unloose the soul beneath the wings
Of every instrument;
I would enlist the deep-complaining strings
Of doubt and discontent;
The low, sad mutterings and entangled dreams
Of viols and bassoons,
Groping for light athwart the clouds and streams
That drown the laboring moons;
The tone of crude half-truth; the good within,
The mysteries of evil and of sin;
The trumpet-cries of anger and despair;
The mournful marches of the muffled drums;
The bird-like flute-notes leaping into air—
Ere the great human, heavenly music comes,
Emerging from the dark with bursts of song
And hope and victory, delayed too long."

—*Satan, a Libretto.*

The whole of the overture from which the above is taken is one of the most perfect pieces of melody and poetry in the English language. The idea is a rich and happy one, the movement majestic, sustained, and by its complex winding finely suggestive of the music of the

orchestra, which the poet imagines at his command. But it must also be evident that much of the pleasure we take in it comes from the delicate metrical measurements. This is the very thing the absence of which makes Whitman's piece nothing but plain prose.

The catalogues of Whitman, as they have been called, are hardly defensible even as prose. They read like agricultural reports or tax lists. Prof. Edward Dowden, however, says a good word for them, and there is certainly truth in what he says. He thinks that by them "the impression of multitude, of variety, of equality is produced, as, perhaps, it could be in no other way." And Mrs. Anne Gilchrist thinks they will please the people, for they will see in them their own crafts chronicled. But this is no excuse for their dreary prosaic nature. They are wearisome in the extreme. Swinburne speaks what should be said when he remarks, "It is one thing to sing the song of all trades, and quite another thing to tumble down the names of all possible crafts and implements in one unsorted heap. To sing the song of all countries is not simply to fling out on the page at random in one howling mass the titles of all divisions of the earth, and so leave them." One may fitly close this discussion of the poetical abilities of Whitman, in which we have been obliged to deny him some of the qualities of the great poet, by citing his remarkable words on the qualifications of the American poet. They contain crushing satire upon many of our poets. If he is defective in some of the qualities of a great poet, none the less are they, even the best of them:

"Who are you, indeed, who would talk or sing in America?

"Are you faithful to things?
Are you very strong? Are you of the whole people?
Are you done with reviews and criticisms of life, animating to life itself?

"What is this you bring my America?
Is it a mere tale, a rhyme, a prettiness?
Does it answer universal needs? Will it improve manners?
Can your performance face the open fields and the sea-side?
Will it absorb into me as I absorb food, air, nobility, meanness—to appear again in my strength, gait, face?

"The swarms of the reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes.
The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferred, till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it."

Whitman the nature-poet! The poetry of earth is ceasing never. It needs but the man to feel, see, and interpret it. One of the many great services which Whitman has rendered America is that of revealing to us our poetical resources. He has traveled all over the continent, and knows it from Alpha to Omega. He is a poet of the open air—is objective, Greek, scientific, cosmic. He sees the poetry of the commonest things—the sea, the night, touch, the locomotive, the negro, the atmosphere:

"The atmosphere is not a perfume—it has no taste of the distillation—it is odorless;
It is in my mouth forever; I am in love with it;
I am mad for it to be in contact with me."

He is the first to picture, in words, an *ensemble* view of the whole mighty continent in all the variety of its scenery. You get this mental picture from many parts of his writings. It is especially vivid, I think, in the following description:

"Fecund America! To-day
Thou art all over set in births and joys!
Thou groan'st with riches! Thy wealth clothes thee as with a swathing garment!
Thou laughest aloud with ache of great possessions!
A myriad-twining life, like interlacing vines, binds all thy vast demesne!"

In his *Salut au Monde* he has given us, in one picture, sketches of all the countries of the globe. To all he "raises high the perpendicular hand," and makes the signal of friendship. It is a most remarkable attempt to express in the articulate speech of men the infinite clamor of the great phantasmagorial orchestra of nature, and paint it in its thousand flashing, shimmering tints. It is very difficult to get such a *vorstellung*, but the stretch of mind it gives one makes it well worth one's while to attempt the task. The epithets of Whitman are exquisite, as his admirers well know: "The gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun—burning, expanding the air." "The clank of the shod horses on the granite floor." "The polished breasts of melons." "Leaves of salt-lettuce." "Sun-tan." "Air-sweetness." "Crook-tongued waves." "Banding the bulge of the earth winds the hot equator." "The sun wheels in slanting rings." "The hissing rustle of the liquid and the sands." "Patches of citrons and cucumbers with silver-wired leaves." "The katy-did works her chromatic reed on the walnut tree over the well." This last reminds us of a wonderful line of the poet Channing:

"To the close ambush hastening at high noon,
When the hot locust spins his Zendic rune."

Whitman is a magnificent pagan, a true Greek in his attitude toward nature, and he is more

than this. He is more by virtue of the religious element, his massive and colossal ideal pantheism. He is a poetical Hegel. His religion is "unitary ideal realism," to use Mr. W. H. Channing's deep phrase. He exalts the present; sees as much in a muscular, heroic fireman as in "the gods of the antique wars;" a morning-glory at his window, a hair on the back of his hand, a running blackberry, a cow crunching with depressed head, the morning glow, the dusk and the dawn, are forever and intrinsically miraculous and divine. Whitman has nowhere, I think, adequately expressed his indebtedness to Emerson—not even in his recent letter in the *Literary World*. It is not the first time that a disciple has kicked, colt-like, against his master. Aristotle is said to have treated Plato so. It is as plain as daylight to one who reads his works that in his exaltation of the living present he often echoes the thought of his great contemporary and only great rival in America. All I mean is that he has received great stimulus from Emerson in this matter of fresh and pagan love of the present. His own powerful originality in everything he touches cannot be doubted.

It was to be expected that the people inhabiting this vast and isolated new world would reproduce many of the *naïve* traits of the morning-time of the old world. The light soil, pure air, brilliant skies, the *verve*, the nervousness of the climate of New England and the Middle States, are producing here a race of spiritualized Athenians—an ethereal, volatile, laughter-loving people, passionately fond of what is new, realistic; clinging with pugnacity to the soil; proud, free, and inventive; destined, in time, as I think, to be the great artist-nation of the world. We are Greek-Hindoo in genius, and Whitman and Emerson are our two Greek-Hindoo poets. For examples of the Greek quality of Whitman, compare *Leaves of Grass*, iv; *Walt Whitman*, 313; the same, 66; which last contains the description of the negro driver, the "picturesque giant," with his team of four-in-hand:

> "His glance is calm and commanding. He tosses the slouch of his hat away from his forehead.
> The sun falls on his crispy hair and mustache—falls on the black of his polished and perfect limbs."

The whole poem, *Walt Whitman*, is pure Greek in spirit. As he walks with "the tender and growing night," he hears the stars, the trees, the grass of graves whispering together; the sea sings him her "savage and husky song;" the earth is his father—he falls on his breast, and implores him to tell the secret of existence. In the following lines there is a rich and subtile spirit of strange fascination to me. He is speaking of the turbid pool that lies in the autumn forest:

> "Toss, sparkles of day and dusk, toss on the black stems that decay in the muck,
> Toss to the moaning gibberish of the dry limbs."

I think this line, descriptive of the dissolution of life, the grandest single line ever penned by mortal hand:

> "I depart as air. I shake my white locks at the runaway sun."

For the discussion of Whitman as a poet of religion, we have little space left. All his writing is religious. It is all cosmic theism. He states that he does not write a line that has not reference to the soul. Nature is that part of the soul which is expressing itself in symbols. So, nature *is* the soul, in the sense in which a part of a homogeneous thing may be said to be that thing. But the soul is greater than a part of itself:

> "It magnificent, beyond materials, with continuous hands, sweeps and provides for all."

The soul is our father, and the earth, as part of the soul, is also our father. The whole is mystical, unfathomable. As Thoreau says: "Nature is a personality so vast that we have not yet seen one of its features." Yet we trust it, and struggle to unriddle its secrets. One of the most astounding things in Whitman is the mighty intensity of his belief in immortality, in the union of his soul with the living soul of the All. He deals the thundering blows of a giant upon the colossal wall of the phenomenal, and then puts his ear close to listen if he can catch any reverberations in the great, whispering gallery of the real. Rarely does his faith waver. Yet he has despondent hours. One of these moods is pictured in *Elemental Drifts*. There is in it the deep pathos of a strong man's wail of utter perplexity:

> "Oh, baffled, balked!
> Aware now that I have not once had the least idea who or what I am.
> Oh, I perceive I have not understood anything—not a single object—and that no man ever can."

But in *Calamus*, vii, he says that his terrible doubts are always laid when he holds in his own the hand of a dear friend, a lover. He is then completely satisfied and at rest.

Whitman's optimism, his confounding of good and evil, is certainly dangerous and mischievous to some extent. We are told that this is no defect, that nature contains evil, and it ought to be expressed by the poet. This is a

most damnable piece of ethics. If two-thirds of life is morality, if morality is the very warp and woof of nature, and if the poet stands as the representative of God—if, as history shows, all great poetry has been ethical—how is it that you tell us the poet must helplessly reflect nature, confounding the evil and the good? It is a grand error. It is that which is at the bottom of all the defects of Whitman's nature and of his writings. He confesses, in one of his fictitious reviews of his own works, that his poems are "beyond the moral law," and "must ever be appalling to many." And they may well be appalling to everybody in this respect. A great poem always discriminates, consciously or unconsciously, the evil from the good—as does that great poem, the universe. But perhaps the unmoral character of his writings will be practically harmless. Men see that he is speaking from a universal point of view, and not a human one. He once admits that "the difference between sin and goodness is no delusion" (*Burial*, 21), and in his *Confession Sprig* confesses his own sins with unflinching magnanimity. Elsewhere he *naïvely* admits that his poems may do as much evil as good. Clearly this is a rollicking truant boy whom the great Mother has not been able to spank into submission. He will bear to be watched in some things.

But this lack of moral discrimination does not affect the positive element of his religious nature. He everywhere, in his prose and in his poetry, insists upon the vital necessity of religion. "The real and permanent grandeur of these States must be their religion," he says; "otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur." His *Passage to India* contains those vast and solemn hymns of Death and Immortality which stamp Whitman as divine, as superhuman, in power and insight. There is a slight tinge of melancholy in these later poems. His heroic labors with the wounded and dying during the war had forever broken his constitution. The sense of "health *al fresco*" is gone. He can say with Wordsworth:

> "A power is gone which nothing can restore;
> A deep distress hath humanized my soul."

And yet there is in these poems none of the sickening melancholy which we find in Richter's *Hesperus*, in the scenes in which "Emanuel" figures. The general tone is glad and strong. The spirit which breathes through them is embodied in the following beautiful passage, with which this essay must close:

> "Here are our thoughts—voyager's thoughts;
> Here not the land, firm land, alone appears....
> The sky o'erarches here. We feel the undulating deck beneath our feet.
> We feel the long pulsation—ebb and flow of endless motion;
> The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestions of the briny world, the liquid-flowing syllables,
> The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melancholy rhythm,
> The boundless vista, and the horizon far and dim, are all here,
> And this is Ocean's poem."

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

SIX WEEKS AT ILKLEY.

The prettiest country in Yorkshire, and the most enticing place to tarry in all the West Riding, is Ilkley—yet to see it for the first time, as Marguerite Leslie saw it through a cloud of mist and rain, it is not conducive to overmuch enthusiasm, to say the least. She had stood by the window fully ten minutes—a long time for that mercurial young lady—watching the rain drip and fall on the stone casement, trying to make out all the features of the imperfectly seen landscape, her eyes roving over the swell and rise of surging woods and undulating park, beyond which she caught glimpses of a wider world of downs, as the mist lifted and parted. She had arrived at Ben Rhydding only an hour before, with her invalid father, some younger sisters and brothers, a maid, and a young lady friend some years her senior. After having peeped into the various rooms and disposed of the father and children, Mallie Ray had followed Marguerite to her room, walking soberly behind her, as she flitted through the stone court, up the matted stairway, stopping to peer down a moment in the entrance hall, giving little rapid nods of approval, with an air of settled judgment that belonged essentially to Miss Leslie.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of it?" Miss Ray ventured to say, in a gentle, deprecatory voice, as her friend had stood by the window apparently quite lost to the world in general, and her presence in particular.

"I think it charming," responded Marguerite, quickly. "The most romantic spot in the world. Papa was right in coming. Of course, he will get well, and I—oh, Mallie! anything in the world might happen here; no *Romance of the Forest* would seem out of place. Ben Rhydding is a castle, and we are two princesses in disguise; and the fairy godmother is around somewhere—in those woods, I fancy; and by and by a knight will come riding up—we will call him a knight, but, of course, he will be a prince—and then—what always happens in a fairy story, Mall?" turning abruptly to her friend, with the prettiest nod imaginable.

"You know you have come here for your poor papa's health, and not for flirtation; and, then, what about Mr. Rossie?" queried Mallie, in a faintly remonstrant tone.

"And who spoke of flirtation?" retorted Rita. "How can you, who are ever so much wiser and older, put such wicked ideas in my head. I am sure I should never have thought of it but for your imprudence. Now, there is no telling what may happen. I have scriptural authority to warrant my quoting: 'Those that sow the wind must reap the whirlwind.' I dare say it will end in a cyclone. *I* only thought of romances, and knights, and princes—how could you expect me to include Mr. Rossie?" with a pretended pout of anger.

Miss Ray drew down the bright face, full of pent-up mischief, and, patting the round cheek, said, smilingly, "You may make up any plot you please, dear. I know of no spot so surrounded by romance and tradition."

"Then I have your permission to find the prince, Mallie," said Marguerite, springing up with concentrated energy. "I will find him, you may be very sure. If not at Ben Rhydding, there are scores of other places equally romantic. To-morrow I am going out. There are the woods to explore, and the hills, and the downs," counting on her fingers, with a laughing nod as she marked off each one, "and then Bolton Abbey, Wharfedale, Airdale, and Nidderdale, and Skipton Castle, and Burnham Crags, and Fountain's Abbey, and Rabald's Moor; and we can go over to Haworth, and wander among those forlorn old tombstones that inspired Charlotte Brontë to give Jane Eyre to the world. If I can't find my prince, I can scare up another Mr. Rochester. I am not coming all the way from America for nothing."

"And there is always Mr. Rossie to fall back upon."

"There will always be Mr. Rossie, in *any* case," said Marguerite, turning away a little haughtily. "You may be sure I shall never forget to include *him*."

"Stop a moment, dear; don't be angry; you do love him a little, don't you?" asked her friend, earnestly.

"I love him well enough to take him for my husband," replied Marguerite, flushing hotly. "You have no right to ask me such questions, Mallie. You should know me better than to doubt me;" then, putting up her lips with a sudden saucy movement, she laughed, "Don't let's quarrel, Mal; but I mean to have my flirtation all the same."

That night when Miss Ray entered the dining hall with the Leslie family, she instinctively gave a comprehensive glance up and down the long table, and then flashed a look of intelligence back to Marguerite. There was evidently no prince—a row of stolid English faces (ladies predominating, as is always the case in such establishments), a few respectable heads of families, together with half a dozen children; and just at the last moment a tall, disorderly young fellow, in a loose shooting-jacket, stalked in, dropped into a chair nearly opposite the Californian party, bowed slightly, with an air of English indifference, to the ladies, and then never once lifted his eyes from his plate. By the time the melancholy meal, formally recognized as supper, was ended, Marguerite's enthusiasm had vanished, and she took her father's arm to ascend to the drawing-room, where a sort of general introduction took place. The young girl at once detected great preparations for liveliness. The older people were sitting in formal rows, talking over their diseases sedately, while the younger ones were gathered about a piano which a female, of uncertain age, was diligently belaboring. She was singing also, appealing in a thin, frantic voice for somebody to go over the mountains with her, and ending in a tra-la-la arrangement that apparently was satisfactory, for she concluded her petitions after three frantic attempts in verse. After this performance a benign, middle-aged lady, who had been listening with evident pleasure, said:

"Miss Leslie, won't you sing? You Americans always do everything so well. You need not offer any excuses. We shall be quite content to take what you give us."

What young girl just out of boarding-school cannot sing? Rita knew some weird little German songs—pathetic, tender, and dreamy. So she yielded with a graceful readiness that in itself was a charm; and in the first moment she discovered that, at the least, her audience were appreciative. There was not a whisper in the room until she had finished, and then they applauded heartily, begging for another, and just another song, while she, inspirited by their enjoyment, warbled her *lieder* as unrestrainedly

as if she were alone in the room, and not surrounded by utter strangers. While she was singing, the same gentleman who was seated opposite her at table came in. He had changed his careless attire for an evening dress, and, after standing irresolutely for a moment, came over to the piano.

"Oh, don't stop," he said, impulsively, when she rose with a laughing gesture. "Won't you sing me the polonaise from *Mignon?* Your voice is just suited to that," as if he had known her all her life, and talking to her was the most natural thing in the world.

"I don't know that I ought to attempt anything more," she said, doubtfully, playing a little running accompaniment with one hand as she hesitated, and then with a gleam of humor in her eyes, "Perhaps Miss McDowell will sing again."

"Heaven forbid!" he said, in a low voice.

She looked at him as she complied with his request, a half shade of doubt on her face. Was this another of her heinous offenses against all the proprieties? She rose from the piano suddenly when she had ended the song, but her new friend followed her to the window.

"I suppose I may introduce myself, since no one has taken the trouble, Miss Leslie?"

"How did you know my name?" with a *brusquerie* that was pretty as it was natural to her, looking up at him through her eyelashes.

"I heard you announced at the drawing-room door, with that sweeping generalization that characterizes introductions at this place, 'Mr. Leslie and family.' My name is Levering—Captain Levering; not in active service, as you will perceive. Perhaps it would be better for me if I were ordered anywhere to relieve the monotony of my present existence. Pray, Miss Leslie, may I ask if life isn't a fearful bore to you?"

"To me?" turning upon him the wondering flash of her large eyes. "It has been a perfect Paradise—that is, up to our coming here. I am a little doubtful after to-night. Are you always so gay?"

"Oh, this is nothing to it. Wait until you hear Miss McDowell in her choicest selections."

"And is listening to Miss McDowell all that one can do?"

"There are the *douches* and the *packs*, you will please remember; the constitutional walks—the rivalry in diseases. That is a great point in such a place as this."

"I am tired to death in advance," she confided, dropping into a chair and assuming a collapsed attitude. "I am sure I shall do something to shock the people, if only to give variety and piquancy to life."

"Are you much given to that sort of thing in America?"

"Shocking people? Oh, I am always doing dreadful things. I don't know about other people. It is quite enough to think of myself. I have been here less than half a day, and I feel like a feminine Methuselah already. Am I very much wrinkled?"

"Of course," said he; "the old Bible hero wasn't a circumstance."

The very dullness of the place drew these young people much together, and in a few days they had become well enough acquainted to devise plans for mutual amusement. The barriers of formality soon give way on shipboard, or in the country. One evening as they sat in the parlor chatting, Captain Levering, observing Miss McDowell watching them, said, audaciously:

"I suppose the good ladies have detected an incipient flirtation, Miss Leslie. Suppose we give them something to talk about at once?"

"Agreed," cried Rita, promptly, with a flash of mirth in her eye. "It is the very thing I am dying for. But I want a devoted slave!"

"Try me and see."

"I shall be very exacting."

"It will be your privilege."

"Let us begin all right and fair," she said, with a frankness that was surprising to him. "I shall not fall in love with you."

"How do you know?"

"Oh!—I—I—because," looking down, "for one thing—there is another whose claims are my first consideration; and then, putting that aside, you are quite the last person on earth that *I* should fancy."

"Ah, indeed? Thanks," twirling his mustache, with an air of pretended affront.

"And you must not fall in love with me," Rita went on, with an air of gravity.

"I should not, in my wildest flight of fancy, dream of such a thing," responded the Captain, with a mocking light in his eyes.

She laughed a low, girlish laugh.

"This is splendid! I think we shall understand each other. But you must pretend to admire me immensely. I wonder if you *could* look like a lover," eyeing him with burlesque thoughtfulness.

"Of course," running his fingers through his hair and assuming a general look of idiotic infatuation. "Something this way, I suppose; or shall I exaggerate the expression?"

She was laughing so that she could hardly answer. "No, no; that will do excellently. Don't make me laugh so, please. You musn't do so all at once, you understand. Such things come gradually."

"I have some conscience in the matter," responded the Captain, with dignity. "Remember it is a clear case of love at first sight."

"Yes; but, also, remember we have only known each other for a few days, as it were."

"Impossible! There are moments in our lives that seem like years!"

"I don't know whether to construe that into a compliment or let it pass with sublime indifference."

"Decidedly a compliment," said the Captain, with irresistible candor. "Is anybody looking now?"

"Of course. Every eye in the room is upon us by this time."

He pulled the flower that graced his buttonhole and handed it to her, with a killing sigh that nearly sent her into convulsions; then offered her his arm, and together they walked up to a deep open window overlooking the stone court, where they could hear the soft summer rain drip, as they laughed unrestrainedly and matured their plans for astonishing the household.

During the next fortnight there was hardly a day on which, on some pretense or other, Marguerite and Captain Levering were not together. The world—that is, the Ben Rhydding portion of it—felt an assurance on the subject of the romance that was being acted out, day by day, that was positively enticing to a girl of Marguerite's provokingly coquettish temperament. Indeed, the only wonder was, as the days went by, that the engagement was not publicly announced; and the father's utter absence of interest in the whole affair was only to be explained by the low state of his health.

Every morning the ladies, on watch from the lower drawing-room window, would make a careful study of the Captain's face as he paced back and forth along the graveled court, with his impenetrable military air, and his cigar between his lips, until a flutter of fresh muslin swept up to the window or out on the croquet lawn. In an instant the impenetrable air vanished. The face was plain as an open page to read. The cigar thrown away, he pursued croquet as if a thorough knowledge of that game were the chief end and aim of his existence. There was such perfect *abandon* to this love-making that it proved a boon of delight to the ladies on guard, as it were, who, with more time than usual on their hands, could but admit that the old worn-out romance that was going on under their eyes had assumed phases that were refreshing from very novelty, for Captain Levering lived for nothing else apparently. He had come to Ben Rhydding from a sense of *ennui* more than to restore health to his manly frame, and the absolute assurance that he gave now was that he stayed for Miss Leslie, and no one else. He made no scruples about showing his infatuation. Indeed, for the first time in his life, he was apparently willing to have it proclaimed from the house-top that he was Miss Leslie's slave, and if she spoke the word he was ready to be bound by chains, only to be severed by death itself. It was well for the little community that anything so interesting as a love affair should have turned up. In respect of variety, it offered uncounted attractions over rheumatism or dyspepsia.

As for Miss Leslie, she would have been satisfied with a less complete surrender. In fact, he rather overacted his part. But if it sometimes gave her a vague uneasiness, it quickly vanished when she found herself alone with him, when she could, with perfect impunity, rebuke and snub him. They walked a great deal upon the hillside—the "Little Go," as it was called—and he read and talked with the full freedom that the bonds of their comradeship gave him. He told her of his life at school, and afterward in college, of his military experiences (few in number, alas!), what his pet theories were, what his hopes of life, his expectations—always somewhat circumscribed for a younger son. He even told her of a flirtation that he had once passed through. "Quite heart-whole. It was nothing like love," he added, with a perception of that untranslatable emotion showing in his face, while Rita made a careful study of the moor blossoms in her hand as demurely as if she were the most insane follower of Linnæus.

But although Marguerite had never swerved from the strict line of their agreement, Captain Levering had formed a determination, strengthening as the days went by, that he was utterly incapable of performing his part of the contract. To his surprise, he found that he loved her, and as soon as he discovered this, he promised himself no delay in acquainting Marguerite. But this was a difficult thing to do, although in her prescribed *rôle* she hastened the natural result of Levering's passion, which, from the first, had shown itself stripped of conventional reserve. One day, after searching for her some time, he found her with Miss Ray in a shaded spot by the pretty wicket-gate of the "Little Go." She had been apparently reading aloud, for she held up a volume as he drew near, with the explanation:

"I am improving my mind, you see. I suppose you will say, with your usual offensive manner, that it is quite time."

"How very unkind of you," he retorted. "Do you wish to imply that I am in the habit of finding fault with you?"

"Not that exactly; but you are critical, and I am a little diffident under such circumstances."

"What do you say then to giving up the reading and making the explorations we have been promising ourselves for the last week? And Miss Ray must come with us."

"Oh, certainly," said Rita, speaking as usual for both, and carelessly throwing aside her book.

In a few moments they were walking up the winding path of the "Big Go," Captain Levering playing *cicerone* to all the lions within sight.

"Stop a moment here," he said. "From this point you can see the Cow and Calf to great advantage. No, not that way. There! They are natural rock formations; of course with a legend attached. When we go up there I will show you the mark of Giant Rumbald's footsteps. Perhaps you don't know that the giant one day in stepping from St. Alme's Cliff over to this missed his footing, merely touching the edge, which broke off under his weight and retained the impression of his foot ever after. St. Alme's used to be a famous place for witches."

"I told you so," said Rita, nodding gravely at Miss Ray. "We shall find your knight, Mal."

"My knight!" responded Mallie, indignantly, and Captain Levering asked, "Who, pray?"

"Oh, one of Miss Ray's inspirations," said Rita, making cabalistic motions behind the Captain's back. "Go on, Captain Levering; tell us some more," gathering up her long dress and giving her friend a sly glance.

"Well, if you go up still higher to Rumbald's Moor, you can see Baildon in the distance—that is, the hill of Bael, the fire-god; but if you want a knight, Miss Ray, you will have to go down to the little Church of All Saints, where Sir Adam de Middleton sits in effigy, covered with chain mail, his head supported by an angel, his feet by a dog." Miss Ray murmured a confused protest, and Captain Levering went on. "The church looks unpretending enough with its quaint, square Norman tower, but one can read the history of the human race almost on its old stones and inscriptions."

"Are there any Darwinian epitaphs?" inquired Rita, innocently.

"Not precisely. Perhaps if you could decipher the inscriptions on the three Runic crosses outside the porch, your curiosity might be appeased. There are certainly dragons enough on them to satisfy the most ardent evolutionist, and they are of a very peculiar kind, being two-footed."

"Is that a rare thing?" Miss Ray asked, with interest.

"Oh, yes. One only sees them occasionally in Belgian and Norse relics, and never, as far as I can find, in Latin countries. Perhaps the stones were carved in honor of some saint or hero who had fought and conquered a dragon. At all events, there is the noble human head, encircled with an orthodox enough nimbus at the top, and the dragon at the base."

"But, pray, why are they in front of a Christian church?"

"Oh, about forty years ago they were set up in a row, to be called emblems of the Trinity. Evidently, they have been rather a drug in the market, and at one time must have been degraded to the use of gate-posts, for there are still traces of the lead hinges which fastened them. The highest shaft is nine feet, the lowest five—a most heterodox conception of the Trinity."

"Let us go down," said Rita, "and blast them with a look at once, Mal."

She ran lightly down the path, a little in advance of the other two, and, turning to glance back, tripped against a stone. The next instant she had fallen.

"You should take better care of me," she said, with an attempt at a pout, as Captain Levering ran to her assistance with some tender, hurried words, that she pretended not to hear.

She shook the dust from her flounces, and presented two grass-stained palms for inspection.

"Now, we may as well go home, and begin some day to do the whole thing over."

"I wish you would give me the right to take care of you always," he breathed softly in her ear.

Rita was not surprised. She had felt it in the air all the morning, just as she had felt a thunder-storm before the cloud no bigger than a man's hand had appeared. Perhaps he wanted to inveigle her into a real flirtation outside of that going on for the benefit of the gossips. Very well. She would be quite prepared for any emergency.

"And be killed outright to pay for my clemency," she laughed, lightly, as she drifted over to Mallie's side, with a pretended cry of distress. "Pray let us get home as soon as possible. I really am not fit to be seen," hurrying on, keeping just far enough in advance of him to prevent another speech. But she could not resist turning once to flash him an exasperatingly triumphant glance, that he was not slow to interpret.

"A born coquette. I might have known it," he sighed, as she disappeared through the stone court, waving him good-bye, and still showing the laughter in her eyes. But he inwardly amended, "I shall find the opportunity to speak—I will conquer yet."

And it seemed to him likely that his hope would meet with fruition, for the next week

there was to be an excursion to Bolton Abbey, according to a long projected plan. The elder and invalid portion of the party decided to go in drags, so that it was an easy task for Captain Levering to persuade Marguerite that for them the trip would be completely charming if made on horseback. It was also easy to gain Miss Leslie's consent to an early breakfast and a gallop long before the Ben Rhydding household were awake; and as for the father, when had he ever been known to thwart his eldest daughter? Moreover, he had satisfied himself that Captain Levering was, in every sense of the word, a suitable escort for any young lady; and Rita, was she not engaged to his dearest friend, Mr. Hugh Rossie? And Captain Levering had been made to understand perfectly not only the engagement, but the affection of years out of which the engagement had grown. Above all, Mr. Leslie knew nothing of women beyond the wife whom he had buried years before and the daughter she had left him. He simply had adored and trusted them both.

It was fine midsummer weather, but not too warm to make the twelve or fourteen-mile ride delightful. There was just enough breeze to stir the long woodland grasses into ecstatic waving, and a spirit of peace and content seemed to pervade the whole landscape. It even touched the young girl, and subdued her for the moment as she waited in the stone court with Captain Levering for the horses to come around.

"The day is a perfect poem. Mind that you are in tune with its perfectness, Miss Leslie," he said, as he lifted her to her saddle.

She laughed, and touched her horse with her whip, as they started off down the sloping road, silent for some time, and watching the fantastic shadows their flying figures made gliding noiselessly by their side, a ghostly double on gigantic steeds. The sky was still and blue as a Californian sky; that alone made the day in England a marvel of beauty. On either side of the road the birds in the hedge-rows or in the still woods twittered and trilled in very *abandon* of joy, while here and there they galloped past arched gateways and rustic bridges, catching glimpses of old gardens bordered with fantastic box or dotted with prim cypress.

Rita glanced shyly at her companion.

"Is it such a beautiful road all the way?" she asked, with an elaborate attempt at easy and impersonal conversation. "If it is, I am sure we shall be there too soon. Ah, this is what I love," as they left the village behind them "We are out of the Ben Rhydding atmosphere at last. Now I can breathe and laugh. *You* won't criticise me too severely, that I know. Isn't it glorious, Captain Levering?" she went gayly on, as the soft puffs of blossom-laden air blew upon her face and lifted the light, loose curls about her forehead. "I feel like an escaped prisoner. Think of the poor wretches getting up to buttered toast and tea in the last stages of dilution, and the stereotyped 'How do you feel this morning?' Do you feel the packs agreeing with you, Captain Levering?" with an audacious attempt at caricature.

"Do we never talk of anything else but our packs and *douches*, and must the tea always be weak and the conversation weaker? Or do you refer more particularly to the blight which Ben Rhydding suffers when you withdraw yourself from only one breakfast?"

"How satirical you have grown," retorted Rita; "but, all the same, I know you infinitely prefer my society to Miss McDowell's."

They looked at each other, and both burst out laughing; but for some reason he was not quite as effusive as usual, and by and by Rita's talk subsided, taking a softer and more interrupted flow, until at last it ceased altogether.

When they reached the ruin, Levering helped her dismount, tying the horses to a tree, and then offered his arm.

"What a pity the places hereabout are all hackneyed," said he. "I would give anything for the first flush and enthusiasm of travel—"

"Like mine, for instance," laughed Rita. "It is the regulation method to sigh and look pensive at things of this sort, isn't it, Captain Levering? Do tell me, that I may do the correct thing, please. It is an unfortunate habit of mine, as probably you have found out, to be melancholy in the wrong place. Tragedy is invariably comedy with me. I generally have Mallie along to give me my proper cue. Pray, is there anything to be sad about in Bolton Abbey?" as they came around in view of the south side of the choir.

"Only the sadness of inevitable decay. The old monastery was founded in 1120, I believe—"

"Don't be statistical, please. I was getting ready to drop a tear to somebody's memory," flirting an elaborate handkerchief. "I am so glad you have spared me the pains."

She sank down upon one of the flat stones, in the sunshine, and beat the grass absently with her riding-whip as she stared at the broken roof and arched windows.

"I couldn't waste sentiment on a lot of dead and gone abbots, could you? But doesn't it seem strange and sad that when life is so sweet me must ever lose it? I suppose it was all as sweet to them as it is to me. And to go away from it all, and be forgotten!" with a little shiver, and a pensive look in her eyes.

These sudden transitions from gayety to gravity constituted one of her chiefest charms in the young man's eye. He had been standing, looking down upon her uplifted face, but he found it impossible to tell with just what stage of feeling her lips trembled and her color came and went.

"I didn't know you ever had such serious thoughts," he said, gently.

"Why, I am human," she retorted, and then, with a mixture of embarrassment and pique, added, "—and a woman. Isn't that enough to be serious about? I quite feel like peeping into that broken window. Shall we try it?"

"Better go around to the front."

And then he led her into the cool, dark ruin, she stopping to break off a long tendril of ivy and twist it about her hat, talking gayly all the time.

And then they wandered into the wood, going on and on until, far away, they caught a glimpse of the Strid, leaping from rock to rock with that faint whisper and murmur that seems like unwritten music—a melody that no man can catch.

"Did you ever notice how sweet the sound of falling water is on a still day in the woods? Stop a moment and listen," said the young girl. "There is a regular rhythmic sound that almost shapes itself to words. If I shut my eyes I can see such pictures!"

"Try it, Miss Leslie. Tell me what you can see now. Let us sit down and wait for the rest of our party to come up, and you shall paint me a picture while we are waiting."

"You will be disappointed. You have a pretty little pastoral in your mind's eye—a scene of Arcadian simplicity. I can only think of a gypsy camp, and pretty, dark-browed girls, in scarlet bodices, flitting among the trees, and rough looking men, with real Roumanian faces, sleeping in the shade."

"And you would be one of the gypsy girls?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, all that I can see at present," she said, unclosing her eyes with a pretty little air of affectation.

"I am disappointed. I thought you would have painted my portrait."

"I have. You are one of the rough looking men."

"Oh, very well"—stiffly. "I decline to sit for my portrait to-day."

"It will be the easiest thing in the world to blot you out," said Rita, gravely flourishing an imaginary brush. "I love Bohemia. I should like to be queen of it, and reign forever and ever; to reduce life to its very simplest expression; to be utterly aimless, purposeless; to drift with the tide or winds; when you hear of anything new, to say, 'Let us see it,' and go."

"I would never dream of such a career for you. I remember what I first thought when I saw you. It was at the piano, you remember—"

"Oh, do tell me what you thought," she interrupted, with child-like eagerness. "We have dropped conventionalities so thoroughly, why not tell me frankly what you thought of me then?"

"I had rather not tell you what I thought. You remember I had never met an American lady before."

"And I shocked you," she pouted, "and you'd rather not confess to me now. Never mind. I want to hear my condemnation spoken."

"You insist?"

"Of course. I do not imagine you thought anything. Now, if you were a lady, you could tell me what I wore, but being a gentleman—"

"Well, you shall see. You wore a white muslin. That's the way all American girls dress in your novels—"

"But I wasn't in a novel. I choose to be literal. I was in the upper drawing-room."

"Were you? You

> 'Seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
> Save wings for heaven.'"

She opened her eyes at the sudden *accès* of tenderness in his voice, shook her head, and said:

"Nonsense!"

And so, to be sure, it was nonsense. But that is so much better than wisdom, particularly to the young.

His impulse was to pour the whole truth out to her on the spot, but by some mental intuition he felt she was ready to oppose him; and she, with a tremulous fear that for a moment lent her power and perception, dashed off into a hurried:

"Do you remember how dull and *ennuyé* I was when I took a mental survey of the assembled company and the pursuits they were indulging in? I have often wondered at my audacity. I suppose we have both been a little foolish. I think it is quite time we had a quarrel. That's the prescribed rule," giving him one of her incomprehensible glances under her long eye-lashes. "When shall we begin?"

They both laughed, and she went on with what seemed to him the most innocent, girl-like prattle in the world:

"How very funny it seems, doesn't it, that after making this compact just to set gossips talking, and with no thought of even toleration

on our part, that we should really come to find ourselves very good friends, and it isn't a bore at all—that is, it isn't *much* of a bore that you should have to take up with me, and I should have to take up with you all the time, is it? But it will soon be ended," skillfully suppressing a yawn. "We go over to Paris in just a week from to-day. Won't I be glad!" turning her eyes upward with anything but a religious fervor. "You have been to Paris, so you can afford to laugh at me, but—the new dresses I shall get there, Captain Levering; the sights I shall see; the shops, the opera, the theaters! Why do people call it the American's paradise, Captain Levering? Isn't it the world's paradise?" dazzling him with another glance of her brown eyes.

"It wouldn't be my paradise—unless—unless you were there," he stammered like a schoolboy.

"Oh, what a nice speech; but too personal by far. But for that I should say, 'Pray go on'—it is lovely. But then I cannot myself imagine a paradise that would be paradise unless I were there in it," she added so *naïvely* that he could not resist the words that came to his lips.

"No," he said, with a passionate energy that nothing could have stopped; "you know my only paradise is with you, Rita—you know that I love you."

"Why do you say such things to me here?' she asked, with resistant courage. "Why didn't you wait to say it on the lawn, or in the drawing-room, where every one could have an idea of what was going on? It is pursuing an unfair advantage," trying to jest fate aside.

"Oh, my darling," he whispered, half stretching his arms out to her, "what does it matter where I say it? I do not care if the whole world knows it. But you must understand—you must have felt that I was in earnest all the time."

"And you coolly lured me on into making the wildest proposals for your hand! I thought such things were never done in advanced stages of civilization. You have taught me a lesson," rising and gathering the folds of her habit about her in some trepidation.

He stood looking down into her face with a bewildered air.

"You need not answer me yet. I don't ask you to love me now. I can be patient, if you will only tell me I may wait."

"Captain Levering," she said, with more real dignity than he had ever seen her display, "I shall never forgive myself. I thought we understood each other perfectly, and now it seems as if this pleasant summer must always be a bitter pain and memory to us both. Do forget what you have said, or take it back. Say you don't mean it, and let us be friends," putting out her hand appealingly. "And I only am to blame," with a half sob. "I have wronged you and Mr. Rossie both—and I thought it was merely the most perfect acting on your part."

A great wave of regret and tenderness swept over his soul as he bent down and pressed her hand to his lips, but she wrung it loose, and, only giving him one hurried glance of tearful reproach, walked away.

He followed silently. Half way up to the abbey they met Miss Ray and Mr. Leslie.

"Such news!" cried Mallie, waving her hat; and then her father took her arm.

"My child," he said, "Mr. Rossie is here. He is at the ruin, waiting to receive you. Go on, and we will follow more slowly."

How still the wood had suddenly grown! No sound but the beating of her heart as she went on hurriedly to greet her future husband. She had not seen him since they had parted in America six months before. Six months? Six years, rather. What had she to say to him now? She stood in the bright sunlight, looking straight forward into the gloom and shadow of the old abbey, her cheeks blanched of all color, her eyes full of speechless, silent eagerness; and Mr. Rossie, who had been watching her a long way off, stood still a moment, too startled to speak. Then he came forward and gathered her hands in his.

"My darling," he whispered, "I could not wait any longer. You are not angry with me for coming?"

Her head dropped upon his shoulder, and she burst into tears.

"Not angry—glad," she murmured, hastily. "I think I never needed you so much before in all my life. I have done you such a wrong—not willfully, but blindly, carelessly! I have acted like a child instead of a woman, and my heart is so full it will break unless I tell you all now, this very minute."

"You were always rash," he said, patting her hand indulgently. "Some time you shall tell me all you want to, but just now I can only think of my joy in having you again."

"No, no," she insisted; and then she looked up into his face for the first time, to gather strength therefrom to tell her story.

Oh, how old he had grown! Nearly as old as her father, she thought, with a bitter pang, remembering whose face she had looked into but a few moments ago. It was all wrong, all wrong!

He could not understand her gravity or her evident distress, but he smiled down into her eyes with the look of an indulgent parent toward a spoiled child. A very pleasant, kind

face had Mr. Rossie, with grave, sweet lines about the mouth, and honest, clear eyes. Whatever she might confess, he, for one, would not judge her harshly.

"Don't smile," entreated Rita, "and take it so lightly. Please, don't. I am very unhappy. And you will despise me after I tell you—but I must speak, and then you can judge. I have deceived you all along."

"My darling," he said, softly, pressing the tips of her fingers again to his lips.

"But I have deceived myself, too," she went on, without heeding his interruption. "I was very young when you came to me and told me that you loved me, Mr. Rossie. You were my father's friend, and dear, very dear, to us all. I did not know—I had never met any one else."

"Ah!" he muttered, tightening his grasp upon her hand; and then, more quietly, "go on, my dear; tell me all. Have you met some one else?"

"I must go back to the beginning," she said, her voice trembling with the effort to restrain her tears. "It has only been since we came here. It began in a spirit of fun—a flirtation. I never thought of him in any other way than as a pleasant companion, and, indeed, I thought he was flirting with me. I told him of my engagement the very night we met," lifting her candid, troubled eyes to his. "I am afraid I was bold, and so led him on, but I never thought, I never suspected, until to-day, that he was in earnest—and oh, Mr. Rossie, he loves me, too."

"And you?" said Mr. Rossie, still holding her hand, but turning his head.

"That is the worst part of it all. Do not be angry. I must tell you all."

"Go on," he whispered softly, but the utter despair in his voice stabbed her to the heart.

"Do you love me so much, then, too?" she said, brokenly. "Oh, why must I cause so much misery, and yet I must tell you. It is your right—I never knew until to-day—I did not mean it; but I am afraid—afraid I was in earnest, too—and I thought I did not care until to-day—until he spoke, not half an hour ago."

Sharp and bitter as was the pain, the straightforward simplicity of the girl disarmed him. He unclasped her hand from his arm and turned away, so that she might not see his face, walking up and down in the solemn shadows, with anguish and mortification in his heart, each passion struggling for the mastery. She sat perfectly still, with downcast head, hearing the steps up and down, up and down, as if they were trampling upon her heart.

He came up to her, stooping down with concentrated passion to lift her face to his.

"Rita," he said, "I want to understand clearly, before I see your father. Do you love this stranger better than you can ever love one who has cared for you ever since you were a child?"

She tried to soften the blow. "I do love you," she whispered, drawing in her breath like a sob, "but not that way—not the way I ought to. Oh, forgive me! but you seem too —"

"Old" she would have said, but he put up his hand with a hoarse entreaty to "stop;" then bent down, kissing her forehead with a passionate sense of loss.

"Yes," he mused, "you women are all alike. You say you have deceived and wronged me; and you have—you have, Rita, and then you expect me to forgive you and go away and forget it all—like a woman! But you are right—right as you always are. I am too old, that is it—too old. I ought to have known," and then he kissed her on the forehead—this time gravely and despairingly as her father might have done—and went away.

Captain Levering did not see Marguerite after this excursion to Bolton Abbey for several days. She went home with her father in the drag, and a groom was sent back for the horse which she had ridden with such a light heart in the morning; and when he appeared with the rest of the party, *distrait* and weary at the supper table, Mr. Rossie had gone, and Marguerite was ill with a headache.

Two years after, Mr. Rossie consoled himself by taking Miss Ray for a wife, and no one who saw their devotion to each other would have suspected the little romance that preceded their engagement and marriage. Altogether, it was a most suitable choice, for Miss Ray was no longer young, and the beautiful home that Mr. Rossie gave her was too tempting and sweet a repose to be refused, after her lonely state of dependence for many years.

How Marguerite and Captain Levering found out each other's hearts no one ever knew. He followed her over to Paris, abruptly offered himself after prescribed rules, was accepted at once, and soon after married. That she was happy thereafter no one ever doubted. She was with her husband in a quiet little town in Normandy, when he brought in her father's letter, announcing Mr. Rossie's marriage with her friend Mallie, and her eyes were wet with thankful tears when she read it.

"It has all turned out for the best, my darling," he wrote—good, kind, and indulgent of his daughter's feelings as ever. "I think Rossie is more than satisfied, and to see you all so happy in my declining years is a pleasure that, at one time, I never expected to see. Come home to me soon, dear, and tell Levering I shall never regret my six weeks at Ilkley if he does not."

MARY R. HIGHAM.

ALVARADO OF MADRID.

Adriano Alvarado, through whose veins there coursed the strain
Of a blood as blue and haughty as the royal line of Spain,
Was a devotee of music, though a courtier he, and young,
And his madrigals were sweetest that the Spanish maidens sung.
All that made the life of Madrid for companions of his age
Was to Alvarado only an interpolated page
In the book of life he pondered—only one brief interlude
In the drama of existence. All the sweet solicitude
Of his fairest country-women, all the shine of liquid eyes
Lifted up to his in wondering, half-expectant, soft surprise,
Laughed he down with slightest pity, holding no regret nor ruth,
In the waywardness of genius and the light caprice of youth.
He would turn from wildest revels, he would slight the gayest bands,
To pursue some strain of music wrought by simple peasant hands.
In the day of Alvarado there was not in all the land
Any native-born composer of the church's music grand;
And the holy dignitaries trembled with a wrathful shame
For the genius so perverted from the church's need and fame.
But his kindred and the people of the city held him dear,
Since no vices, only follies, marked his brave and bright career.
And his dearest foe might bluster to impeach his life in vain,
Since he held his spotless honor dearer than the crown of Spain,
Till upon his restless spirit fell a thought with evil rife,
Sapping all the happy promise from his else so fruitful life.
Whether elemental forces stirred with potent sensuousness,
Or some current unsuspected of the Moorish blood laid stress
On his fine, poetic nature, none could hazard, none divine;
But a madness seized upon him, madder than the craze of wine:
To revive the Inca worship of a far south-western clime,
Where the sun, the day-god mighty, should resume a sway sublime,
Adriano bowed: not lightly, with the fervor of a day,
But with vehemence and passion. He, with none to say him nay,
Built a great barbaric altar, faced to greet the rising sun,
Decked with every costly splendor that his ample wealth had won;
And he bent, when morning's banners fluttered redly in the east,
By the fane in humble worship, like an olden Inca priest.
None can picture all the sorrow, all the awe-struck fear, that broke
Over pious Madrid people. Then their oldest prelate spoke:
"Only Satan's machinations have seduced this goodly youth
To idolatrous diversion from the way of light and truth.
I have exorcised the demon long, with candle, book, and bell,
But my weak and fruitless effort fails before his potent spell.
I will send to ask instructions from the holy one at Rome;
Meanwhile, minister unto him daily, in some Christian home."
Time, the wearer out of vigils, sent the days slow lapsing by,
Till the pontiff, from his palace, sent incisive, terse reply:
"Mayhap that his body sickens; leechcraft something may avail,
Stayed by spiritual solace from within the holy pale.
For a spirit sorely tempted, much may be derived of good
From the tranquil, peaceful habits of a holy brotherhood.
Give him themes for churchly music, let him write, and let him play,
In the cloister's safe seclusion, for a year and for a day."

In a gorge, remote and dreary, of the mountains of Castile,
Stood a lonely monastery, grim and gray, a looming pile,
On whose dark roof, steeply sloping, never fell a ray of sun,
In whose corridors and chapel chant and prayer were never done.
Thither banished, Alvarado brought his raging, restless heart,
Without slightest inclination to a penitential part.
But the fiat was resistless and immutable as fate;
Though he offered prayer and promise, vain were they, and he must wait.
For a time he found a pleasure in the chill, monastic tone
Of the place, that wrought upon him with a power all its own.
Strangely, too, the zealous ardor of his whilom pagan course
Had abated, though its fever burned with undiminished force.
All day long he paced the circuit of his narrow-bounded cell,
Hearkening to the oft-recurring clangor of the convent bell.
All night long he alternated prayer and curse and sleepless dole,
Till a deep despair succeeded to the frenzy of his soul,
Venting its excess in music; so the monks, for many days,
Heard his organ deeply pealing tones of wondrous power and praise.
Then a silence fell; they left him to himself a little space,
And a longer, until terror grew upon their hearts apace.
Then they sought him with foreboding—and they found him!—all the score
Of his music lay about him, strewn upon the earthen floor,
Drifted sheets, and still among them Alvarado lay at peace,
Dead before the silent organ, with his face upon the keys.
When the brothers would have raised him, straight the nerveless fingers thrilled,
And a hush of expectation all within the chamber stilled,
While the dead hands, slowly lifted, wandered all the key-board o'er,
And a dirge wailed out, as never fell on mortal ears before.
Of the hapless Alvarado, only this survives his name.
When, with awe and tender reverence for his legacy, they came
To lift up the scattered music, it had perished where it lay;
Even while they gazed, it paled, and paled, and faded quite away.
Every year, in that lone monastery on the mountain-side,
On the night that marks the time when hapless Alvarado died,
Sounds within his cell, untenanted, the sorrow-burdened strain,
And a rustle as of sheeted music drifting down again;
And sojourning pilgrims, listening till they mark the burden, say
That it lingers ever with them. True it is, that to this day,
In the poorer streets of Madrid, on the city's outer verge,
There is played a strain of music known as "Alvarado's Dirge."

YDA ADDIS.

PEOPLE I WOULD LIKE TO ENDOW.

As soon as I have fifty thousand dollars to spare, I mean to have a good time in giving it away. And when I give, it will be to people I know, rather than to institutions. Institutions must be built up, and happy are they who can build them. It would be pleasant to help, on a small scale, to give a little to some worthy academy, or to some promising college or university. But the magnitude of these enterprises is discouraging. Public education on an adequate scale calls for very large outlays. The millionaires should look after the great institutions, and the institutions should "go for" the millionaires. My choice of objects will be humbler, and will not perpetuate my name; but it will have the advantage of a fresher personality, and there will be a perpetuity of good influences through happy hearts and useful lives. That, I fancy, is the best sort of immortality; and I think the little oases I may chance to bless will be much

greener than the wider areas of an equally limited and impersonal benefaction. Think how little way fifty thousand dollars can go in endowing any of our really great institutions. I propose, instead, to endow a few individuals. And though I am not yet in sight of any fifty thousand dollars, I like the pleasure of anticipating and planning, and am already making up a list of recipients. It runs as follows:

(1.) The first on the list, as might be expected, is a young man trying to "get an education;" and by this I mean what is called higher education. All our boys are taught the three R's. Many of them have gone through the grammar school, and a few through the high school. So far, so good. A still higher or college education is not an absolute necessity. It will not coin money; it will not insure social prominence, nor win political promotion. But there must be some who love knowledge for its own sake—who gaze on the vast fields of learning and science with a longing which neither business success, nor social prominence, nor political promotion can satisfy. And some masterful spirits there are who are shrewd enough to see that the highest aims of professional and political ambition are to be reached only by men of the widest culture and the most thorough mental discipline. I doubt whether my young man has any such ambition. At present, he is intent only on discipline and culture, as if for their own sake.

His story is a simple one. His parents, who live in the country, are willing to help him, but cannot. The home-farm is mortgaged, and the mortgage has not shrunk in many years. Other mouths are to be fed, other backs to be clothed. Our young collegian has been frankly told that his "time" is all that can be given him. He taught school at eighteen in a sparsely settled district, boarded around, and received forty-five dollars a month, of which he could lay by but twenty. A year and a half of such toil made him seem to himself rich enough to enter college. So he came down, lived in a club (not of a Greek letter society), obtained some work in vacations, and got half way through his college course. Then came the end. He was willing to work, but work was not to be had. No one wanted a private tutor, an extra accountant, an amanuensis, or even a chore-boy. So, for more than one or two years, he has been out of college—a part of the time teaching, in hope of saving enough to carry him through the remaining years of study; then becoming discouraged and drifting into a business engagement. Just now there is an even balance between learning and intellectual power on the one hand, and business drudgery and eclipse of scholarly aspirations on the other. That young man I would like to endow. He is not brilliant in scholarship or in oratory; he is not a born poet, nor a promising young journalist. The very bright men usually make their way. Their exceptional abilities attract notice and win them friends. I have greater sympathy for the non-genius, the faithful plodding student who gets no first-class notice from college papers or faculty bulletins, who puts on no airs in the class-room or the debating society. The one of whom I speak has roundabout common sense; and if I know anything of young men, he would some day be of much value to the community, if he could only be educated. How much would he want? Say $2,500, for college and graduate studies; a paltry twenty-five hundred dollars to meet the strong and healthy hunger of a noble soul, and give the world what it so rarely gets—another full pattern of manhood.

(2.) The second on the list is a hard-working and poorly paid teacher. He chose his profession for its own sake—not turning to it as a stepping-stone to some other profession, nor yet as a last resort when other occupations had failed him. He thought the best way to remedy the evils of society was to bring on the stage a better generation of actors, and to make that next generation better by beginning with them in childhood. He wanted to be a fashioner of minds, and to take them in the most plastic state. So, with an education that would have justified a much higher aim (seemingly, not really, higher), he dropped himself into the machinery of the public schools, and has been for ten years a most laborious, faithful, and successful teacher in an ungraded country school. Most of the people like him well enough, but they do not know a tenth part of his nobleness. He never blows his own trumpet, and no one thinks of blowing it for him. Of course, he has made some enemies, among parents who rear ill behaved children and resent a teacher's efforts to make them well behaved. His salary is meager, barely enough to support himself, and wife, and child. But some rough patrons of the school, who live chiefly on the produce of their farms, cannot see why the district should pay so much for a teacher; *they* work more hours a day, and see much less money than he does. If he were to strike for higher wages, they would not hesitate to let him go. Plenty of teachers can be got for even a smaller salary, and few stop to sift out the best teachers. Some care little what sort of a teacher they have. So he stays on—this man to whom the community owes so much—working for an inferior mechanic's wages, and trying vainly to keep up with

the educational progress of the day. He cannot afford to take a *Teacher's Journal*, he denies himself a daily paper, and snatches the news from chance conversation. He cannot think of taking any of the leading magazines, nor of buying the books for which his soul hungers. It is just a tug and struggle to make ends meet. If he were laid aside from work, he would be obliged to run in debt, his anxiety would increase his malady, and his family would probably be left helpless. He had a life insurance policy, but could not keep up the premiums. He is not laying up anything against a rainy day, nor bracing himself for the inevitable down-grade of coming years.

When I see this worthy member of the profession which stands closest to the welfare of coming generations, there is nothing I would like more than to take his bank-book and enter a round sum to his credit. How much would put him on a good footing, and enable him to do his best work? He gets $75 a month; he ought to have at least $125. The $50 additional implies a capital of $10,000. He ought to have that sum at once, but $5,000 would be a wonderful help.

(3.) Number three is a minister. I have a lingering fondness for the "three learned professions," as they used to be designated before the throng of modern professions had sprung up; when the minister, the lawyer, and the doctor were the three great men of every country town. And the minister was chief of the three, *primus inter pares*. The cloth are in less esteem now, but some are no less deserving than the good dominies of old.

My number three did not enter his profession as an easy one; he did not seek display or prominence. I happen to know that he refused very eligible offers where men were plenty, and deliberately chose a far-away parish, where work was hard, and pay nothing to speak of. His enterprise prospered as well as he could expect. He got a modest church building, on which he wrought with his own hands. He never spared himself, in physical or mental labor, in the stress of sympathy with a poor people and with sorrowing households. He is not a perfect man. His chief failing leans strongly toward a virtue; *viz.*, an outspoken impatience with shams. He cannot bear a hollow-hearted moralist nor an insincere church member.' He sometimes touches the quick, and stirs quite a commotion. But most of his little congregation love him, and would be very sorry to lose him. He is not narrow-minded. He fraternizes with all good men, and helps in all good causes. For a while a society for such purposes gave him a small subsidiary stipend; but its funds failed, and the stout-hearted man was left wholly to his poor parish. He does not complain. His wife does her own housework, takes care of the children, plays the little organ in church, manages the sewing circle, and does admirably the thousand things supposed to devolve on a minister's wife. Alas! she shows the over-work, and her strength is visibly diminishing. She is cheery, but is simply trying to do impossibilities. And her husband is borne down not only by public burdens, but by domestic anxieties.

How much I would like to drop into the home of this faithful, uncomplaining man, present him the compliments of the season, and put into his hands a cheque for $10,000. It would help him turn the corners. It would give him a much needed feeling of independence, so that he could piously snap his fingers at the one old curmudgeon of his church. It would indefinitely postpone his wife's funeral. It would help him educate his boys. It would put new life into his mental and spiritual machinery. Certainly, number three must have $10,000.

These instances are of men, and men can do something worth while for their own support, if not in the most desirable occupations, in some others that are only less respectable and useful. But I am especially drawn toward beneficiaries of the weaker sex, who have hearts just as stout as any of their brothers, but are virtually excluded from the best chances of making a living. Misfortunes do not pass them by because they are women. The grim wolf of poverty comes quickest to their doors. Disease and accident, sometimes dissipation and crime, take away the bread-winners, and helpless families are left to battle against fearful odds. So my—

(4.) Number four is a music teacher; a young lady of refinement and energy, who has to provide for herself, her invalid mother, and two young sisters. Early and late she plies her humble profession. She is not yet highly accomplished, and must pay large tuition to her own teacher, Herr Niemand, successor to the lamented Herr Todt. It takes many toilsome hours with her own young pupils to earn enough to pay for one fleeting hour with the distinguished master. But she knows that that is the way to success, and she braves wind and storm to meet all her appointments. She is not ill looking, and has tastes which would fit her to enjoy society, and perhaps to shine in it. But she resolutely turns her back on society; truth to say, she cannot afford the time or the money for a single grand party. I see her on the boat occasionally, and sometimes fear she is over-

working. There is the same determined look, the same resolute step, but the lines of weariness are beginning to show in her face. What if this main-stay of the family should give out? Without health, her musical career would fail, and few constitutions can stand such a strain.

I saw a young man looking intently at her the other day—not a society man, but a hard-working, sensible business man, who is well to do now, and has excellent prospects for the future. He is a "chance acquaintance." Evidently he respects her highly, and was wondering whether her tasks are not too great. Was he questioning whether he should offer to lighten them? Men are so slow to see the whole truth—all the nobleness of the worthiest spirits, all the danger of the choicest lives. I wish he would step in; but if, as I fear, he fails to do so, I would like to cheer the heart of the brave little music teacher with a bonus of $5,000.

(5.) Number five is a family without even a woman for a bread-winner. The mother is an inebriate's widow. The father was a promising lawyer, and had a comfortable income, but his one rich client led him astray. "Go out and take a drink," he used to say after finishing a consultation; and the two grew cordial in the adjoining high-toned saloon. "Come down to my house this evening, and play a friendly game." The young lawyer kept on the right side of his client, and got on the wrong side of his business. Tippling became a necessity, and grew into a disgrace. Play fascinated him, impaired his health, and drained his pocket. At last no one would give him new business; the old rich client swore at him for a fool. Discouragement deepened the dissipation. He lost his manhood, and became an absolute burden to his family. It was really a relief to the loving wife to see him put away in the ground. But she was left quite destitute. Three young children were to be cared for, fed, and clothed; no way of earning money, no time nor strength for earning it if there were a way. How do such families get along? How do they keep the breath of life in them? Why do they not all rush to the poor-house, or go mad and get carried to the insane asylum? This is one of the greatest mysteries in the world, how proud and refined and delicate women live on from week to week and from month to month, having others to provide for and no source of income, helpless and hopeless, the sky above them brass, and the earth beneath them iron. If there is any proper claimant for help, it is surely such a widow with her fatherless children. She ought to have $10,000 from our fund, and I wish it could be twice as much.

(6.) And here is a family without children, but with a group of dependent women, and no one to depend on save themselves. Three sisters have long helped each other to fight a battle with the world, and for a good while the fight was on their side. They were not teachers nor artists—only plain seamstresses. Left early to their own resources, they developed an uncommon business tact. No one could ever charge them with lack of good management. It is only within a few years that they have ceased to prosper, and that has been through no fault of theirs. They have had to sacrifice most of the little property acquired by many years of hard work. Tired of the city, they went long ago to the country and bought a modest home, which in due time was almost paid for. Then came illness, first of one sister, then of another; illness of different types, but chronic with each. The third sister had all she could do in tending the sick. Of course their income was cut off. The vanishing mortgage grew larger again, and still larger, and it was clear that the pretty home must be sacrificed. Health had come back to one of the invalids, but the scattering country custom had been lost, and it was hard to find employment. Without waiting to starve, or to chant the "Song of the Shirt" from the depths of utter poverty, the three sisters gave up their loved home in the country, and went back to the crowded city. The city has advantages for such wage-seekers, despite the throng of competitors. There is a wider spread of one's good repute as a worker, a quicker opening of new doors. In the city the sisters may be found to-day, living in a quiet alley shut in by stately houses that over-top their modest tenement. It is a sort of Three Sisters' Court. They are cheery still, fighting the old fight bravely, earning just enough to live comfortably and to provide occasional delicacies for the remaining invalid. But, with age creeping on and strength diminishing, what will the upshot be? What can it be but narrowing means, increasing hardships, and possibly three pitiable death-scenes—the last the most pitiable? There is but one way to avert it—an accession of means from some other purse. I would like to endow the three sisters with one or two tithes of the $50,000.

(7.) From another home, and a poor one, father and mother have lately gone to their graves, leaving a little child but three years old—too young to know her loss; too ignorant to choose new friends. Who will befriend her? She is a plain, uninteresting, tiresome little girl. The mothers dowered with children do not want her; the childless are afraid of her. Where can she go, save to an unloved and precarious, perhaps vagrant, life? Or, at best, to some great

asylum, where the individual is swallowed up in the throng, where clock-work machinery takes the place of the sweet ministries of home. There she must tread a broad and dusty highway, amid the noisy footsteps of hundreds more, under a blinding glare of publicity. How different from the watered, and winding, and shady paths of private life! Suppose this young soul could be put in charge of the three sisters aforesaid, how it would bless her life and brighten theirs! But they cannot afford it as a charity. Some friendly hand must come in to make this new arrangement and pay for the added burdens, in order to secure this quiet and cool retreat, this home love and training, for the orphan child. As nearly as I can estimate, $5,000 would set this matter straight, and put the little waif in the way of a right culture and a trade by which, in due time, she can earn an honorable and independent living.

I need not stay to count up the sums already bespoken. I can see at a glance that the $50,000 is far spent. Here are seven cases, and how easily they might be multiplied to seventy times seven. Take the very first. Not one poor student alone, but scores of them, almost equally claim consideration. Not young men only, but resolute, aspiring, promising young women as well, are tantalized with the half-tasted cup of knowledge. For one hard-working, ill paid principal of a country school there are half a dozen hard-working, ill paid lady teachers, in country and city, too. The utterly conscientious poor minister is not seldom paralleled by honest but poor practitioners of law and medicine—men who are not supple enough or unscrupulous enough to push their way, unbefriended, to remunerative places in the professional ranks. The music teacher has many sisters in poverty, struggling to support themselves and others dependent on them. The inebriate's widow is found in all stages of effort and despondency. Fell disease, cruel accident, murderous hands, the country's battle-field, may have been the instruments to strike her and her little ones helpless. The three sisters may not be three, but they stand for a long rank of dependent women with whom the battle of life goes hard. And as for orphans, one need only go to our city asylums and look for himself, and then reflect how few come to so good a home as that.

I have not hinted at several other friends who would go on a supplementary list for a second fifty thousand. Here is a young philologist who might become a Max Müller, or a Whitney, if only he could give himself to his favorite study. Here is a promising devotee of science. I wonder that the fashionable patrons of science have not yet found him out. Here is an inventor—*not* in the pay of speculators in gas stocks. He has a head full of bright ideas, and if he could spend time to work them out, and had a little money to pay for first steps, he might prove one of the best friends of the people. The poets, the literary aspirants, and the philosophers, I should leave to those who are better judges. Certainly, I should not care to help a self-centered, dawdling idler, or an egotistical student of thought who sets up his own mushroom conceptions as a test for all great thinkers. But there is no need of saying whom I would not endow.

Let me return to my small list. Dear friends, I am afraid my good wishes are all I can give you. If I live long enough to bestow anything more substantial, it seems to me that I shall begin with the first and last numbers, the young student and the orphan child—perhaps with the last first. I have printed my list as at least suggestive to those who can now begin to give, and I heartily hope they will sweep these friends off my list. Some rich men and rich women have fifty thousand dollars to spare; how many oases they might make in the homes and hearts of the less fortunate. MARTIN KELLOGG.

SHALL WE HAVE FREE HIGH SCHOOLS?*

It is a fine delicacy that imposes silence on the writers and speakers of our day concerning certain things. Just as in any private company there is an instinctive avoidance of those topics of conversation which any one present would not be likely to understand, so in the general public there seems to be a feeling that nothing ought to be openly discussed unless it can be intelligently discussed by all, and that no considerations should be advanced unless all will understand and appreciate them. Civilization has come a long way when this delicacy has become such a binding instinct.

Refined and gentlemanly as this reticence is, however, from a private point of view, it becomes somewhat absurd if indulged where ques-

* Section 6 of Article IX of the new Constitution of California cuts off all the higher schools from State support. It is one of the most ill advised of its provisions, and should be one of the first to be amended by the people.

tions of public interest are concerned. There are a number of important subjects that need to be discussed, and discussed frankly, notwithstanding that there may be different degrees of ability to understand them and to appreciate the highest considerations that bear on them. There are even subjects with regard to which the flat truth might possibly offend some one's tender sensibilities, and yet the flat truth about them is just what we need to see and to say. No doubt there are other topics whereon a delicate reserve is still the safe rule, because no harm can come from silence; and there is no surer test of literary high breeding than the instinct of drawing this line in precisely the right place. But we all remember the case of the man who hesitated to tell his neighbors that their house was on fire for the reason that he had never been introduced to them. It is something so when men refrain from uttering the truth on really important public questions lest their views should not be comprehended by everybody or should hurt somebody's feelings.

The most important of all public questions in this country is the very one that feels the evil effects of this excessive reticence most profoundly: it is the question of public education. The word is often enough mentioned—perhaps too often, as tending to make the subject seem trite to those who have only thought of it superficially; but there is a lack of thoroughness in its discussion, because a thorough discussion involves the frank utterance of some plain facts about society which are supposed to be unpalatable to some people. It is time that we faced these facts. They must be faced, or the future —at least the immediate future—of our civilization is doubtful. It is necessary to build up a sentiment on the subject of public education that is based on a clear view of certain fundamental truths of society.

One such fundamental truth is the existence in this country, as everywhere else on the globe, of different classes of men. They are all equal, no doubt—or, rather, they all ought to be equal, before the law; but there is no other equality possible in a complex civilization like ours at the present point of its development. This difference between men is chiefly a difference in two things: intelligence and character. It is an old folly to declare that one man is as good as another. There are good men, and there are bad men: it is needless to ignore the fact lest the bad man's feelings should be hurt. It is perhaps not so ancient a notion, but certainly an equally foolish one, that all men in the community are equally intelligent. There are intelligent men, and there are stupid and ignorant men: nor need we conceal this fact, either, out of a delicate regard for the sensibilities of the latter class. The wise thing is to face the fact, and then soberly take measures that all the new people, the youth, may grow up to be of the good and intelligent class, and not of the vicious and ignorant class.

Such measures, fortunately, may easily be taken. For while it is true that there are different classes in this country, just as truly as in the older countries, there are these two enormous differences between our social conditions and theirs. In the first place, there the grades are dependent on artificial distinctions: here on natural distinctions. There, men are in one class or another according to birth and occupation, and according to stars and ribbons and gewgaws of rank, conferrable by man. Here, men are in one class or another according to education and character, attainable by one's own energy and will. In the second place, there the grades are rigid as the strata of the rocks; once in a certain class, a man is almost powerless to rise beyond it. Here, the grades are as fluent as the currents of the ocean: taken early enough in life, no man need belong to an inferior class in intelligence and character.

It is almost ludicrous, if it had not such lamentable results on questions of public education, to see how persistently these omnipresent distinctions in our country are ignored in speech, while at the same time they are tacitly recognized in all the affairs of daily life, in every man's business, in social relations, in all the work and play of the world. We do not rank men here by their titles or their dress or their occupation; but we rank them, instinctively and inevitably.

No doubt there are constant attempts, and always will be attempts, to set up in this country the artificial class distinctions of aristocratic countries. The pride of birth and wealth constantly endeavors to crystallize into arbitrary rank, but the genius of our institutions happily prevents it, and such artificial distinctions as constantly break down and become inoperative. In some provincial city, here and there, they may partially succeed; but they do not endure the free air of the wide country at large. On the other hand, these grades which nature fixes endure everywhere. Even among the artificial classes of foreign aristocracies these natural divisions are in force as a cross-division, an *imperium in imperio;* and the inevitable gradations of mind and soul constantly force their way to recognition.

Another notable contrast between artificial class-distinctions and the natural ones of our republican society lies in the fact that the former are relative distinctions. An artificial higher

class implies and depends for its existence on an artificial lower class. Your aristocrat can only exist as overtopping your plebeian. But these higher and lower classes of our society are based on no such necessity. There is no reason in the nature of things why all men should not be of the highest class in mind and soul. For when it comes to these distinctions, it is not "the more of yours the less of mine," but the more of yours the more of mine, also, and of all. So that in conferring on young people the gift of an education, we are not bestowing an invidious privilege on them at the expense of others. We are, to be sure, lifting them to a higher grade, but it is that sort of grade to which the more come, the more will come. Give a boy self-control and the ability to think, and you are giving him the power to help innumerable others to self-control and the ability to think. There is a certain divine and irrepressible contagion in intelligence. And to the number of these peerages there is absolutely no limit.

Facing the fact, then, that there are these enormous differences in the grades of men, from the most ignorant and vicious up to the most intelligent and virtuous, it is plain enough that the whole problem of the progress, and even of the maintenance, of civilized society depends on the success or failure of a people in lifting the lower to the higher grades. And now, how can this be done?

With the adult population, it cannot be done at all. It is not altogether a pleasant truth to contemplate, but grown men are as they are. Not so, however, with children and youth: their nature is their *natura*, their coming to be. And since it is perfectly well established that the prosperity—the safety, even—of a republic depends on having an intelligent and virtuous people, nothing can be more evident than the imperative duty of a State like ours to lift its future population to the higher levels by the only means which have ever in all history had the slightest effect,—namely, by the free and liberal public education of its children and youth.

The only possible question is, how far ought this public education to be carried? Shall it stop with the primary grade, with the grammar grade, with the high school grade, with the college grade, or with the professional school?

It would not be difficult to show, in the light of generally admitted principles regarding man and society, what is the proper limit of the duty of the State in education. But the scope of this paper admits only of an attempt to show where, at least, its limit should not be fixed; namely, that it should not be below the close of what we understand by the high school course. Let us, at the outset, clear the ground by removing a very common confusion that exists between two different theories as to the purpose of education, and of two different sorts of studies. There is what we may call the occupative theory of the purpose of schools, and the educative theory: there are, correspondingly, the occupative sort of studies, and the educative sort. The occupative theory of the purpose of schools holds that their object is to teach boys and girls to get a living; and the occupative studies are aimed at the acquirement of a lucrative occupation for this sole end. The educative theory, on the other hand, holds that the purpose of public education is to make boys and girls intelligent and virtuous; and the educative studies are aimed at the attainment of this end.

Now the duty of the community as to providing free education is limited by two considerations:—1. It should do those things which are necessary to its own, *i. e.* the public welfare and safety. 2. Of these beneficial things it should do those which will not be well done, or not done at all, if left to individual enterprise.

These almost self-evident considerations mark plainly enough the duty of the State as between occupative and educative training. With the former directly it has nothing whatever to do; with the latter it has everything to do. For in the first place, men as a rule do and will make their own living. It is a matter of the adult stage of existence, and there are private motives enough to insure the attainment of this end. And in the second place, the goodness or the badness of the living men make for themselves is after all not the supreme consideration with the community. On the other hand, the educative training of youth is an imperative duty of the community, because in the first place, this is a matter of the immature stage of existence, when there are no sufficiently strong private motives, on the part of the child, to insure the attainment of intelligence and virtue, nor any sufficiently strong motives, on the part of the illiterate parent, to urge him to provide this for his child. And in the second place, it is of supreme importance to the community that its youth shall grow up to be intelligent and virtuous men. Not so much what kind of a living they make, as what kind of a life they make, is the question of public importance. It is entirely possible for a republic to be successful when its people work hard and live plainly; but it is not possible for a republic to be successful, or to exist long, at all, if its youth grow up to ignorance and vice. Besides, as a matter of fact, by securing the

one end the State in effect secures the other. For who that has eyes does not see that the ignorant and vicious class the world over are the ones who fail to provide for themselves or their families a decent and comfortable living, while with intelligence and virtue, health and thrift and prosperity go hand in hand.

This necessity to the community of a certain amount of educative training of the mind and character is so universally recognized that there is practically no dispute as to the public duty of giving a child at least a grammar school education. But as to going farther and leaving open the high school course to the public in general there has arisen of late a question: a question which we must assume to express the candid doubt of at least some who are raising it. Let us therefore examine the state of the case.

The grammar school course, or the ordinary common school course of the country school, gives the child the rudiments of reading, writing, and ciphering, with a small amount of geography, and sometimes a mere glimpse of one or two other studies. The amount of ciphering, or arithmetic, considered as a convenient acquisition, is considerable: enough to enable the boy to transact ordinary buying and selling by weight and measure, dealings with the shop-keeper, the money lender, etc. Considered, however, as an educative study, it goes but a very little way indeed toward that development of the intelligence which is afforded by the further study of mathematics. The knowledge of writing given is hardly more than the practice of penmanship. It has not yet given the pupil any power to express his own ideas, or, what is really the true purpose of higher instruction in writing, the power to observe and think and write. The knowledge of reading has reached hardly further than the ability to read with the eye and the lips, not yet with the mind; that is, to recognize and pronounce easy words. It has hardly touched upon that true ability to read, which consists of the power to understand complex human thought on important subjects.

The three R's, in fact, are only a preparation for education, not at all an education in themselves. They leave a boy at about the age of fourteen, ready to begin his education, but with no power and no disposition as yet to carry it on for himself. The powers of his mind have scarcely as yet been awakened, to say nothing of being strengthened, or directed into useful paths. The common school has done a wonderful thing, to be sure. It has taken a child in a state of absolute ignorance and has made him ready to learn. It is so indispensable a work that it is worth any amount of pains and expense and time to get it well done; but as yet only the first steps have been taken toward the development of that matured intelligence which the civilized community demands in its members.

If men and women grow up in perfect, blank ignorance, like the lowest peasantry of Europe, they are in one sense safe citizens enough, safe as any domestic animals are, provided there is a strong enough government to control them; though recent developments in other countries intimate that even then you may have trouble. They discuss international disarmament in Europe; but they do not venture to say aloud how necessary it is for each country to maintain a strong force of bayonets to keep down its own ignorant populace.

But even if it were safe in a nation with a strong monarchical government to keep a large class in utter ignorance, it is a manifest impossibility and absurdity in a nation where the people are themselves the rulers. And the moment you give the children of the least intelligent class the beginnings of intelligence, enough to seize for themselves the mere sour dregs of civilization, and then turn them loose at fourteen years old to the sort of associations and the sort of pamphlets and papers that are provided for such, you have made a dangerous population on which to base free institutions. We do not need to depend on theory to estimate the results of this so-called common school education when carried no higher. Have we not had some experience of its results at no great distance from home, and in no very remote times?

What, then, shall the community do with these children of fourteen, when they have more or less imperfectly acquired these rudiments of knowledge? There is but one rational thing to do with them: let them go on and become youth of real intelligence. The one business of children is to grow. Give them not only free access, but every friendly incitement to all those liberal studies which experience has shown to be most effectual in developing the vigor and serviceableness of the whole mind.

We constantly use this term, *intelligence*. What is it that we mean by it? We mean all those faculties of man's soul by which he is distinguished from the lower animals. And it is precisely those same faculties whose difference makes such a broad line of demarkation between man and brute, that mark also the demarkations between the different classes of men. We mean the power of perception, of judgment, of reason, of voluntary attention, of the voluntary memory, of the sober imagination that discerns the distant and the hidden truth, of the

fervid aspiration toward those ideals of character which the imagination portrays, of the rational care for other interests than those of self, of the long look before and after, of the enthusiasm of humanity, of the steadfast loyalty to truth and right. These are the powers that constitute human intelligence. We should never allow that field to be narrowed in the discussion of education. Some men talk as if the senses were all that needed to be trained; but with all our training we shall never make the senses of a civilized man equal those of a savage, or the senses of a savage equal those of a dog. It is not the senses, only, but sense that needs to be trained: the sense of beauty, the sense of truth, the sense of right.

And this is just what the high schools constantly accomplish. For see what are their studies:—The mathematics, with their training of close, persistent attention and concentration: their drill in the power of good honest brain-work.—History: a knowledge of what other men and times have attempted and done for the progress of humanity; the mistakes, the rectifications; the illusions seen through, the sophistries detected in the long school of experience; the endurance and heroism of great men.—Civil government: the principles on which our nation is based; their course of development; the dangers to be avoided, the rights to be maintained; the measures that have so far effected their maintenance, and those that have threatened them with ruin.—The natural sciences: botany, with its key to the secrets of vegetable life; natural history, with its incitements to accurate and habitual observation; physics, with its hundred outlooks into the great laws of natural operations and into the triumphs of human art; physiology, with its revelation of the rights and wrongs of the human body; chemistry, with its glimpses into the secret processes of the universe; astronomy, with its nurture of the power of large conception, and its awakening of all the nobler feelings of awe and worship. Nor is it any smattering of these sciences that we mean. There is a vast difference, not visible, perhaps, to hasty thinkers, between a smattering and a foundation, in any subject. To be well grounded in any one of these great sciences is a vastly different thing from being superficially acquainted with it. A good high school course gives a boy such a foundation that he will not only be able, but be eager, to go on and build on it a higher knowledge.

Then there is the study of some foreign tongue: nothing is more certain to break up the narrow provincialism of an ignorant mind. Whether it be Latin, Greek, German, or whatever it be, provided it be the language of a great people, with a great history and literature, its study shows a boy, not by any formal argument, but by that gradual absorption that makes it forever a part of his nature, the great truth that there are other minds besides his own and different from his own, with other ideals than his; and that words—his words or their words—are only imperfect symbols, while the pervasive soul is greater than all its garments of outward expression in speech.

And, finally, there is the study of our own literature: not any mere surface polish by the accomplishment of polite literature, so called, but the invigorating daily contact with all that is choicest of what the best and greatest minds have put into books.

These and such as these are the studies by means of which the high schools are year by year transforming the crude material of the lower schools into young men and women of trained and capable minds, and of characters disciplined by that industry and self-control without whose constant exercise no such course of study was ever successfully accomplished.

Nor is it the studies alone that produce this result. It is largely owing to that daily contact with the teachers of the high school. It is a great thing, no doubt, that for three years the aspiration of the young mind is fed with these liberal studies; that for three years it is kept from the debasing influences that haunt the ignorant boy and girl, and kept in contact with the high researches of science and the pure voices of literature; but it is even a greater thing that for those three determining years of life the young mind is close at the side of stronger and maturer minds, whose very life-object it is to watch the development of the growing soul, to reinforce its better part against its weaker, to strengthen its higher faculties against the lower, to inspire it, not alone by precept, but by example, with the steady aspiration toward higher levels of attainment.

We sometimes hear people talk as if they supposed free high school education was a new experiment. In fact, the English nation has grown up on free high schools, for three centuries. We cannot pride ourselves on their being an invention of these United States. John Milton fitted for college at a free high school a hundred and fifty years before there were any United States. It was St. Paul's School in London, founded before Queen Elizabeth's time; and an admirable education they gave him. And on the windows, blazoned across the glass, for pupils and masters to read, ran the Latin inscription—*Aut doce, aut disce, aut discede*—either learn, or teach, or be off with you. England is dotted all over with such high schools,

carrying on a liberal education to the gates of the university. The difference from ours is, they are sustained by ancient endowments; and they are called grammar schools, because the Latin and Greek grammar was of old their chief study. English civilization has grown up on such schools, and if we would perpetuate and advance it here, we must have them also. And since no otherwise can we have them, we must have them through that united action which we call the State.

The need of high schools in the country to give the poor man's son a chance to fit himself for college covers only one of their uses. The same studies and the same training which give a boy the industry and intelligence and aspiration to go on and take advantage of college opportunities, give him—in case he cannot go up to college—the industry and intelligence and aspiration to go up into the college of the world and carry on his own further education in the great university of life-experience. It is all preparatory training. There is not a liberal study of the high school course but is needed by the boy who is to be a carpenter or a merchant or a farmer; for there is not one but is needed to make him a man. And we do not speak from theory alone on this point. These are the studies that have nourished the boyhood of the most successful and forceful men of Germany, of England, and of our own country. If we want home-testimony, there was lately a meeting of the graduates of one of our largest and best high schools, and the history of all the living graduates was traced. Some had gone through the university and had taken the highest distinctions in its gift. And of the rest, every one was doing some honorable work, and doing it well.

But we hear of certain objections. One is the assertion that the State has no right to tax itself for the support of high schools. Here the burden of proof certainly lies with those who deny this right. For it is one that has been constantly exercised by the most reasonable and steady-minded communities in the country, where at least, if anywhere, there is sufficient intellectual power to scrutinize the principles of government, and sufficient watchfulness to preserve all the rights of free citizenship. Can it be possible that some of those few who have raised this objection have not done so after all from their great affection for free government, and their irrepressible public spirit; but rather because on other accounts they dislike our system of public education, and have seized on this notion as one last possible argument against it? It would be a sad weakness to discover in some of our friends, but not wholly inconsistent with certain well known tendencies of the finite human mind to self-deception. At least the objection appears late in the day, with all the marks about it of a hastily snatched afterthought. The simple truth is that if there is any one indefeasible right, whether of an individual or of a State, it is the right of existence and of self-protection. And if a free State is to exist at all in safety it must be by intelligence and virtue in its people. Our nation has already gone through imminent dangers, and the conditions of danger are increasing. What safety it has had has come from the results of its schools. If there had been no communities in the United States where any higher education existed than that of the three R's, we should not be here in a civilized community to-day to discuss this question. Our country so far has been guided on the whole by its reason and its self-control: and these have been trained in its liberal schools. But the ignorant and vicious class is more and more coming into prominence. If any considerable part of our country is to be forced back into the condition of some of its darker regions, there is small hope for us. A man must have a very inadequate notion of what is necessary to conserve society if he supposes that the only duty of a citizen is to perform the physical act of walking to the polls and depositing a ballot; or that the only enlightenment requisite for the safety of free institutions is the ability to read the names on the ticket. Public opinion, the sentiment of the community, the *morale* of society,—these are far more important than the mere ballot; and the chief service of the citizen to the State is his daily and hourly contribution to these powers that lie behind all voting and all legislation and all execution of justice. No man is a safe citizen in a republic unless he has the judgment and reason and self-control of a thoroughly intelligent man. And it is a dangerous doctrine to deny, for selfish or sect or party purposes, the right of the State to secure its own safety and permanence by insuring the existence of such men for its citizens. When some new way is discovered to insure this end, not merely devised in utopian theory, but shown to be in successful operation, it will be time enough to discuss the advisability of taking this duty from the hands of the community. The work must be done, for the welfare of the State; and the State must do it, or it will not be done,—that is the simple common sense answer to all such visionary speculations.

Another objection against high school education, urged by a few discontented men who know very little about education except that it is a popular subject for fault-finding, is that it

is not "practical" enough. That means, if we look into the state of mind of those urging it, simply that the studies and training in the high school, as in all education worthy of the name, are educative and not occupative. That is to say, their purpose is to produce intelligence and character, not to furnish a trade. The community can only afford at present to do at the public expense what is absolutely indispensable to the public well-being to have done; and that is to produce a population of reasonable and self-controlled men and women. This can be done, and is done, in every community where liberal schools are well supported. And, moreover, it is precisely in such communities that there is the least difficulty about honest and reputable means of self-support. If the word practical means anything, in the midst of its many vague uses, it means that which answers as successful means to important ends. And since the most important of all ends to society is the decrease of ignorance and unthrift and crime, that system of education which everywhere is effectual in accomplishing this end is plainly a most practical system.

And now there is still one other objection urged against high schools and indeed against all our public education. An objection so baseless and absurd that it would seem to lend it too much dignity even to answer it, except that the enemies of our free schools are, like private slanderers, only too eager to announce a charge as admitted, however irrational it be, unless it is distinctly denied. We refer to the charge that education is subversive of morality. It only needs that a man should look about him in any American community to see that this charge is even ludicrously the reverse of true. It sounds like the very burlesque of argument. Who that has any observation of life can be blind to the fact that it is the ignorant class that is the dangerous and expensive class to the State, and that the intelligent class are the men of thrift and sobriety and regulated lives.

If one is fond of statistics, he need only turn over the census of education and compare, State by State, the number of high schools, with the established reputation of these regions for prosperity, for wholesome home-life, for law and order, for the prompt execution of justice, for the security of life and property, and the freedom of speech and thought, and whatever other things go to make up civilization in distinction from barbarism. Or if one happens to have traveled at all widely in the United States, he needs only the evidence of his own eyes and ears to teach him that a full and liberal course of public education is the only safeguard of a prosperous and well ordered community.

The plain truth is, that just as there are two different classes of men in this country, the clean-lived and reasonable class, and the vicious and ignorant class, so there are two different kinds of communities in our union of States: one where life and property are secure, where there are visible marks of thrift and prosperity and good order in every village, where every country farm-house speaks to the eye of the industry of its owner, where the boys and girls show in their looks and their speech that they are growing up into intelligent men and women, worthy of the privileges of a republic and able to maintain them. This is the region where free schools are liberally supported even to the door of the college. And there is another sort of community (if that may be called a community where each man lives for his own narrow and selfish ends), where broken fence, and toppling chimney, and leaning wall, and slovenly door-yard, and slatternly children, and ignorance and brutality and squalor announce that the republic with its modern civilization, so far as this corner of it is concerned, is on the road to failure and shameful defeat. And this is the region where only the three R's are heard of, and the high school and the college are unknown.

Like which of these communities is California to be? Like which of these communities is California to-day, in many of its country regions? Are we satisfied with their civilization? Shall a false patriotism make us silent to the condition of things as it already exists in many parts of our State? No nation and no State can be prosperous with an ignorant country population. A young city may hug the delusion that it can be self-sustaining, but no city is anything without a country behind it. It is only the heart of the body politic, and cannot create the richness of its own blood. Those only are prosperous and happy regions where the country homes are prosperous and happy. It is not Boston that has made Massachusetts: it is Massachusetts that has made Boston. It is not Berlin that has made Germany, but Germany that has made Berlin. Does San Francisco suppose she is on an island in the sea, or sailing on a cloud in the air, that she begrudges her aid in education to that outlying country on whose salvation her own depends?

But the present condition of our State is not all we need to consider. What is it to be in the future? The present adult population are not products of this western coast. They grew up among other and more liberal institutions. The question is, what advantages shall be provided for their sons and daughters here?

The critical time is upon us. If the question be not decided in favor of free high school edu-

cation now, there will soon be an overwhelming majority, the product of the very lack of it, to destroy its last vestiges. For consider in what way our population is being increased: no longer by the Argonauts who gave us such a magnificent start, but by illiterate immigrants from every foreign country.* And as to the home-born country population, they are growing up far from the advantages which their fathers and mothers enjoyed. Some men talk as if the present intelligence of the community, once gained, would without further expense or trouble remain and be perpetuated. It is as if a child should for a moment hold back a stream with his hands, and expect it to stay so when his hands were removed. The work of education, once done, is not done once for all; but must be done every year and continually. There is no immunity, even in the best families, from the law that every child is born ignorant and selfish. Each new generation, in fact, is an immigration from a country where they know even less of our institutions and are even less capable of self-control than the populations of Europe.

The only hope of permanent prosperity for California is the establishment of free schools of a high grade in every populated region of the State. It would be a fine thing, no doubt, if private munificence would, as in England, endow such schools. Here and there, perhaps, even before the dawn of the millennium, this may be done; but it will not do to wait for this. The population is increasing day by day: the youth are growing up to be men and women. Time does not stand still and wait for our utopian dreams to come true. These higher schools must be established, and the community must see that it is done. It would be fine if private wealth would build substantial roads and beautiful bridges, and endow reformatory prisons and houses of correction,—but we do not wait for this to happen. Yet the need to the community of intelligence and character in its growing population is vastly more than all these things. We may turn our backs on these truths and look at our city high schools and at our University, and rub our hands congratulating each other on our splendid school system,—but the city is doomed, and the State is doomed, if the country population has no higher advantages. And as to the University, what shall we say of the wisdom of a State that establishes a university, thanks to the foresight of the Argonauts, and then cuts away every public ladder and stairway that leads to its door?

For there is no other way by which the poor man, or the family in moderate circumstances, can send a boy or a girl to college but through the free preparation of the high school. Do the opponents of these schools wish to establish an aristocracy, wherein only the sons of the rich shall be permitted to receive a higher education? And is it only from the youth of two or three wealthy cities that the ranks of the professions are to be permitted to be filled?

It is a mistake to suppose that it is the poor and plain-living people who are opposed to the high schools. They are the very ones who desire an education for their children. The opposition comes either from the aristocrat, who is very willing that the intelligence as well as the wealth of his family shall rise conspicuous over the common herd below; or it comes from the demagogue, whose trade depends on the existence of an unlettered and pliable constituency; or it comes from bitter sectarians, whom either Satan has blinded—

> "Out of their weakness and their melancholy,
> As he is very potent with such spirits"—

to honestly believe in the immoral results of popular intelligence, or who have ends to accomplish that are wholly outside of any consideration of the public weal.

And there is, finally, another ground on which it is the duty of the State to open to all its youth the opportunities of a high school education: a ground on which we see no possibility of a reasonable doubt. That is, the right of the child himself to all the possibilities of his own matured intelligence. A boy does not belong to the community as a chattel and a slave, that we have a right to his labor without giving him the chance to be a man among men. He comes into this world by no will of his own. Has he not a right to demand something of us as our bounden duty to him? Is it not a barbarous injustice to give him only that amount of intelligence that we think will make a docile drudge of him, with no share in this heritage of knowledge and thought and "godlike reason"?

For this was the high school education established: that every boy and girl might go out into life with eyes trained to see, with reason trained to reflect, with character trained to self-control, with feelings purified and ennobled by a share in whatever the race has yet attained of what is noble and pure. We must not allow this light to go out in darkness. We must not permit the standard of our public education to

* At the last election the voters in San Francisco were—Native, 20,195; foreign, 23,326. The California school census of 1879 gives the nativity of children not over seventeen, as follows: Native born children, both parents native born, 135,860; native born children, both parents foreign born, 114,309.

be degraded below the level of the most enlightened countries and states.

If the mass of our people are to be confined to the bare rudiments of learning, they will soon have not even that. There will be neither intelligence enough in the community to demand it, nor public spirit and means to pay for it, nor teachers to impart it. In the history of civilization it has invariably been the establishment of higher schools that has led to the establishment of lower. And if civilization in any particular region is to break down, its decay will doubtless follow the same order.

E. R. SILL.

A FORGOTTEN POET.

Astronomers tell us of stars that suddenly blaze out in the clear heavens and surpass the brightest planet in their brilliancy and splendor, but which, after having been for a brief period the wonder and admiration of the world, gradually fade away until scarcely discernible. So sometimes an author writes a successful book, and suddenly becomes the idol of the people, the fashion of the hour, surpassing in popularity authors of far greater merit; but, after enjoying for a time the favor of sovereigns and the applause of the populace, he is thrown aside for the next new favorite, and is soon lost in a neglect as unaccountable as his former popularity. John Lyly, the subject of this sketch, is a striking example of the truth of the saying, "The glory of this age is the scorn of the next." The favorite of Elizabeth's court, placed by his contemporaries before Shakspere, Spenser, and Chapman, his first work, *Euphues*, enjoyed a popularity accorded to but few books. Gradually, however, his influence and popularity began to wane, and in 1777 Berkenhout probably expressed the public sentiment when he termed the book "a most contemptible piece of affectation and nonsense." Now, in the nineteenth century, Lyly is just beginning to assume his true place in English literature, and his services in developing the harmony and euphony of our language are first being recognized. Before considering his works let us take a brief survey of his life.

John Lyly was born in Kent in 1553, eleven years before the birth of Shakspere. Of his family and early life we know nothing. At the age of sixteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, matriculating as *plebii filius*. He does not appear to have been a very diligent student while at college. Anthony-a-Wood says that he was "always averse to the crabbed studies of logic and philosophy. For so it was that his genie, being naturally bent to the pleasant paths of poetry (as if Apollo had given to him a wreath of his own bays, without snatching or struggling), did, in a manner, neglect academical studies, yet not so much but that he took the degrees in arts, that of master being compleated in 1575, at which time as he was esteemed at the university a noted wit, so afterwards in the court of Q. Elizabeth, where he was also reputed a rare poet, witty, comical, and facetious."

In 1574, while yet in college, Lyly wrote a Latin letter to Lord Burleigh, begging him to use his influence with the queen to secure him a fellowship. This application was unsuccessful, but Burleigh took Lyly under his patronage, and until 1584 the poet was probably a member of his household. In 1578, being then twenty-five years of age, Lyly wrote his first work, *Euphues, the Anatomie of Wit*, and two years later he followed this with *Euphues and his England*. These books immediately made him famous, and in 1584 he removed to the court of "good Queen Bess." His chief occupation here was play-writing, and his heart was set on the office of Master of Revels, a position, however, to which he never attained. His first play was *The Woman in the Moone*, written in blank verse, and presenting few of the peculiarities that afterward distinguished his style. Before 1589, Lyly had written nine plays, many of which were not only presented at court, but were also acted in the public theaters. All of these plays were very popular, and Queen Elizabeth made our author many promises, but in 1590, and again three years later, we find him complaining because these promises have not been performed.

In his second petition he thus laments her faithlessness: "Thirteen years your highnes' servant, but yet nothing. Twenty friends that though they saye they wil be sure, I find them sure to be slowe. A thousand hopes, but all nothing; a hundred promises, but yet nothing. . . . . My last will is shorter than my invencion; but three legacies—patience to my creditors, melancholie without measure to my

friends, and beggerie without shame to my family."

"Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!"

Soon after this he appears to have left the court, but of the circumstances of his life after this nothing is known. The next notice we have of him is a brief entry in the register of St. Bartholomew's, under the date

"Nov. 30, 1606, John Lylie, gent., was buried."

Thus briefly is recorded the end of one who was the idol and glory of Elizabeth's court and the most popular author of his time.

Before treating of his works more particularly it will be of value to notice the chief peculiarities of his style. The first peculiarity that strikes us is one of form—his continuous use of balanced construction and verbal antithesis. Sentence is balanced with sentence, word with word, and even letter with letter, for alliteration is one of our author's delights. Witness the following:

"I am neither so suspitious to mistrust your good will, nor so sottish to mislike your good counsayle, as I am therefore to thanke you for the first, so it standes me upon to thinke better on the latter."

This produces a smooth effect, and lends a peculiar sweetness to his sentences, which, however, soon grows tiresome on account of its monotony. Even in tragic parts he maintains his balanced construction, and we look in vain for the strong bursts of rage of Shakspere's "Lear" or the agonized utterances of Marlowe's "Faustus." In no place does Lyly break away from the fetters of his style, nowhere is he free and natural. His lions roar like sucking doves. Puns and verbal quibbles, the natural outgrowth of such a style, are introduced in the most inopportune places, a fault which Shakspere also has, and which possibly he caught from Lyly.

The next peculiarity to be noticed is Lyly's classicism. All of his plays, with the exception of *Mother Bombie*, are classical in their origin, and the characters have classical names. Classical allusions are abundant in his works, and one suggests another, and this yet another, in such a way that he sometimes nearly loses the thread of his discourse. A classical quotation is, according to his idea, always appropriate, and it has been observed that all of his characters, from the prince to the lowest serving-man, are familiar with Virgil, Horace, and other classical writers.

But the most striking peculiarity of his style is "the employment of a species of fabulous or unnatural natural philosophy, in which the existence of certain animals, vegetables, and minerals is presumed, in order to afford similes and illustrations." Instead of fitting his similes to the existing order of things, he takes the obverse method, and changes the whole created world to conform to his similes. "Polyphus is ever of the color of the stone it sticketh to." "The bird of paradise lives on air, and dies if she touch the earth." "Salamints, a peculiar kind of flower, are white in the morning, red at noon, and purple at night." "The estritch plucks out her bad feathers, and burns them."

Keeping well in mind these peculiarities of Lyly's style, which may be found on almost every page he has written, let us now take a more particular view of his works. His first work, *Euphues, the Anatomie of Wit*, was published in 1579, and passed through six editions in two years, which betokens a popularity enjoyed by few, if any, other books. It is the story of a young Athenian, "Euphues," living in Naples, and it treats of friendship, love, education, and religion. Appended to the book are letters on bearing bereavement and exile with Christian fortitude, and on the conduct of life. The continuation, *Euphues and his England*, is a narrative of "Euphues's" journey into England, and was designed to teach Englishmen then seeking pleasure and adventure abroad the beauties and merits of their own island. The two books are closely related, and may be considered as one. Of the chief characteristics of his style we have already spoken. It must not be supposed that because the style is so meretricious the sentiments are likewise poor. It is common sense masquerading in the fantastical garb of folly. His moral is always good, and his advice excellent. His language is chaste, and in point of morality he stands vastly above any poet or play-wright of his age. He says in the preface of *Euphues*, "This I have diligently observed, that there shall be nothing found that may offend the chast mind with unseemly tearmes or uncleanly talke." He is at times a vigorous satirist and reformer, and ridicules the courtiers for preferring the French fashions before those of their own country. He is a devout believer in God, and in one place says, "There is no man so savage in whom resteth not this divine particle, that there is an omnipotent, eternall, and divine mover, which may be called God." Charles Kingsley wishes for no better proof of the nobleness and virtue of the Elizabethan age than the fact that *Euphues* and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* were the two popular romances of the day.

In writing his plays, Lyly adopted and popularized George Gascoigne's innovation of writing plays in prose. Lyly wrote nine plays, and

seven of these are in prose, one in blank verse, and one in rhyme. In his plays we see the germs of those sparkling, witty dialogues which we so enjoy in Shakspere's comedies. For the most part his plays are totally deficient in plot, being little more than dramatized anecdotes, flimsy in construction and poor in execution. "Endymion" and "Midas" are elaborate political allegories—the former representing the disgrace brought upon the Earl of Leicester for clandestinely marrying the Countess of Sheffield, while at the same time seeking the hand of Elizabeth; and the latter depicts the troubles experienced by Philip I. in establishing the Roman Catholic religion in Spain. The only one of Lyly's plays which has a plot worthy of the name is *Mother Bombie*, which has a very skillfully entangled plot, founded on mistaken identity.

But it is in his songs that Lyly's poetic talent is best shown. Taine says, "Lyly, so fantastic that he seems to write purposely in defiance of common sense, is at times a genuine poet, a singer, a man capable of rapture, akin to Spenser and Shakspere." Lyly's songs occur in his plays, and are, unfortunately, short, and few in number. Most of them are light, pretty love songs, that have been compared to the well-known lyrics of Herrick. "Cupid and My Campaspe," from Lyly's first play, *Alexander and Campaspe*, is the best known of his songs, and is so good that I have ventured to quote it entire. Alexander having fallen in love with Campaspe, engages Apelles to paint her portrait. Apelles does so, and falls in love with the fair Theban, and sings the following song in her praise:

CUPID AND MY CAMPASPE.

"Cupid and my Campaspe playd
At cardes for kisses, Cupid payd;
He stakes his Quiver, Bow, and Arrows,
His mother's doves, and teeme of sparrows,
Looses them, too; then down he throwes
The corrall of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the cristall of his Brow,
And then the dimple of his chinne,
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O, Love! has shee done this to Thee?
What shall (Alas!) become of Mee!"

As may readily be supposed, a work so popular as *Euphues* was and possessing such marked peculiarities exerted great influence on contemporaneous literature. Lyly was praised and copied by nearly all of the writers of his time. Other writers took up the subject of *Euphues*, and in 1590 Lodge published *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie*, which is the foundation of Shakspere's *As You Like It*. Not only in writings was Lyly's influence felt, but the conversation in Elizabeth's court was modeled on the patterns found in *Euphues*. Blount, writing about twenty-five years after Lyly's death, thus testifies to our author's influence and popularity: "Our Nation are in his debt for a new English which hee taught them. Euphues and his England first began that language. All our Ladies were then his Schollers; and that beauty in Court which could not parley Euphueisme, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French."

There were a few authors sufficiently clear-sighted to see the evils of this fantastical style, and in 1627 Drayton praises Sidney for reducing—

"Our tongue from Lillie's writing then in use:
Talking of Stones, Stars, Plants, of fishes, Flyes,
Playing with words, and idle Similes,
As the English Apes and very Zanies be
Of every thing that they doe heare and see;
So, imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They spake and writ all like meere lunatiques."

Shakspere, in *Love's Labor Lost*, and Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of His Humor*, ridiculed euphuism, but at the same time they imitated it. Shakspere more particularly seems well acquainted with Lyly's works, and, Hallam thinks, has often caught the euphuistic style when he did not intend to ridicule it, especially in some speeches of *Hamlet*. And not only has Shakspere imitated euphuism, but in many cases he has directly conveyed, as the wise call it, sentiments from Lyly's works to his own pages. Many examples could be adduced, but a single one must suffice. Lyly wrote, in *Campaspe:* "Is the war-like sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute?—the neighing of barbed steeds, whose lowdness filled the aire with terrour, and whose breathes dimmed the sun with smoake, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?" Who can doubt that these opening lines of *Richard III.* were copied directly from this?

"Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delighful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbèd steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

We thus see that Lyly's influence on contemporaneous literature was by no means contemptible, and one critic even thinks that to

him our language owes much of its present smoothness.

In bidding farewell to Lyly we know of no way to leave a better impression of the man and his work than by quoting a part of his advice to young men, which bears quite a resemblance, by the way, to Polonius's advice to his son:

"Descend into thine own conscience and consider with thyselfe the great difference between staring and starke blynde, witte and wisdome, love and lust. Be merry, but with modestie; be sober, but not too sullen; be valyaunt, but not too venturous; let thy attire bee comely, but not too costly; thy dyet wholesome, but not too excessive; use pastime, as the word importeth, to passe the time in honest recreation; mistrust no man without cause; neither be ye credulous without proofe; be not lyght to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceipt. Serve God, love God, feare God, and God will so bless thee, as eyther thy heart canne wish or thy friends desire; and so I ende my counsaile, beseeching thee to begin to follow it."

WILLIAM D. ARMES.

NOTE BOOK.

THAT THE CONDITION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA is disappointing to many citizens, is unfortunately true. It may be that to an extent this arises from a popular misapprehension of the work now being done at that institution. It is certainly true that there are many things there to admire. The professors are, without exception, able and learned men. They are enthusiastic in the performance of their duties. Some of them have national, some world-wide reputations. The two LeContes are everywhere honored for their achievements in science. Such men as Professors Kellogg, Sill, Rising, Moses, Welcker, Soulé, Hilgard, and others, would be an honor to any institution. Numerous students throng the halls, and it is not too much to assert that, from the educational stand-point alone, the University makes, all things considered, a remarkable showing. But, notwithstanding all this, the fact remains that it has not the hold upon the popular sympathy and esteem which it ought to have. Outside of a limited circle, there is no enthusiasm in regard to it. The great mass of citizens know little about it, and care less. In some parts of the State there is, or has been, an active enmity. When a meeting of the Legislature occurs the claims of the University are not pressed with spirit, and, as a result, no adequate appropriation is made. Meantime, the great universities of the East are making gigantic strides. Harvard, during the last ten or twelve years, has made as much progress as during its whole previous existence. The credit for this is due almost entirely to one man—President Eliot. Without being a great or profound scholar, he is yet a man of great executive ability. And this is the whole secret. The functions of a college president are almost wholly executive. He must be a man of affairs. He must be able to interest men of means in the institution, to build up its finances, to conciliate its enemies, to stimulate its friends. He should be burdened with no classes. He should be free to devote his entire energies to the executive management, leaving the educational duties entirely to the professors. Now, precisely because he is a ripe scholar, a profound student, a learned scientist, unused and undevoted to practical affairs, shrinking from contact with the world, and preferring the investigations and calculations of his study, is the President of the University of California unfitted to build up that institution to the greatness of which it is capable. No man could bring to a professor's chair greater learning in his specialty. The association of no name with the University would give it greater honor than his. His learning and his investigations have given him a reputation among scientific men upon two continents. But these are not the qualifications of a president. It is of infinitely more importance that the head of the University should be one who knows men, who understands the intricacies of business, who will see that every citizen on the broad Pacific Coast has an interest and a pride in the great educational center over which he presides. He certainly should not be an unlettered man. He should possess such attainments as would command the respect and such graces as would win the esteem of those with whom he comes in contact. But if he should have the practical gifts of an Eliot, he would be better fitted for the executive duties of the presidency than if he were master of the exhaustless learning of the ages. Such a man we should have at the head of our University. Now is the accepted time. There is no great college on this side of the continent. The University has a handsome start. It needs other endowments. It requires popular support. With these it will slowly take its place by the side of the older seminaries of learning, which are the pride of all Americans, and which have graduated the brightest and best minds of the day. The business side of the University is as important as the educational side. In one sense it is more important, for the latter must surely fail if the former be neglected. It is a mistake to devolve these duties upon a professor who has no taste for them if he is scholar enough to deserve his chair, nor time for them if he attends to his specialty.

INDIRECTION is not a usual characteristic of the American people. What they desire to do they generally set about in the most simple and direct manner. Just at present there seems to be a relapse from this ordinary mood. The question is being vigorously debated whether or not a distinguished ex-President should be provided for by the nation, and a dozen methods are proposed, all of them more or less roundabout in their means, to accomplish this end. The fact that this particular ex-President has been a military

man seems to complicate matters still more. It would appear that the first, and indeed the principal, question is this: "Is it desirable that the nation provide, in a respectable manner, for those whom it has elevated to the high office of Chief Executive?" If this is answered affirmatively, and it must be confessed that the trend of the argument is in that direction, why is it not best to provide for the retirement of the President on part pay in a direct manner, as is done with the judges and the officers of the army and navy? If the nation provide for one President, it should provide for all. It would be spared the mortification of seeing a former Chief Executive die in poverty and distress as in the case of James Monroe. If a military office is created for one President, what is to be done for the next one whose administration is equally wise and temperate, but who does not happen to be a great commander? This is a purely impersonal matter. It involves principle alone, and not persons. It is right and expedient that those who do great work for the republic should be rewarded. It would stimulate others, and it would tend to lift every President above intrigue to know that provision had been made for him upon retirement, and that he need have no personal thought for the morrow. But the law should be a general one. If Lowell should be elected President, should he be created Poet Laureate upon retirement? When Mr. Garfield goes out will there be a proposition to make him Vicar-General? It will be seen that the scheme to provide for Presidents upon personal grounds, according to their vocations before election, will necessarily lead to confusions and absurdities. We are not, fortunately, so impoverished, and it is to be hoped, also, that we are not so parsimonious, that there is any obstacle in the way of providing that the declining days of those who serve the nation in this high office may be passed in dignity and comfort.

THE TOWN OF BERKELEY has set a commendable example to the other towns and villages of the Pacific Coast. The citizens have formed an "Association for the Promotion of Neighborhood Improvements." The objects of this organization are declared to be

"— to promote the improvement and ornamentation of the streets, stations, and public places of this locality, by planting and cultivating trees, establishing and maintaining walks, grading and draining roadways, clearing the roads and sidewalks of unsightly weeds and rubbish, promoting the introduction of water and the utilization of the same for sprinkling the roads; the consideration and promotion of such a system of sewerage as may be best adapted for the sanitary condition of the town; encouraging system, order, and tidiness, and generally to do whatever may tend to the improvement of the town of Berkeley as a place of residence."

We are informed that at least two other towns have similar associations. There are few things of which the people of the Pacific Coast have reason to feel more ashamed than of the appearance of most of their small towns. In many of these the spirit of untidiness holds eternal carnival. Gates are off the hinges, fences are not even whitewashed, houses are unpainted, gardens are unkempt, and the whole place is a disheveled apparition of which one sight is all that the ordinary person desires. There are many persons who will not understand the effect of beauty upon their own lives and upon those of their children. But they ought to be able to comprehend how ruinous, from a financial point of view, this slovenly condition of a town is. And it is so entirely inexcusable. Nature is fecund. The richness of the soil is our untiring boast. Almost at the word trees will grow and flowers will blossom. But it may be objected that the expense will be too great. Turning to the by-laws of the Berkeley association, we find that the cost to members over sixteen years of age is *one dollar per year;* to members under sixteen, fifty cents; and the Executive Committee are limited in their expenditures to the funds in hand. This small sum, together with the personal exertion of each citizen upon his own place, will soon make a garden of the whole neighborhood. There ought to be one of these societies in every town, and now is the time to form them, before the season for planting is over.

A NEW SERIAL STORY will be commenced in the next number of THE CALIFORNIAN which will run during the remainder of the year. It is entitled "'49 and '50," and is a story of early days upon this coast. The author is Mr. John Vance Cheney, whose articles in the leading Eastern magazines and in THE CALIFORNIAN have received such wide and merited recognition. Mr. Cheney has had this story in preparation for THE CALIFORNIAN for some time. Competent critics, to whom it has been submitted, pronounce it at once realistic and fascinating. The stirring events of 1849 and the succeeding year are vividly pictured. Absolute truthfulness of impression is sought rather than idealization. A thread of romance runs through the work, and the interest is sustained to the end.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

JUPITER AND HIS SPOTS.

The most attractive object in the evening sky just at this time is the giant planet Jupiter. The markings upon his belts have for some time been attracting the universal attention of astronomers and amateur observers. Always enigmatical, this planet has, since the appearance of the great red spot in its southern hemisphere, become still more perplexing to the astronomer. It was at first supposed that this prominent object would form a ready means of determining the true period of the planet's revolution, but that result has not been realized. On the contrary, if anything, it has rendered that problem still more doubtful. Soon after the "great" spot was discovered, two or three other smaller, but still plainly discernible and permanent spots were observed near by the larger one. Close and continued observations of these several spots during the past summer, according to the published reports of Professor Barnard, of Nashville, Tennesee, have revealed the most singular fact

yet developed, that these spots are not identical in their revolutions, as would be the case if they were absolutely fixed to the central nucleus of the planet. On the 25th of last July, the center of one of the small spots preceded the center of the large spot by one hour and thirty-five minutes. On the 22d of November, the center of the small spot preceded the center of the large one by three hours and seventeen minutes. The large spot had thus apparently moved backward one hour and forty-two minutes between July 25th and November 22d, showing a daily difference of rotation of 0.439 minutes per day. At this rate the small spot would gain an entire revolution in about twenty-three months. There is quite a difference in the motion of all the spots to be seen on the planet's disk. In a letter to *Science*, dated November 29, Professor Barnard writes in regard to this planet as follows: "The region occupied by the equatorial belt is subject to constant and quite rapid change, being filled at times with the most delicately soft, plumy forms. Brilliant white spots are not unfrequent in this zone. . . . All the objects in the equatorial zone move with a very great velocity in the direction of rotation, but invariably in a contrary direction to that pursued by the [great] red spot, which is really the only object on the planet which has a backward motion. Indeed, it would not be a bad comparison to compare the red spot to a mighty city built on the shore of a vast and swiftly flowing river, which is constantly being filled with drift, and an occasional glistening mass of ice tearing its way past the city with a velocity of not less than six thousand miles a day. In such a comparison the city would be as great in area as three-fourths of our entire earth, and the river fully sixteen thousand miles in breadth." Jupiter passed its perihelion on the 25th of September last. That great planet then reached its nearest point to the sun, and was also, at the same time, within a few days of its nearest point to the earth; so that the Rubicon of its perihelion and its nearest approach to the earth and sun has already passed. At its perihelion, Jupiter is forty-six million miles nearer the sun than at its aphelion. The difference between the two intervals of distance is about half the entire average distance of the earth from the sun. Yet Jupiter, at its nearest approach, is four hundred and fifty million miles from the great central luminary. Nearly twelve years must elapse before Jupiter will be as favorably situated for observation as he is at this time. With the exception of Saturn, nothing in the heavens affords a more interesting subject for study than Jupiter and his moons. It is delightful to watch those four little diamond-points as they move in rapid succession around the parent body, passing now as dark spots across his disk, then behind and eclipsed by it. A glimpse of its moons may be had even through a good opera-glass, and in an exceptionally clear atmosphere, at a considerable elevation above the sea, they have been seen by the unassisted eye. The large spot may be seen with a five-inch telescope. When this spot is just beginning to appear at the eastern portion of Jupiter's disk, so rapid is the rotation of that planet that in a little over two hours it will have reached the center, and in less than five it will again be out of sight, having passed around its western limb. The size of this spot varies somewhat in length, but is quite constant in breadth. Its average length is about twenty-three thousand miles, by a breadth, in its widest portion, of six thousand nine hundred miles—equal in area to about three-quarters of the entire surface of the earth. Its color is a light red. Jupiter turns on its axis in a little less than ten hours, so that an observer on its equator would be hurled around at a rate of five hundred miles a minute instead of the comparatively slow progress of seventeen miles that marks the rate of the earth's revolution at its equator.

THE COLORING MATTER OF FLOWERS.

Hitherto it has generally been supposed that the various colors observable in flowers and leaves were due to different kinds of matter which enter into the composition of the leaves and petals—each color being a different chemical combination, and so constituted that the substance of no one color could in any natural way be made to take up another color. Recently, however, Prof. Schnetzler read an interesting paper upon this subject before the Vadois Society of Natural Science, in which that gentleman details a series of experiments recently made by him, which present this interesting subject in an entirely new light. The professor showed by experiment that when the color of a flower has been extracted by mascerating the flower in alcohol, one may, by adding different acids or alkalies, obtain from that one color all the various other colors which plants exhibit. Take, for example, a peony: when mascerated in alcohol a violet-red liquid is obtained. Now, if some acid oxalate of potassa be added to the fluid, it becomes pure red; if soda be added, it will appear violet, blue, or green, according to the proportion of soda employed. If a green color is produced, it will appear red by transmitted light, just as a solution of chlorophyl does. It was held by the professor that these changes of color might quite as well be obtained naturally in the plant by giving it the proper plant nourishment, since in all plants acid or alkaline matters always exist. It was furthermore stated that the change from green to red in "autumn leaves" is due to the action of the tannin, which is developed in the leaves. Hence, without affirming it absolutely, the professor believes that there is in plants and flowers only one coloring matter—chlorophyl—which, being modified by certain agents, furnishes all the various tints that flowers and leaves exhibit. As for white flowers, said the professor, it is well known that their cells are filled with a colorless fluid, opacity being due to the air contained in their numerous cells. This may be proved by placing the petals of such flowers under the receiver of an air-pump, when they are seen to lose their opacity and become transparent as the air escapes. If the deductions which the professor makes from his experiments are correct, a wide and most interesting field of experiment is hereby opened up to the scientific florist.

THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

In attempting to replace wood with iron in the building of heavy ships many difficulties have been encountered, and resort was finally had to steel; but still the results were not what was expected. Many, even of the best plates produced, failed to pass the requisite inspection, and, in numerous cases, when they did pass, and were put into actual service in the hulls of vessels, cracked and gave out in most inexplicable ways. Seams would sometimes open up the whole length of a plate, the fracture of which showed no sufficient cause for such weakness. But still the steel manufacturers of

Great Britain, though greatly discouraged, would not give it up. They called to their assistance the best scientific talent of the world to study out the problem, to determine where the difficulty existed, and to devise a way to remedy it. England's supremacy on the ocean depended upon the successful solution of the problem. The failures were many; the experiments were tedious and costly; but success seems to have finally crowned their efforts, and we may now safely predict that the ships of the future will be constructed of steel; that they will be far more durable, much cheaper in the end, able to carry more freight in proportion to size, be safer from the ordinary danger of the seas, whether from foundering, stranding upon a lee-shore, or striking upon sunken rocks, and finally that they will secure a material addition to the profits of a voyage over ships of either iron or wood. Owing to the improved processes introduced into the manufacture of iron and its conversion into steel, plates are now made which will endure a tensile strain of from twenty-six to thirty tons per inch, and the ductility of which satisfies all the bending and punching tests which the most rigid inspection can prescribe. Ships built in English dock-yards of such improved steel are already afloat, and giving the most entire satisfaction. The Cunard Company are now building a large steamer of this improved steel. The building of steel steamships is no longer experimental. And notwithstanding, less than five years ago, British steel manufacturers were on the point of abandoning in despair their efforts in this direction, steel is to-day victorious, and even the British Admiralty accepts the fact.

A SCIENTIFIC APPLICATION OF THE PHOTOPHONE.

Prof. Bell's newly invented instrument for the reproduction of sound through the agency of a beam of light, is being applied to the study of the solar surface. While Mr. Bell was in Paris, recently, M. Janssen having informed him that he had detected movements of prodigious rapidity in the photospheric matter, Mr. Bell suggested the idea of employing his photophone for the reproduction, at the earth's surface, of the sounds which must necessarily accompany such movements. M. Janssen approved the idea, and requested Mr. Bell to attempt its realization at the Mendon Observatory, where all necessary instruments and facilities would be placed at his disposal. The first attempt was made on the 30th of October, but the phenomena were not sufficiently decided to be regarded as successful; yet Mr. Bell hopes to succeed by continued study and perseverance. Experiments will, therefore, be continued. M. Janssen holds that the idea is one of so much importance that its author, Mr. Bell, should be fully recognized in his priority of its conception.

THE SUN RECORDING ITS BRILLIANCY.

An instrument for recording the intensity and duration of sunshine was devised as early as 1856, by Mr. J. F. Campbell of England; but it has never, until quite recently, been made thoroughly practical and reliable. Still, even in its imperfect form, it has been made to do duty for several years at Greenwich, and Kew, and several private observatories in England. The instrument consists of an ordinary "burning glass," or lens, the focus of which is made to keep its place on a constantly moving strip of paper. The manifest difficulties of properly adjusting the complicated movements involved in such a work have only quite recently been fully overcome by the genius and patience of Prof. Stokes of England, whose improved instrument has recently been set up in some thirty stations in the British Isles. We are not advised as to whether the instrument has been introduced into this country; but if it will do what it is credited with, it must soon become a part of the ordinary equipment of every important meteorological station in the world; for by it we may, in time, obtain a sufficient record of a meteorological element of primary importance in its relations to agriculture and to the public health, but which has heretofore been very imperfectly registered.

ART AND ARTISTS.

RICHARD WAGNER.

This great art reformer, composer, poet, and critic, who will have completed his sixty-eighth year on the 22d of next May, has just finished a new musical drama. *Parsifal*, as it is called, sets forth in three acts an episode in the wonderful story of the Holy Grail, which has passed through the fire of Wagner's imagination and been transformed into a drama, retaining the mediæval garb, but dealing with problems of the deepest ethical significance to the world to-day. The text of this drama was published three years ago, but the music has but just been finished by the composer in Italy, where he has spent almost the whole of the past year. *Parsifal* is a work which no degree of familiarity with the previous creations of Wagner could have led one to expect. Both in form and in subject it is widely different from everything that its author has written, and yet we shall not be surprised if it be ultimately accepted as the most remarkable work that Wagner has produced. From the loose structure and shaky versification of Wagner's first opera, *Rienzi* (1839), it would have needed a bold critic to predict that the same composer might one day show by his sense of the right beginning of a drama, by his clear vision of the end from the beginning, by the compactness and due adjustment of all that intervened, that he was no mean follower, in power of dramatic construction, of the great Greek masters. In point of formal execution, the poetry of *Parsifal* exhibits a great deviation from the theories which governed the composer when he was writing the *Ring des Nibelungen*, in 1852. Alliterative verse has been abandoned, and with it the blemishes which came from forced alliteration are absent. Wagner has now adopt-

ed a poetical form which is chiefly marked by its great rapidity of change from one rhythm to another. This makes the language admirably adapted to the freedom of Wagner's musical treatment, while at the same time the work is marked throughout by a compactness and sustained intensity of expression. The first performance of *Parsifal* is to take place next August at Bayreuth, Bavaria, in Wagner's special theater. As at the performance of the *Ring des Nibelungen* in 1876, the best singers and musicians from all Germany will take part. Wagner's plan for raising the standard of German operatic and musical performance will thus be fairly started, and henceforth there will be annual gatherings at Bayreuth of the leading singers and musicians of Germany, who will strive to attain an exemplary method of rendering the works both of Wagner and of other great masters.

THE FINE ARTS AT HARVARD.

A well known writer on art, Mr. P. G. Hamerton, recently expressed the hope that as the teaching of art advanced toward perfection there would be "two professorships of fine art in each university, one of æsthetics, including art history, and the other of technics, including practical knowledge of all kinds." This very important division of art-teaching has been hitherto carried out in this country, so far as we know, only at Harvard University. There for the past six years an art department has been steadily growing up in which the teaching of art history and of art technics is conducted by two men of the highest competence in their respective courses. Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, whose recent volume we noticed in December, holds the professorship of art history, and the broad culture which has won him the esteem of the best minds in England and America makes his lectures invaluable to the student. The teaching of drawing and painting is in the hands of Mr. Charles H. Moore. How splendidly Mr. Moore unites complete technical skill with a poetic sense of beauty, visitors at Messrs. Morris & Kennedy's have had a slight opportunity of judging from the few water-color drawings of Mr. Moore exhibited there. But it would be necessary to visit the rooms of the art department at Harvard before any estimate could be formed of the scope of Mr. Moore's powers. Having seen there much of his original work, as well as his *fac similes* of masterpieces by Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Carpaccio, Botticelli, and Fra Angelico, we feel it is no exaggeration to say there are very few painters in the world who could do such work. No wonder that Mr. Ruskin, on seeing these pictures, endeavored to tempt Mr. Moore to give up his connection with Harvard and to paint exclusively for England. Even within the limited range of the water-colors already referred to, the elements of Mr. Moore's strength are distinctly visible. The exquisite texture of the "Fleur-de-Lis," the delicate delineation and warm tints of the "Rocks on the Coast of Maine," are evident to the first observer. But especially in the views of the "Simplon" do we find that sensitiveness to outline, that mosaic-like arrangement of pure colors, that quiet chiaroscuro preserving the qualities of hues even in shadow, which Mr. Moore reproduces so beautifully in his *fac similes* of the great masters. The presence of these three qualities in his works has its exact correspondence in the scheme of instruction which Mr. Moore sets before his pupils. From a little pamphlet in which Mr. Moore calls attention to the distinctive qualities of each *fac simile* he has made, we make this extract: "Finished painting involves difficulties which are vastly too many and great to be taken all together and conquered at once. These difficulties must therefore be separated and arranged in proper order for rudimentary practice. The first broad division of them is that stated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his eleventh discourse, where he says, 'The properties of all objects, as far as a painter is concerned with them, are the outline or drawing, the color, and the light and shade. The drawing gives the form; the color, its visible quality; and the light and shade, its solidity.' This division is, of course, generally well enough understood, but the importance of just this order is by no means well understood at the present time. It is, however, not only the order upon which the great masters of the ancient and mediæval schools have instinctively or consciously proceeded, but it is the only order of procedure which has yielded good results in modern times." Mr. Moore has therefore adopted in his scheme of instruction the following order: "1st, outline; 2d, color; 3d, chiaroscuro. And not only are each of these visual properties of things to be, more or less separately, mastered in this order, but also (and this is still more important) in the treatment of any subject the student is always to ask himself: 1st, What is its outline? 2d, What is its color? 3d, What is its chiaroscuro? The practice of the academic schools, of attending to chiaroscuro without previous reference to color as a basis and moderating influence, led to extravagance of chiaroscuro and the loss of color-power by those schools. And the practice of some present schools, of attending to light and shade without previously securing a correct outline, hinders the development of sensitiveness to the most essential characteristics of form. Whereas the study of outline and color is always safe, and some of the most beautiful forms of art are the result of it alone. Egyptian painting is nothing else, ancient Etruscan and early Italian painting are little more." These are the principles of art-teaching at Harvard. It is not too much to hope that under the inspiration of men like Mr. Moore and Mr. Norton, and sharing besides in the culture diffused by a great university, students are leaving Harvard who will ultimately take high rank with the artists of the world.

DRAMA AND STAGE.

MR. SHERIDAN'S ENGAGEMENT was not an extended one. Yet in one way and another it sufficed to make him well known to the people of San Francisco. Besides appearing in *Louis XI.*, in *The Lyons Mail*, in *Wild Oats*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Richelieu*, not to mention two rather unlucky benefit performances, he undertook, or was compelled to undertake, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*—that, too, with the limited resources of a stock company and at short notice. The necessarily hurried nature of his study, and, with some exception, the poor character of his support, made heavy demands upon his resources and developed some of those faults from which even genius is not free. But on the whole we do not regret these unfavorable circumstances. They put him on his mettle, brought him all the nearer to his public, for there is something pathetic in genius struggling with obstacles; and though we are convinced he can do much better under more favorable auspices, the fact still remains that he did achieve a remarkable success in the most exacting *rôles*. We are also glad to note that his is not the versatility of talent, but of genius. We do not tire of Mr. Sheridan's art, for it is ever fresh and living. Surely, whatever he has done for himself, he cannot complain that nature has neglected him. He is as rich in the outward gifts as he is in the higher qualities of head and heart. With a fine manly figure, a strong and fascinating face, and a voice that lends itself equally to the whisper of death, the querulousness of disease, the storm of hate and passion, and the broken accents of pathos and love, he is fully equipped for his profession. He has but to go forth to make other cities tributary to his power. This is the language of enthusiasm we know, but it is language we are not disposed to qualify. Those who remember the dignity of his "Shylock," the astuteness of his "Louis," the moral strength of his "Richelieu," the passionate sweep of his "Othello," and the noble pathos of his "Hamlet," will readily allow us to place him, for power to conceive and intelligence to interpret, in the very front rank of his profession.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE was the most interesting of the Shaksperian series, for two reasons: First—Because it is rare to see one of his plays put upon the stage with any regard to stage detail or to the author's text. Second—Because it raised the question as to whether Mr. Sheridan's impersonation of the Jew was the correct one. As to the first point, we are bold enough to be of the opinion that Shakspere's plays *are* adapted to stage representation, and we make the statement without reservation that they can be played by an ordinary stock company, and even without any great artists in the caste, so as to give at least as much pleasure as those dramatic works which are produced every day. For, though some of Shakspere's language has become obsolete, though there are allusions to customs no longer current, though there is a wealth of imagery unknown to our more reserved age, he is still essentially a dramatic artist and a practical playright. These propositions may seem almost superfluous to some of our readers, but we have heard them frequently controverted, and that by men of considerable critical taste, and the practice of our stage has been in accordance with their views. We are informed that Shakspere is old-fashioned, out of date, antiquated! Our forefathers they tell us, had a peculiar faculty of imagination which differed from and transcended our own. All this seems to us dangerous generalization, which we would not even notice if not on the lips of eminent authority. Why, then, when put to the practical test of representation, does not Shakspere seem to justify what we claim for him? Simply because he has been over-subtilized by the critic and played with too reverent convention by the actor. If they would apply the same rules of common sense to Shakspere that they do to Sardou, much would be gained; for though Shakspere does require genius, positive genius, to meet the top of expectation, still this method would not fail to give a certain amount of pleasure. It may be urged that all this amounts to an appeal for naturalness—that naturalness being the very aim of art, and art being confessedly difficult, we have made but little advance. There is some force in this objection, and we offer the following suggestions, which appear to us calculated to meet it: First—Without some study—some literary study, we mean—it is impossible to render the lines with due perspicuity and effect. As there are ample facilities for such study open to the humblest purse, there is little excuse for not reading a cheap edition of the play in question with notes. Second—Blank verse should not have the cadence of song nor be mumbled away like prose. There is a golden mean by which the dramatic points are preserved and some attention paid to harmony. We admit that this is a difficult accomplishment, and one which few attain. Miss Mary Anderson's reading of "Ion" is a notable case of success. Third—The rhyming couplets at the end of the scenes are put for the purpose of dramatic time—to give a more tripping measure to the verse. The rhyme should not be accented, but allowed to drop gracefully and softly from the lips. Fourth—And above all, there should be a sharp separation between matters of mere ornament and matters of essential meaning, for Shakspere's glowing intellect threw off metaphor like sparks from a wheel. What the great master did instinctively we must imitate. The emphasis should be strong only on those words that convey the meaning. There are some exceptions to this rule. Still, its importance cannot be over estimated. For when by undue emphasis points are made of metaphors and ornaments, not only the ornaments themselves are deprived of their gracefulness, but the attention of the audience is distracted from the main current of the action, and the text is rendered absolutely unintelligible. For instance, those famous test lines in the trial scene,

> "The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath,"

Are generally read with emphasis on the three words "droppeth," "heaven," and "beneath." This amounts to making three dramatic points of a pure metaphorical expression, and covers the action, the source, and the place, whereas the mind should be permitted to dwell only on the process of the gentle fall of rain. This is effected by emphasizing "droppeth" and allowing the voice to descend gradually from the climax. This fault pervades almost every line, scene, and act in the modern delivery, and is a very tiresome one. We are glad to see that Mr. Sheridan, whatever may be his theoretic views, is emphatically of our opinion in his practice.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. From the accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By Justin McCarthy. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Mr. McCarthy, though an Irishman, has written a work which has been received with universal applause at the hands of English critics for the accuracy of its facts and the sobriety of its judgments. His *History of Our Own Times* has taken its place with the half dozen notable historical successes of the last ten years. Though not to be compared with that model of historical study, Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*, it may yet be fairly ranked with Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire* and Green's *History of the English People*. It is inferior in dignity of style to either of those works, but it is nevertheless sufficiently careful in research, lucid in statement, and dispassionate in tone, to have secured for itself a position which will not soon be superseded. We must, however, take exception to that manner of regarding our own times which induces Mr. McCarthy to date their beginning from the accession of Queen Victoria. Except for the picturesque convenience of beginning with a new reign, the division is purely arbitrary. National movements are no longer necessarily contemporaneous with the rise of sovereigns, and it is preëminently characteristic of the reign of Queen Victoria that the great tendencies with which her rule will be identified in history had their conspicuous beginning five years before she ascended the throne. The Reform Bill of 1832 marks the first considerable increase in this century of the popular share in English government. It was the first gleam of light after years of Tory darkness. Up till 1832, suspicion, engendered by the French Revolution, of everything that seemed like a tendency to democracy, had dominated English politics. But with the success of the Reform Bill began that movement which has ever since been the mainspring of English liberty and progress, and has for its present leader the greatest anti-feudal protestant of this century, Mr. Gladstone. Not to have begun, therefore, with the history of the Reform Bill seems to us to detract greatly from the completeness of Mr. McCarthy's work. He may have wished to avoid the suspicion of partisanship; but he has secured that end at the expense of historical continuity. Apart from this we have little but praise for the manner in which Mr. McCarthy has carried out his plan. Without attempting in our narrow limits to give examples of his concise description of events, his vivid portraiture of statesmen, his clear exposition of political measures, his candid and unsparing criticism of acts which have detracted in his opinion from his country's honor, it will suffice to say that every important movement in English life to-day may be traced in Mr. McCarthy's pages from its origin to its present stage of development. The Eastern question, the Irish question, extension of the franchise, limitation of the privileges of landed proprietors, national education, movements in the churches, free trade, colonial government—these are some of the subjects which unfold themselves in Mr. McCarthy's pages in the order in which they have arisen during the past thirty or forty years. Already, in our daily newspapers, when touching upon British politics, we notice a commendable increase of knowledge, which is directly traceable to Mr. McCarthy's volumes. His work, indeed, will henceforth have a place in the education of every man who wishes to keep abreast of the times, and no reader will rise from its perusal without a quickened sense of the richness and variety of the problems which British politics call on men to solve.

HISTORY OF MUSIC. In the form of lectures. By Frederic Louis Ritter. In two volumes. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. For sale in San Francisco at Gray's Music Store.

The wide-spread ignorance concerning the history of music, which is conspicuously noticeable in circles otherwise respectably educated, makes us ready to welcome almost any work which presents in an interesting manner the leading facts of musical history. It is not too much to say that of the large body of people in every important American city who profess to be delighted by the performance of works which it requires considerable musical culture to enjoy, only a ridiculously small number have ever passed beyond the rudiments of musical knowledge. If a series of concerts were made up of selections from the works of Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, how many of the audience would be able to tell the date, within fifty years, at which each of these composers was born, or what was the character of their works at different periods of their lives, or how far they developed musical form beyond the skill of their predecessors? We venture the opinion that at such a concert not only would these questions go unanswered, but the fashionable audience would be even unable to distinguish the works of the composers mentioned from those of any modern masters that might be played without their title at the same time. This would not be the case if musical amateurs made a study of musical history, and then used the skill of their voices and fingers to interpret for themselves some of the works of the composers of different times. In this way a knowledge of musical style would be obtained which would make it just as exceptional for a lover of music to confuse widely separate composers as it would be for a reader of poetry to confuse Spenser and Tennyson. To this end the two little volumes before us will be found a useful guide. Prof. Ritter has made an

outline of musical history, not a "history of music." But he furnishes a great deal of entertaining information, is dispassionate in his judgments, and presents not only his own opinions, but copious extracts from standard works of English, German, and Italian writers. Beginning with an account of the crude state of music in the middle ages, the author shows how the art was advanced by the successive efforts of St. Gregory, the monk Hucbald, and Guido of Arezzo, until an art of harmony was gradually evolved, which combined with the Gregorian chant and the folk-song to raise musical art to the perfection it reached in the sixteenth century at the hands of Palestrina. The rise of the oratorio, its connection with the early miracle plays, and its treatment by Bach and Handel, are then discussed. The opera, which arose at the same time, and first delighted cultivated Italy while Shakspere's plays were first performing in England, is next considered, together with the corresponding changes in musical forms and the treatment of the opera by Scarlatti in Italy, by Purcell in England, by Lully and Rameau in France, by Gluck in Germany. This brings us near to our times, and after describing the rise and development of instrumental music, the author enters upon his account of modern composers down to Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner. His judgments are not always correct. He calls Schumann, for instance, "the greatest composer since Beethoven's death," and speaks of the oratorio, "this noble form of musical drama, as the ideal, the goal, to reach which few composers have the strength of talent and the necessary knowledge." The oratorio is not "a form of musical drama" at all. Only in a partial sense can it be said to have *any* "form," and it is no more a work of art than anything else which may be added to or curtailed without destroying its organic unity. But Prof. Ritter's work will nevertheless be found full of interest to musical amateurs.

SAND, AND BIG JACK SMALL. By J. W. Gally. 1880. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

That the typical early Californian had a certain ruggedness, directness, and manliness of character, even those who never saw him could infer from his "counterfeit presentment" in the pages of fiction. Whether pictured as miner, mule-driver, *ranchero*, or gentleman-gambler, the portrait lacks verisimilitude if it misses a certain self-reliant poise, a freedom from conventionality, a disdain of affectation manifested in every gesture and tone. But precisely because such traits as these are broad and well marked are they difficult to depict. In the hand of the mediocre artist they degenerate into mere coarseness or swagger. Any one can daub color on a canvas, but it takes a master to paint a sunset. There is, perhaps, as much danger in over-refining such characters. It is a narrow line between these two extremes, and the ability to walk it without toppling toward either side constitutes the artist. One of the two or three who have accomplished this feat is Dr. J. W. Gally. His characterizations of rough life in the mountains are unexcelled. His ox-teams creak slowly around the bend, and the driver leans on his whip-stock to let you pass. The incident is a slight one, but it remains vividly in the mind. You can see the cloud of dust, and hear the chains rattling about the wagon with its great, towering load, on top of which lies "that Injin, Gov. Nye," asleep. The patient animals plod dutifully on, and the track of the sliding wheels stretches far back to the rear.

"Big Jack Small has a head under his slouched hat, and a face that shows between his hat-brim and his beard. If you are not in the habit of looking at heads and faces for the purpose of forming your own estimate of men, it would not be worth while to look at Jack. You might as well pass on. He is of no interest to you. But if you want to look into a face where the good-natured shrewdness of Abraham Lincoln shines out, smoothed of its rough-carved homeliness, you can accost Jack when you meet him walking beside his winding train down the rough *cañon* or across the dusty valley, and ask him how the road is over which he has come. This interrogation requiring some length of answer, he will shout, 'Whoa-ooa-ah, ba-a-ck!' then, drawing down the great iron handle or lever of the brake on his first wagon, his team will gradually stop. Now he steps out into the sage-brush in front of you, sets the point of his whip-stock carefully in the fork of a bush, builds his arms one on the top of the other upon the butt of the stock, shoves his hat to the back of his head, and says:

"'We-e-ll, the road's nuther good nur bad. Hit's about tollable to middlin'. Seen wuss an' seen better.'

"'How's the alkali flat?'

"'Well, yer know ther's two alkali flats 'tween yer'n Austin. The first one's a little waxy, an' t'other'n's a little waxy, too.'

"'Will our horses sink down in the flats so as to impede—that is, so that we cannot get out?'

"'O h—l, no. Only hard pullin' an' slow, hot work sockin' through the stiff mud. I hed to uncouple an' drop all my tail-wagons, an' pull an' holler an' punch round at both o' them flats fer two days, till my cattle looks like the devil. But you can go right along, only slow, though—very slow. The rest of the road's all right—no trouble.'

* * * * * *

"You, passing on your way, say to yourself or companion:

"'What a fine face and head that rough fellow has; with what a relish that full, wide forehead must take in a good story or survey a good dinner; what a love for the sublime and the ridiculous there must be in the broad, high crown of that skull which is so full at the base! Why, the fellow has a head like Shakspere and a front like Jove. What a pity to waste so grand a man in ignorance among rocks and oxen!'

"All of which may be a good and true regret; but you must not forget that nature knows how to summer-fallow her own rare products.

"You will please to understand that Mr. Small is his own master, as well as master and owner of that long string of oxen; and that train which slowly passes you is laden with perhaps every conceivable variety of valuable articles, worth, in the aggregate, thousands of dollars, for the safe conveyance whereof, over a road hundreds of miles long, the owners have no security but a receipt signed 'John Small.' It is safe to say that nothing but 'the act of God or the public enemy' will prevent the sure delivery of the entire cargo—a little slowly, but very surely.

"I do not think you will get a just idea of Big Jack Small and the men of his profession, who are very numerous in Nevada, without I tell you that the sage-brush ox-teamster seldom sleeps in a house—does not often sleep near a house—but under his great wagon, wherever it may halt, near the valley spring or the mountain stream. His team is simply unyoked, and left to feed itself until gathered up again to move on, the average journey being at the rate of eight miles per day—some days more than that, some less.

"Twice a day the teamster cooks for himself and eats by himself in the shadow cast by the box of his wagon. Each evening he climbs the side of his wagon—very high it sometimes is—heaves his roll of dusty bedding to the earth, tumbles it under the wagon, unbinds it, unrolls it, crawls around over it on his hands and knees to find the uneven places and punch them a little with his knuckles or boot-heel, and—and—well, his room is ready and his bed is aired. If it is not yet dark when all this is done,

he gets an old newspaper or ancient magazine, and, lighting his pipe, lies upon his back, with feet up, and laboriously absorbs its meaning. Perhaps he may have one or more teams in company. In that case the leisure time is spent smoking around the fire and talking ox, or in playing with greasy cards a game for fun. But generally the ox-teamster is alone, or accompanied by a Shoshonee Indian, whose business it is to pull sage-brush for a fire when pine wood is scarce, and drive up the cattle to be yoked."

This Indian in Jack Small's train, "Gov. Nye," is made to play a laughable part. On one of his trips Mr. Small was accompanied by a clergyman who wanted to "rough it" as a cure for dyspepsia. The Indian had heard of religion "in a left-handed way," and the minister was welcomed by the teamster as a valuable adjunct.

"'All right. I'll teach you how to punch bulls, and you kin convert me and the Injin. I've been wantin' that Injin converted ever since I hed him.'"

The conversion did not progress rapidly. On retiring the first night, the clergyman asked the privilege of offering prayer.

"'Yes, sir. Yere, Gov., come yere. I want that Injin to year one prayer, if he never years another. I've paid money when I was a boy to have Injins prayed fer, an' now I'm goin' to see some of it done. Come yere, Gov.'

"The Indian came to the fire-side.

"'Yere, Gov.—you sabe? This a-way; all same me,' and Mr. Small dropped upon his own knees at the side of his roll of bedding.

"'All-a-same—Injin all-a-same—little stand-up?' asked Gov., dropping his blanket, and placing his hands upon his knees.

"'Yes. Little stand-up—all same me.'

"'Yash,' assented Gov., on the opposite side of the roll, settling gradually upon his knees.

"It happened that the parson kneeled facing the Indian, so that the Indian had him in full view, with the firelight shining on the parson's face, and, not being accustomed to family worship, nor having had the matter fully explained to him, he conceived the idea of doing as others did; so that when the parson turned his face to the stars and shut his eyes, the Indian did so, too, and began repeating, in very bad English, word for word, the parson's prayer—which piece of volunteer assistance, not comporting with Mr. Small's impression of domestic decorum, caused that stout gentleman to place his two hands upon the Indian's shoulders and jerk him face down upon the bedding, with the fiercely whispered ejaculation:

"'Dry up.'"

The effort made to impress upon the mind of the Indian a proper idea of heaven was equally fruitless. We have not space to follow Mr. Small's little company through all their adventures, humorous and pathetic. The teamster's character is admirably outlined, and there can be no question that this story is one of the best and most attractive that the literature of this coast has yet produced. "Sand," the initial story of this volume, first appeared in the pages of this magazine, and for that reason a review in these columns would be, perhaps, inappropriate. It received very extended and laudatory notices from the press. Some of the scenes, notably those among the miners, are extremely felicitous, The author has produced other stories which deserve a place by the side of "Sand" and "Big Jack Small." And, with only the regret that they were not included, lovers of nature will welcome this little volume, with its lessons of healthful and rugged manhood.

ALL ROUND THE YEAR. Verses from Sky Farm, with which are included the thirty poems issued in illustrated form in the volume entitled, *In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers*, by Elaine Goodale and Dora Read Goodale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

With the majority of persons the first impulse upon reading the announcement that these are "the poems of two children" will be to throw the book down in the strong impression that it is another instance where parental pride has been betrayed into the folly of permitting the publication of the adolescent inanities of the nursery. But in this particular case the reader will do well to remember that Pope "lisped in numbers," that Chatterton was but a boy, and that the strong presumption against verses which is raised by the announcement of the author's extreme youth is not, in all instances, entirely conclusive. In this little book we have some exquisite verses. The words are simple and apt. The sentiment is pure and sweet. The construction is easy, and there is a morning-air freshness about some of the poems that is lamentably absent from the productions of many of our latter-day elaborators of verse. We have space to quote but one of these admirable poems:

SWEETBRIER.

"I chanced upon a rose the other day,
A pale and faded flower, forgotten long,
And with it these unfinished verses lay,
The faltering echo of a deeper song:

"A perfect day in June—the golden sun
Looks down upon the green and tangled way;
The Summer song and silence are as one—
The light and longing of a Summer's day!

"O untaught harmony of Summer days!
The distant tinkle of a waterfall,
The blue, blue sky, that deepens as you gaze,
The wayward rose that blossoms by the wall!

"Unspoiled and sweet in every country lane,
All dewy cool in maiden pink she blooms,
Still green and fragrant through the Summer rain,
When freer airs are thrilled with light perfumes.

"She blossoms close beside the dusty way,
Her heart the careless passer-by may see;
Sweet is her fragrance through the burning day,
But sweeter is her open secrecy.

"Though he who will may pierce her leafy green,
Where sits the brooding robin on its nest,
The secret of her life is all unseen,
Unknown the impulse of her sweet unrest.

"All day the winds about her cool the air,
Faint sounds the tinkle of the waterfall—
What is the sudden answer you may bear,
O wayward rose, that blossoms by the wall?"

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. By George Otto Trevelyan, M. P., Author of *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Since the Commons became the predominant factor in the English Government, any writer of ordinary skill writing about the great Parliamentary leaders and the important events in which they participated has found little difficulty in obtaining numerous and interested readers. This is particularly the case where his work refers to that period which may be called the heroic age of the modern Parliament—the age of Burke, of Chat-

ham, and of Fox. The popularity of Mr. Trevelyan's writings is due, in large part, to the character of his subjects. Macaulay, although neither a profound thinker nor a great historian, was, nevertheless, a master of narration; and a large number of persons, both in England and America, who had been attracted and interested by his brilliant writings, were eager to hear about him just what Mr. Trevelyan was able to tell. *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* was, therefore, presented to a public that had not to be persuaded—that would have read willingly even had the story been less well told. In the subject of his second important literary undertaking Mr. Trevelyan has been scarcely less fortunate than in that of the first, and this fact must be kept in mind if we would arrive at a just appreciation of his real merits as a writer. The book before us is called *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, but its title is in no sense descriptive of the scope of the work; in fact, it would be difficult to indicate briefly its field of inquiry. It is not properly a history of the early part of Fox's life, for from Mr. Trevelyan's pages it is impossible to gather a complete and connected account of the great debater as he was in the years which the author attempts to cover. It does not deal exclusively with either social or political affairs, nor is it a social and political history of England in the age of which he writes. It treats of certain features and circumstances of the life of a limited class of Englishmen during the middle and later half of the eighteenth century. The class referred to embraces those who were directly concerned in managing the affairs of the Government. The separate parts of the book are well written, but the lack of a connecting thread running through the whole is a serious defect. It will be widely read, for it includes enough political and social gossip to make it generally attractive, but it lacks the qualities which would warrant us in giving it a high rank as a history. It is not a skillfully managed narrative, and the reader carries away only a confused and imperfect idea of a story which the writer desires to present. It is not a profoundly thoughtful book, but in many parts superficial. Our attention is directed to the figures on the stage, but we are not shown the lines of influence by which they are moved; and the figures themselves are not drawn with that marked individuality which the circumstances of the case permit. In this point the author shows his inferiority to some of his contemporaries, particularly to Justin McCarthy.

These and certain other defects of Mr. Trevelyan's book appear when it is tried as a history by a high standard, and they seem more glaring because of the inevitable comparison with the writings of his uncle, whose faults are here exaggerated and whose excellencies are seldom or never attained. But as a general introduction to the history of the later and more important part of Fox's career it is worthy of careful attention. It is not a great work, it does not belong to the same rank as the writings of Macaulay, but it is the best of the biographies of Fox, and lacks only a little of being excellent.

A HOPELESS CASE. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

The scene of this little story is laid in the ultra-fashionable quarter of New York. Agnes Wolverton, a young orphan, comes to womanhood among relatives in Brooklyn, who live in a simple modest manner. Naturally a girl of more than ordinary character, she has imbibed from her surroundings a love of reading, an earnestness of purpose, and an enduring love of truth and hatred of sham. The Brooklyn relatives resolve to remove to the West, and Agnes goes to live with her cousins, the Leroys, whose aims and manner of life present the contrast which is the *motif* of the book. The young girl is immediately plunged into a round of parties, receptions, operas, and kettle-drums, making her *début* with marked success. Of the fact that she is more or less interested in these things, she is somewhat ashamed. She is considerably given to analyzing and dissecting, and, in the end, renounces the "pomps and vanities," and joins her Brooklyn friends in the West. Society votes her a "hopeless case," because she prefers Herbert Spencer to an afternoon tea-party. One of the best drawn characters in the book is Maxwell, the whole-souled, good-natured fellow who likes every one and whom every one likes. The interest in the story is maintained to the conclusion, and, as a work of fiction, by all the tests which we can apply, *A Hopeless Case* is a success. As a character study, it is something more.

HOME, SWEET HOME. By John Howard Payne. With designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey, engraved by Andrew. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey & Co.

This edition of the familiar lines of John Howard Payne is one of the most beautiful books of the late holiday season. The designs are chaste and in concord with the spirit of the poem. An interesting feature is the text, as originally written by the author, containing some lines, which in the adaptation to music were omitted, to the manifest benefit of the poem. In its present form it seems likely to endure forever, as the preface suggests, as an instance in which fit music is truly "married to immortal verse."

FIVE MICE IN A MOUSE TRAP. By the Man in the Moon. Done in the Vernacular from the Lunacular by Laura E. Richards. With illustrations by Kate Greenaway, Addie Ledyard, and others. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1880.

The author of this little book is a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and is already known in the field of juvenile fiction, having written *Babyhood*, which achieved upon its publication a wide popularity. It is bright, and at the same time adapted to the comprehension of children, a combination not always possessed by juvenile books. It contains some very pretty fancies, and not a little "fun."

MARPLE HALL MYSTERY. Romance. By Enrique Parmer. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company.

NESTLE NOOK. A Tale. By Leonard Kip. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

BEN HUR. A Tale of the Christ. By Lew. Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

HOW I FOUND IT. North and South, together with Maury's Statement. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey & Co.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son. 1880.

OUTCROPPINGS.

BALLAD OF YE SHOVEL.

It was an ancient diggerman;
His shovel was his staff,
And where the lines of commerce ran
He'd labor, and he'd laugh.

"I laugh to think," he quaintly said,
"Of years I'll never see,
When I am graded with the dead,
And all is naught to me.

"Will anybody ever ask
What place I occupied;
The nature of my toil and task,
Or when it was I died?

"I am the great majority;
In me it is explained;
We rule, we are authority,
We vote—for little gained.

"I laugh to see how little weight
Our boasted power conveys
In church, in party, or in State—
For all the speakers' praise.

"I dug a man up yesterday,
I cast aside his bones,
And now beside the 'cut' are they
Among the sticks and stones.

"Who was the man? Was he as I?—
A toiler by the way?
Did he lie down and simply die,
Without a word to say?

"*Quien sabe?* Commerce wants a road,
I want my daily bread;
Our wants, together, lift the load
That lies upon the dead.

"My little girl was telling me
(She goes to school and learns)
'The world is round as round can be,
And every day it turns.'

"I reckon it's all right she reads,
And brings away from school,
But learning that one never needs
Is folly for a fool.

"What profit is it if we know
A thousand other things,
But cannot strike the sturdy blow
That bread and dinner brings?

"What care the bones of him I dug
If this world turns or no?
He can't object, e'en with a shrug—
He lived so long ago.

"So, by and by, some other 'hand'
For some new-fangled road,
Will dig me out upon the land,
And never know my load.

"Thus every worker, after death,
Is nothing but the soil
On which he drew his daily breath
By doing daily toil.

"That's why I laugh and shovel on
Contented as I am,
Nor care who cares when I am gone,
Or who may bless or damn.

"I'll do my duty here to-day,
I'll take my joy or sorrow,
For no one living now can say
Where I shall be to-morrow.

"The road 'directors' come along
The line in costly raiment;
I don't know if 'tis right or wrong,
Nor care—I care for payment.

"I s'pose they think I never think
Of things above a shovel,
So long as victual, clothes, and drink
Are mine, and warm my hovel.

"Well, it's a fact, I never do—
That is, if I can stop it—
And when I learn of something new,
I strive at once to drop it.

"I've heard somewhere of ancient knights,
That nothing could resist 'em;
'Twas manhood then won all the fights,
But now it is 'the system.'

"This 'system' is a tyrant word,
As plain as any king is,
The monarch of 'the common herd,'
The power that 'the ring' is.

"You wish to steal the schooling tax,
You want to rob the State,
Your 'system' covers all the tracks
And leaves the record straight.

"I wish I had a 'system,' so
That I could loaf and shirk,
And still get paid, per day, as though
I'd kept right on at work.

"Now, I look 'round me all abroad,
And what I say I mean:
Our manhood is a hollow fraud—
We're part of the machine.

"Bah! What's the use to wander off
Through regions of the fancy?
I'd better laugh: I have enough—
Myself, my wife, and Nancy.

"What more has each 'director' got,
For all his cash and fashions?
He can't do more than boil his pot
And have his likes and passions.

"It may be that his name will live,
But it can't live forever;
For when the dead can nothing give,
The dead are mentioned never.

"I'll ask the bones of that unknown,
When I go by to dinner,
Which rots the faster, bone for bone,
A buried saint or sinner."

Right here the ancient digger stopped—
He heard the whistle blow—
And readily his shovel dropped
As he did homeward go.

J. W. GALLY.

A CORNER IN COFFINS.

Once, in a certain mining town in Nevada, a man died. It was an isolated town, and its people had to procure their supplies from a long distance. The man died because, among other reasons, he could not postpone it.

The brother of the dead man ordered a handsome coffin for the occasion. He ordered it of an undertaker by the name of Hotchkiss. The mother-in-law of the deceased, not knowing this, ordered a coffin, too—a cheap one. She ordered it of Sudberry, another undertaker.

Hotchkiss came, measured the corpse, and withdrew. Shortly afterward, Sudberry appeared. He took the measure of the remains, too, the attendants supposing that he was in some way connected with the other undertaker.

In the afternoon, Hotchkiss came with his coffin. It fitted like a glove. Just as he was giving the finishing touches, and making the corpse feel comfortable, Sudberry arrived with his coffin. They looked at each other. Hotchkiss smiled; Sudberry didn't. The latter saw that the former had got ahead of him; but that was not all. Hotchkiss's coffin was not only a very handsome one, but he had arranged things so that the corpse looked like it was proud of being dead. Its appearance cheered grief-stricken friends and relatives. They were elated. Sudberry's coffin was cheap and coarse—and it was empty.

They had words. Sudberry blurted out:

"You've taken a mean, sneakin' advantage of me."

"Coffin was ordered of me in a reg'lar way," returned Hotchkiss.

"I'd like to furnish a coffin to bury you in," continued Sudberry,

"I'd rather live forever than to be buried in one of your old cheap coffins."

"I'll cut down the price of coffins until you'll have to pack your blankets out of town."

"Cut away."

He did cut down prices so low that he got all of Hotchkiss's business. Then Hotchkiss cut below Sudberry's prices. It was getting cheaper to die than to live. Several availed themselves of the reduced rates. Old Gudsey, who, as a matter of economy, ate only one meal a day, took this occasion to get off and avoid the expense of even one meal a day.

Sudberry cut again. Hotchkiss met it. Then the former began to pay a dollar for the privilege of undertaking a corpse. His business livened up. Teddy O'Flynn, who had a partner in a boot-black stand that he could not get along with, availed himself of this opportunity to dissolve the partnership, and make a dollar. His partner died very unnaturally. The increase of the death-rate of the town was very noticeable. A good many people seized the occasion to get rid of their enemies and turn an honest dollar.

Hotchkiss, too, began to offer a reward of a dollar a corpse, and a drink of whisky thrown in. The next morning, Rattlesnake Bill, a desperate character of the town, stopped before Hotchkiss's shop, with four dead Chinamen in a wagon. He wanted four dollars and the drinks. The undertaker objected to taking the Chinamen. Bill told him he could take them or be dumped dead in with them, and go over to Sudberry's. Hotchkiss took the four Chinamen. Bill took the four drinks. Hotchkiss had cut prices about as far as he could. He had a large family dependent upon him. Sudberry had no family—no family at the time. He had previously buried the several members of his family, as it came right in his line, and he did it at first cost. The former approached the latter to see if they could not agree to restore old prices. Sudberry would not entertain any such proposition. Said he would sell. Hotchkiss bought.

Then, to retrieve his losses, he put up coffins to exorbitant prices. He knew if any one else set up in the undertaking business, weeks would elapse before his coffins arrived. There was a great falling off in the mortality that had prevailed. None but the wealthy could afford to die—that is, to die decently. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction. People expostulated with Hotchkiss. They said it was perfectly legitimate to make a corner in any other article of trade, but to make it in coffins was sacrilegious, and ought not to be endured. He answered by showing that he had as much right to put up the price of his wares as a baker or a butcher had to put up prices in his business; that he did not cause the death of people, and was under no obligation to bury them. Said, though, that he would bury all he killed. He further explained that there was no overwhelming necessity for a man to have a coffin, or even to be buried, as to that matter; that no man would make any complaint if not buried. Such arguments did not satisfy the people. None of them were needing coffins either.

Old man Eli Stone was taken sick before the undertakers had compromised matters, and was not keeping abreast with the coffin war. He was known to be the most contrary man in Nevada. He was old and failed rapidly. The doctors told him to make whatever preparations he desired, as the end was not far off. A lawyer, being called in, was writing the old man's will. The dying man's words were scarcely audible, and he would have to cease speaking, at short intervals, to get his fleeting breath. He could hear good. As the writing of the will progressed, he overheard some of his friends in an adjoining room talking about the monopoly in coffins—the unheard-of charges. He told the lawyer to stop right where he had got. Said he was not going to die. He didn't.

The feeling of hostility toward Hotchkiss increased. There were mutterings for a day or two. Finally a mob gathered in front of his establishment. The men composing the mob did not appear to be suffering for coffins either. They were healthy looking, and some of them would weigh two hundred pounds. One Dutchman—he was very mad—would have weighed four hundred pounds. No one ever thought of his being buried in a coffin. Hogshead. The men hardly knew how to proceed, their knowledge of mobbing coffin-shops being quite limited. It was at first proposed to burn the building and contents. This was objected to, as it would leave the town without coffins, and, consequently, without inducements to the citizens to die. Then one infuriated little man shouted:

"We can use his coffins."

"I don't want to use one," said another.

"Durned 'f I do," exclaimed a third.

"Me, nuther," chimed in a man dressed in buckskin.

And "me, nuther," seemed to be the general feeling.

At last, Hotchkiss, speaking through an auger-hole, agreed to a compromise. He was to reduce prices for poor people, and where a whole family died, to allow them excursion rates.

Old Eli Stone got well. It was thought he would put up an opposition undertaker's shop, to punish Hothkiss for his meanness. No. He presented Hotchkiss a two hundred-dollar gold watch, inscribed, "Yours gratefully." LOCK MELONE.

OUTCROPPINGS.

The miner, searching o'er the ground, espies
  Outcropping modestly above the soil
  A glinting grain, and, digging down, his toil
A treasure finds that 'neath the trifle lies;
As o'er-ripe fruit to earth quick downward flies,
  Philosophers make heavenly law their spoil,
  The secrecy of nature's workings foil,
See God's grand laws outcrop from atom's size.
And through the pall of blackest wintry blight
  With which the earth is shrouded dark and drear,
  Bright proofs of His almighty love appear
In pendants lambent of twinkling light,
That blazon o'er the sable realm of night,
  Outcropping hopes midst dismal haunts of fear.
FRANK CLARKE PRESCOTT.

REBECCA AT THE WELL.

Sitting alone in the twilight, the other night, I fell to thinking of a queer old couple that once touched so close to my life; and I wondered what had become of them—if they were still in the same place, doing the same humdrum things, and living the same monotonous existence.

It was so many, many years ago! And yet I remember them as well as though it were but yesterday; the picture stands out as fixedly as though on canvas.

There was a queer, weird little room, nothing cheerful or bright about it. From the smoke-stained rafters spiders' webs hung in festoons. The two figures hovering around the range in which a dull fire smoldered; the coals giving out a faint, lurid heat; the dim light of the feeble lamp—all were in harmony. The man was tall, and gaunt, and spare, with scanty locks and expressionless face. The woman was tall and angular, with a thin coil of hair, and sharp, pinched features.

We always called them ghouls, and unconsciously they furnished us a deal of amusement, we had watched them so long.

We were the *attachés* of an office, and our back door led into an alley-way into which opened the back doors of a number of shops with living-rooms in the rear. The man made candy in one shop. He was a widower with two grown daughters. The woman was an old maid, and sewed in the shop adjoining.

Half way between the two back doors stood a pump, which supplied the water for the residents of the tenements. Here they always met; and, as it seemed a strange coincidence that one never seemed to draw water but when the other happened to be near, we finally named them "Isaac" and "Rebecca." Poor old Rebecca! Her life had not been a happy one, and work and worry had left their impress on both heart and face. We young, foolish things, careless in the fullness of our youth of what the future had in store for us, used to laugh, and have much amusement at her expense. The idea, at her age, of her having a lover, and such a lover! We never thought that under that unattractive exterior a heart might beat with just such throbs as ours; and we forgot—or else we were careless and did not think—that once she was as young as we, and had prospects as bright as any of ours.

Their conversation always amused us, and we never failed in our ready laugh. His one chief topic was the weather. He never exhausted it or grew weary of it. It was prolific, and he always returned to it, after any digression, as the weary wanderer in foreign lands returns to the home of his childhood. Just before Christmas we "lookers on in Vienna" noticed an intonation in his voice tenderer than usual when he told her that "it looks like rain to-day."

"Yes," she replied, half simpering, and with the faint echo of coquetry in the nervous jerking of her head.

It was a singular fact that in making this reply it never occurred to her to scan the heavens. Perhaps she felt it in her bones. They say old people are excellent barometers.

"We need rain just now," he said, musing.

"Oh, we really do!"

Now, it was another singular fact that there was no need of rain whatever; so, while the barometric properties of her bones might have been true to the working perfection of their organization, her judgment was certainly at fault. But surely it was not wicked in the old man to predicate such an absurdity, and secure her acquiescence.

"The flowers are parched and faded," she added.

Aye, that they were! They were old, and faded, and drooping. It had been many a dreary year since the sunshine had fallen on them, or the bright, fresh dew of life's morning had refreshed them in their languishing.

We noticed that they lingered about the pump longer than usual, and that now he carried the water for her. Several other tokens showed our Argus eyes that they were engaged, and we were not astonished to learn they intended to begin the new year together.

They were married very quietly, and she took up her abode in the shop with him, and they made candy together. There was a sarcastic irony in their occupation. Fancy two old wrinkled people compounding the sweet, toothsome dainties of such delicate pattern and sweetness! There was something sad in it, too, and our hearts were touched. We wondered, with a sympathetic quiver in our voices, if *our* fate would be like hers; if we should live lonely, unloved lives, and then, away down the lane, so far that our eyes grew misty with the tears which did not fall, have such an end to our romance.

Perhaps Rebecca did not mind it at all. Perhaps all those old dreams and fancies of hers were buried so deep that they were all forgotten; but to us in our youth—in our glad joy of simply being alive, and with our bright outlook upon the future—it seemed cruel, cruel, and a mockery of love.

She was very neat; and, despite her homely face and gaunt form, there was an innate refinement about her, and a gentle inflection in her voice that caused us to love her; while he was so the reverse—untidy, coarse, and ignorant. We could but pity her.

Ah! that was long, long ago—so long that nearly all our dreams and fancies have had time to become rudely shattered. We are all changed; all, all are changed. We are not what we used to be when our lives were so closely knit together that "parting was sad pain." Many of our number are married, and have had opportunity to test whether or not their lines fell in pleasanter places than hers. Some are far away, and some of us

are dead. The one brightest, sweetest, and best—who was so lovely and gifted—has passed beyond. For her, long before the shadows began to darken and life grow heavy, a white-winged messenger came, and she lies mute and still in a far-off grave. The wide Pacific divides her resting place from those that loved her so well, and who have missed her so much, so much.

As for me, I am an old woman now, and perhaps my idle laughter and careless ridicule of poor old Rebecca will be visited on my head. Perhaps I, too, will trudge alone down the pathway unloved and uncared for. Perhaps I, too, will furnish amusement to a careless crowd of young folks, and they will indulge in idle speculations as to why it was so. But they will never know how near happiness came, and how it was missed; not through my fault, nor of any one else, but because God willed it so.

L. E. H.

WHY FALL THE LEAVES?

Why fall the leaves?
The boughs that with such tender care
Sustained them, rustling in the air,
Though still as strong, are stripped and bare;
The sun is bright, the skies are fair—
Why fall the leaves?
The breezes through the forest moan
And sob, to find their playmates gone;
The oaken limbs, with creak and groan,
Repine that they are left alone—
Why fall the leaves?
Their rustling music soothed the wold,
But, widely scattered, brown and gold,
They lie, and, after Winter's cold,
Will quickly turn to forest mold—
Why fall the leaves?
Their span is run, and time has cast
Their lot with millions in the past;
And millions more, still following fast,
Will live, grow old, and fall at last
As fall these leaves.

HARRY L. WELLS.

A NEW USE FOR "GULLIVER."

In a magistrate's court of British Columbia, at Victoria, a strange discovery was made two or three weeks ago. It had been the habit for several months to swear all witnesses on a venerable looking book with the calf binding as tattered and torn as if it had been passed through a threshing-machine. Perhaps one hundred persons have kissed the book and sworn to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

A short time ago a witness of the Israelitish persuasion came forward and was handed the book to kiss. In accordance with the practice of persons of his faith, he opened the book and prepared to swear on the Old Testament. As he did so his eyes caught a plate, and, pointing to it, he asked the clerk:

"Ain't that a queer looking picture for the Bible to have in it?"

The clerk looked, turned pale with fright, and handed the volume to the magistrate, who turned over several leaves and then threw the book violently to the floor.

A spectator picked the volume up, and discovered that it was a well worn volume of *Gulliver's Travels*, and that the plate which had attracted the witness's eye was a representation of Gulliver in the act of extinguishing the fire at the Lilliputian palace. Some wicked wag had changed the books, thinking, rightly, that as long as it was believed to be a Bible the exchange would not be noticed.

Had all the persons sworn upon it been Christians, the discovery might not have been made now. A Jew has probably saved the State, not for the first time either. But what about the validity of the testimony taken by virtue of that book? Disputed points arising from this prank of a wag may be among the first the judges may have to pass upon.

A WESTERN WEDDING.

A newly elected Justice of the Peace who had been used to drawing deeds and wills, and little else, was called upon, as his first official act, to marry a couple who came into his office very hurriedly and told him their purpose. He lost no time in removing his hat, and remarked, "Hats off in the presence of the court." All being uncovered, he said, "Hold up your right hand. You, John Markin, do you solemnly swear to the best of your knowledge an' belief yer take this woman to have an' ter hold for yerself, yer heirs, exekyerters, administers, and assigns, for your an' their use an' behoof forever?"

"I do," answered the groom.

"You, Alice Ewer, take this yer man for yer husband, ter hev an' ter hold forever; and you do further swear that you are lawfully seized in fee-simple, and free from all incumbrance, and hev good right to sell, bargain, and convey to the said grantee yerself, yer heirs, administrators, and assigns?"

"I do," said the bride, doubtfully.

"Well, John, that'll be about a dollar'n fifty cents."

"Are we married?" asked the bride.

"Yes, when the fee comes in." After some fumbling it was produced and handed to the "court," who pocketed it, and continued: "Know all men by these presents, that I, being in good health and of sound and disposin' mind, in consideration of a dollar'n fifty cents to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do and by these presents have declared you man and wife during good behavior, and until otherwise ordered by the court."

FAMILIAR LINES FROM CONGREVE.

Women are like tricks by slight of hand,
Which, to admire, we must not understand.

Courtship to marriage is a very witty prologue to a very dull play.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

Every cock will fight upon his own dung-hill.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

E'en silence may be eloquent in love.

The lover laid down his salvation,
And Satan staked his reputation.

For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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'49 AND '50.

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer rocks and waves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.
I hear the tread of pioneers—
Of nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

CHAPTER I.

"I have faith—*faith*," said James Swilling, his angular Yankee features beaming with excitement.

"You are determined not to comprehend the differences of our situation," replied Mortimer Blair, a smile, somewhat haughty, somewhat sad, playing about his handsome mouth. "I am free from all home ties, all domestic embarrassment. I have no friends that cannot live as well without my assistance or encouragement. I am deterred by no business, by no pleasures; more than that, I have money to waste."

"I have faith—faith," again responded young Swilling of Swansea.

"James," spoke the other, turning his clear gray eyes quickly upon him, "are you fixed in your determination to set sail with me for the land of gold? Be certain before you speak."

"Mother has given her consent; Mary, too, has yielded to my persuasion. Cousin Mortimer, it is my duty to go, and I am—decided."

There was a quiver upon the lips of the speaker. Blair extended his hand, saying:

"Be ready to sail at a day's warning. And one thing more," he added, shutting tighter upon James's long fingers—"sell neither cow nor cat from the old homestead, but come to me with a brave heart, and, as you stand before me now, without a dollar in your pocket."

Such were the closing words of a conversation between two cousins, which took place in Mortimer Blair's elegant suite of rooms overlooking Boston Common, early in the year '49. Fate seldom brings together two young men of so dissimilar characters and fortunes. Both had contracted the "gold fever" so lately broken out the world over; and both, in spite of all medical aid, were determined to come flat down with it—to be prostrate from choice, and that with symptoms of a most tardy recuperation. Blair, orphaned when a child, had inherited a considerable property, which (rare as such an instance is) he had made good use of. He was a college graduate, and, both by nature and by education, fitted for wide influence and eminent

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usefulness. He was powerful physically as well as mentally, and there was a certain robustness in his mien and conversation with which he concealed a heart that was, deep within, unusually sensitive and delicate in its impressions and perceptions. He preferred to be regarded by his acquaintances as a mild sort of cynic. He was so looked upon, particularly by the young ladies; toward none of whom had he ever evinced any favoritism. He had just been admitted to the bar, when the gold fever numbered him among its victims. To tell the truth, the practice of the law, he saw, was not going to be as congenial labor as the theoretical pursuit of it, and he was glad of an excuse for a vacation of indefinite length. The Blairs were thorough Americans, with a dash of something like the Spanish love of adventure and conquest.

Mortimer's only brother, older than himself, had gone to sea at sixteen years of age, and had never since been heard from. The younger son always seemed inclined to follow in the wild paths of the elder, but, up to this time, he had wisely restrained his inborn desire. However, while Mortimer was now ready to plunge into the midst of grave uncertainties, he was by no means willing that another should share with him his risks and perils. Much as he would enjoy the company of plain, sensible, but enthusiastic, open and warm-hearted "Jimmy Swilling," he had done all he could to dissuade him from joining in the expedition to California. His simple home life, brightened by what learning boys get at country schools, seemed the sort of existence in which he ought to continue. James was the only son, the idol of his parents, and—what Mortimer himself could appreciate, whether he would admit it or not—he was, moreover, sincerely beloved by a little rural maid who cherished the hope of one day claiming a closer than blood relationship. In view of all this, Mortimer had put every obstacle in the way of his stubborn cousin's execution of his resolve. When, however, he found that exhorting, pleading, threatening, separately and combined, failed to check the resistless magic of the boy's dreams, he not only ceased to oppose him, but promised, as has been seen, to render him all the assistance in his power.

"At least," he said to himself, "Jim shall leave no mortgaged or deserted farm, nor shall he travel one furlong upon money needed to maintain those left weeping at home."

On October 1st of the same memorable year, a vessel, hailing from Boston, approached what appeared to be a narrow cut through the bold coast-land of the Pacific, opening from the sea somewhere into the country of the interior. Making this entrance, and following along the strait amid singular and most picturesque scenery on either side, the vessel bore round a gigantic rock, and, through what may be termed a second or inner entrance, glided by many an ominous looking ship in the distance into the placid waters of a most beautiful bay. Among the eager passengers on this vessel, which found its way safely to port by sheer good fortune, so wholly unseaworthy was it, were our new acquaintances, the cousins from New England. With sensations such as they had never felt before, did these young men gaze over the smooth, lake-like waters, broken here and there by abrupt and rugged islands, between which floated idly numerous vessels of all kinds and descriptions, from various distant harbors of the world. It was morning, and the calm, far-stretching bay lay like an enchanted sea in itself—a favorite child, as it were, of the great waters, that had slipped inside what is now known as the "Golden Gate," to bask in the cloudless sun. So recent was the coming of the thousands of hungry crafts that now vexed its surface that it seemed not yet to have awakened from its serene and beautiful repose of centuries. And was it strange that the primeval spell should still dwell upon it? The dusky form of the Indian, as he paused in his chase of the deer over the surrounding hills, an occasional presence of the haughty Spaniard, and the more frequent visitation of lesser men in whose veins coursed the diluted blood of old Spain—these were all that it had felt or seen, all that might have for a moment disturbed its long, unbroken dream.

The change was too sudden and amazing. Nature could not yet comprehend it, but certain it was that the true conquerers had landed, and that her reign of quiet was at an end.

"Well, Cousin Mortimer," spoke James of New Hampshire, "these hills are very unlike those we have left behind."

The tall, spare, angular young man wore a solemn look upon his usually bright and happy countenance.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply of the laughing philosopher from the Athens of America, "and very different maidens from the matchless Mary have for centuries played within their shadows."

Jim roused, and, mentally shaking himself, changed the subject as quickly as possible.

"It seems," said he, "that several of 'em have the start of us, after all. If these vessels were all as well filled as this miserable old hulk of ours, I can well imagine that the motley throng have scraped clean every creek and crevice, ditch and river-bed."

"*Faith*, Jimmy! Don't forget your first and foremost quality."

A second time James was driven to the introduction of a fresh topic.

"How is that for a town!" he shouted, pointing to some sand-hills now near at hand.

"The old bachelor poet of England was not a little bilious," answered the other, "but his head was clear as a bell when he said, 'God made the country, man made the town.' And, Jim, it is my present impression, from the helter-skelter arrangement, or, rather, disarrangement, of all those tents and woodshed-like edifices set squat in the dirt, that his highness with the cloven foot had a scratch in the town before us. What do you say?"

James had no time to answer. Present speculation was at an end. The ship had cast anchor, and Blair was already singling out a Kanaka boat in which to take passage to the shore.

"How much to the landing there, you black rebel?" he shouted, as two brawny fellows came alongside.

"Five dollars," was the reply.

"Five dollars to row two of us less than a quarter of a mile!"

"Let us pay it, cousin," spoke James, in a gentle voice. "The sooner we get ashore, why the better chance we stand to take our choice of spots at the *diggin's*."

"O Jimmy, O Jim!" sighed Blair. "For the comfort of your confident soul, I will submit to this initiative robbery. *Quam multa causa amicorum!*"

Whether it was the effect of this mysterious Latin, or because of excitement from another source, is not to be positively stated—but long-limbed, loose-jointed James had no sooner set foot in the boat than he sat himself hurriedly down in its very bottom, where, simultaneously, his "gray breeks," his "only pair," received a speedy saturation.

"Have *faith*, Jimmy," roared Blair. "Keep your seat and believe hard to the contrary, and your trousers will remain as dry as the breasts of human kindness."

Jim was not a stranger to accidents. His father confidently affirmed that he stubbed one, at least, of his ten toes every hour that he traveled barefooted through the days of his careless childhood. When he had risen to the dignity of shoes and stockings, he maintained his early reputation by frequent and violent salutations of Mother Earth with his bare forehead. The mortal part of poor James was never without an ornamental spot of blue or black touched there by the hand of heedlessness. Twice were each of his long, bony arms broken before the down upon his upper lip began to suggest approaching manhood. All this cruelty had James Swilling practiced upon his own lean body; but never had another suffered through his instrumentality, either in flesh or spirit. Undoubtedly his good old grandmother was right: James ought to have been a clergyman. As such, without much personal exposure, he might have been the means of great good to his less considerate, less patient, less forgiving fellow-creatures.

With this enlightenment as to James's peculiarities, the reader may not be surprised to find him the victim of frequent mishaps, attaining too often to the dignity of disasters. Indeed, no sooner had he stepped upon a huge raft floating against the pier, than, making a misstep, his foot became wedged between two logs, and he went down, barely escaping a second bath, which would have been more thorough than the first. His little box-trunk, which was gallantly riding upon his high shoulder, of course descended with its owner, and so great was the momentum that it burst wide open, strewing its contents upon the wet and treacherous timbers. Shouts rose from the landing:

"Gather 'em in!" cried one.

"Set 'em up!" screamed another.

"Don't cry!" roared a great bass voice.

"Go back to your mother!" piped the quail-like organ of a boy.

Added to these there were uttered various ejaculations in tongues that had never before saluted the ears of poor persecuted James. He heard them all, but none smote him like the silent language of a certain little star-shaped, red-topped pin-cushion that he would have saved at the expense of every article besides. He picked it up, dried it with his handkerchief, and, gazing intently upon it, wholly forgot his situation. Blair was busy gathering the scattered effects together, but he could not go on without his joke. With a red under-garment in one hand, and a pair of woolen socks in the other, he fixed his eyes, with those of James, upon the flaming cushion, and repeated solemnly:

> "Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
> That lov'st to greet the early morn,
> Again thou ush'rest in the day
> My Mary from my soul was torn."

"Cousin Mortimer's ridicule," as James termed Blair's sallies of this sort, was an instantaneous restorative. Consequently, our friends were soon wending their way through the immense piles of boxed goods of all descriptions, and over the narrow planks that ran across the mud-flats to the steeps of the town. Having gained an eminence that commanded an extensive view, they sat down upon a rock and began a methodical survey of the curiosities displayed

before them. First, the great snarl of heterogeneous canvas-houses attracted their attention. Now and then appeared a structure of wood; but where its neighbor or what its purpose was a thing beyond calculation. Confusedly huddled together on the patch of level ground upon the very edge of the water, these anomalous structures presented anything but an inviting appearance. Behind the straggling tents hills of sand, covered with a thick growth of shrubbery, but without a single tree, rose abruptly, and only added to the general depression produced by the scene. Little could our adventurers have imagined that one of these tents, crazy enough to all external appearance, had a name as high-sounding as the Parker House; and with still greater difficulty could they have been made to believe at this time that its rent was $150,000 a year. The palatial interiors of these extempore shanties, measuring from ten to forty feet square, were yet to be revealed to them. From the shed-house of bare boards to that of hides stretched over a frame, from this latter to the *adobe* and the few frame dwellings proper, ever thronged an incongruous multitude in prosecution of some errand unknown. Teams of horses, oxen, and mules, in long files, dragged slowly and continuously heavily loaded wagons and carts, sinking deep into the mire of the streets. Perhaps fifteen thousand people, thirteen thousand of whom had arrived since the opening of the mad year, were now hurrying to and fro in this little mud-hole between the sand-hills and the bay—each for himself, and himself only—wrestling with fate, which they hoped would yet yield to them sudden and inexhaustible riches. And still the rush of gold-seekers continued. Two hundred vessels stood idle in the bay. The sailors, that but a few days since were climbing their masts, now climbed the virgin hills far inland. Many of these vessels, deserted forever, were not again to ride the open sea. More ships must come, however, to share a like fate. During the three months intervening between the present date and '50, five thousand more of the worshipers of Mammon must land at this City-of-a-Day, give one look of astonishment, and, paying a ruinous sum for the privilege, pass on to the foothills glistening with fabulous treasure.

At this moment the passengers of a second newly-arrived ship are making their way up from the pier, with its extension of huge rafts piled hill-high with cumbrous merchandise. The senses of our Yankee boys are already slightly dazed; but with good-natured perseverance they turn their eyes toward the shore and watch the advance of the motley immigrants. The fop tricked out in the hight of fashion side by side with the sturdy mechanic; the Spaniard gracefully protecting his *sombrero* and *serape* as the coarse mob jostle him hither and thither; the brown-faced farmer step by step with the pale-faced clerk—all kinds and diversities of humanity, representing more nationalities than old Dr. Johnson conceived of when he penned the first couplet of his "Vanity of Human Wishes." On, on they come, hurrying each one as if his life depended upon his being foremost. With a derisive smile upon his face, the old Oregon trapper looks on, aside, while the swarthy native, with high-pointed hat, gay-colored jacket, and velvet breeches, takes a hasty but exhaustive survey, then turns thoughtfully away to his own affairs.

"Gentlemen from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; friends from New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands; brothers from the North Pole and from the South Pole," cried Mortimer Blair, waving his hat in the air, "whoever and whatever you are, be it noble or clown, young or old, grave or gay, clergyman or blackleg, sage or dolt—everybody from everywhere, black, brown, saffron, or speckled—hail! hail! The golden calf bleats to you from the hills a most sonorous welcome!"

A mournful smile passed over James's features, and at the close of this rhetorical flourish he shouldered his box, and sighed:

"This, then, is San Francisco!"

Chapter II.

Owing to the heaviness of the early rains foot-travel, or, indeed, travel of any kind, was attended with much difficulty. It required really more caution than James Swilling had any conception of to avoid the misstep that would plunge one hopelessly into some fatal depth of the universal mire. He had been on Californian soil only a few hours, but he had already become so plastered with mud that, indifferent as he was, in any other clime and under any other circumstances he would have been greatly ashamed of his extended and angular exterior.

However man may blunder, Nature always works with the nicest precision. The person of our unfortunate James received the finishing touch of the grotesque humor that pervaded his fashioning from the spectacles that short-sightedness made it necessary for him to set astride his long, thin, almost transparent, nose. It was by the aid of these instruments that, stretching up his craney neck at the nick

of time, he saved himself from what would have probably been the last scene of his ludicrous life-career. He was about striding into a black sea in the very middle of one of the main lines of travel, when he caught sight of the following admonitory placard:

"THIS STREET IS NOT PASSABLE;
NOT EVEN JACKASSABLE!"

"That means me, Cousin Mortimer," he drawled, and the two turned aside into a safer route. They had proceeded but a little distance, and Mortimer was still laughing at the ridiculous turn given to the lines of warning, when a man, with a great trunk on his back, advanced, and, setting his burden down with noticeable haste, rushed up to James, seized both his hands in his own, and cried:

"Master James Swilling, how *do* you do! You didn't know me at first, did you?"

"I can't believe it is you yet, Mr. Johnson," returned the other.

"It is no one else, James. You see the cloth is not regarded with the respect here that it is back in old Swansea. And whom have you for company?"

"My cousin, Mr. Blair, of Boston. Cousin Mortimer, allow me to introduce you to an old acquaintance, the Rev. Joshua Johnson, of Swansea."

"I am both pleased and surprised, Mr. Johnson, to make your acquaintance."

"My present employ," returned the ex-clergyman, "may strike you a little strangely at first, but a word will convince you of its advantages over the sacred calling to which my life has been heretofore devoted."

"I should think it would be far preferable to bear the baggage of this mad people, provided one must shoulder either that or their loads of iniquity," replied Blair.

"However that may be," was the response, "I have carried this article nearly to its destination—a quarter of a mile at most—and I shall have earned in so doing more money than I ever received for a month's preaching in New Hampshire."

There was an accent of worldliness clinging to the garment-hem of this statement, which, though unobserved by James, was perceived and inwardly commented upon by his cousin, who had had better opportunities for studying the vicissitudes of fortune. There was, too, a look in the eyes of the Rev. Johnson that Blair surmised was, at least, not his old Swansea pulpit expression. At this moment a large, fleshy man was attempting to pass the group with a team of mules drawing a load of unburned brick.

"Hello, Judge!" greeted the preacher, "then you finally got the mule safely out last night."

"You bet your life I did," roared back the other. "And what's more, I punched hell out of the Yankee Doctor that wouldn't black my boots until I put up the dust. It made fun for the boys, parson. But see here, I'm dry as a salt cod. Come, you and the strangers fall in, and we'll step into the El Dorado and take a smile."

It is to be regretted that the art of writing is so limited that the expression that came upon James Swilling's countenance, instantaneously with this invitation, must be left wholly to the reader's imagination. He would give more for a faithful copy of it than for the originals of all the beauties adorning the El Dorado, toward which the Judge was now already on his rolling way. Did he go alone? Not he. Laying his profane hand upon the collar of the parson, and locking with his other arm the lank form of dumb-foundered Jimmy Swilling, he proceeded, as closely attended as genuine affection could desire. Blair, hector that he was, to add to his gentle relative's discomfort volunteered to stay behind and watch the mules and the trunk. One glance, however, from the forlorn face of James convinced him that the jest was too cruel, and without further persuasion he joined the group.

"Do you know what would come of it, stranger," shouted the Judge, "if anybody meddled with those animals or the parson's freight?"

James having expressed himself totally incapable of conjecturing, the Judge, squeezing him with the heartiness of a grizzly bear, answered his own interrogatory:

"Why, the parson and I would slip a little string we have made on purpose round his carcass just above the shirt-collar, and run him up to the first post we came to."

"Hang him!" exclaimed James.

"Well, yes; that's a good name for the proceeding. We used that expression back in the States, I recollect, under circumstances strikingly similar. What—hey—parson?" continued the drayman, slapping the back of Rev. Johnson with what James considered most unbecoming familiarity.

"You see, Mr. Swilling," spoke the preacher from Swansea, "a residence in California, be it ever so short, inclines one to modify the oldest and most cherished opinions. I confess that there is something about capital punishment that is repulsive to our natures. But, as you will soon discover, it is a positive necessi-

ty in certain conditions of society. Now, the Judge ——"

"Cut it short, parson," broke in the burly representative of the law. "Damn his eyes! It does me good to watch the legs of a thief limber up when fairly suspended in mid-air. Stranger, philosophizing is a slim business in this country. Reflection is here a lost art. We have to *act*. By God, sir, we have no time to dally with fine-spun theories."

No doubt the Judge would have supplied distracted James with a deal more information pertinent to the new life upon which he had entered, but the company had now arrived at the El Dorado. Again the features of James Swilling, faithfully copied, would have made the fortune of the artist that had succeeded in transferring them to canvass. In dumb amazement he rolled his gray eyes from side to side, and through his bespattered spectacles drank in the profuse splendors of this most magnificent of the many gambling palaces of youthful San Francisco. The halls were hung with costly mirrors, alternating with voluptuous pictures set in gorgeous frames, and with pieces of plaster statuary of like questionable design; while table after table surmounted by dazzling heaps of gold and silver, and a variety of expensive gambling tools, invited the guest to a seat at their side. Double, triple, quadruple rows of glistening bottles were arranged behind the bar, the sight of which would tempt the most abstemious. In the midst of these brilliant attractions, blinding the eyes with their fatal splendor, sat men of all nationalities, of all ages and professions, making and losing fortunes in a single hour. By day and by night the games went on. Monte, faro, roulette, whichever the individual bias and training preferred —these and many other games stood waiting those that were sure, sooner or later, to come within the circle of their magic influence. There was music in the very ring of the glasses as they were passed over the bar; but above their merry sound rose voluptuous melodies evoked from various instruments by skilled players, who, in the home-land behind, had been ornaments to their profession.

Let it not be thought that it was all one unbroken blaze of glory in this paradise of the gamblers. By the side of the military officer in blue coat with brass buttons, it is true, sat the princely Spaniard calmly folded in his high-colored *serape;* but next beyond them was to be seen the haggard face of one smitten with sickness or worn with poverty and despair. An elderly man this might be, with sunken eyes, his white hair disheveled and his uncleanly blouse hanging forlornly about an emaciated and sunken frame; or it was, perchance, a youth, prematurely old, his bones racked with rheumatism and his skin livid with ague. If neither of these, perhaps it was a blear-eyed, hopeless sailor, or a squalid, shapeless wretch, name and country unknown, but whose skeleton fingers were clutching as eagerly as those of another at the piles of glittering gold. Yes, there was something dreadful, after all, in this rich and enchanting illumination. Shadows, in the guise of innumerable wrecks of humanity, stretched their black shapes here and there, casting a death-like gloom over the heart of him that was still innocent enough to perceive it and to understand its message of warning.

Such a heart, with all his other misfortunes, had poor James Swilling. The Judge called on the liquors without delay, but James's breast had already received a serious wound. It was not from a glance at the nude figures lolling in graceful attitudes in the largest picture upon the walls. No; it was from an appealing look given him as he entered by a young man seated beneath it that James received a painful thrust.

"Nominate your pizen, gentlemen," shouted the Judge.

James turned to the Rev. Johnson, who meanwhile had quietly remarked to the man behind the bar:

"Fusil—no sugar."

One more turn of his long neck, and James was looking steadfastly into the eyes of his cousin.

"Mr. Swilling and myself," spoke Blair, coming to the rescue, "will content ourselves with a smoke."

"The hell you will!" roared the Judge.

"Yes, thank you," was the response.

It was hardly uttered when a slender man advanced, and, confronting the Judge, said:

"You will please observe a little more politeness toward the gentleman from Boston. He happens to be an old acquaintance of mine."

"The hell you say!" again thundered the now irate Judge. "Who are you, you infernal Yankee peddler!"

Blair was about to take the new-found friend by the hand, when he perceived that the Judge had drawn his pistol. He had no more than discovered this, when his friend, with a movement of surprising swiftness, unsheathed a long knife and buried it in the broad breast of him that had offered the insult. With a terrible curse, the wounded Judge reeled against the bar, and the next instant fell lifeless to the ground.

"We are quits," muttered the quiet, woman-faced avenger, wiping his dripping blade upon

the sole of his high boots, and calmly eyeing the tumultuous throng that now pressed around him and his dead antagonist.

"That thar's purty sarcey," spoke a tall Kentuckian, shaking his broad hat defiantly.

"It was a difficulty of some months' standing," replied an officer in the army.

"Served him right, hey, boys?" continued the man behind the bar. "See here. The liquor's paid for. What'll you have? Ho, fall in there, you fellows in the corner."

This last remark was directed to two wretched looking men, evidently sailors, who had not even raised their eyes from the table to learn the cause of the disturbance.

Blair's newly discovered acquaintance now took him by the hand, saying, as if nothing of importance had happened:

"I am right glad you gave me an opportunity to do you a favor so soon after your arrival. I did myself a double one at the same time."

"I am very sorry, Frank," returned the other. "Knowing nothing of the antecedent provocation, I have no right or inclination to say more."

"I will explain it all to you," was the reply of Frank Ensign, a young member of the Boston bar, a few years Blair's senior. "These men know."

Ensign was right. All present knew that, in accordance with the code of honor of which the Southern Judge had been a zealous champion, his fall was just. But Ensign, cool and confident as he appeared, was also aware that no very distant provocation would be sought by certain of the *chivalry* present to avenge the death of their comrade. It was not a coveted task, however—for the slender, delicate looking lawyer was not only a favorite with the better men of the settlement, but was supposed to have no superior among them in the use of deadly weapons.

> "Quaff a cup to the dead already,
> And hurrah for the next that dies."

The chorus rose from two or three dozens of throats, and the glasses were drained—all but one. James Swilling made an effort to grasp that set before him, but his hand fell back powerless by his side.

"Andy!" he whispered. "Andy Wheeler, *you* here! Why don't you speak?"

The wretch that he addressed, crouching motionless beneath the nude figures in the massive golden frame, only leered at him in blank bewilderment. Upon one side lay the body of the murdered Judge; upon the other, curled up like a dying dog, lay Andy Wheeler, the playmate of childhood's happy days, now an absolute idiot from exposure, disappointment, and drink. Poor James Swilling was no underling in intellect, neither was he a coward, but his breast had not yet been fired with the wild life, nor had his nerves been yet steadied by that heroic, that desperate and terrible steel-like strength, characterizing the wonder-workers of California in early days. His brain failed to do its office; his senses swam; the gaudy glories of El Dorado grew gradually dimmer and more dim, until, at last, his cousin was obliged to conduct him quickly to the open air.

CHAPTER III.

The famous fall of '49, memorable for its long, cold rains, brought devastating sickness. Many miners, returning from the hills, carried disease down with them, while others contracted it in the towns. The best of the frail tenements of San Francisco were ill calculated to protect their inmates from the drenching storms. Even had they been water-tight overhead, their foundations must still have rested in the perpetually deepening mire. To many, because of the enormity of rent, the miserable shelter of a tent was denied. Such took possession of the first hiding-place they could discover, and in it either struggled through until clear weather, or, without the least comfort or care, perished in the attempt.

The occupation of grave-digging was, during the season, perhaps the safest pursued upon the Pacific Coast. The leading man in this somber employment fell to cursing without stint did the pale messenger fail to leave with him his orders for from five to eight new graves per day. Altercations terminating fatally, as did that between Judge Brainard and Ensign, were looked upon by him in the light of visitations of divine favor. The first words that James clearly distinguished upon reviving from his swoon were those of rejoicing uttered by this heartless creature: "Damn him," he croaked, "a right smart chap, and that's a fact; but my quota must be full every day, you know, even if the riffle has to be made among the chivalry of my own sunny South."

"Heavens!" sighed James. "Cousin Mortimer, for pity's sake help me away from this dreadful place! Is that Judge surely dead? And Andy—what have they done with him?"

The grave-digger, still lingering over his cup, cast a look of vile inquiry at the cousins standing without; but, deterred by a dark scowl on Blair's brow, he acted his true coward's part, and remained at a respectful distance.

"Do you feel able to walk a little way, Jim?" asked his protector.

"Walk? Yes. I could run were there no other way to quit this den of devils. But Andy —can't we take him along?"

"I requested Ensign to supply his necessities, and he has done so. He will recover, I trust. Beastly intoxication seemed to be his main difficulty."

"Mortimer," continued James, as the two moved away together, "I declare such things are too terrible to believe. Had you the faintest idea that staid, pious preachers like Mr. Johnson would come here, and in a few months' time forget the righteous practices of forty years and fall into grossest dissipation?"

"It seems they do," was the response, "and we must take things as they come. Stiffen up, Jimmy. It won't do to give way to human feelings, highly commendable though they be in any country but this. The gamblers, cut-throats, and dare-devils generally of all climes have flocked in here, and we must meet them on their own ground. It looks just now as if honest men were wofully scarce, but we shall find some of them yet."

"Strange that we should have run across three or four old acquaintances so soon. I knew that Mr. Johnson and Andy were here, and was looking forward to the pleasure of meeting them. I would, now, that I had never seen either of them."

"Tush, man! No more chicken-heartedness. You need not be reminded what the poet says about the 'brave' and the 'fair.' *Mary*, by all the gods of Olympus, by all the deities of Mount Washington— yes, Jim, by the entire celestial *posse* of 'em, ancient or modern—*Mary* is fair! Now, if there is any truth in the *dicta* of great poets, and if there is any logic in these matters of love, James, it is imperative that you should be brave."

A certain quaint philosopher publishes his conviction that there is a north-west passage to the intellectual world. A little further discovery would have revealed to him a second route, equally important to the spiritual intercommunication of men, leading to the heart. Blair was a veritable Columbus in this most peculiar and difficult navigation of the unknown waters of the human breast. Too soon for his cousin's comfort, he found the direct course to his young and confiding heart. With Mary Thornton for his north star, Blair invariably sailed *via* Swansea, New Hampshire, into the innermost harbor of James Swilling's affection. Now, James was a little weak—both in the head and knees—at the time of Blair's last trip, recorded immediately above; and when Mary's beauty was thus vividly flashed before his blinking eyes, he could make no reply. Speechless, he used all his strength to keep a sure footing as he journeyed. He could not resist the temptation, however, to cast a furtive glance at a certain inexpensive, but exceedingly precious, pendant swinging perturbedly upon his steel watch-chain. He bent his long neck down toward it several times, though every effort nearly cost him a plunge into the mire. Awkward gestures they were, but pathetic, indeed. One might either laugh or cry at them as he would. Blair chose the former.

"Jimmy," said he, "for all the world you act like a crane oiling himself."

Here the arrival of the cousins at a hotel-tent, named "The Oro," put an end to the conversation.

"I have a sick friend here," said Blair to a jolly-looking man that he judged to be the proprietor. "We would like accommodations for the night."

"Well, that's a sensible idee, stranger. You are right welcome."

"What have you for rooms, and how do you let them?"

"Well, stranger, I can furnish you a room without board for five dollars a day per man."

James looked wild enough, but spoke not a word.

"And what would be the additional expense of board, sir?" continued Blair.

"Well, stranger, a good, square meal, such as gentlemen like yourself ought to have, can be set on for about two dollars. Well, say for the two of you ten dollars a day. That's a low figure for the genuine article, and I'll swear to't."

It is probable that James thought the proprietor was really going to vent a volley of confirmatory profanity, for he went to the door and began an earnest survey of scenes without the tent. Blair having heard one man say that he had just paid a dollar for a beefsteak and a cup of coffee, and another that he had disbursed seventy-five cents each for two eggs, which he endeavored to devour with a relish proportionate to their cost, was not much surprised at the prices named by the good-natured landlord with whom he was now bargaining.

"You can't get a small room with single bed (at a respectable house, of course) for less than one hundred and fifty dollars if you rent it by the month," continued the proprietor of "The Oro." "Why, stranger, what else can you expect when flour is forty dollars a barrel and pork sixty dollars a barrel? Every stick of wood burned, mind you, costs at the rate of forty dollars a cord. These are facts. 'The Oro' is no swindle, and I'll swear to't."

"I am satisfied," answered Blair, after a statement of these prices and many more equally enormous. "Let us get my friend to bed as quickly as possible."

Night was now approaching, and dismal shades began to settle upon this wild, young town by the western sea. It was well that James Swilling sought his little damp bunk before he had an opportunity to increase his heart-sickness by the inexpressible dreariness of the scene. Before the revel of the darkness was fairly ushered in, he had closed his eyes in sleep. His last words were:

"The money for my cattle on the old farm wouldn't have gone far at this rate, would it, Cousin Mortimer?"

Chapter IV.

Having seen his comrade safely laid to rest, Blair determined to learn a little more of the new world of which he was now an inhabitant. For a time he busied himself walking the streets, now and then peering into places designated by such inviting names as Gotham Saloon, *Café Français*, The Colonnade. Some of these hotels and saloons had enough wood in their composition to almost entitle them to be called buildings. All was strange and more or less distracting; but the more Blair dwelt upon the immense business already established by commission merchants, upon the prosperity of all traders and business men of whatever description, the more heart he took, and saw the clearer that, with health, toil, and sobriety for his capital, a man must meet with pecuniary success. Revolving in his mind thoughts kindred to the foregoing, he turned down toward the plaza, and eventually entered the two-story wooden building upon its left—the famous Parker House—most imposing and costly of the structures yet erected in the settlement.

Here were assembled men of more pleasing mien than Blair had hitherto met. Many of them were quietly reading the *Alta*, others engaged in discussing business matters, while here and there a miner, more rude than the rest, keyed his voice somewhat loudly in disquisitions upon the present condition of the "diggin's" and their "prospects" for the future. The young Bostonian began to feel quite at home, and resolved to enter into conversation with a man seated in the chair next his own. Judging from the stout buckskin moccasins on his legs, by the pistols and knife in his belt, and by the Mexican *sombrero* resting carelessly upon his knee, he was a miner, recently from the hills. So it proved.

"My name is Marshall," said he, after the two had gotten a little acquainted. "Not a famous man, by any means, but you may have chanced to hear of me."

"Yes, indeed," responded the other. "I was going to say that I knew you well. It wouldn't be much of an exaggeration to affirm that the people of the United States regard Captain Sutter and yourself as anything but strangers."

"And you thought you would come out and follow up the acquaintance. Well, I'm glad to see you. You think that you have struck a queer spot, I reckon."

"I must say, Mr. Marshall, that, though this is my first night in town, I have already discovered many striking peculiarities."

"I don't doubt it; and you are not through with 'em yet. There—there is a new one this very minute," whispered the miner, pointing toward the door, where a most novel looking creature was entering.

His appearance first suggested a peacock rather than a human being, but he soon proved himself too vain for anything but a man whose brain had run to worship of the gaudiest finery. Beneath his blue jacket flashed a white satin vest, ornamented with bright flowers; in his hat waved an ostrich feather; while his hands, cased in immaculate kids, flourished, as only a fool or a fop is able, a light cane, carved with the congenial device of a monkey's head.

"Won't you take that for a new specimen in your collection?" asked the pioneer, with a contemptuous smile, indicating his appreciation of the dancing dandy.

"Yes; he must go on the upper shelf. But what name can I find vapid enough to write on his label?"

"The euphonious title, sir, of Jemmy Twitcher."

"And who, pray, may Jemmy Twitcher be?"

"One of the *Hounds*."

"I shall have to trouble you with a second inquiry. I like the sound of the name of the order to which you assign the nervous coxcomb; but who are the Hounds?"

"A better way to put it would be, Who *were* the Hounds? They have, I am happy to say, ceased to be an organized body. Some three or four months since, a gang of desperadoes took it into their heads that they would regulate matters up in the mines according to their own sovereign ideas. Certain foreigners, particularly those of Spanish extraction, were doing cheaper labor than they felt willing to compete with. Accordingly, they banded themselves together, elected their officers, established head-quarters of operation, and began to exercise their self-constituted authority. On

the slightest provocation, they insulted and beat the Chilians, plundered their tents, and put their gold into their own pockets. This condition of affairs continued, until, one of their number being killed by a Chilian, they avenged themselves with greater severity than ever upon foreigners living here in San Francisco. This was too much for the hot blood of so excitable a town, and a public meeting was immediately called by the Alcalde. Money was raised by subscription to succor the sufferers, and a company of something like two hundred and fifty special constables enlisted and armed. Before the sun went down, twenty of the Hounds had been arrested and lodged in safe custody."

"Prompt and efficient action, surely."

"Yes, that is a marked characteristic of this people, heterogeneous as it is. The worst men in the world are to be found here, and a newcomer will light upon them first. In this way he gains, often, an exaggerated opinion of the various forms of vice that, unfortunately, are prevalent enough, but not all-controlling. Every man that comes to this coast grows more or less wild—necessarily so; for the prime object of his life is to reap as quickly as possible harvests of immense wealth. There are no restraining influences, and greed naturally becomes rampant. The majority of those that come here are, moreover, *young* men—many of them boys, whose characters are not yet formed. Nevertheless, destitute as we are of the wholesome checks brought to bear in countries that have attained to a high degree of civilization, there is a silent under-current of strong and noble manhood. The men composing this class are neither parading their merits nor making their boasts of authority in public places; but when the time comes for their voices to be heard and their arms to be felt in the maintenance of a just cause, they make immediate and most salutary response. The devils among us are not uppermost when the hour of trial arrives. The vilest influence that we have to contend with is that of a horde of lazy, profligate, virtually banished politicians, who have hurried here from all quarters. But I tell you that these impious and bullying rascals don't hold the reins in their own hands. One of them was summarily stopped in his career this very morning. You undoubtedly have had a full report of it."

"I am pleased with your sentiments of approval," responded Blair, "for Ensign is an old acquaintance, and I felt convinced that there must be something like justification for so serious a deed. It was under pretense of the Judge's insult to me that Ensign sought a quarrel with him."

"I don't mean to say that I exactly commend such proceedings," returned the miner; "that is, as a rule. But there is no doubt in my mind that Brainard deserved death. If Ensign was willing to take the responsibility, why, well and good. I look upon him, in view of the lawlessness among us, as a public benefactor."

"Of one thing I am certain," said Blair, filling in the pause made by the sturdy pioneer; "such days as these are never repeated in a man's experience."

"Never, sir; nor will they occur again in the history of these United States. You see that we have only made a faint beginning. Out of all this chaos is to come a vast organization of untold wealth, destined to revolutionize the money markets of our own and foreign lands."

"The mines, then, in your opinion, have as yet yielded but an intimation of their treasures."

"Sir, they are inexhaustible; and there is no knowing with what unlimited success agriculture, in the not very distant future, may be pursued in California. This land is one huge garner of wealth, from the sky above to the bowels of the earth beneath. Congress has not done the right thing by us," continued the speaker, giving his *sombrero* an energetic shift. "It has made arrangements to secure our revenue, and perhaps that is all it wants, but I trust not. We shall pull through, in one way or another. The members of our convention down at Monterey are not altogether harmonious, but I have faith that they will present the people with an acceptable constitution. They have now entered upon their fifth week, and the reports so far confirm my hopes."

"You speak encouragingly, Mr. Marshall, without the suspicious vehemence that attaches itself to the delivery of unwarranted opinions. I must say that I thank you heartily. As you may imagine, I am anxious to get to the mines, but I am one of those that can bide the proper time. My companion, I fear, will not be able to go on for a few days yet."

"I am sorry to hear that. I should be pleased to have your company, as far as Sacramento at least, but I shall be obliged to leave here in the morning. I will post Captain Sutter, however, and see that you have some assistance from him upon your arrival at the Fort. He is a terribly busy man, but you will find him, for all that, a warm and attentive friend. You ought to make your way up as soon as possible, for the season is getting late. Many of the miners, having been to the diggings, and 'seen the elephant' to their satisfaction for a time, are already returning to squander the fruits of their toil in this den of gamblers."

Here the conversation was brought to an end by the appearance of one desiring the pioneer's presence in connection with the business that had occasioned his visit to the grand repository of the earnings of the miners.

"Keep up good courage, young man," he said, as, in parting, he gave Blair a hearty shake of the hand. "You have the right sort of stuff in you to heel yourself handsomely before you take leave of California. I can see it in your eye. Make haste to the Fort, and meanwhile I will see to it that the Captain takes you under his broad wings and sends you on up the river with a good outfit. Don't spend a particle of dust for Eastern traps. Mind what I say. So long to you." JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.

A NEW CALIFORNIA.

The hard times of the past few years have swept away nearly all that was left of "old California." The industrial and social condition of the State has greatly changed. Looking up from the depths of our present depression, it is pleasing to observe the promises of better times. Among these are the good effects destined to flow from the opening of the new overland railway from San Francisco to the Gulf of Mexico.

The writer has recently passed over this road from end to end, and can speak from his own observation and experience.

The Southern Pacific proper starts from San Francisco and forks to Tres Pinos and Soledad. Thence to Huron is an uncompleted gap of eighty miles. From Huron the road runs to Goshen, where it forks northwardly into the Central Pacific to Lathrop and beyond, while southwardly it continues as the Southern Pacific to Fort Yuma.

This, however, is not the present route for through travel. The route is by the Central Pacific from San Francisco to Lathrop, and thence down the San Joaquin Valley to the junction of the road with the Southern Pacific at Goshen. From Goshen to Fort Yuma and beyond there is but a single line.

Near Goshen the traveler enters the rich lands of Tulare County. Farther south the road rises into the Valley of Kern River, which valley it follows to its southern extremity, where the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range unite and form the Tehachepi Mountains. Passing these mountains, it enters the western extension of the Mojave Desert, which it crosses from north to south. This desert is elevated high above the present sea-level, and the road, after passing through it, makes a long and great descent before it again enters a fertile country. When it does so, it sweeps through the lovely *huertas* of San Fernando, Los Angeles, Riverside, and San Bernardino. Rising from these immense gardens, it ascends and surmounts the Pass of San Gorgonio, where it leaves behind every farm this side of Texas. There are plenty of good grazing lands in Arizona and New Mexico, and a few sites for ranches in river bottoms and *cienagas;* but from San Bernardino to middle Texas it is safe to say that, at least for some time to come, the plow will be an implement in little request. As will presently be shown, this fact has much to do with the future prosperity of California.

The Pass of San Gorgonio is the north-western, and the Colorado River the south-eastern, portal of the Colorado Desert. Between the two portals lies little else than one vast sheet of shifting sand.

From the Colorado River to the Rio Grande the road winds through a *mesa* country flanked by mountain ranges. In many places the *mesa* is cut by *cienagas*, or drainage valleys, with marshy bottoms. Quite commonly the road enters these *cienagas*, always to emerge again upon the *mesa* a few miles beyond. You cross many small rivers, which are always dry in summer except during a "cloud burst," and a few that flow perennially. Among the former is the Rio Grande, where, at present, your journey terminates. You are now in a little, sleepy Spanish-American town, where vegetables are two bits a pound and water is unfit to drink; but you are reading a San Francisco paper only three days old, and are satisfied that in the course of another week the shipments of food from that metropolis will bring the coster-mongers of El Paso to their senses.

At El Paso you have left behind you eight hundred miles, first of desert, and then of uncultivated, and apparently uncultivable, country. Ahead of you lie four hundred miles of the

naked Llanos Estacados. Here are twelve hundred miles of country to supply with flour, grain, vegetables, fruits, liquors, hardware, dry goods, saddlery, clothing, machinery, mining supplies, groceries, lumber, furniture, wooden wares, and endless other articles. All these articles must come from California; they are being supplied from California now. Lumber from Truckee is delivered at the Tombstone mines, thirty miles south of the railroad, for $50 a thousand. Groceries, canned goods, liquors, furniture, clothing, machinery, and a great variety of other merchandise, is obtained exclusively from San Francisco. Fruits are shipped from Los Angeles, grain from the San Joaquin. There are not many buyers now, but there will be soon. Arizona and New Mexico are among the greatest mining countries in the world. A rush to these countries is beginning, and California will not fail to profit largely by it.

El Paso is within three hundred and fifty miles of the head of steamboat navigation on the Rio Grande, so that, were it desirable, a through line of steam communication between California and the Gulf of Mexico could be opened before the middle of next year; but the new overland route will not change its course. The Rio Grande is too long and too shallow to serve the vast commerce which this line is expected to organize. It will be pushed on at once to the eastward until it connects with one of the several roads now being run from eastern to western Texas. One of these roads has six hundred miles of rail down. It is not too much to say that on or before January 1, 1882, San Francisco and New Orleans will join hands; the States of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Louisiana will become closely knit by new bonds of commercial interest; the trade of the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico will be united.

These connections indicate some of the general advantages to be derived from the completion of this new overland route. It will form the shortest all-rail line across our country from ocean to ocean; it will shorten the journey from India, China, Japan, Australia, and Polynesia to the Eastern States and Europe, and attract much of the trade that now passes through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean Sea; it will open new markets to those manufactures of the Eastern States which their peculiar advantages will always enable them to control; it will distribute the sugars, cotton, rice, tobacco, and other products of the Southern States throughout so wide a world that new life will be imparted to the energies of that section; it will afford a tremendous impetus to the mining industries, now so rapidly being developed, of Arizona and New Mexico; it will create a new California. Yes, so numerous and important are the advantages to be derived by this State from the completion of the new transcontinental railway, that, like the Erie Canal of New York, it will in effect re-create the commonwealth. To be able to recognize the justice of this conclusion, it is first necessary to extend a rapid glance over the history of this State, and the circumstances that have hitherto influenced its welfare. This review will show:

(1.) That California, unlike the other States of this Union, was not, and *could not have been*, developed by men of small capitals. This arises from certain conditions of climate, the absence of navigable rivers, the conditions of land tenure upon which the State was admitted to the Union, and the peculiarities of its natural resources.

(2.) That these large capitals did now grow and *could not have grown up* here as capital grew up in the other States—from agriculture and other industries favorable to slow, equal, and widely diffused accumulations. They grew up from mining for the precious metals, an exceedingly hazardous pursuit, which keeps a great many people poor, and makes a very few exceptionally rich.

(3.) Hence, California was developed by a few exceptionally rich men, whose investments in lands, water-rights, railways, manufactories, etc., gave employment to workingmen, but not opportunities to yeomen. This relation between employer and employed became so unattractive to the latter, that, combined with the depression in the widely diffused "Comstock shares," it gave rise to serious discontent.

(4.) But this relation was only temporary, and it is already beginning to disappear. It is being destroyed by the competition of capital, chiefly the capital invested in railways; for these, by tapping new sources of supplies and opening new markets, are affording to poor men —to others beside great *rancheros*, stock farmers, ditch and water companies, and manufacturers—an opportunity to make a living by agriculture or trade.

(5.) This dawn of better times will be greatly hastened by the new overland route to the Gulf of Mexico. Already the southern part of California is feeling its beneficial influence. In a short time the whole State will feel it, and the existing gloom and depression will pass away.

Let us examine the bases for these conclusions by going into details:

The gold discoveries of 1849, and their effects in colonizing this State, may or may not have been of benefit to mankind at large. They were indisputably of benefit to this State, for, without

these discoveries, the State would probably not have been settled until after every available acre of public lands in the Mississippi Valley had been taken up and occupied. The reason of this is that California was a remote State; a great portion of it was arid; it lacked navigable rivers; it was covered by Spanish grants of great extent, and often of indefinable limits; it was not surveyed, and the laws made it more profitable for the surveyors to map out the deserts than the cultivable lands; its resources of fuel (cheap power), so far as then developed, were inferior to those of the States which were then prepared to compete with it in the establishment of manufactures; it had no foreign commerce.

California is so remote from the Eastern States and Europe that, before the Union and Central Pacific railways were constructed, the danger and expense of emigration were sufficient to deter all but the most hardy and adventurous persons.

In all the valleys of the State east of the Coast Range and south of the latitude of San Francisco, the lack of sufficient rain-fall renders artificial irrigation necessary. Hence, until this could be supplied, a great portion of the State was closed against settlement by immigrants with limited means.

Substantially, the Sacramento River—and this only for a comparatively short distance—is the only navigable one in the State. California, therefore, lacks that cheap and readily available means of transit which has contributed so largely to develop the States of the Mississippi Valley.

The Spanish territorial grants, which were recognized as valid under the treaty of cession from Mexico, covered the best portions of the State. They were each of great extent, and so much subject to litigation regarding their origin and bounds that no person of limited means could afford to purchase and improve the lands which they included. Some of these grants have been declared void by the courts; others have been confirmed only after thirty years of expensive litigation, while still others are as yet unsettled.

The laws relating to the surveys of public lands left it to the discretion of the surveyors to choose the lands which they should first survey, and awarded them so much per acre for surveying. Under these circumstances, they naturally selected the easiest work, and this was upon the deserts. The first surveys made in this State were of the vast desert of the Colorado, where the eye can take in at a single glance, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles of land. Even now a great portion of the cultivable parts of the State is unsurveyed, and therefore cannot be located by the industrious poor.

Coal was not known to exist in California at the time of the gold discoveries, and even now our resources in this respect are but at the threshold of their development. The quantity of timber at that time available for motive power in this State was exceedingly limited. South of San Francisco the Coast Range was but sparsely timbered, and no streams existed by which cord-wood could be cheaply transported to any desirable manufacturing center; nor would it have paid to fetch it from the northern Coast Range. The valleys possessed no available resources of this character. The foot-hills were too remote from the centers of trade to enable their fuel product to compete with the cheaper mechanical powers employed in the Eastern States. Manufactures could have had—and, in point of fact, had—no footing in California until many years after its colonization by Americans.

As for foreign commerce, it had no footing, and could have had none until a commercial outlet to the East was furnished by the Central and Union Pacific railways. The early commerce of California was confined to obtaining supplies from the East, and laborers from China and the Sandwich Islands. This, with the visits of a few Arctic whalers, constituted our whole trade. We had nothing to sell, either as producers or middle-men; we had no markets to sell in; substantially, we had no commercial resources upon which our population could have depended for support.

We had only the mines, and the mines eventually gave us all the other resources, which we now possess; only it gave them to us in a peculiar way. It did not distribute them as agriculture, or manufactures, or commerce would have distributed them. It did not distribute them as they have been distributed in countries which depended originally upon one or more of these resources for support. It did not distribute them fairly, nor evenly, nor universally.

The mines made many men poor and a few men rich; and it is the rich who have developed the agricultural, the manufacturing, the commercial resources of the State. Not only were these resources not developed by the poor as in other States; but we have shown that, owing to the peculiar circumstances that existed in this State, the poor could not have developed them; poor men could not have constructed irrigation ditches; could not have supplied the want of navigable rivers with railways; could not have purchased Spanish grants; could not have obtained a good title to unsurveyed lands; could not have established successful manufactures; could not have built up a lucrative foreign com-

merce. It would have been easier and cheaper for them to have prosecuted these industries in the Eastern States, and there they would have remained.

The opening of the mines changed all this, and conferred upon the State certain artificial advantages which it could have gained in no other way. It filled the country with a class of hardy adventurers, ready to risk the chances of immediate fortune or failure in the placers. When the placers were exhausted for hand laborers, the State had gained enough men with exceptional capitals to promote its further development. These capitals irrigated the valley lands, they drained the marshes, they opened coal mines, they established manufactories, they built railways, they opened commerce with distant countries, they planted great vineyards and orchards. All these enterprises were set afoot by the rich, purely with a view, it is to be presumed, to their own advantage; but at the same time, such are the paradoxical and inscrutable laws of our social existence, they inured as much or more to the advantage of the poor.

Without the mines, the exceptional capitals they organized, and the artificial advantages conferred by these capitals, California could not have become the home of poor men. With these artificial aids, its settlement became feasible to all classes. The competition of capital has had the effect of conferring all the advantages of such capital upon the public. Hundreds of miles of ditches, constructed to wash out the placers, and costing millions of dollars, have been surrendered to the humbler service of irrigation. Costly roads, buildings, reservoirs, and other improvements constructed to promote the development of mines or minister to the expected wants of mining populations, have fallen almost without price to the aftercomers.

Prominent among these competing capitals was that represented by the overland railway. This capital was organized by men who were once poor. No sooner was this railway completed than it at once broke down a great number of exacting and oppressive monopolies—stage-coach monopolies, freight-wagon monopolies, pack-mule monopolies, and monopolies of supplies. Coal which, when monopolized, was sold in San Francisco for $25 a ton, is now freely offered at $10, and with the further help of railways in developing new mines may soon be sold for $5. With cheaper fuel, small manufactories have arisen on all sides, and the people who previously paid tribute to a hundred or more great monopolies are now producers at rates that enable them to supply the home market, and also to ship their goods abroad. Before the railway was completed, when the coast had to depend for its supplies upon the chance arrivals of sailing vessels and the chance freights of steamers, "corners" were effected every few days upon some article or another of common consumption, and the price run up to most exacting figures. Corners were effected on pork, hams, flour, cheese, dry goods, and a great variety of articles. Common iron tacks were sold on one occasion at $3.50 per paper, scythe blades at $25 each, and so forth.

The competition of capital has broken all this down—capital which originally came into the possession of the "few fortunate" miners, and which, finding the channels of high commercial profits filled, flowed into those of lower and lower profits; capital from high and low commercial profits flowing into railway construction and thus breaking down farm and trade monopolies; capital from the East and other countries to share and lower the profits of monopolies already established here.

This State is strewn with the wrecks of great capitals which were once highly productive, but which have since been entirely abandoned to the public. These great capitals, originally organized by the mining discoveries, were antagonized by the transcontinental railway, and forced to break each other down. By this means the railway has served the cause of the public and opened the State to settlement by an industrial population. Without the railway the population of California would have consisted of a horde of poor but sanguine miners, and a few bonanza kings, favored farmers, and "cornering" merchants—the former impoverished by the trade exactions of the latter, whom they would not dare to drive away for fear of cutting off their own subsistence and last hope of fortune. With the railway the State has measuredly freed itself of trade monopolies, and maintains a population relying for their support not alone upon the mines, but upon agriculture, manufactures, and foreign commerce.

The beneficial agency thus exercised by the Union and Central Pacific will be continued and extended by the Southern Pacific. I am not composing a railway anthem; I am not singing the praises of the rich, nor am I discussing the history of railway legislation; I am simply calculating, coldly and dispassionately, the advantages which the people of my State will derive from the opening of the overland route to the Gulf of Mexico; and, I repeat, it will create a new California.

A single railway cannot do everything. The first transcontinental road broke down a great many of the trade monopolies which were established by the exceptional capitals that arose

out of the mines. That it did not break them all down is sufficiently evinced by the general, though mistaken and misdirected, discontent that manifested itself at the Constitutional election. But, judging from analogy, these, too, will be weakened or destroyed when the new overland road is completed.

Not only will this road break down monopolies, it will build up new trades; and it is chiefly from this source that we have a right to expect improvement in our industrial affairs.

The principal products of this State, and those in the supply of which every man not entirely indigent can now take part, are: Wheat, wool, wine, iron, lumber, bark, fish, meats, game, hay, vegetables, and fruits. The forest, the sea, the game marshes, are substantially open to all; the hay and grain lands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, the valleys of Sonoma and Napa, the nooks of the Sierra, and the *huertas* of Los Angeles, are measuredly open to cultivation by anybody.* Land is cheap and productive, and water for irrigation is getting to be within easy reach. Besides these products, California manufactures machinery and supplies for mines better adapted for the purpose and more in request than similar products from other States.

The new overland road will throw open all of Arizona, Sonora, and Chihuahua, and parts of New Mexico, Southern Mexico, and Texas, as markets for these commodities. In other words, it will give us two millions of additional customers for our productions. El Paso is the center of a circle which passes alike through the cities of San Francisco, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the City of Mexico. They are each distant about one thousand miles from that natural railway center, San Francisco being somewhat the nearest of them all. Neither of the others can successfully compete with her in the supply of the various products named. St. Louis and the intervening country may, indeed, take part in the hay and grain supplies for Arizona, and Texas in the supplies of cattle, but that is all. The rest will be supplied by California.

Not only this, but, as California is the nearest cultivated country, the profits and savings of the luckier miners will be invested within her borders. The dream of the Arizonan miner is to own an orange grove in the semi-tropical region of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, or Riverside. Already several of them have made purchases of this kind. Mr. Edward Shiefflin, discoverer of the Toughnut mine at Tombstone, has bought a ranch near Los Angeles for $23,000. Mr. Richard Gird, one of the owners of the Toughnut, has bought the Warner ranch for $80,000, and so on. Not only the Tombstone, but also the Patagonia, Silver King, Globe, and other productive mining districts of Arizona, have contributed a material portion of their profits to investments in California. The southern portion of our State already feels the stimulus which this new capital has imparted. Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and the southern part of Kern Valley were never so prosperous before, and their present prosperity is all due to the new markets thrown open to them by the Southern Pacific. As time advances, this stimulus will be felt farther and farther north until it reaches San Francisco. Old California has passed away, and a new California begins to appear in its place.

Another notable effect of the new route will be the transfer of capital from the Comstock lode, where it has of late been unproductive, to the new and rich mines of Arizona, New Mexico, and Sonora, where it will be productive, and whose future is now well assured. This change has already begun to take place, and its movement will be accelerated every day as the new mines more and more establish their permanent character. Over confidence in the Comstock lode has led the people of California into serious losses, and kept them so drained of capital as to dampen and retard progress in agriculture and commerce. The superior attractiveness and profitable character of the Arizonan mines will tend to reverse this condition of affairs, and if it shall not substitute dividends for assessments, will at least stop the leak through which a great portion of our social energies of late years has drained.

The trade into California from the new regions to be opened by the railway will be no less profitable to the State than the increased outward trade. These new regions comprise a strictly mining country, and their entire product must come to San Francisco for a market, for at San Francisco are located the nearest, largest, and best refineries for the precious metals, as well as a Government mint—a mint that means a market at full value for the precious metals, and a market which it is impossible to satiate.

Not only this, but as the precious metals product of the new region will consist mainly of silver, San Francisco, which is the nearest port to China, and has a large direct trade with that country, affords the greatest facilities for disposing of it to advantage. In a word, the precious metals product of the regions named,

* As going to show the extraordinary and little suspected sources of wealth latent in this State, it should be mentioned that recently a single ship took three hundred tons of so strange a commodity as *dried shrimps* from California to China.

which will soon amount to some $10,000,000 a year, is already beginning to make its way hither to market. Add to this the amount of Eastern capital, which is annually finding its way into those regions for investment, and we may safely reckon upon $15,000,000 a year, soon to be expended in the purchase of Californian products.

But this is only a small portion of the advantages which California is destined to derive from the new road. From San Francisco to New Orleans is about two thousand miles; from Wilmington on the Pacific to New Orleans on the Gulf of Mexico is about fifteen hundred miles. By both of these routes, chiefly from San Francisco, on account of the facility for obtaining return freights, a vast commerce is destined to spring up between India, China, Japan, Australia, and the Pacific Islands on the one hand, and the Southern and Eastern States of America and all Europe on the other.

The Tehuantepec route, if indeed it is ever completed, cannot compete successfully, either for freight or passengers, with the Southern Pacific. It involves two ocean voyages, and thus is little better than the Panama railway; it lacks good ports on either ocean. The climate of Nicaragua is too hot, and, above all, too humid for many classes of goods to pass through it unharmed; it has no back country with railway connections to add any local traffic to the through traffic; it is subject to the caprices of an unstable and insecure government, to the vicissitudes of almost incessant war and revolution, and to pillage by bandits.

The Guaymas route is open to all the same objections except the first named, and to the further one, that it will have no Eastern outlet nearer than New York.

The Panama Canal is still in the air.

As before stated, the Southern Pacific is the shortest land route between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, which lies wholly within the territory of the United States. This is a geographical fact, which practically settles the question of through trade between Asia and Polynesia on the west and the Atlantic States and Europe on the east, and it must settle it for a long time to come.

To wind up the long list of benefits which the new overland route promises to confer upon our State, it should be mentioned that it offers a direct land route to Europe for Californian grain. Shipping cannot always be obtained at San Francisco to load with grain. At the present time, for example, there is a great dearth of vessels. The result is that our grain lacks a quick market. To ship it to New York or Europe *via* the Central and Union Pacific railways is impracticable; the price of transportation, even if lowered to cost, would almost equal the value of the grain at its place of destination. To ship it *via* the Isthmus is equally impracticable. Cape Horn is the only practicable route now open. When the Southern Pacific possesses a continuous line of rail to New Orleans, the problem of a grain market for the Pacific Coast will be solved. It will cost no more to ship grain from this coast than from Minnesota or Kansas to Europe.

To the prospect which this great public work opens for the creation of a new and prosperous industrial era in California, but a single objection has yet been offered.

It has been claimed that the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway, after its junction with the Southern Pacific, which, it is expected, will take place within a few weeks and a little west of the Rio Grande River, will be continued south-westwardly by a branch to Guaymas, and north-westwardly by another to San Francisco; and that, when thus completed, it will secure, through the first named branch, a portion of the Asiatic trade, and, through the last named, a portion of the San Francisco trade. So far as the latter contingency is concerned, San Francisco has nothing to fear. Whether her products are conveyed to a market by one route or another, can be a matter of little consequence to her. What she wants, what the entire State wants, is new markets; and if we possessed a dozen means of reaching them, instead of two, it could do us no harm.

The loss of the Asiatic through-trade would, however, be a great misfortune to us. This trade yields considerable profit to our capitalists, and affords employment to large mercantile and industrial classes of our citizens. We cannot well afford to lose it. The prospect of such a contingency is, therefore, well worth considering.

Up to its point of junction with the Southern Pacific, the Atchison and Topeka Railway will doubtless prove a valuable franchise. It will place within reach of south-eastern Colorado and New Mexico the farm products of the Western, and the manufactures of the Eastern States, and open the mining product of Colorado and New Mexico to the markets of the world. And it is the prospect of this valuable trade that has enabled the enterprising projectors of this line to favorably market their stocks and bonds in the East. Any attempt to extend the line beyond this limit must, however, prove disastrous. There is no trade to support an extension south-westwardly to Guaymas, nor westwardly to California; and should such ex-

tensions be completed, the losses upon them will hardly make good the profits on the main line. Guaymas cannot, under any circumstances, compete with San Francisco as a port for the through trade to Asia and Polynesia. As a harbor for vessels, it is greatly inferior; it is a long distance up the Gulf of California, so difficult of navigation; it is out of the way; it cannot offer any return freights for vessels; a railway line from Guaymas to the East would be too long to compete with either of the San Francisco roads. An extension of the Atchison line west to San Francisco would traverse little else except deserts, including those of New Mexico, Arizona, and the Mojave. Such an enterprise will necessarily prove disastrous, and, if carried out, will rob the stockholders of the Atchison line of all the advantages they will gain up to the point of junction with the Southern Pacific.

San Francisco has, however, little to fear from such a contingency. Railway capital, whether of Boston or other origin, is not so plentiful as to be ready to spend $3 for $1 worth of road, and an extension of the Atchison and Topeka line to California is not likely to be attempted. Notwithstanding the preparations now being made at Guaymas, an extension to that port will, as likely as not, be abandoned. It has no footing as a legitimate enterprise, and its only apology will be the object of making a profit through the sale of securities for which a market will have been afforded by the success in placing the stocks and bonds of the only portion of the line that can hope to prove self-sustaining—*viz.*, that to the junction with the Southern Pacific.

These considerations reduce the whole subject to within the compass of a nut-shell. The Atchison and Topeka will secure the trade of Colorado and New Mexico to Kansas and Missouri. The Southern Pacific will give the trade of Arizona and the surrounding country to San Francisco; it will secure the Asiatic through-trade to California; it will afford a short and easy outlet for Californian grain, wool, and wine to Europe. There is no fear that the Golden State will be deprived of these advantages; and if it secure them, as probably it will, there can be little doubt that a new era of prosperity awaits the State—an era so active, so progressive, and so promising, that it will substantially create a new California.

ALEXANDER DEL MAR.

INTEROCEANIC COMMUNICATION.

The subject of this paper is older than American civilization. Since the day that Nuñez de Balboa, from the summit of the isthmus *cordillera*, for the first time gazed on the vast Pacific, the question of an interoceanic canal has at various times agitated the greatest minds of the world. Now that "the dream of centuries" is undoubtedly on the eve of fulfillment, it is eminently proper that the people of the Pacific Coast, who, of all others, are the most interested in this great work, should carefully inform themselves as to the merits of the three projects claiming public attention, whereby the Pacific Coast is to be brought thousands of miles nearer the great marts of Europe.

That the reader may the more readily comprehend the subject, it will be presented under five heads, *viz.:*

(1.) A topographical description of the Nicaragua Interoceanic Canal route.

(2.) A like description of the Panama Interoceanic Canal route, with explanations of the American and French surveys therefor.

(3.) A like description of the Eads Ship Railway project across the Tehuantepec Isthmus.

(4.) The effect of the completion of either of these three projects upon the interests of our Pacific Coast, and upon the commerce of the world.

(5.) The political consideration of the question as it affects the interests of our country, and the application thereto of the "Monroe doctrine."

It will be perceived readily that a full discussion of these points would far exceed the limits of a magazine article; but it will be the aim of the writer to concisely state the leading features in connection therewith in such a manner that the general reader will derive a fair idea of the whole question, and thus be able to deal with it intelligently hereafter.

The interoceanic canal projected by the Nicaragua Maritime Canal Company, of which General Grant is the President, has its initiative point on the Atlantic at San Juan del Norte,* Nicaragua, this port being situated at the mouth

* Called by the English, "Greytown," a name not used in Nicaragua, where it is commonly called "Del Norte," as distinguished from San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific, commonly called "Del Sur."

of the San Juan River, which connects Lake Nicaragua with the Caribbean Sea. This harbor, as late as 1858, was an excellent one, with an entrance deep enough to float the largest ships. The San Juan is a large river, averaging about six hundred yards in width, and navigable for light draught steamers during the entire year, while during the rainy season, steamers of four hundred tons can ascend through it to Lake Nicaragua. It empties into the Caribbean Sea through two principal channels, each about twenty miles in length (the Colorado branch and the San Juan proper), and also through a secondary branch leaving the San Juan below its junction with the Colorado, called the Tauro branch. In former years the San Juan River proper carried most of the water, and, while this was the case, its current scoured the harbor of San Juan del Norte, and maintained a depth of twenty-eight to thirty feet at its entrance.

Since 1858, the volume of water going down the San Juan proper has gradually diminished, and has been diverted to the Colorado branch, which now carries seven-eighths of the water from Lake Nicaragua to the sea. The result of this change has been destructive to the harbor of San Juan del Norte. The loss of a scouring current has caused a very serious shoaling of the harbor, and nearly destroyed its entrance. The restoration of this harbor is the most difficult problem in the Nicaragua Canal project; and, while willingly admitting that it can be made a good harbor, I am inclined to the belief that it may cost double the amount allowed for in the estimates, which is placed at $2,822,630. The plan adopted for this purpose is to turn the entire water of the San Juan River down its Colorado branch—a point easy of accomplishment, since nature has already almost completed the work—thus isolating the harbor, which is then to be dredged, and its outer line protected by an artificial work, which fortunately finds below the shifting river sand a solid clay foundation. This obstacle overcome, the rest of the work offers nothing that modern engineering cannot easily and safely accomplish. Indeed, nature meets man more than half way on the rest of the projected canal line.

From the port of San Juan del Norte the canal line reaches the San Juan River just above where the San Carlos River empties into it from the Costa Rica side. The San Juan, above the mouth of the San Carlos, has no streams of consequence emptying into it. Below the San Carlos, this latter and the Serapaqui River (also emptying into the San Juan from the Costa Rica side) render the main river liable to sudden freshets and unadapted to canal purposes. Above the San Carlos River the San Juan is subject to only such moderate increase of volume as may arise from an increased hight of the level of Lake Nicaragua during the rainy reason. In fact, it becomes a natural drainage channel from the lake, with a fall of only nine inches to the mile.

Where the canal joins the San Juan River, just above the mouth of the San Carlos, a permanent stone dam, 49 feet high, is to be constructed, which at once raises the river above it two feet higher than the present high-water level of the lake, and over this dam the San Juan is allowed to find its way to the Atlantic. There is nothing especial about this dam, either in hight or length (2,000 feet) to distinguish it from works of a similar character elsewhere. The abrupt banks of the river afford excellent abutments. From San Juan del Norte to the dam the canal runs mostly through an alluvial soil, where dredging machinery will

do most of the work with advantage. The hight of the lake and river above the dam being then 109 feet 10 inches above sea level, locks (probably seven in number) must be constructed to attain this level. It is proper here to state that, in the matter of locks, the Nicaragua Canal survey requires only what experience has already demonstrated as practicable—a lock having been three years in use on the St. Mary's Canal, constructed by General Weitzel, Engineer United States Army, with a length of 515 feet, and a lift greater than will be needed in Nicaragua. It is in this respect principally that the Nicaragua survey differs from the Panama French survey. The elevation of 109 feet 10 inches in Nicaragua is overcome by locks, while at Panama the De Lesseps survey surmounts an elevation of 294.7 feet by a low-tide, ocean-level cut. The merits of the two schemes will appear more in detail hereafter. From the San Carlos dam to the lake the river will need a large outlay to fit it for uninterrupted slack-water navigation. Its most abrupt sinuosities must be removed, and its channel cleared of rocks. Above the San Carlos dam are four rapids—the Machuca, the Balas, the Castillo, and the Toro. Of these only the Castillo deserves the name, and I have often run over all of them in river steamers of light draft, while, as before stated, lake steamers, built in the United States, have always reached Lake Nicaragua by passing over them in the rainy season. Of course, the improvement of the river-bed would be made before the completion of the dam, and offers no obstacles that cannot be readily overcome. From the Toro Rapids to the lake (28 miles) the San Juan flows in majestic silence—a wide and deep natural canal, needing little expenditure to fit it for heavy navigation. Lake Nicaragua* is a magnificent fresh-water inland sea, with an area of over 3,000 square miles, 110 miles long, and about 35 miles wide, averaging from 9 to 15 fathoms deep, and its surface 107 feet 10 inches above the sea-level. Situated north of it, 17 miles distant and 22.3 feet higher, is Lake Managua, about 30 miles long, which it is intended to connect with Lake Nicaragua by a light draft canal, as subsidiary to the ship canal. The length of interoceanic canal navigation on Lake Nicaragua is 56½ miles, from the junction of lake and river to the lake end of the Pacific division of the canal, at the mouth of the little River Lajas; and the only labor necessary thereon is the dredging of the soft mud for about seven miles from the junction of lake and river, where, by the gradual current into the river, the lake has been shoaled by "silt" deposit to a depth of about twelve feet at low water. Lake Nicaragua is the great feature of this route. Its immense area prevents any floods, as the extreme difference from its low-water level at the end of the dry season and its high-water level at the end of the rainy season is only twelve feet. It furnishes far more water than can ever be used for lockage, while it constitutes an excellent inland harbor, and by its extent and connection with Lake Managua will render subsidiary to the ship canal the territory of the republic, than which there is no richer in natural resources in the world.

The Pacific division of this canal is 17¼ miles long, from the mouth of the Lajas on the lake (before alluded to) to the Pacific seaport of Brito. The elevation above lake level is 42 feet, which, with the lake level above the sea, 107 feet 10 inches, makes the lowest summit at present known between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, 150 feet. There is nothing special in this cut between the lake and the Pacific. The only obstacle of note is the diversion of the small stream called the Rio Grande, which is a mere brook in the dry season, and never swells to respectable dimensions at any time. This diversion is necessary to prevent the interference of the stream with the canal, which is constructed mostly through a wooded country and solid ground.

At the little port of Brito the Nicaragua Canal enters the Pacific. The harbor is merely a small indentation in the coast line, with good anchorage, but insufficiently protected seaward. Partly by the excavation of the low sandy land at the head of the harbor, and by the construction of a short breakwater from the bluff forming its northern limit, a good harbor can be made sufficient in size to answer every purpose, and as large as many important European ports. Of course, a duplicate system of locks must be constructed in these 17¼ miles to overcome the difference between lake and sea level, already stated as being 107 feet 10 inches. The original United States survey was made for ten locks, each of 10¾ feet lift, but it is now proposed to increase the lift and diminish the number of locks to seven, which will save expense and economize time.

It will be noticed that the work I have described is not only an interoceanic canal, but forms a system of internal improvement which will insure a rapid development of the republic of Nicaragua, and thereby materially add to the revenues of the canal company.

On the various advantages justly claimed for this route—climatic, engineering, commercial,

* Derived from "Nicarao"—an Indian chief discovered by the Spaniards residing on the shores of the lake—with the addition of the Spanish "agua," or water.

and meteorological—it is foreign to the purpose of this paper to comment, and I close this description of the Nicaragua Canal route with the following figures, which the reader should refer to hereafter for comparison:

Total length of interoceanic navigation, 173.57 miles.
Canal, from San Juan del Norte to San Carlos dam, 35.90 miles.
Slack-water river navigation, from San Carlos dam to lake junction, 63.90 miles.
Lake navigation, from lake junction to lake end of Pacific division of canal, 56.50 miles.
Extreme summit level, between Pacific and Atlantic oceans, 150 feet.
Total length of canal to be constructed, 53.15 miles.
Engineer's estimate of cost, $52,577,718.
Engineer's estimate of time for construction, 5 years.
Mercantile estimate of *possible* cost, San Francisco Board of Trade, $100,000,000.

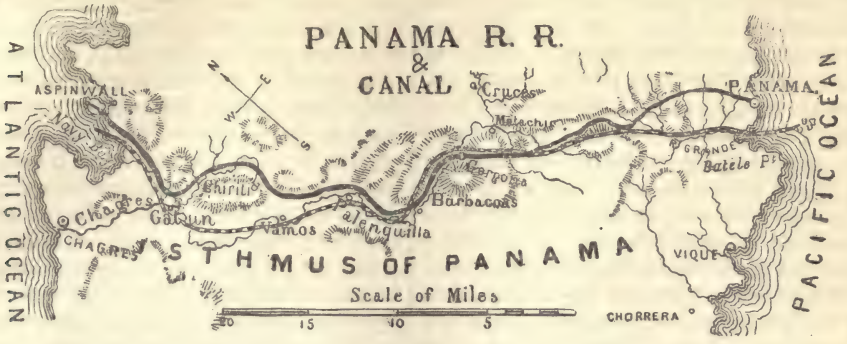
THE PANAMA CANAL ROUTE.

There have been two surveys made at the Panama Isthmus for an interoceanic canal: First, a United States Government survey, under the superintendence of Captain E. P. Lull and Civil Engineer Menocal, both ranking at the head of their profession in the United States navy, and forming, with other officers and men of the naval service, about the same party which had previously made the Government survey in Nicaragua; second, the survey lately made by French engineers, under the control of Count de Lesseps. The United States survey is for a *lock* canal, with an elevation of one hundred and twenty-four feet, and the French survey for a *low-tide level* canal, without locks, through a summit level of two hundred and ninety-five feet above its surface. The Panama Railroad is forty-seven and a half miles long, and both surveys follow its track approximately. I will first describe the American lock canal project. Leaving the Atlantic at Aspinwall about one mile inside the present railroad wharf, the canal enters a low, swampy region, densely covered with tropical vegetation. Through this region and to the river Chagres there are two engineering difficulties to be contended with: First, the maintenance of the banks of the canal through a soil of such consistency, especially during the rainy season,* that it may fill in as fast as dredged, which difficulty could, if necessary, be overcome by training walls; second, between the Atlantic and the Chagres River there are thirteen streams running across the canal line, of small dimensions during the dry season, but troublesome when swollen by heavy rains. The American survey provides for these by thirteen culverts, which carry them under the canal, to resume their channels on the other side of it. Besides the provision made for the thirteen small streams, there are in this section three minor branches, turned into side drains.

An examination of the map will show that this section of the work runs nearly parallel with a range of hills inland, from which these streams start. Disposing of these minor obstacles, and raising the canal level by twelve locks, at convenient intervals, the work approaches the key of the Panama Canal survey, —the River Chagres. Where the canal crosses the Chagres, near the present railroad bridge, it has a channel nineteen hundred feet wide—frequently insufficient to carry its waters, which, only a year since, inundated the valley, swept the iron bridge down the river, and covered the railroad track for days. In fact, the Chagres is a violent, rapid stream during the rainy seasons, and has been known to rise forty-eight feet in one night. Over the Chagres, on a viaduct built on twelve arches, the canal is carried, leaving the river to find its way unvexed to the sea. This work, practical and permanent, although necessarily expensive, solves the problem of the Panama Canal. A feeder, for locking purposes, is run from the Chagres, tapping it twelve miles up the river, and there appears no doubt of the capacity of the river to furnish all the necessary lockage water, although it might tax it seriously, with a large traffic, during the dry season. Past the Chagres, the character of the work in not formidable, although, owing to the high summit, the excavation through the Culebra division is very heavy, even with the reduction made by the elevation of the canal, which, again seeking sea-level by thirteen locks, finally finds the Pacific quarter of a mile east of the present railroad wharf; whence, owing to the large rise and fall of tide, it is carried about two miles out into the bay until it meets deep water. The survey for the Panama Canal above described is considered by the best engineering talent in this country as the only manner in which the difficulties of the project can be surmounted at any cost within commercial limits.

Count de Lesseps has decided that he *must* have a low-tide level canal across the Panama Isthmus, and, while he may over-value its advantages, his opponents must concede their existence. The French survey leaves the Atlantic at Navy Bay at the same place as the United States survey—in fact, both surveys follow the railroad approximately, and both encounter the same obstacles, but surmount them differently. Both surveys include a breakwater in Navy Bay (Aspinwall), protecting the end of

* At Aspinwall, during the year 1872, the enormous precipitation of 170.18 inches was registered.



the canal from the northers experienced there at times, also making a safe anchorage near the entrance. Of course, a depth of twenty-eight feet below low-tide level involves vastly increased excavation, and the streams before described as crossing the canal line before it reaches the Chagres are taken care of by a *lateral canal*, also used to carry the surplus waters of the Chagres, as will be hereafter described. On reaching the Chagres, De Lesseps attempts the stupendous task of entirely obliterating that river before it reaches the canal, the surface of which crosses the river-bed forty-two feet below its bottom. At Gamboa, about two miles above the canal line, an enormous dam is constructed across the whole valley of the Chagres, creating a large artificial lake, which is to hold the entire volume of the river, the waters of which are gradually to be drawn off by the lateral canal before alluded to, and, to a limited extent, into the canal itself. To judge of the character of this work, the following estimate from the French survey is given herewith:

Length of dam, feet	5,000
Hight above bed of the Chagres, feet	130
Hight above canal level, feet	172
Hight above canal bottom, feet	199
Estimated cost, 10 per cent. contingency	$20,000,000.

It will be noted that the bottom of the canal passes *in front* of the dam, seventy feet below the river bed, and that the Chagres River is *wiped out of existence* between the canal and the Atlantic. When the enormous rain-fall, the violent freshets, and the large amount of sediment and floatage brought down by floods are considered, one begins to realize the enormous difficulties of the project, the doubtful results of the attempt, and the impossibility of estimating additional cost which may be caused by contingencies liable to occur. Presuming its completion, will this dam not be a standing menace to the canal, passing in modest silence two hundred feet below its top? What will be the result of a moderate earthquake shock, or of seepage during the rainy season? Thus obliterating the Chagres, the canal passes on into the Culebra division, cutting through an elevation a few inches less than three hundred feet, of course with an immensely increased excavation as compared with the United States survey, but encountering otherwise no formidable engineering obstacles, and finally reaching the Pacific through the valley of the little Rio Grande, about six miles west of the city of Panama, and there meeting deep water about four miles outside the high-water mark. The mean sea level of both oceans is now known to be the same, but while at Aspinwall the tide ebbs and flows from one and a half to two feet, at Panama the tidal movement is eighteen to twenty-six feet.

The American, as well as the French survey, overcome the difficulty by placing a tidal lock at the Pacific end of the canal, which completely controls the question. Such is the French survey for a sea-level Panama canal. The attention of the reader is called to the following comparative figures:

Length of Panama Railroad, 47.5 miles.

Length of United States Panama lock canal, 41.7 miles.

Length of French sea level canal, 45 miles.

Engineers' estimate of cost of United States lock canal, including 20 per cent. contingency, $94,511,360.

Engineers' estimate of French sea level canal, including 10 per cent. contingency, 843,000,000 francs ($168,000,000).

Mercantile estimate of *probable* cost of French low-tide level canal, San Francisco Board of Trade, $300,000,000.

Summit level of Panama Canal survey, 295.7 feet.

Engineers' estimate of time for construction, 8 years.

THE EADS TEHUANTEPEC SHIP RAILWAY.

The survey for this interoceanic project has not been made, and it is accordingly impossible to give an accurate description of the line or its exact length. The Tehuantepec Isthmus United States Canal survey is 144 miles long, to which is to be added about 28 miles of river

navigation, making a total of 172 miles, and former surveys for railway and canal purposes have found the lowest practicable summit at 754 feet. The canal project for this route was abandoned because of the high summit necessitating a large number of locks, with a scant water supply, while a tide-level canal is impossible at any admissible cost. For a ship railway it offers advantages over any American isthmus, and an ordinary railway is now being constructed there by an American company. The Coatzacoalcos River is a stream of respectable magnitude, running northerly across the northern slope of the isthmus, with 12 to 13 feet of water on its bar, which it is proposed to deepen sufficiently to admit the largest ships, which can ascend the river about 25 miles—how far before arriving at the Atlantic end of the proposed railway, I presume Mr. Eads himself has not decided. There are no formidable obstacles in the way of building an ordinary railroad across the isthmus beyond the heavy cuts and fills usually found in a country of that character, and the railroad finds its Pacific terminus at Salina Cruz, near Ventosa, at the head of the Gulf of Tehuantepec, where a port must be constructed. Probably Captain Eads can improve the Coatzacoalcos River for heavy navigation 25 to 28 miles, and his railroad will be about 123 miles long. He estimates the cost at $75,000,000. It has been my purpose to avoid a discussion of the merits of the three routes here described, but it will be impossible to do so in the case of this project, if the reader is to acquire an intelligent idea of it. My high respect for the ability of Captain Eads, my esteem for him, founded on a slight personal acquaintance, and the fact that I can lay claim to no technical knowledge of civil engineering, are good reasons for approaching this subject with deference, and I must regard myself as merely a student of the project.

Captain Eads takes the ship out of water by a submerged inclined track, on which the cradle is run deep enough to allow the ship to be placed upon it, properly lined and blocked, after which a stationary engine hauls cradle and ship out of water to the railroad proper, where four "Mogul" locomotives are placed ahead of it on a twelve-rail track, which haul ship and cradle to the other end of the track, where, by a reverse process, the ship is again placed in the water. Of course, there must be a cradle in use for each ship being transported simultaneously. The grades are overcome by *tipping tables* and the curves by *turn-tables*, as can readily be imagined, of gigantic size. How many of these he will need cannot be known until surveys are completed, but I fear the Tehuantepec Isthmus will give him many grades and curves. He at first estimated the cost of such a railway at half the cost of a ship canal, but his present idea is that it will cost $75,000,000, which at once detracts from his scheme the principal merit heretofore claimed for it, which was comparatively small cost, for there is every prospect that the Nicaragua Canal can be constucted for a like amount; and while the depreciation, and wear and tear of his railway, subjected to the action of a tropical climate, will necessarily be great, a ship canal improves with age—considerations of no little importance.

That Captain Eads can construct a ship railway across Tehuantepec, there is little doubt; that he can so construct it as to meet all the requirements of the case, is another consideration. His mechanical appliances for overcoming the objections I was able to point out to him appeared complicated, while the engineering obstacles of curves, grades, etc., his intimate knowledge of his profession had already indicated methods placing them under his control. He was willing to handle a loaded ship as carefully as I demanded, while it was my object not to allow previous prejudices to affect my judgment of the merits of the scheme. In one respect, however, I fear he has underrated the difficulty of his project. I doubt if at Tehuantec, or on any tropical American isthmus, he can find a foundation for such a road as he wishes to build. The "cuts" may support it, but the "fills" may fail to do so. The success of the scheme depends on extreme rigidity of road and cradle, and if in tropical countries foundations are always troubling railroad engineers under ordinary tracks, what are we to expect under a weight of fifteen or twenty thousand tons concentrated within the limits of the cradle carrying the loaded ship? Captain Eads is one of the greatest living engineers, and, if capitalists will furnish funds, he may build his railway; but unless it is cheaper than a canal what advantage does it offer? Why try an experiment when a certainty offers the same results? However, in the absence of a survey with instruments of precision, it is probably unfair to discuss the project at all, and I dismiss it, with great respect for the ability and resources of the illustrious projector.

COMMERCIAL RESULTS ANTICIPATED.

That an American interoceanic canal will effect great changes in the world's commerce none can doubt, but what little I shall have to say on this branch of the subject will refer to the effect it will have upon American commercial interests generally, and especially upon

the interests of the Pacific Coast of our country, commercial, agricultural, and social. A project which brings this coast nearly nine thousand miles nearer our Atlantic sea-board and the great marts of Europe cannot fail to work great changes in our commercial position. The inhabitants of the Pacific Coast must for a long period continue rather a producing than a manufacturing people, and what manufacturing we are able to accomplish will be from our own products. The saving in time, insurance, depreciation, and freights, applicable to Oregon and California, alone will amount in ten years to the cost of the Nicaragua Canal. The saving above named, applied to this year's Oregon and California wheat crop, can be placed with sober truth at fully eight million dollars! When our wool, wine, and other growing industries are considered, it will easily be seen that the producers of our coast should strain every nerve to insure the success of an interoceanic canal.

Nor, as might at first sight appear, will the canal injure our local railroads. While it would undoubtedly at first deprive them of the through freights, or force upon them a reduction which would be a great benefit to our State, in a short time after its completion their local traffic would far surpass all the through traffic they can hope to control, and, with our other interests, they would reap the benefit of our rapidly increasing development, carrying all the products of our soil to tide-water, and securing a greatly increased passenger traffic. Meanwhile they have probably six years during the period of construction to accommodate themselves to the change.

The completion of the canal will make San Francisco the distributing point for the products of China, Japan, and Central America as far east as the Missouri, for it will then be to the interest of our railroads to secure this distribution rather than allow it to be made westward from Atlantic sea-board cities after reaching them through the canal. A rapid development of the Central American States and west Mexican coast would ensue, and those markets would increase their demand upon us for the commodities we are already sending there in limited quantity. Our merchant steam marine would rapidly increase, for the commerce between our eastern sea-board and our west coast being coastwise, and shut out from European competition, we should need a large steam tonnage under American colors to carry our freights eastward, while they would also compete with foreign steamers for European freights. It will be a glorious day for our State when San Francisco wharves shall be crowded with four and five thousand ton screw steamers flying our flag and loading with our products, and with the completion of the canal this day will surely come. Cheap communication with Europe will bring to us desirable European immigration to settle up our lands and displace the unassimilative Chinese who are trying to crowd in upon us. Shall we not tend to keep them out by filling the places they would occupy with a class of immigrants that can be Americanized? An intelligent mind investigating this subject finds the grand results unfolding themselves until an interoceanic canal appears the greatest boon our coast can ask for, and to the names that are associated therewith their country and the world will accord undying luster.

POLITICAL CONSIDERATIONS OF THE CANAL QUESTION.

Primarily, it would appear that it matters little who constructs a canal if our country is accorded the unrestricted use of it, in common with other nations. A further inquiry, however, must satisfy us that if we do not build this work we must acquire a controlling interest therein. We cannot afford so important a link in our coastwise communication to remain in the hands of any European organization, which would naturally consult foreign interests rather than our own. The Central American republics are now friendly to us, although sparsely inhabited and without development. The company constructing and managing an interoceanic canal would soon wield an influence paramount to the local government, and the policy of the latter might become subservient thereto and inimical to us.

During the existence of the Panama Railroad it has been deemed a necessity for our government to keep armed forces almost constantly at both ends of the transit, and these forces have often been landed and kept on shore indefinitely for the protection of life and property. If this has been the case with a railroad managed by permanent *employés* and with a small native population, what may we expect when five to ten thousand laborers of various nationalities are congregated there, subject to a lax police control, suffering from malarial fevers, discontented, mutinous, and with a free supply of native *agua ardiente?* Add thereto a greatly increased native population, and we have all the elements needing military power to control them in emergencies.

When Count de Lesseps's company have purchased the Panama Railroad, which they have agreed to do as a preliminary step, we no longer have large American interests to protect there. It will be natural, and indeed necessary, for him

to call upon the French Government to protect the enterprise, as we have protected the railroad company on many occasions. The French Government, both during and after construction, will find it necessary to station armed forces at both ends and on the line of the canal. After landing these forces a few times, what more natural than that they should see the advantage and economy of having these troops in barracks on shore—always within call! If it is claimed that the French Government accepts no responsibility in this connection, why has it already appointed an official agent to oversee the initiation of the work? If, at the end of our late internal war, our Government deemed it necessary to request the French to promptly leave Mexico—merely contiguous territory—how much more important that they should not be placed in a position completely controlling our coastwise commerce, and establishing, first their influence, then their power, and lastly, if we are quiescent, their flag on the American Isthmus! Are the American people prepared for this? The late William H. Seward, than whom no brighter intellect ever graced American history, was wont to say that the Pacific Ocean is to be the scene of man's greatest achievements. Are we prepared to have the key thereto in foreign hands? Every American heart will say nay, and honor the patriotism of President Hayes and General Grant when they foresee these results and point them out to their countrymen.

Nor is a large army and navy a necessity in the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine; on the contrary, both *would become* a necessity were it to be disregarded. The United States have a moral prestige sufficient to create a respect for our rights and interests, and it is far better to meet attempted European domination on this continent with a decisive negative *now* than to object thereto after it has passed the initiative. It matters little where the capital comes from to construct an interoceanic canal, but a due respect for our national and traditional policy, as well as for our national pride, should indicate the propriety of its accomplishment through an American organization; and it is a poor compliment to our discernment that we are to be kept quiescent by an "*American Branch*," which can any day be voted out of existence at the headquarters of the Panama Canal Company in Paris! Americans will not fail to appreciate the words of one who has proved himself worthy of their patriotic regard: "I commend an American canal, on American soil, to the American people!"

WM. LAWRENCE MERRY.

A NIGHT OF STORM.

The night shuts down with falling rain,
That drapes the world in double pall;
The loud blast battles with the pane,
And fierce and far the breakers call.

Down the long room, grown weird and grim,
Strange shadows hover, waveringly;
I move among the folios dim,
And count the hours till I am free.

Free—and for what? Ah me! for whose
Soft voice, and gentle touch and smile,
The day's dull burden to unloose,
And lull my cares—a little while?

Free, to recross the threshold dark
Of the four walls I name my home;
To change of toil; then, sleepless, mark
The long, slow hours till dawn shall come.

By loving presences made sweet
In other homes on nights like these,
What matters how the storm may beat!
What wild winds lash the quivering trees!

For them the firelight's ruddy bloom,
The laugh, the song, the dear caress:
For me the labor and the gloom,
The silence, and the loneliness.

O my one friend—unfailing, sure,
Through life's young years! how far indeed
The way, the barriers how secure
That hold thee from my earnest need!

From this thy dear abiding place
What undreamed mysteries divide—
Else love, supreme o'er death and space,
Would bring thee, helpful, to my side.

Away, vain thoughts! Ye do but take
The strength I crave for daily tasks;
And this (what though the heart should break!)
Is all that now my spirit asks.

The manna of a kindly word
By chance may feed me, now and then;
At times Faith's silent chords be stirred
By note of robin or of wren;

Upon some flower-face, lifted mute
The road beside, my eyes may read,
Sweeter than voice of bird or lute,
A message fitting to my need:

Or, haply nearer than I see,
Than this a darker threshold passed,
An opening door may welcome me
To home, to light and love, at last.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

CHAPTER XV.

On the production by Garratt of the alleged note from Judge Simon, Casserly hung his head in shame. Though he was capable of misrepresenting facts—a prominent trait of detectives generally, and considered by them legitimate—he could not have stooped to a forgery under such circumstances. He was on the point of protesting, but Garratt hurried matters forward, fearing to trust him. Casserly hesitated until it was too late. Besides, he was almost ready to believe that the end justified the means; for if, through careless detective work, he had permitted Howard, an innocent man, to bear the burden of guilt, he would have been disgraced as a detective; and Casserly, be it remembered, had certain noble aspirations in that direction.

After all, however, Casserly was uneasy. Had the young man been permitted to secure his mother's coöperation in the theory of accidental killing, the whole matter would have rested there, and the scaffold would have been useless. Once it had been nearly knocked down; now the grim shadow of its beam fell upon the floor of the woman's cell. True to his promise, Garratt had made the woman speak; true to his reasoning, she was the criminal.

"Garratt," said Casserly, when they had left the cell, "I am very sorry you forged that note."

"Nonsense, Casserly! I can't imagine what is coming over you of late. I suppose you understand the whole scheme now."

"I don't know," replied Casserly, in a tone that implied a desire to have as little to do with Garratt as possible..

Nevertheless, Garratt, always zealous, made an explanation:

"Old Simon has espoused the cause of these people, and is working against you."

Casserly leaned against the wall at the head of the stairs, with his hands in his pockets, and made no reply. This disappointed Garratt, who saw that Casserly took no interest in what he said.

"I discovered," continued Garratt, "that he had gained her confidence, and was going to befriend her."

Casserly rattled some coin in his pocket, continued to look at the floor, and said nothing.

"I knew, Casserly, that a note from him would settle everything."

"How about a prosecution for forgery?"

"I studied that over carefully. He will not bring suit, because by doing so he would publish the fact of his connivance with her. This would be all right if she had regularly employed him as an attorney. But not only did he quit the practice of law many years ago, but he avowedly was your assistant in this matter. He would blow out his brains sooner than let these facts become known. And, then, as to the legal question involved: you know well enough in what forgery consists, as defined by the code. A forgery of this kind does not come under that definition; for it was not uttered with the intention, nor did it in fact have the effect, of injuring him to any extent whatever. So you see he is bound hand and foot."

Casserly, looking weary and bored, commenced to descend. He was followed by Garratt, who was greatly annoyed at Casserly's silence.

They met Judge Simon on the lower landing. The old man's eyes looked bright, and his manner was cheerful.

"I have just come from Howard," he said.

Garratt regarded Casserly reproachfully, for Casserly had neglected the injunction.

"He said he told you all about it," continued Judge Simon, in a manner that indicated unspeakable gratification. "I knew all along that there was a misunderstanding. The whole thing is as plain as daylight now, Casserly, and I wonder that I allowed my first impression to leave me for an instant. The young man states the case clearly. Now, the whole trouble has consisted in this: The mother thought her son was guilty, and consequently rescued him, and endeavored to conceal him—simply because he never informed her. Learning that they were imprisoned and suspected, he hastened to surrender himself and clear up the mystery—even hesitating to change his original confession into one of accidental killing. You know, Casserly, that I told you that such a man as you described Howard to be would naturally take a desperate step at first, being crushed and heartbroken, and that soon nature would assert itself, and he would come back to his normal condition. You remember that, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Casserly, wearily, and dreading to tell what he knew.

"Then it is all right. Doctor," said the old man, turning to Garratt, "of course you will hold the inquest immediately, and relieve these persons of the stigma resting upon them—but hasn't it been a strange affair? To think that all this trouble and anxiety should have arisen out of a mere misunderstanding! Why, it is remarkable, Casserly. And you were put to so much trouble, all for nothing, Casserly. That was a good joke," and the old man laughed heartily. "And to think there should be a riot about it! I'll tell you what *I* think: that hardheaded youngster ought to be soundly thrashed for putting everybody to so much trouble, and getting his mother and sweetheart into jail just because he was insanely stubborn." The old man was so happy that he laughed at his own humor.

"Have you been up to see his mother?" he asked.

Garratt waited for Casserly to reply; but the latter gentleman merely looked at the floor, and rattled the coin in his pocket.

"Yes," said Garratt.

"How did she take it? Considerably surprised, wasn't she?"

"We didn't tell her."

"Why?"

Garratt looked at Casserly, who seemed impatient, and desirous that the conversation should terminate. Garratt felt it a task to make the disclosure; but he bravely nerved himself for it, and said:

"Howard did not kill the girl."

"What!" exclaimed Judge Simon, snapping him up sharp and quick.

"I say," repeated Garratt, "that Howard did not kill the girl."

Judge Simon's face assumed a degree of pallor. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just what I say. We have discovered the guilty party."

"Nonsense!"

"We congratulate ourselves that it is a fact nevertheless, and that suspicion no longer rests on the wrong person."

This was having a strange effect upon the old man, who seemed stunned and bewildered; and his pallor was increasing.

"For my part," continued Garratt, "I am thankful that a way has been discovered where-

by justice may be wrought. Mrs. Howard has made a full and free confession of the—the killing of Rose Howard. She says she fired the pistol."

The old man had been listening with bated breath and distended eyes. When Garratt finished, Judge Simon was crushed and beaten. His stout, generous, cheery heart sunk down—down, and a choking feeling in his throat prevented utterance. Garratt was alarmed at his appearance; but Casserly seemed utterly indifferent, looking at neither. Garratt, taking advantage of the old man's helpless condition, turned to leave, but was surprised to find himself caught by the arm in a quick, strong, nervous grasp, and violently thrown backward to the wall. Judge Simon's face was undergoing a wonderful change. Anger now flashed from his eyes, and speech returned.

"Garratt," he said, in a thick voice, "you have done this. It is like your sneaking, cowardly nature. Garratt, I denounce you as a murderer. I denounce you as a man who has dishonored his manhood's birthright, and sold it for blood. Garratt"—and his voice was husky, while he shook with emotion—"if there is a God in heaven, I call upon him, in the name of human justice and divine right, to curse you; to pursue you with misfortune, disease, poverty, and death; and, finally, to damn you as only the meanest of heaven's enemies should be damned. Go!"

Trembling as a man palsied, the old Judge pointed to the door, the most intense scorn and loathing appearing in every line of his face.

Garratt meekly turned away, and, joining Casserly, left the jail. His step was hurried and nervous, for he dreaded the result of the disclosure that would follow Judge Simon's entrance of the cell; and, besides, there was not so much contentment and gratification in his face. Rather was there gathering gloom and darkness, and an apparent realization of having done too much. In spite of him, he could not banish from his memory a woman kneeling on the floor in anguish, and calling on God for mercy on her soul.

The two men walked along moody and silent; and Garratt saw that he had forfeited Casserly's esteem, for Casserly paid no more attention to him, and suddenly turned into St. John Street, leaving him alone.

Casserly was in a bitter mood, and it was caused not alone by Garratt's despicable act. But this was enough to set Judge Simon against him forever, and he was unhappy at the prospect of losing the old man's friendship. This was, at that time, a stronger feeling in Casserly's breast than sorrow that the criminal had been discovered and run to earth. This troubled him, also. Yet there was another feeling, and one showing Casserly's weaker side. It was chagrin and mortification that Garratt had solved the problem, and not he; that Garratt had shown more sagacity and cunning; that Garratt had discovered things that he had not; that Garratt had treated him like a child, in not trusting him enough to confide in him. The former was his reason for despising Garratt; the latter, for hating him.

Perhaps in all his life Judge Simon had never before experienced so severe a shock. Besides grief occasioned by the woman's confession, there was profound mortification and humiliation that she had so completely ignored him, and, instead of trusting in him, confided her life-and-death secret to men who were hunting her without mercy.

But the old man was a philosopher. Anger and resentment, so far as feeling for her was concerned, found no place in his heart. Before he trusted himself to see her, he studied the subject from every point of view. He had already analyzed her disposition, and now confessed inwardly that he had mistaken her. It was possible, however, he thought, that her great strength of character had finally succumbed to weariness and exhaustion.

Could he yet save her? That was the only question that finally shaped itself. If the most cunning subtlety of the law could effect anything, he would resort to it. If the District Attorney, intrenched behind towering battlements of facts, piled high and cemented strongly, could resist an untiring siege that might extend through years, then the battle was lost already. But Judge Simon had enemies in his own camp. The prize for which he fought eluded and betrayed him.

After a long time he entered the cell. The unhappy woman was kneeling at the bed-side, weeping. All her strength was gone; nothing but tenderness remained, and womanly dependence, and hope that had changed from earthly to heavenly.

She did not move when he entered. He stood beside her, but she did not look at him; she cared no more for his friendship, he thought.

"My friend," he said, softly and kindly.

She recognized his voice, and buried her face deeper in her arm, and wept more violently. He waited until she was more composed, and then took her by the arm, and gently raised her and seated her. The tenderness of his manner touched her deeply; and when she saw his face, there was not a trace of reproach—nothing but pity and sorrow; sorrow so great that it deepened the wrinkles in his face, and made

him look older. He spoke with all kindness: 'My dear friend, I am grieved to see you in so much trouble."

Her tears started afresh at this.

"However," he continued, "we must not despair. You don't think it indelicate in me to still insist on being your friend, do you?"

"Oh, no—oh, no! Your kindness is a severer rebuke than reproaches could be. But you don't understand—you don't understand."

"I think I do. They entrapped you in some way. Tell me all about it."

With an effort she controlled her feelings.

"Well," she said, "they showed me a note from you—"

"A note from me! To whom?"

"To me—advising me to tell everything."

He rose from his seat in astonishment and anger, his eyes flashing angrily.

"It is a forgery!" he exclaimed. "I never wrote such a note."

"I knew it was a forgery," she said, calmly. "It did not deceive me in the least—after I had considered it a while."

He was as greatly astonished at this as at the other.

"Then why, in the name of heaven, did you make that confession?"

This was rather abrupt, for she sunk under it.

"I had to—I had to," she sobbed. "And hen, a confession following such a note from you, when I suspected that they had learned of your friendship for me, would have greater weight. They did not entrap me. I understood every word and movement."

Judge Simon was puzzled more and more, and for the first time he realized her superior tact. If her every appearance had not given unmistakable evidence of all hope abandoned, he would have believed that she was managing a scheme beyond his comprehension.

To make this belief in her despair a matter beyond doubt, he asked:

"Did they tell you that your son now says hat he fired the shot accidentally?"

There could be no dissembling in the look of astonishment in her face that instantly dried up every trace of tears.

"Did he?" she asked, breathlessly.

"It is a fact."

And then, when she saw the mistake that she ad made, it crushed her lower than ever. At ength, between her sobs, she asked if she might be permitted to see her son.

"I think so," replied Judge Simon. "I will peak to Casserly."

"And Emily, too, if you please."

Judge Simon dispatched a messenger for Casserly, who came, and willingly consented, there being nothing more to be gained by keeping them apart.

Strange as it may appear, the young man showed little sign of pleasure when the jailer came to conduct him to his mother's cell. He hesitated, and then passed silently out.

With Emily, however, it was very different. Her eyes lighted with intense pleasure. She was kept in ignorance of the confession. Judge Simon himself accompanied the eager, trembling girl.

Howard entered the cell first. Only his mother and Casserly were within. Mrs. Howard had been standing with parted lips, and every nerve strung to its utmost tension, while the door was being unlocked. When her son appeared on the threshold, she started toward him with a suppressed sob of joy and extended arms. Then she suddenly halted, and seemed turned to stone; for, plainly enough to her keen sight, appeared in her son's face the merest shadow of a look of repulsion.

"My son!" she stammered, inarticulately.

"Mother!" was his reply—but not in the warm tone that every circumstance seemed to require; for he, also, was in ignorance of her confession. It is true that he put his arm around her and kissed her; but, for all that, it was in a manner that so went to the mother's heart, congealing the warm blood there, that she shrunk away, and cowered in a chair. The young man exhibited no surprise at this movement of humiliation and despair.

Just at this time Judge Simon entered with Emily. The timid girl cast an eager and indescribably longing look upon the young man, who took a step toward her; but she saw Mrs. Howard, and went to her, and put her arms around her with affectionate tenderness.

"My darling mother!" she said.

The poor woman took the girl in her arms, and held her close to her heart, kissing her and weeping bitterly.

"Mother," whispered the girl eagerly, "may I speak now?"

"No!" replied Mrs. Howard, a terrible fear checking her tears.

But Casserly overheard them. He gently raised the girl, and, taking her aside, in a kind manner, said:

"It is not necessary to say anything now. She—she has confessed everything."

"Who has?" asked the girl aloud, greatly startled.

Casserly replied by pointing to Mrs. Howard, and added:

"Hush! She has told the whole story—how they were talking—how she fired the pistol—everything."

"Who fired the pistol?" asked the girl, in a loud voice.

Casserly was annoyed. Her voice had attracted the attention of all present. Casserly's annoyance led him to say aloud:

"Mrs. Howard has confessed that she killed the girl."

Emily's eyes opened wide with unbounded astonishment, and her look was one of utter helplessness. Howard was electrified. His face blanched, his heart stopped beating. The momentary silence was terrible. Then Howard regained his composure, and, stepping forward, said, in an excited manner:

"My mother is innocent! Oh, mother, mother! why do you want to sacrifice yourself to save me? I solemnly swear, in the presence of God, that I alone am guilty. Casserly ——"

"John!" Emily had sprung forward, and grasped him by both arms, looking up into his face with such a startled, frightened look, that he thought she was insane—such a wild, unearthly look—so unlike the Emily that he knew. Her exclamation and strange manner checked him; and he put his hands upon her shoulders, and looked wistfully into her eyes.

"John!" she exclaimed again, in absolutely a meaningless tone, gazing at him wildly.

Then she released his arms, and ran to Mrs. Howard.

"Mother!" she stammered, her cheeks flushed and her eyes staring. "Mother! I *will*—speak. You are innocent! I—I—don't—don't—look at me so. I *will* speak. Don't let her—look—at me. Don't let her—speak—to me. I *will* speak! I have it here—in my bosom—don't—don't look at me—don't come—near me—gentlemen, gentlemen, don't let her touch me! Hold her back! Now—don't let her speak—I have it here—right—here!"

These wild, broken remarks were made while Mrs. Howard was endeavoring to check her; and the girl, in a frenzied manner, pulled at her dress, and, in her nervous excitement, failing to loosen it. Every eye was fastened upon her, and it was thought the trouble and excitement of the last few days had destroyed her reason. She seemed actuated by an uncontrollable desire, amounting to frenzy, to disclose something, in spite of Mrs. Howard's wish and efforts to prevent her. She tugged nervously at her dress, as she said:

"I—I—have it safe—here. I *will* speak! It is here—I tell you it is here! O God! There—don't let her look at me! Gentlemen, gentlemen, don't let her! John! I *will* speak—it is here! There—read it! read it, I say! Quick! You *must* read it! Don't let her prevent you!"

She opened her dress. Eagerly she handed Casserly an unsealed letter. As she did so, Mrs. Howard ceased her endeavors to silence the girl, and all were astounded at the course events had taken. Casserly glanced at it, examined the signature, read a few lines, and then looked up, bewildered.

"Read it!" exclaimed Emily. "Read it aloud!"

As Casserly proceeded to comply, the look of astonishment on his face was caught by the mother, and son, and Judge Simon.

CHAPTER XVI.

The letter was as follows:

MY DARLING, DARLING MOTHER:—With a broken heart, I thank you for all the kindness you have shown me. When you read this you will already know that your home has been disgraced. But I cannot help it. I believe that I have tried with all my strength to spare you this last blow. I have struggled with all the strength of a woman's nature, and am beaten. And I have prayed as you taught me years ago. But that was a long, long time ago, mother, when the sky was bright, and when I was happy—so happy! And I think now, in the bitterness of my sorrow, and in the poignancy of my grief and humiliation, that Heaven does not help us when most we need assistance; that God can mend only hearts that are torn and bruised, and not hearts that are broken. You have already guessed the cause of my despair. But it is so much better that I should die—so much better, mother! Yes; I have loved him all my life. I loved him so tenderly—so devotedly—so madly! I beg you will not show him this letter. I could not bear that this trouble should come upon him in addition to the tragedy; for I want him to think that I madly and rashly took the fatal step—in a moment of selfish desire to end my own troubles at the sacrifice of so much that concerns the pride, and perhaps the happiness, of others—of you, at least, dear mother; for if he thinks that, he will care less. Let him remain in ignorance of this letter. And even tell him for me—will you not, dear mother?—that I was an impetuous, rash, inconsiderate girl, who did this act merely in desperate spite or anger. Ah, I am not suited to him! God gave me so passionate a love, and so noble an object of love, and did not make me to win the reward! I do not wish, my dear, dear mother, to say anything now to wound you; but I must make you aware of things you never knew. I write it not in a feeling of bitterness or reproach, but merely to make you more reconciled. You feared that he loved me better, and that my nature won upon him more, and that he preferred me because of my greater strength. But it is not the case. The orphan girl, who now writes you her thanks for all the years of tender patience that you have devoted to her, never aspired to win him—your idol; never hoped that she would be called his wife, and would hold his children to her breast—oh, no; not that. But she lived on in a dream of enchantment—happy that he was only near her. She would not, if she could, have been a burden or a hinderance to him. He is ambitious, and would not marry

such as I. Ah, in my despair I have written it! It is a reproach upon him, and is false! I seek for excuses for my own short-comings, and selfishly and unjustly, in my weariness and pain, accuse him. He is the soul of honor. It is not his fault.

Do you know, dear mother, what I would have done rather than marry him? I would have committed the deed that will follow the writing of this letter, and which I cannot name. Why? Because, in his generosity and unselfishness, knowing, perhaps, that I loved him better than my own life, he might have offered to marry me, and thus sacrifice his happiness. For I knew that he did not love me as I would have my husband to love; and I knew that I would not be an honor to him. I would not have allowed him to sacrifice himself.

Then why this rash act, you will call it? Because I realize, as I never have before, that I am no dearer to him than a sister. I knew it all along, but I still was happy until I saw that I did not enter into his life. I cannot explain this, mother, as I feel it. I am tired—so tired, and cannot think clearly.

No; my nature is too strong for his. You have always been mistaken. He must have a tender vine clinging to him and depending upon him, like—

Ah, how sad it is, mother! As I write this, the tears so dim my sight that I can hardly see. But I am not acting rashly. I have thought it all over carefully, and now believe that, although the pain and disgrace that you will feel, and the sorrow, too, I hope, dear mother, will be great, they will be justified in the securing of his consciousness of perfect freedom. I might leave, to return no more; but he would be distressed, and would hunt the world over to find me. He will not look for me now to return. I will pass out of his life—out into eternity; so far away that he may be grieved, but not anxious. There is only one thing beyond the reach of anxiety, and that is death.

Have I written anything that wounds you? If so, forgive me, for I did not intend it. I believe that you love me now, as you always have loved me. I have all my life tried very, very hard to deserve your love; but I know that frequently—very frequently—I have failed. I know that I have often annoyed and distressed you. I have always been such an impetuous child! But whenever I did anything you disliked, I suffered keenly and deeply. At this supreme moment of my life, I turn to you, and open my heart to you, of all others. I love you so dearly, my mother, my mother! And were it not that this is my only alternative, in every sense of justice and right, I would struggle bravely through life to the grave rather than subject you to this pain. I rather would have them say that my mind was wrong, and that no other cause be assigned; for if there were, it would stand forever as a reproach to *him*, and be a lasting pain in his conscience. He may discover or suspect the cause, but, even if he does, I cannot help it. I *must* do it. You do not know, my dear mother, the great strength that impels me to it with a force that nothing can resist; and then, I believe it is right. I believe that, as I act conscientiously, I will be forgiven. I believe that when the power of God is not directed to save a breaking heart, it is intended the heart shall perish.

Mother, will you plant flowers on the spot where they lay me—mignonette, mother, and violets, and let the sun shine full and warm upon them? Farewell, mother—and farewell—John. ROSE HOWARD.

During the reading of this sad solution of the mystery, the mother and son—he had avoided her look before—regarded each other with such profound surprise and pain that it was touching to see; then, before Casserly had read far, the young man went to her, and put his arms around her, and buried his face in her shoulder, while she clasped him tenderly about the neck, and kissed him again and again. And Emily, when she saw that there had been a great and almost fatal misunderstanding, and that she had done right to produce the letter against Mrs. Howard's wishes, succumbed under the relaxation of long suspense and suffering, and fell across the bed, and wept softly.

A strange quiet followed the reading. Judge Simon was looking through the window to hide the tears that streamed down his cheeks in spite of his efforts to restrain them, and that suppressed all power of utterance.

And Casserly? It is difficult to describe his feelings. He might have been grateful that the innocence of all suspected was established, but, if he was, he was unconscious of it; for, above it, and mastering it, and stifling it, arose deep and painful disappointment and chagrin. And yet Casserly was not a hard-hearted man; he was simply ambitious. His pride had a terrible fall. For this, then, had he followed up this clue and that suspicion; for this had he lain awake and studied the matter so thoroughly and exhaustively; for this had he shown the keenest acumen of detective skill and instinct; for this had he worked, and planned, and struggled. It was no consolation that not another soul had even dreamed of the truth; for Casserly was a detective, and detectives must know even things that are hidden from heaven. He had resorted to lying and cruelty—and what had he won? The hatred of his dearest friend and the jibes of the world. His mind went back and reviewed it all. The woman had outwitted him by effecting the escape of Emily; the son had effectually deceived him by confessing a crime of which he was innocent; the mob had fooled and cheated him by stealing the prisoner from his very grasp; the mother had out-managed him by rescuing her son; his ruse to extort a confession from Emily had failed; and last, but greater than all, the mother had imposed upon him her confession. Casserly was disgraced. Why had he not thought of the possibility of suicide? It was a simple and natural thing. He did not even question the authenticity of the letter, nor desire to know how it came to Emily's possession. Everything established its truth, and that was sufficient—the surprise of the mother and son, and their silent reconciliation—everything.

It was almost more than Casserly could bear. He stepped silently to the door, and rapped. The jailer soon appeared. As he did so, Judge Simon advanced toward Casserly, and said, in a constrained voice:

"Of course, you will order their release."

Casserly halted, but did not look at the old man. He hesitated a moment, and replied, in such strange and altered tones that Judge Simon hardly recognized them as Casserly's:

"Yes."

He passed out, leaving the door open. The jailer was about to close it, when Casserly checked him, and the two walked away together. Thus had Casserly so completely ignored the Sheriff, the proper custodian of the jail, in order that none but Casserly should solve the mystery of Rose Howard's death. It might be asked, Why did not Casserly seek to ascertain the reason for the two confessions, and have every hidden thing cleared up? But Casserly did not care to know. He thought very little about it.

Judge Simon now felt himself an intruder. He had accomplished nothing; the whole matter had worked itself out in quite a natural manner, and entirely without the exercise of the great legal talent he thought to bring to bear; but to say that he was gratified and happy, and that not a trace of consciousness of his inutility disturbed his happiness, as it would Casserly's under such circumstances, would be a statement of but a meager part of the truth; for, though it would have been an inestimable pleasure to have assisted his new friends, whatever natural disappointment there might have been on this account was swallowed up in his gratitude that the danger had not been so great as to require legal perspicacity and skill—that the trouble was so entirely cleared away that even the pretense of making a defense became unnecessary.

The three silent figures in the cell had better be left alone. He was crossing the threshold to leave, when Mrs. Howard called to him. He reëntered, and she silently grasped his hand.

"My friend," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "I congratulate you from my heart—and you, too, young man," he added, warmly wringing John's hand. "I hope you will not think, my friends, that I was leaving you without speaking simply because I was not happy at this termination of your troubles. I—I felt an intruder, and —"

"I know your nature too well, sir," replied Mrs. Howard, "to entertain such an idea. Is it not all so strange?—the misunderstanding, and my son's noble willingness to sacrifice himself? John, you thought I did it, and you were anxious to give up your life to save mine, and to protect me from disgrace."

John hung his head. His triumph was not unalloyed; for he bitterly remembered that his own life had become precious, and that he had concocted a story of accidental killing, which would not jeopardize his life. John would have been a hero now if he had never done that; but as it is, he was little removed from a coward—a thing he held in the utmost contempt. Still, there was cause for pride—he *had* shown a willingness to lay down his life for his mother's sake. Ah, human nature!—frail, weak human nature! And his pride, too, must have a fall.

"John," said Judge Simon, "such a mother as yours is worthy of any sacrifice that her son might make. She, too, as you already know, confessed, and solely to save you. It was not enough that she ran the risk of untold danger to effect your escape; but she convinced Casserly, with a statement that would put to the blush the shrewdest legal talent, that she alone was the guilty one. She would have cheerfully died for you, John."

The young man almost broke down under his great emotion. He silently pressed his mother's hand, and realized, to its full extent, her superiority over him in every noble trait.

"But why is it," asked Judge Simon, "that this strange misunderstanding arose? It is a great mystery to me."

"Well," answered John, looking somewhat confused and embarrassed, "I thought—I thought—but mother has guessed it."

"Yes," she said; "you felt sure that I had done it; and I was equally positive that the poor child had angered you, and that you madly killed her."

John was aghast at this explanation.

"Thought *I* did it!"

"Yes; you acted so strangely —"

"Why—why, it was because I thought you were guilty. And that is the reason you darkened the hall, and urged me to leave—and all that. I never thought of it. I believed you wanted me to leave in order that your—forgive me, mother!—your disgrace would not reflect upon me, or that you, perhaps, were afraid that I might testify against you."

"My son!"

"It is all clear now. What a pity we never understood each other. Emily!"

The girl, whose face until then had been buried in the pillow, though her sobs had ceased, arose, and seemed very guilty and decidedly foolish as she stammered:

"I—I didn't understand your mother. I saw the letter on her bureau just before the shot was fired, and—and I recognized the handwrit-

ing, and saw the envelope was not sealed, and —I—thought it wouldn't be—wrong to—to read it, and so I thrust it into my bosom, and—and then there was so much excitement that I forgot it, and thought there was something terribly wrong, and that I had to obey everything your mother said, and—"

Then she broke down. And so it was her woman's jealousy after all that brought on the terrible misunderstanding.

"I didn't read it," she sobbed, "until I arrived at Santa Cruz; but I thought I must obey every word your mother said. I thought it was—so strange—John—that you told that man I did it. How could you, John! Oh, John, how could you!" and she sobbed so violently that John himself could hardly keep from crying, and then he picked her up and took her in his arms, and pressed her close to his heart, kissing her—oh, it is impossible to say how many times.

"Why, you little goose," he said, "I never told a soul anything of the kind. Don't you know, simpleton, that Casserly adopted that ruse to make you speak?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as the truth dawned upon her; and she added: "John, don't you know that I never would have said anything, even if you had been guilty?"

John laughed, and kissed her again—many times.

Their great joy was tempered by the sad occurrence of a few days ago, and they spoke in low tones, and with reverence for the poor dead girl. It made John an older man.

It must have been amusing to Judge Simon to see the timid girl nestle in John's strong arms, and fit into them, and into his heart, as though she were made especially for that purpose. Young people are so ridiculous!

They left the jail, and Judge Simon parted with them at their gate. They entered, and the door closed upon them. The old man went slowly homeward, wondering if it were all true; and at times he suddenly would look up, as though he were prepared to see the sky turn green, or the trees to be growing in an inverted position. He would have been surprised at nothing. "The strangest thing!" he would say aloud to himself—"the strangest thing!"

About ten o'clock the next morning John entered a saddler's shop on First Street, and, after making a trifling purchase, asked to be directed to the Coroner's office. This was done, and he proceeded thither, at the same time deftly slipping something up his left coat-sleeve.

He entered the office. Garratt was alone, and sat on a high stool at his desk, looking crestfallen.

"Good morning, Dr. Garratt," said Howard, gravely.

Garratt turned, and recognized his visitor, and felt his heart sink.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "Mr. Howard! I—I am—am—very happy to see—to see—you free —and—and—"

The official was choking with fright. Nevertheless, Howard was so grave and calm that he hoped there was no danger.

"I didn't come to have you say that," Howard replied, quietly. "I come simply on a matter of business. Have you held the inquest?"

"Oh, certainly; last night, you know, as soon as Casserly showed me the letter and told me everything. Oh, yes; that is all right; verdict of suicide, you know. Very unfortunate and sad, wasn't it?"

"I do not care to hear you say so, Dr. Garratt. I am here simply on business."

"I shall be happy to accommodate you, Mr. Howard," replied Garratt, briskly.

"I do not wish to be accommodated, sir. My visit is a matter of business. Do you think any one will be apt to come in and interrupt us?"

"Oh, no; certainly not. We are perfectly private here."

"Still, it will be safer," said Howard, "to close the door"—which he did at once, and turned the key.

Then Garratt was thoroughly alarmed; for, though the young man was in no wise excited, but, on the contrary, was calm and grave, this act was unaccountable to Garratt, who was on the point of crying out for help. But Howard's manner appeared easier, as if he were relieved to think there could be no interruption, and Garratt waited.

"I wish to say, in the first place, Dr. Garratt, that throughout this whole matter you have exhibited a zeal that, to say the least, was highly unbecoming."

"Say nothing about that, Mr. Howard, I pray. No one regrets it more than I. You see, what could I do? I had to do my duty, and you know well enough that circumstances were very strong—very strong, sir. You will admit that. You must understand my position. Such things are very unpleasant and distasteful, but my duty is plain. I could not help it."

"Was it your duty to be harsh with my mother at your first interview with her?"

"I was not harsh, Mr. Howard. I was simply performing a duty."

"Was it your duty to ransack her house, and pry into her correspondence, and read all the letters you saw, and have a mob in the house to assist you?"

"You must be reasonable, Mr. Howard. I was compelled—"

"Was it your duty to forge a note from Judge Simon, and thus attempt to entrap her into a statement?"

"Mr. Howard, I assure you—"

"Answer the question, sir!" demanded Howard, in a terrible voice, and with a dangerous look in his eyes.

"Mr. Howard, I—"

"Answer the question. Was it your duty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, it is my duty to thrash you, for the contemptible hound that you are!"

As he thundered out this dread sentence, he seemed to Garratt to dilate to enormous dimensions, while the Coroner became ghastly pale.

"You have me at a disadvantage," he said, trembling in every joint and fiber. "You are armed."

"Yes," replied Howard, in a lower tone and with more calmness; "I am armed to the teeth." Saying which, he drew a riding-whip from his sleeve—a keen and cruel-looking whip. "This is my weapon," he said.

He struck Garratt across the face with it, and the blood started. Garratt shrieked, and writhed, and rolled upon the floor in agony; but the furious young man caught him by the collar, and dragged him to his feet, and held him while he whipped him unmercifully—whipped him systematically from head to feet; laid it on heavily and at regular intervals; whipped him as he would whip a dog; twisted his hand into Garratt's collar, and held him at arm's length, and plied the whip; held him in spite of Garratt's fierce struggles from the maddening pain; whipped him until he had finished; and then he contemptuously flung him aside, streaming with blood where the whip had cut through the skin in a dozen places, unlocked the door, and went quietly away.

He had another duty to perform. Casserly must be attended to, for he had aided and abetted Garratt and had frightened Emily. The young man did not for a moment hesitate at Casserly's gigantic strength; the thought of danger did not occur to him.

He found Casserly in the police station, sitting before the desk. Casserly looked up, and, on recognizing Howard, his face brightened. At the same time he caught sight of blood on Howard's hand.

"Hello!" he said, "what's that?"

"I have just given Garratt a thrashing with this whip, and I come—"

"To give yourself up!" exclaimed Casserly, rising, and showing unmistakable evidence of immense satisfaction. Then he burst into a laugh—a gleeful, hearty laugh—and said to the astonished young man, "I'm glad you did, ha ha! Arrest you? I wouldn't touch a hair of your head. Give me your hand. He has needed that thrashing for five years—ha, ha, ha!"

If ever there was an astonished man, it was Howard; if ever there was disarmed vengeance, it was Howard's. He silently grasped Casserly's hand, and felt ashamed at his contemplated act, and never mentioned it to any one. He was forced to like Casserly, for the latter made him sit down, and was so cheerful that Howard imbibed his feeling. They talked for some time, and Casserly modestly related his efforts to save the young man from the violence of the mob, and how he was ashamed and disgraced by Garratt's forgery. Then Casserly spoke bitterly of the forfeiture of Judge Simon's friendship through this disgraceful act of Garratt's; and Howard promised that he would explain it, and effect a reconciliation, which afterward he did.

About a year thereafter, there was a quiet and happy wedding at Mrs. Howard's residence. Judge Simon was there, for he had become almost as one of the family; and it was with immense pride and satisfaction that he gave Emily to John, and then blessed them.

W. C. MORROW.

THE END.

DOUBTING AND WORKING.

There is a well known speculation of Dr. Holmes as to the number of people who really are concerned in a conversation between any two men. Each one of these men has a real and true character—is what he is. Each one of the men has a notion of the other's character, and probably thinks his notion a very fair one. And each one has a still more distinct and fixed idea as to his own character. Now, the words of each man are determined by what he himself really is, by what he thinks of himself, and by what he holds of the other. So that in fact

six people, two real and four imaginary—to wit, the two real men, their ideas of themselves and their ideas of each other—take part in this simplest form of human society. How complicated then must be the state of things when a whole group of people are concerned, each one speaking forth his own true nature, but affected in his words by what he supposes his own nature to be, and by the way in which he fancies his sayings will impress the ghostly images that are what he takes to be his real companions.

This speculation suggests a like one as to the number of partly imaginary worlds that form subjects of study and amusement for the myriads of human beings in the one actual world. It is a commonplace that in some sense every man may be said to move in a world of his own. Yet the consequences of this commonplace are not always considered. Think of them a moment. Here is an ordinary person before us, taken as a type of humanity. His view of the world might be taken as an example, so it would seem, of the way in which the people of this planet know and appreciate the universe. Yet, no. Could you look into his soul for a minute it is probable that you would find very much in his consciousness that would be strange to you and to other men. Think first of his senses themselves. Experience has shown that common men can go through the world for a very long time without suspecting or showing that they have some very important defect of the senses. Cross-eyed men, I have heard, sometimes by a painless process lose the sight of one eye, and yet go for years without finding out their defect until chance or necessity brings them under the skilled examination of an oculist. Late statistics make a basis for the claim that as many as one in every twenty-five male persons will be found to be color-blind. Yet only by careful tests are color-blind people to be distinguished from people with normal vision. It is probable that there are often somewhat similar defects in the sense of hearing which go unnoticed for a long time. Yet more, the researches of men like Helmholtz have proved that there are many optical illusions common to most or to all of us, which are unnoticed or unconsciously corrected our lives long, and which never could become known without skillful experiment. And if all this is true, how can we ever feel sure that in the field that lies beyond the reach of possible experiment, in the field of each man's own primary sensations themselves, there are not entirely mysterious sources of variety, so that the ultimate sensations of one person may be of their nature not comparable at all with the ultimate sensations of his neighbor? Thus, then, our normal man may be in fact a creature of entirely peculiar constitution; yet we may not know the fact. His world may be one that would be inconceivably strange to us. Yet we talk with him in common fashion day after day. But, leaving the field of conjecture and coming back to the point where it is possible to judge and compare, I say that we may very probably find upon examination that there are peculiarities in the mind of the person we are considering which may make the simplest operation of his thought such as we can neither imitate nor easily understand. Take, for example, his memory.* There seem to be two somewhat different kinds of memories in the world. I suppose that there are all the gradations between the two extremes, but at the extremes the contrast is very marked. One kind of memory is that which is especially helped by images, which is in fact largely a re-imaging in the mind of things past, so that they appear much as they actually seemed when they were presented to the outward senses, only fainter. The other is a memory moving less in distinct and vivid images than in faint and broken incomplete mind-symbols that come up one after another, as association or volition calls them into consciousness. How, for example, do you remember that seven multiplied by seven equals forty-nine? If you have the image-memory, you may picture well before you a bit of the multiplication table, as you once saw it, with figures of some definite color, on a ground of some definite color. Clearly stand out the images in your mind as soon as you think of the numbers. You simply read off the result. If you have the other kind of memory, probably there arises a confused and faint form of the figures, curiously mingled with a memory somewhat more well defined, of the sound of the names of these numbers. The imaging is so obscure that you doubtless are inclined to say that you know not how you do remember at all, but merely know that you remember. Plainer becomes the contrast between the two kinds of memory when we come to speak of what happened to us at any time. The images of past scenes that arise in our various minds differ much as to completeness of detail and as to definiteness of outline. For one, forms are clear in memory; for another, colors. One remembers the positions of things, another faces and expressions. One knows when a passage in some book is referred to or quoted whether he saw that passage printed on the right or on the left side of the open page of the book where he read it. Such a one will remember on what

* See concerning the following: The communications of Mr. Francis Galton to the journal, *Nature*, at various times within the past two years, and his article in *Mind* for July, 1880.

shelf of a library he found a certain work. To another all these things are vague, but he can remember nearly a whole play, passage after passage, after witnessing the play twice on the stage, or a whole piece of music after one or two performances. Yet, perhaps, such a one could not remember the demonstration of a theorem in geometry long enough to repeat it in a class-room. Now, if you reflect what a great part memory plays in our actual consciousness, I think you must readily admit that when memories differ so much, not merely in power, but in nature, the thoughts of men, their ideas of the world about them, their whole conscious lives, must differ very much also.

I have mentioned differences in men's views of the world as thus exemplified in the more elementary activities of mental life. What shall we say when we come to the more complicated structures of the human mind, to those vague forms of consciousness in which are expressed our sense of the value of life and of the world, and to our opinions? Who shall serve for our normal specimen man here? How vastly we differ in all these things. How hard it is for us to come to an understanding. How the delights of one man appear as the most hateful of things to another, and the ideals of one party seem inventions of the devil to their opponents. All this illustrates the fact that we live in worlds differing far more from one another than we commonly like to think. Our normal man would surely be hard to choose. If we chose him, we should hardly comprehend him. To be more particular in our study, let us glance briefly at the wide range of what I may call purely general impressions, such as we in some wise get of life and of the universe, and which we so keep without analyzing or being well able to analyze them, although such impressions influence all our acts.

Every one has, I suppose, some ideal, some notion of what he anticipates and desires in his life and in the world about him. To every one this world appears as an excellent or as an evil place, and every one has some highest good which he seeks here in life, though he may never have formulated his aim. Now, it is certain that any man's creed, and the extent of the knowledge he is to acquire (and so what we have called above this man's world), will depend on the way in which this general view of the aims and conditions of life leads him. Against the fundamental prejudices of a man you will argue in vain. Time may change them; you cannot. And these prejudices make for him his world. To a man who defined poetry as "misrepresentation in verse," and to the poet Shelley, how was it possible to look on this universe of forms and colors, of lights and shadows, of land and water and infinite space, and to see in it the same world? To the one it must be a complex of determinate relations; to the other a scene of grand conflicts, of divine life, and of supernatural beauty. The difference between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Cardinal Newman, or between Professor Huxley and Mr. Ruskin, or between Hegel and Heinrich Heine—shall we call it merely a difference in the interpretation of the recorded facts of experience? No; evidently there are here different kinds of experience concerned, actually different worlds, different orders of truth. These men cannot come to a good understanding, because they have qualitatively different minds, irreconcilably various mental visions. Each of two such individuals may be inclined to regard the other as perverse. Both are, in fact, shut up within the narrow bounds of a poor individual experience. They will never understand one another so long as they remain what they are—finite minds full of fallacy and self-confidence, and of a darkness that is broken only here and there by flashes of light.

If the world's leaders are thus such narrow men, what are we who follow? How poor and narrow and uncertain must our world-pictures be. Glance inward at your own experience for a moment. You often say that a color, or odor, or melody, or place, or person is associated in your minds with some event, or feeling, or idea. You cannot think of one without the other.

Now, a study of mental life convinces us that these vague associations of which you speak tend to combine and multiply in manifold wise. When an association is itself forgotten, the effect of it lives on in the form of some liking, or aversion, or mental pre-judgment. By combination these associations form foundations on which yet higher structures can be built. All go to make up your picture of the universe. Yet many such associations are purely personal. You can but ill describe them. Still more, you inherit from your ancestors not merely the general mass of common tendencies that belongs to humanity as a whole, but you also inherit certain peculiar tendencies, associations, and feelings that influence your whole life, and that make you in a sense incomprehensible to those whose disposition is different from your own. If we could see one another's minds open before us, and study them at our leisure, how many singular phenomena we should witness. No museum of curiosities could approach in variety and oddness a museum in which some hundred minds were preserved and bottled up, or dissected and laid out for inspection under glass cases; or, better still, left alive behind

bars, and allowed to exhibit their whole action for our benefit. As it is, the study of the inner workings of men's individual minds is obscured by the complexity of each, by the lack of the virtue of frankness, by the impossibility of finding in most cases a skilled observer. Every one has nooks and corners in his own mind to which he is himself more or less a stranger. Every man is an enigma to every other. And this variety in our minds, what does it mean but vagueness and uncertainty and obscurity in all our opinions?

But, now (coming to the study of the opinions themselves), every one of these many minds sets itself up as a measure of truth. Distorted by the heterogeneous medium into which the light falls, the images given by experience must still serve, poor as they are, to fill up for us the picture of our world. Exposed to the largest errors of observation, to the greatest defects of memory, to the incalculable interference of passion and prejudice, to the disadvantage of being surrounded by numberless obscure associations, we, the thinking beings, live in this amusing chaos of our fleeting conscious states and spend our time in making assertions about the universe. What does this fool-hardiness mean? What right have we to hold opinions at all? Why must we not be perfect skeptics? What in a short life of mistake and conjecture can we be supposed to learn about the nature of things? What can be the truth, that we should look for it?

To this problem we are led then irresistibly. Here is a chaos of various minds whose simpler ideas seem to vary very greatly, whose feelings grow so far asunder that each man becomes a mystery to his neighbor, whose conflicting opinions in consequence are all the results largely of accident, and certainly of narrowness of view. Yet it seems to be thought an excellent thing for each one of them to form fixed opinions about at least some matters, a sane undertaking for them to look for some sort of abiding truth, and a grand act to suffer loss, or even death, for the sake of the strongest and highest at least among one's beliefs. Why should this be the case? What is the use of truth-seeking when so little truth will ever be found on this planet? What is the worth of remaining true to one's opinions when everything tends to make them fleeting? These questions must, I think, come into the mind of every active person at some time during his life. I have not in the foregoing stated the skeptic's case nearly as strongly as I could state it. The more you consider human knowledge, the more you will see that some of its dearest pretenses are found upon examination to be only pretenses. And when you see this, you are, if of vigorous mental constitution, once for all aroused from what a great philosopher called the "dogmatic slumber," and sent out upon a new search. The questions you then propose to yourself can thus be stated: What kind of truth may I hope to discover? In what spirit ought I to search for truth? Am I to hope for much success? Am I to bear myself as one to whom truth will certainly be revealed if he but work for it? Or shall I, in a humbler spirit, say that I am probably to remain in doubt so long as I live? Or, finally, shall I, neither confident of success nor resigned to defeat, rise with all my strength and declare that, whether finding or baffled, whether a wanderer forever, or one who at last is to reach a secure harbor of faith, I will, through confidence and through doubt, through good and through evil report, search earnestly for truth, though I never find anything that it is worth my while to call abiding? Some suggestions about the answer to this whole series of questions form my subject in the rest of this paper. And, first, what is the spirit in which we should search for the truth that now, from this skeptical point of view, seems so far away from us?

The first answer to this question seems an obvious one. We must begin our undertaking in a spirit of self-distrust. For our former confidence in our chance opinions we must substitute complete skepticism. We must doubt every belief that we possess until we have proved it. This answer, I say, seems the obvious one after the foregoing discussion. Is it a good one?

Note just here, if you please, that the precept, begin to look for truth by doubting all you formerly believed, does not imply irreverence or mere rashness. On the contrary, this doubt means simply modesty, self-distrust, and is founded not on a whim, but on a persuasion that all one's former beliefs have been largely the result of accident. The precept says such and such a belief that you have may indeed be very dear and sacred, and may have to do with very high and holy things. But consider—it is your opinion, is it not? Yes. The question is not the loftiness, or the sacredness, or the dearness of the objects about which your faith concerned itself, but the worth of that particular belief you have about these objects. When we say question your belief, we do not mean that this or that subject that seemed to you holy ground before shall not seem holy ground now. Not in the least is it desired to affect your emotions as emotions. We are talking of your individual opinions. If this ground is holy, so much the better reason that you should not profane it with your narrow-mindedness and mis-

takes. Better that you should say, "Here is a subject of awful and sacred import, but I know very little about it," than that you should proudly affirm, "Of this sacred theme my mind is so full that I know whole volumes of truth about it"—should affirm this and yet should really be in gross error about the theme. The loftier, the more worthy of reverence the subject of your belief, the more necessary it is that you examine skeptically the faith in which you by accident have grown up, lest where the highest interests are concerned your mind should be farthest away from harmony with reality. If you understand the precept in this way, as a precept to doubt yourself and all beliefs that have grown up in you uncriticised, then I am sure that you will not find the precept in its nature irreverent or over-hasty.

Yet this precept itself has often been called in doubt. In answer to the arguments just urged, it has been set forth that truth-seeking never ought to begin with a doubt universal—that doubting is dangerous when it touches upon certain sacred matters, and that such truth-seeking as I have described is only fit for those who, like Nihilists, undertake to upset the whole existing order of things, in law, in morality, and in religious belief. This counter-argument, to the effect that unlimited doubting is idle and often wicked, I ought to mention and to consider. Let us be careful, when we speak of truth-seeking itself, against taking too much of any kind of assertions for granted. I examine then forthwith the precept given above.

The object of your universal doubt, says one, is, as you declare, to lead you to a knowledge of the truth. You doubt because you desire to learn. Your doubting is to be a transition stage. You must assert then that truth is an end sufficiently valuable to be worth attaining through all the pain and toil of your search. The truth then would be something very well worth knowing. Is it not so? To complete your own individual narrow world-picture, and so to get the only proper world-picture, this you hold would be a great end gained. All this seems certain enough.

Now, continues the objector, how can you know that it would be a good thing to be possessed of the truth, in case you do not know whether the world you live in is a good world, and whether the life you live in it is one that is worth living? In other words, earnest truth-seeking implies a persuasion that the truth, if known, would be not disheartening, dreadful, inhuman, but inspiring, lovely—of a nature to satisfy the best cravings of the human heart. If this is so, the objector goes on—if, in order to make the search for truth a worthy quest, we must assume that the world of truth is a world of excellence—where shall we then first of all look for an ideal picture of this world, such that, by contemplating the ideal picture of what truth must be, we shall be inspired to search for what truth is? The answer is, we must search in that system of belief which expresses in the clearest form to our minds the highest cravings of our hearts. If that system of belief is substantially true, then the search for more truth is well founded. If we must, however, begin by doubting the truth of this system along with all our other beliefs, then we must begin to search for truth by doubting that it is worth while to search for truth at all. What will become of our earnestness? In short, says the objector, either the foundations of my religious belief are sure beyond a doubt, or else it is not worth while to make any extended search for truth beyond the bounds of this faith. For either my faith agrees with reality—and then why doubt it?—or this faith, wherein are embodied the highest longings and ideals of my nature, is at variance with the reality. Then the world is a hopeless maze to me. Nothing is worth the trouble of living at all. Still less is it worth my while to enter upon any ardent quest, to search for a far off and difficult truth, that will be, when found, simply intolerable. I decline to seek truth, and prefer to remain where I am.

Such is, in brief, the case of those who hold that seeking for truth must be begun in a spirit of faith, and not in a spirit of doubt; that we must first hold fast that which is plainly good, and then prove all else. Yet I cannot feel satisfied that I have stated this case strongly enough. Because I am myself inclined to the opinion that the truth-seeker must begin by doubting all his old beliefs, and must then follow his thought wherever research leads him, I may have failed in justice in the statement of a view which has the sanction of many of the world's ablest minds. Let me translate, therefore, the words of a noted German thinker of our day, Hermann Lotze, a philosopher who among his great qualities has certainly no omitted the virtue of ceaseless self-criticism, but who yet holds fast by the faith that we study the world because we believe it to be a good world. Lotze says in the preface to his book, called the *Mikrokosmos* (I translate with some omissions and condensations):

"The growing self-consciousness of science, which, after centuries of wavering, sees indubitable laws reigning in some at least of the classes of phenomena, threatens to distort the true relation between the heart and the intellect. We are no longer content to postpone the questions with which our dreams and hopes disturb us

when we set about our investigations. We deny our duty to pay any attention to these questions at all. We say that science is a pure service of truth for the sake of truth, and need not care whether the truth satisfies or wounds the selfish wishes of the heart. And so here, as elsewhere, the human spirit changes its tone from hesitation to defiance, and after it has once felt the pride of independent investigation, throws itself into the arms of that false heroism which takes credit for having renounced what never ought to be renounced; and thus the mind estimates the amount of truth in its new belief according to the degree of hostility with which this belief offends everything that appears to the living emotional nature of man outside of science, too sacred to be touched. This worship of truth seems to me unjust. Could it be the only concern of human research to picture in the mind the precise state of things in the outer world, what would then be the worth of this whole trouble, which would end only in an empty repetition, so that what was before outside the soul now would be found again imaged in the soul? What significance would there be in the empty play of this duplication, what necessity that the thinking mind should be a mirror for whatever is unthinking, in case the discovery of truth were not always at the same time the creation of some good thing, that would justify the trouble of winning it? Individual seekers may, absorbed in their toil, forget the great fact that all their efforts have in the end only this significance, that, in company with the efforts of numberless others, they may draw such a picture of the world as shall tell us what we have to reverence as the true end of existence, what we have to do, and what we have to hope. As often as a revolution in science drives out old fashions of opinion, the new organization of belief will have to justify itself by the enduring or growing satisfaction that it offers to the invincible demands of our emotional nature."

So far, then, for the opinion of those who hold that truth is sought not for its own sake, but for the sake of the good it carries to mankind—and carries not merely because it is truth, but because the world of which it is the truth is a good world. Such persons must conclude that all earnest and considerate search for truth is based on the postulate that our world is a good world. If we shall accept this view, we will always carry with us our religious faith whenever we set about an investigation of nature's mysteries. But is this view, with its objections to the precept wherewith we set out, a true view? For my part, I am inclined to hold fast by my former precept. I admit that looking for truth implies a postulate that truth is worth the looking for, and a postulate that the world is such that it would be a good thing to know the nature of the world. Yet I still cling to my rule, and say, begin to search for truth by doubting all that you have without criticism come to hold as true. If you fail to doubt everything, doubt all you can. Doubt not because doubting is a good end, but because it is a good beginning. Doubt not for amusement, but as a matter of duty. Doubt not superficially, but with thoroughness. Doubt not flippantly, but with the deepest—it may be with the saddest—earnestness. Doubt as you would undergo a surgical operation, because it is necessary to thought-health. So only can you hope to attain convictions that are worth having. If you do not wish to think, then I have nothing to say. Then indeed you need not doubt at all, but take all you please for granted. But who then cares at all what you happen to fancy about the world?

Why do I persist in this terrible precept, with all the objections before me? Why, if doubting is dangerous and almost certainly transient, and very probably agonizing, should I still be determined to doubt and to counsel doubting of every uncriticised and unproved opinion? Let me tell you.

If one says I must begin my thought by clinging fast to my faith, because only that gives me assurance that there is anything in the world worth seeking, then we reply: to what faith? What is the one persuasion that gives to human life a worthy aim? Is it the faith of Confucius, or of Buddha, or of Plato, or of St. Paul, or of Savonarola, or of Loyola, or of Luther, or of Calvin, or of Wesley, or of Lessing, or of Kant, or of Fichte, or of Emerson, or of Schopenhauer, or of Spencer, or of Cardinal Newman, or of Auguste Comte? These names stand, some indeed near together, but others not for small differences of opinion, but for widely distinct mountain peaks of human faith, separated sometimes by dreadful abysses of doubt. Which shall you ascend? Merely the one at whose base you happen to have been born? Where shall you find an abiding place? If you say, but some of these leaders are in close agreement, some are disciples of others, I reply well and good, but some are so far from the others that there is no understanding, almost no tolerance possible. Surely, there are some great highest beliefs that are worthy of intelligent following on the part of all men. But what are those beliefs? How do you know what they are till you examine, and examine not with a foregone conclusion awaiting you smilingly at the other end of a course of reasoning upon which you start already convinced, but with genuine skepticism that refuses to be satisfied with anything short of reasoned conviction.

I have touched upon something that really involves the whole nature of this work of truth-seeking. I have said that there is incongruity in accepting a faith as true simply because you happen to feel it agreeable or satisfying to even your highest interests, for other men have felt

other opposing faiths equally satisfying. What faith is there that is not regarded as cold and dreary, as opposed to the highest nature of man, by one who fails to sympathize with it? What earnest and conscientious faith is there that may not seem inspiring to the one who has formed or accepted it? There are limits no doubt. There are earnest faiths that are unable to give comfort to the possessors. But that fact of itself is no test of truth. For what was our object in setting out to search for truth at all? Our starting-point, you remember, was the fact of the narrowness of all men, of their powerlessness to see beyond a very limited range. This narrowness resulted in strife. This strife of opinion meant discontent. Now, what would be the abiding and satisfactory truth if we found it? Evidently, this truth would have one great characteristic. It would be of a nature to demand acceptance from all men. It would be the one faith opposed to the many opinions, and certain to conquer them. It would be the one reality that could wait for ages for a discoverer. So, at least, we suppose. That is our ideal of truth. What, then, is the practical aim in seeking tor truth? Evidently, the practical aim is to harmonize the conflicting opinions of men, to substitute for the narrowness and instability of personal views the broadness of view that should characterize the free man. And so we come to the real core of the matter. You may not, you dare not, if it is your vocation to think at all—you dare not accept a faith simply for the satisfaction it gives you. You dare not, I say, because as a thinker your true aim is not to please yourself, but to work for the harmonizing of the views of mankind, to do your part in a perfectly unselfish task. This is the one great argument against all uncritical faith. If you accept an opinion because it seems pleasing to you before criticism, then you choose rather your selfish satisfaction than the good of mankind. You ought to work not to increase the variety of human opinions, to render closer the limits of personal experience, but to extend the field of harmony and to unite men, so that they may cease their endless warfare and have a common experience. The sight, I say, of the mass of conflicting opinions of men in the world ought to nerve one to do his best in a task that interests all men, that needs the combined efforts of millions, and that needs above all the sacrifice of personal comfort. Your faith seems agreeable to you—well and good. Other men's faith seems agreeable to them. Is this lack of sympathy, this strife of opinions, with all the intolerance that springs from it, a good thing? No, indeed! Then, ought you to increase it by simply staying blindly shut up in your own narrow faith? No, this is selfish. For your own comfort you will then sacrifice the good you might do to the world by joining the great company of the honest doubters, whose end is to reach a universal and abiding human creed.

But, you say, is it not true that all opinions are finally accepted because they are satisfying to some mental want? Yes, and this is the real meaning of the doctrine that we seek for truth, because we believe truth to be good. Our highest object of search is no doubt some state of consciousness. Our universal creed, if ever reached, will be universally acceptable to the real intellectual needs of all men educated up to its level. But this does not mean that what is acceptable to my intellectual needs must be the truth. My needs are narrow and changing. It is humanity in its highest development to which the truth will be acceptable. I must give up my desires that the unity of all human spirits may be sooner attained. For the sake of perfect tolerance, I must be perfectly critical of myself. I must doubt, in order that by doubting and working I may bring, perhaps, not myself to certainty, but mankind a little nearer to the truth.

But this assumption we still are making that truth is a good thing, what is the sense of that? Must we not assume at the outset something as already certain about the world we live in? Must we not assume that the world is a good world, and the truth by nature so satisfying that it is worth while for each and all to make great sacrifice therefor? And is this not a creed, a faith somewhat vague, but very intense? How can we say that we are to begin by doubting everything when we do not doubt that it is worth while to search for truth? I reply, at the outset we are not certain that it will turn out worth while to search for truth. We doubt that as well as everything else. But consider: Our condition is not this, that being possessed of a good in itself satisfactory, we leave this good without knowing whether we are to reach anything better. If that were what we did, we might be wrong. On the contrary, what we do is to flee from an evil condition in which we are. We know that difference of opinion, and narrowness of view, and intolerance are bad. We know that even if we individually are content with our creed, the mass of mankind, being of different creed, is in a pitiable condition of error or doubt. In the service of humanity, then, we must seek to get rid of this evil, and our only way of being certain that we are doing the best work of which we are capable is to begin with universal and genuine doubt. Now, indeed, we cannot be sure

that by taking this, the only right course, we shall be successful. The search for truth, though prosecuted earnestly and in the best spirit known to us, may be a fruitless search. But our object is good. We do not seek that profitless duplication of the world by a copy in our own souls of which Lotze spoke. Against that kind of truth-seeking his argument is conclusive. No; in seeking truth we want to make human life better, because we see that men want large-mindedness and peace, while error means narrow-mindedness and war. Since our object is good, we have not first to ask whether we are certain of getting it. Our business is to do what we can, and fail if we must. Truth-seeking is merely like the rest of life—a search after ideal goods that are perhaps unattainable, a conflict in which victory is never secure so long as life itself lasts. Therefore, without contradiction we can say that we set out on the search for truth, doubting even whether our search will turn out profitable, but feeling sure that it is morally required. We determine that there shall be significant truth. We are not sure *a priori* that there is any attainable.

But, you say, then at the outset we at least know that we ought to do what is right—that we ought, for example, to serve mankind as best we can by our thoughts as by our actions. I reply, you cannot be said to know at the outset that it is well to do right and to serve mankind. I suppose only that you feel that it is excellent or desirable to do right and to serve mankind. If you choose to be selfish, and to do your thinking solely for your own amusement, I cannot prove to you, at least at the beginning, that you ought not to be selfish. It is your choice; you are judges. If you want to do good by your opinions, then the best way to do good is to question and criticise these opinions unsparingly, to hold none of them as opinions sacred. That you should think it a desirable thing to do good to mankind, how am I, how is any one else, to bring you to this point by argument? Your moral judgments belong to you in particular, and are not convictions about the world, but expressions of your own character.

In what spirit we should search for truth has been at some length discussed. It remains for us to consider very briefly the immediate consequences of truth-seeking. They have been indicated in what has been already said. First, we have seen that the purpose of truth-seeking is the aiding in the great process of emancipating men's minds from those states of narrowness, intolerance, and instability which are so painful to all concerned. I think it wrong to say that in seeking for truth we desire, first of all, to duplicate in our own minds the things and relations that are outside us. Lotze's argument is here sufficient. The thinking mind ought not to have as its sole object conformity to things that do not think. That is not our highest aim. Mistake and disagreement and cruel intolerance and superstition are evil states of mind. They may content or please this or that man for a while. They mean injury and anguish to the mass of mankind. Therefore the desire for ideal harmony of belief. Therefore the unselfish eagerness to be at one with all men by making all men at one with what we hold to be true. If this is the purpose of our truth-seeking, an evident consequence is that we ought in fact to reverence the business of truth-seeking as we reverence all toil for the good of mankind. We ought to regard truth-seeking as a sacred task. Perhaps it is our calling to do good in other ways than by truth-seeking. Let us, however, in that case see in the truth-seeker a fellow-worker, and honor an earnest and thorough-going doubter as we honor any one who undertakes a painful task for the good of his fellows. For honest and thorough-going doubters are much rarer than you might suppose.

Another consequence is this, that we must be content to take a very subordinate place in the great work of human thought, and to concentrate our attention on a small part only of the field of truth. As millions of brains must toil doubtless for centuries before any amount of ideal agreement among men is attained or even approximated, we must be content if we do very little and work very hard. We can be tolerably certain that in a world where so much is dark nearly the whole of our labor will be wasted. But this is natural. There is the delight of activity in truth-seeking; but when you compare your hopes and claims with the shadowy and doubtful results that you will probably reach, or with the exact but very modest conclusions to which, if you are a successful scientific investigator, you may in time be led, the comparison cannot seem otherwise than melancholy. Through the failures of millions of devoted servants, the humanity of the future may possibly (we cannot know that it will certainly) be led to a grand success. This far-off divine event to which, for all we know, the whole creation may be moving, but which at any rate we regard with longing and delight, constitutes the whole end and aim of our action. It is good to strive.

But I must conclude this imperfect study of a great subject. We began with the fact that every individual is a creature of peculiar constitution, with possibly indefinitely great idio-

syncrasies of senses and feeling. We have been led from this on to think of ideal truth as it would appear in the mind of one who was not bound by accidents of sense and emotion to a narrow range of conflicting opinions. To approach this perfect individual, I have said that we must begin our efforts with conscientious and thorough-going doubt of all that we find uncriticised and yet claiming authority in our minds. I have tried to justify this doubting by showing that it is not merely a privilege, but a duty, of any one who proposes to do the least bit of genuine thinking for the good of his fellow-creatures.

I have stated at length the argument according to which at least our religious persuasions, as the expressions of the highest needs of our minds, must be exempted from even provisional doubts. In answer to this argument, I have tried to show that in so far as one's own comfort is concerned, truth-seeking ought not to regard personal comfort at all, and that in so far as humanity is concerned, religious beliefs can be made in the highest sense useful only when they have stood the test of doubt and study. As my discussion is purely general, I would not be understood as bringing the least material argument to bear against the particular convictions of anybody. If you have reasoned fairly and earnestly, have criticised conscientiously, and still retain your religious belief, you have no doubt a glorious possession, worth far more than it ever could have been worth to you if you had not reasoned about it. Perhaps you are still in error. Perhaps the highest truth is already within your grasp, and you have solved in your own person the puzzles of ages. If so, you are to be congratulated. Your treasure is worth more to you than all the wealth in the world would be. But remember, no man liveth to himself. Remember your duty to mankind. Remember that your personal satisfaction with your creed is nothing, your desire to bring all mankind to the truth everything. Never rest quiet with your belief, therefore, until every means has been taken by you to purify it from all taint of your own narrow-mindedness. If any one of us has so purified his belief, he is, I am persuaded, the greatest genius that the world ever saw. If he has not, it is his duty in the service of humanity to be in so far skeptical. If he has attained the perfect belief, then he must never rest in his efforts to teach it to others. I should fear as a general thing to have power given me to ordain for other human beings what their lives should be. But I wish that just for this moment it were given me to summon every man to a calling that should remain his calling for life, and to which he should willingly devote himself. I should summon every one to a life of unswerving devotion to this one end—the making of human life broader, fuller, more harmonious, better possessed of abiding belief. As it is, I can only recommend that you be ceaselessly active for this great end. And as for the end itself, I know not if it will ever be attained in any great measure, but I know that if it ever is attained it will be by the self-sacrifice of countless millions, who, through their own failures, shall secure the success of those that come after them.

J. ROYCE.

ONE STORMY NIGHT.

A stormy night, indeed,

"High up on the lonely mountains;"

the rain came down in streams, as if the sky were a great sieve, and not a ray of light found its way through the black clouds. The giant fir trees bent and swayed in the fierce wind, and sent their wild, wailing voices down through gulch and *cañon* to mingle with the roar of creek and cataract, or fell before the rocks that crashed down the mountains sides. The terrified cattle lowed and cried in their *corrals*, huddling together for warmth and sympathy. Indoors people drew near together, crowding around the hearth-fires that blazed in a fitful, almost uncanny way.

In a wayside inn, on the mountain road, a little company sat thus gathered about an immense fire-place that glowed and flamed like a bonfire, and, not content with cheering the great room, sent its beacon light out at the windows to defy the night and the storm.

There was Mike Malone, the landlord, and Kitty, his fat, funny wife; little Maria, the Spanish girl whom Mike and Kitty had "rared;" Jake, the stable man, and last, because most important, "Bat," the French Canadian woodcutter. There was nothing in the young fellow's appearance to suggest the winged horror whose name he bore. It was merely a *sobriquet* for Baptiste. Jake seldom availed himself of the abbreviation, but, slowly and emphatically,

styled him "Canuck," usually prefixing a descriptive that had more force than elegance.

It was ill natured, to say the least, for Bat was one of the kindest fellows in the world, "and the ways of him," as Kitty said, "was wan sthrame o' sunshine; but sure," she added, "Jake is that jealous that he can't trate him dacent, though I'd sooner see Maree quiet in her grave nor married to likes av him. Av she's in love wid the Frinchman? There ye have me now. She's that quare and shy, Maree is, that ye niver can tell her mind till she plazes to let ye know, and on this subjict she hasn't plazed yit."

And that was quite true, for when Bat's blue eyes, sparkling with fun and deep with the light of love, beamed upon the little dark-eyed beauty, her long lashes swept her cheeks; sometimes not until the quick eyes of Jake had seen the outspringing of an answering love, though not all Bat's gallant wooing could bring a word of it to her lips—silent, cautious little Maria, who doubted the gay manners of this rollicking knight of the ax.

"Did ever yees listen to the loike o' that!" exclaimed Mike, at a sudden crashing sound.

Kitty and Bat crossed themselves fervently, but Jake, with unmoved, sullen face, sat and glowered at the fire. Suddenly Maria sprang up, excitedly. "It is a voice!" she cried.

"Indade, thin, it's the voice of manny wathers," laughed Kitty, though rather nervously.

"It is a human voice; it is calling for help."

"By golly, it's de debble den," said Bat. "Dat's nobody helse'll be on de road such a night like dat. I'll bet he's call for Jake," he added, roguishly.

A deeper glower was Jake's only reply, but soon, lifting his head, he said:

"She's right, Maree is; ther is some one callin'."

"Out wid yees, men, till the riscue!" cried Kitty, seizing Mike's hat and coat and thrusting them upon him.

"Sure ye're spakin'," said Mike, ruefully preparing to leave the cheery hearth.

Bat, aroused by the light in Maria's flashing eyes, sprang up with enthusiasm, for, low be it spoken, his was not a grand heroic soul. His brave deeds were mostly born of impulse and nourished by the approbation of others.

Jake sullenly joined them, but before they reached the door it opened, and full in the firelight appeared a tall form, and handsome, yellow-bearded face—a striking picture, with the dark night for a background.

"By me sowl, it's the docther. In the name o' the owld divil, who brings ye out in the loike o' this?"

"I don't go abroad in the devil's name, Mike," laughed the doctor, making his way to the fire, and taking the chair that Kitty had hastened to place for him.

"No more ye don't, Docther; it's Hiven's own sarvent ye are," she said, earnestly. "Bestir yersilf, Mike, and bring him somethin' hot to drink, for indade, Docther, ye're the color of a ghost."

"I've had a pretty tough time to get here, and a few minutes ago I was more likely to arrive at the bottom of the gulch, where my poor horse is now."

The Doctor's voice trembled, and his eyes were wet with not unmanly tears, for, as the little company well knew, the horse was a pet and a beauty.

"Ah, woe's the night!" wailed Kitty. "Ye'll niver find a betther baste nor a handsomer wan—and so proud he samed to bear ye, the poor faithful crature!"

"Yes, we've pulled through many a tough place together, and he never flinched nor failed me. The almost human cry he gave when he went down that horrible place will ring in my ears as long as I live," said the Doctor, shuddering. "But who's going to show me the way to Fraser's? There's a trail over the mountain, isn't there?"

"Begorry, there was wan," said Mike, with great hesitation, "but a very divil of a way ye'll foind it now—the traas do be crackin' and fallin' and the rocks a-rowlin' down in jest an infarnal manner. It's as much as yer loife is worth to ye to get there."

"And who's ailin' over there, annyway?" asked Kitty.

"I think it's the baby. Some one left word at my office that they feared one of Fraser's children was dying."

"Durned if I'll risk my neck fur one of Fraser's kids," said Jake, emphatically, going back to his seat by the fire.

"No great risk, thin," retorted Kitty. "Thim as is born to be hanged 'll niver be dhrowned."

"An' sure," said Mike, glancing at Kitty, "I'm thinkin' we're as safe outside as in afther this. We're in for it, annyhow; but danged if I'm anxious to drag my owld rheumaticky legs over anny trail to-night."

The Doctor looked at Bat. Maria, too, had looked at him, and that look had fired his soul with the courage of an old warrior, whatever the risk or the terror.

"Le ciel en est le prix," thought Bat, thrilling beneath that look.

"Well, a guess a know dat way pretty well, an' if hany ting is happen I got de doctor, ain't it?" said Bat, gayly brushing back his brown

curls, and drawing over them the veritable blue *toque* that he had worn in the backwoods of Canada.

Then, in his droll way, he took solemn leave of Kitty and Mike, imploring them, if anything should prevent his return, to be good to Jake. Over Maria's little brown hand he lingered long enough to say, unheard by all but her:

"I come again to thee—je t'aime."

And in a language understood by all, the dark eyes answered:

"I love thee."

And in a language known and taught by the Father of Evil, sullen Jake replied to his laughing, "Good-bye, my Jake—pray for me," with a look of hatred and a sullen "Go to hell!"

"Behind you, my dear," answered Bat, with a profound bow.

Out into the black and terrible night went the two men—one obeying the mandate of his noble profession, filled with the sympathy it had taught him to give to sorrow and suffering everywhere; the other, his heart glowing with chivalric passion, to prove himself a hero in the eyes of her he loved—followed by the voluble blessings of Mike and Kitty, by the half proud, half anxious, and altogether loving, gaze of Maria, and also by the malignant glare of Jake's evil eyes.

"And Satan came also," thought the Doctor, observing the look.

Maria, too, turned in time to see the expression. It was just as Mike was telling them to look out for the bridge over Fraser's Creek.

Then the door closed, and while the wind and the rain beat furiously against it, and Mike and Kitty speculated anxiously upon the chances of their safe arrival at Fraser's, Maria studied Jake's face as he gazed intently in the fire, where, from a pine-knot, the lurid jets of flame darted out and leaped wildly up the black vault, as if eager to join their kindred spirits in the storm.

Suddenly Jake arose, and, muttering something in the way of a good-night, slouched out of the room. Maria, too, went softly out, retiring to her own apartment.

Meanwhile, safely on their way through wind and rain and thick darkness, over fallen trees and raging waters, went the two men, Bat's jubilant heart overflowing in droll speeches and songs that he sang at the top of his voice, to scare away evil spirits, he said—and the Doctor said he should think it would. But it did not, for behind them crept one whose intent was blacker than the night, more cruel than the angry streams.

Yet on they went along the narrow path, with the overhanging rocks on their right, and on their left the fearful precipice; yet gayly onward, with cautious steps, until they reached the cottage, whose light shone out like a star in the black night.

"By golly, we've got here, don't it?" said Bat, drawing a long breath, as they paused at the door.

Is there anything, I wonder, that stirs a physician's heart more deeply than that look of mingled thankfulness and mute appeal that greets him on his first arrival where life and death are struggling together?

"God bless you!" cried Fraser, who, alone with his wife, was watching the little one that lay flushed with fever and moaning with pain. "God bless you, Doctor—we didn't think you could get here."

"There's a special providence for doctors, you know," he answered, smiling.

The mere sound of his pleasant voice seemed to give them courage, and the mother, with a gleam of hope in her eyes and a deep sigh of relief, laid her baby in his arms, that clasped and bore the tiny burden with the tenderness of a woman. When a man has a gentle heart, tender not merely toward his own, but with a sympathy that reaches to all helpless, suffering creatures, how great it is!

"I was t'inkin'," said Bat, gravely, "'bo't dat providence you been spikin' abo't it, why it ain't take care of doctor's horses de same time."

After the Doctor and Bat had crossed Fraser's Creek, the stealthy figure that had followed them thus far, with something in his hand, stopped, cowering beneath a fir tree, till the gleam of their lantern was like a firefly in the distance; then he approached the bridge, and, with eyes grown accustomed to the darkness, examined the end that lay upon the bank. He could see sufficiently well for his purpose, which was soon apparent, for, taking up his pick, he commenced digging into the bank and displacing the rocks, working with a fiendish energy.

"Curse him," he said, between his teeth, "I'll fix him so that no doctor can't save him."

And so, with muttered curses, with the hoarse, bellowing torrent beneath, and the shrieking pines above, the work was done, and the timber left in such position that one attempting to cross upon it would cause its fall. It was horrible to think of—plunged into that hell of waters and whirling *débris*, to be dashed against the sharp rocks or carried swiftly down the dark ravine to a death as sure and cruel if not as sudden.

"There, you infernal Canuck," said the man, "you bet you've done yer last love-makin'. I'll

take that little business off yer hands," he added, with an ugly laugh.

"But first you'd better repair that bridge."

It was Maria, with her lantern suddenly turned full upon him.

He uttered one fearful oath, and shrank trembling like the coward that he was before the girl's gleaming eyes as she held her light aloft.

"I know what you have been doing, and what it is for. Now, go to work and make it safe again."

"I'll be damned if I do," growled Jake.

The only answer was the click of a revolver that her little firm hand held steadily enough. She knew how to use it; Jake was well aware of that. More than once he had seen her bring down her game, with a skill that many an old hunter might envy.

"If this fails, I have something else at my belt. Do as I tell you, or I will kill you as I would a wild beast that threatened me."

"She'd do it, the little Spanish devil."

"I'm tempted to do it now"—click. "Oh, how quickly I could send you down there where you meant to send *him.* I can hardly keep from doing it, I hate you so; but I'd scorn to have such dirty blood on my hands. Now go to work."

Stung through and through with her contempt, cowed and unnerved by the threats that he knew were not idle ones, Jake set about the work, and it was soon completed.

"Now go home!" she said, sternly.

There was no choice but to obey, and, still under cover of the girl's revolver, he went before her like a sulky convict driven to his dark cell.

"I'll release you in the morning," she said, as she drove him into a snug out-building, and, fastening the door securely, left him to his meditations.

The rain had ceased. Up through the green *cañons* floated the mists of the morning. Tinged with rosy light, they sailed away through the blue ether. Up rose the sun, shining grandly on the mountains, and through those floods of gold came the Doctor, and Bat caroling his gay song, proud as a troubadour home from the war going to kneel at his lady's feet.

"By golly, we're save dat baby," he cried, springing through the open door. "And how is Jake? A bet he's ben most sick of lonesome widout me. Eh, where he is, dat Ja-k-e?" he shouted.

But Jake did not appear.

"And thou, Marie, my little one," he murmured in his own language that she had learned in childhood, "hast thou no smile for me? Those beautiful eyes, have they nothing to say to me this morning? They were so eloquent last night, my heart was aching with joy. Look at me, Marie—but thou art pale. Wert thou troubled for me, my little love?"

Swiftly the color rose to cheek and brow, slowly the long lashes were uplifted, and from dewy eyes and parted, rosy lips smiled the glad welcome home. Jake, just then appearing at the door, saw it all, and with a stifled groan of jealous passion and defeat, he turned and fled, half blind with rage, he knew not where—to get away from that maddening sight, that was all his thought—away to the caves of the mountains where he could crouch like a wounded wolf and howl out his despair.

Crash! down through the treacherous bridge of poles and bark! Down, down the shuddering depths he whirled, and the stream, scorning to bear such a burden, hurled him aside upon the jagged rocks, where the long ferns trailed their broken plumes and the ivy wound its poisonous bands.

"They'll never find me," he thought, "but it's right—it's just. It's what I was goin' to do to him, curse—no, I can't die cursin'," and, with bleeding, untaught lips, he tried to pray, "O Lord—I don't know how," he whispered, faintly. "But didn't he say forgive? What was it mother used to make me say? 'If I should die—my soul to take—Jesus'—sake.'"

His head drooped lower, his lips were still. The water swept across his breast, the long ferns, waving, brushed his bleeding hands, and through the laurel branches the sunshine fell upon his ghastly face.

"Jake, my poor feller, look—hope you heyes—you ain't dead, don't it? *Sapré*, wake up, *mon gâ*," cried Bat, in an agony of terror and compassion, as, with trembling hands, he dashed the water in his face and rubbed his hands, and from Jake's pocket-flask poured whisky down his throat. At last Jake slowly unclosed his eyes and feebly moved his lips.

"Dat's right, by golly, swear if you want to, but keep you heyes hopen; dat'll scare de debble when dey're shut. Now, how you tink I'll got you hout of dis? Here, embrace me, *mon cher;* put you harms ron ma neck, *comme ça—ho donc!* You are more heavy dan a black-oak log, but keep to me—now, hup we go. Dere," laying his burden safely on the bank, "you better bath yourself in de stable next time, young feller."

But Jake had fainted again, and Bat ran to the house for help.

"Yes, I meant to kill you, Bat, as true as you live," said Jake, in his first penitence. "I'm

sorry now, for you're a brick, and you deserve the girl; but I couldn't stay round and see her smilin' like that on no man, not if he'd saved my life a hundred times; I might be tempted agin; it's in my nater, Bat. I'm a mean cuss, that's a fact; but as soon as I'm on my pins agin, I'll git."

And he did. And Maria and Bat were married one day when Father Sheridan came to celebrate mass in the little mountain chapel. The pines and the waterfalls played the wedding march; and if the trees could not quite banish the mourning from their voices—there is a little that is sad in everything; but the happy lovers heard only sounds of joy.

The Doctor was there to kiss the bride, and Baby Fraser, cooing and crowing and waving her dimpled hands, and Mike and Kitty, all tearful and smiling and eloquent with Irish words of blessing and endearment.

But to this day Bat cannot comprehend Jake's malice, and says, with puzzled look:

"I'll never tought he'll done dat proppus."

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

AN OLD STORY.

Fisherman John is brave and strong—
  None more brave on the coast than he;
He owns a cottage and fishing smack,
  As snug as ever need be;
And, what is truer than I could wish,
  Fisherman John loves me.

Often and often when day is done,
  With smiling lips and eager eyes
He comes to woo me. In every way
  That a man may try, he tries
To win me—but that he can never do,
  Though he woo me till he dies.

Fisherman Jack is a poorer man—
  He owns not cottage nor fishing smack;
But a winning voice and smile is his,
  And a brow that is never black.
Why should I break my heart to tell—
  But I love Fisherman Jack.

He loves not me, but every night
  He sits at the feet of Kate Mahon;
Never a heart has she for him,
  For she loves Fisherman John,
Who cares no more for love of hers
  Than the sea he sails upon.

Often we wonder, do Kate and I,
  That fate should cross us so cruelly.
We think of the lovers we do not love,
  And dream of what life would be
If only Fisherman John loved her
  And Fisherman Jack loved me.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

A LITERARY SHRINE.

My stand-point of view was the battlements of the Round Tower at Windsor. A small company of visitors had just been ushered through a series of state apartments in the palace below. A slight weariness rested upon some of us, which the prolonged winding ascent of steep stone steps that we had just made did not fully explain. Mere magnificence exercises no long continued charm. The glitter and weight of bullion fringe and frame do not long detain those at least who have not the seductive aptitude for reckoning the cost of crimson ottoman and malachite vase. Gobelin tapestry wrought with figures of life size, lofty walls and broad floors inlaid with mosaics of ambitious pattern, *faience* essaying to rival the delicate lines and colors of the canvas, or the exquisite contours of sculptured marble, excite admiration, abated by some sense of disappointment. Each artist, as well as artisan, has a superb and peculiar province; but the needle, the shuttle, and the lathe do often with a painful conventionality what the chisel of the sculptor or the brush of the painter performs magnificently and freely.

Thus there was a sense of advantage gained as we looked down upon the circle-girt floor of nature's building and up to the blue arch above. And well there might be, for the day was one of perfect loveliness, and the prospect at any time can scarcely be rivaled in the world. The beauties of the landscape easily surpass the treasures that any castled chamber holds. At the foot of the tower are St. George's Chapel and the Albert Memorial Chapel. Ascot and Epsom Downs are in sight. Runnymede attests and quickens a love for liberty. A long avenue gleams in the distance, known as Queen Anne's Road. The Long Walk, passing down double avenues of elms, two centuries old, leads to a dense, ancient forest, with a circuit of fifty-six miles, that gives to the view its magnificent masses of grateful green. Through the trees flashes a white glimpse of the Albert Mausoleum, and from this one involuntarily turns to the Victoria Tower, situated in an opposite angle of the castle walls, where the Prince died. The silver sickle of the Thames cuts the grassy plains. Near the opposite bank glow the stained windows of Eton Chapel. In the distance, and nearly in the same direction, is clearly seen Stoke Park, once the residence of William Penn. On the boundary of the park, through an opening among the trees, a modest white spire is disclosed. It is the steeple of Stoke Poges Church, the church of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," where the poet himself is buried. And now memory suggests his beautiful address to the towers of Eton and Windsor. A sudden thrill runs round the little circle, though we are all strangers to each other. There is within the sweep of vision many a chapel tapestried with the emblazoned banners of romance—many a shrine rich with the old gold of history. And yet, for the time being, yonder slender spire draws to itself the interest of the whole scene, like a diamond set among jewels more showy but less bright.

I hurried down the winding stairs, and entered a railway carriage just departing to Slough, the nearest railway station to the church. From this point the church is three miles distant by the road, but a foot-path across the fields abridges the distance to two miles. A cab lingered near the station, but on such a journey one wishes to be alone and to avoid the annoyance of feeling that any one else is awaiting his movements. It is also a natural sentiment that a pilgrimage on foot, demanding some exertion, should be made to a shrine so hallowed by associations at once literary and sacred. The sun smiled upon the earth as it rarely does in England, and the earth returned the silent greeting with equal cheer, for the varied green of the landscape was as bright as the blue overhead, while dimpling road-side brook and distant Thames showed a sheen like threaded diamonds and molten silver. The full rays of the sunlight, though not oppressive, were pleasantly intercepted by clouds from time to time, that agreeably deepened as they passed the many-hued mosaic of the prospect. Its beauty of water and wood and field was substantially the same that had entranced the eyes when viewed from the distant castle in the morning. There was, however, a great variety of shades of brown noticeable for the first time in the wide vista of ripening grain and stubble ground, haystack and winding road, and upturned field, and tiled roofs of farm-houses with their clustering sheds. Sobriety and pensiveness dwell in the brightest English scenes. There is an atmosphere of thought and sentiment that rests upon every hill, and gently qualifies the charm of the most radiant vista.

Picturesque France is always bright and exhilarating, with no æsthetic *arrière-pensée* of sentiment in the depth of her perspectives, and is thus as different from English landscape as is the golden material magnificence of gorgeous Italy. Nature, then, this afternoon was in accord with the errand on which I was bent. From an inn door close to the railway bridge, a farmer pointed out more particularly the easily pursued journey. The sinuous road that had already crossed the bridge was to be followed a little beyond the bold and wooded curve where it disappeared from sight; then I should turn to the left along the first highway which branched from the former road, and at about forty yards' distance from the point of intersection a stile would introduce me to a path that leads straight to the church.

English roads are not only excellent for the passage of vehicles, but many of them, like this road, have at least one broad, well built and drained causeway for the convenience of pedestrians. From the stile the narrow path led past blossoming clover on the one side, while on the other a red field of beets was succeeded by waving oats almost ready for the sickle. The fragrance of freshly mown grass filled the air as I traversed a field where lads and lasses were turning the windrows to the sun. The straight path stretched through many fields and across several roads. At last, when I had crossed a highway bordered with low trees, a few steps brought me from a thicket-shaded stile directly before the poet's monument.

Although its form is inartistic, its site is well chosen. The ground suddenly sinks into an almost circular hollow, and then rises as soon, and displays a level surface of green sward for many yards. In the center of this natural pedestal rises the cenotaph, for the structure does not contain or cover the body of the poet, and is even at some little distance from the cemetery. It is a cubical structure of stone, surmounted by a cumbrous, shallow, and unshapely vase. Of course, no other inscription than his own is found upon the tablets, except a short one, on the least conspicuous face of the monument, stating that the fabric was erected in the year 1799 by many admirers and friends. The familiar lines exerted a new and unsuspected power as I read:

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill;
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree,
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

On the opposite side of the monument are engraved the opening lines of the poet's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College:"

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade—
Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed
A stranger yet to pain."

On the fourth tablet are found these verses:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Four yew trees are planted around, reared from slips that had been taken from the venerable trees of the cemetery. Although the monument is heavy and tasteless in design, its situation is one of unrivaled beauty. Behind the urn rises a dark and dense grove, with open fields stretching out on every other side. The inscription of the last tablet directs the eye across a sunny meadow, where stands the church in full view, mantled with its ivy and surrounded by its dead.

I drew slowly near and passed the little stile of entrance. The cemetery is very small, and shut in on three sides by a high brick wall that divides it from Stoke Park. There are several graves which have long borne the name of Penn, and testify to the former possession of the estate by that family. The property has been now for many years in other hands. Although the grave-yard is so humble and limited, there are two mausoleums within it of ancient and titled families—one bearing the name of Douglas, and the other being the resting place of the ducal family of Leeds. The nameless mounds and sunken stones unnoticed at first in the long grass, and recent wooden crosses already broken, bearing inscriptions soon to be obliterated, recall vividly the lines that have echoed for a hundred years from the arches of time, and have yet just begun to be immortal.

The poet himself lies in an altar-shaped tomb close to the church and near its chancel. A slab affixed to the church-wall marks the spot. As he did not leave an epitaph for his grave, it would seem that no one else dared to write elegiac verse in his honor, or even to inscribe the poet's name upon the tomb. The absence of such epitaph and token even excited a doubt

some years ago whether the lyrist rested there. This uncertainty was dispelled by an examination of the vault beneath. The walls of the fabric are of brick, and the flat stone which rests upon them has been broken, and the fragments have been clamped together by iron bolts. The vandalism which mars unguarded shrines is apparent here. Many rude initials have been deeply cut in the tomb. The few sentences engraved here are read with difficulty, and will soon be recut in the stone. An aunt and the mother of the poet are buried in the crypt beneath. After a few lines in memory of the first, the poet has added:

"In the same pious confidence beside her friend and sister sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged 72."

The mural tablet near states that the son passed through the same portal of death July 30, 1771, and was buried August 6th following in the same grave.

After long lingering over the moss-filled lettering and crumbling stone, I reluctantly turned away, but not before I had picked and carefully put away in memory of the moment a little globe of white clover at the foot of the grave, which, while I was yet standing there, a gentle wind had swayed against the tomb. As I stepped into the well worn path that leads to the church door, a little English sparrow, with cherubic roundness of body, and but partially fledged, was traversing an old tombstone in a succession of fluttering hops. Presently he stopped upon a broken ledge of the monument, and chirped forth his limited little song with a self-abandonment and rapture as great as if the whole world were listening, and he, too, were immortal. Those beautiful lines rose to my lips, which none but their author would have excluded from his stately verse:

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

There are two ancient yews at the church porch. The older one has been greatly scathed by time, and has but one green branch. The other has begun to decay, and drops its limbs feebly upon the ground. The boughs were long held up by chains, and every precaution has been taken to prolong the life of the aged tree. But its long existence is slowly drawing near its close. There are two doors that give immediate entrance into the church. They are both ancient, and the older portal is protected by a low and rather long porch. The second door is a very low one, and few persons, except children, would not be obliged to stoop under the lintel. It recalls to mind the door of entrance into the church where Shakspere is buried, and it was evidently the design of the mediæval architect that persons should bow when entering the house of God. Through the considerate kindness of the church authorities, the main door stands open, although entrance is intercepted by a lattice-work of iron. A great part of the interior can thus be seen by any one who passes or pauses there.

A noise now arresting my attention, I turned and saw a young man about twenty years of age approaching the church door. He proved to be a son of the vicar of the parish, and he offered to show me the interior of the building, and to give me such information about the spot as he himself possessed. This very kind offer was eagerly accepted. He told me that many Americans come here in the course of a year, and express great interest and enthusiasm in their visit. The seating capacity of the church is very limited, and, together with the contracted area of the cemetery, shows the smallness of the parish, which embraces a rural farming district. The adjoining cloisters are very small also, and are lighted with narrow old stained windows, that at some later period have been reset with broad borders of more modern glass in the enlarged casements. One window bears the dates of 1532 and 1537, and another of equal age depicts a singular male figure seated upon a vehicle resembling a rude velocipede, which excites much curiosity and speculation among antiquarians. In an angle of the church walls outside, close by the church tower, is a well of ancient date. There was no door, apparently, which could have given to the former occupants of the cloisters convenient access to this well. But as we passed to another window, we discovered beneath the low casement two round knobs of oak, indicating that the halves of the window, now solidly joined, were formerly disunited; and, stooping down, I discovered the rusty traces of two bolts that anciently fastened the two leaves of the entrance to the floor. The pavement, however, is more modern than the gateway, as there is no receptacle cut in it for the passage of the bolts. My companion said that he had never noticed this place of exit before. The low round arches of the nave betray the antiquity of their origin. When the present vicar of the parish assumed his office here, fifteen years ago, the chancel floor was covered by a carpet. Having removed this, he found small flat bronze figures upon the floor affixed to grave-stones. Four

figures are in excellent preservation. The effigy of a knight in full armor, and that of his wife attired in the fashion of a very early period, with an inscription beneath them in quaint characters, were in the corner of the chancel, and next them a priest in full canonicals, with hands joined in prayer. A female figure stands beside him.

There were several other similar monuments, as the indentations and outlines which are cut in other stones plainly show; but in some time of peril and disorder, probably during the wars of the Commonwealth, the bronze relics were torn from the flagging, doubtless to be sold for old metal, and only the bronze lettering of one epitaph is left. We now found ourselves in the more modern portion of the church, to some extent secluded from its wider areas, which, with a special entrance, the noble family of Hastings caused to be erected for their own accommodation. These titled people have disappeared from the parish records for many years. No descendant or representative of the family resides in the neighborhood. A few headstones of the cemetery bear the name. There is a strange mural monument in this part of the church, composed of two black oval tablets, bordered by white marble and resting on three stone skulls. No inscription, or device, or tradition adds to the mute intimation that at some time some one died and was buried here.

Near the portico are placed two boxes—one of them for the receipt of alms, the other for a more special contribution. It is generally known that a window has recently been inserted in the walls of the parish church at Stratford-on-Avon, which throws its light directly upon the tomb of Shakspere. It illustrates, by corresponding scriptural figures in stained glass, the "Seven Ages" of Shakspere. It is called the American window, as the expense of its construction was defrayed solely by Americans.

The proposal has been made that the Old and the New World should unite in a similar memorial to the poet Gray, and the second box at the church door prefers its silent and unobtrusive request to this effect. A considerable sum has already been obtained, and it is hoped that during the present year the amount will become sufficient for the carrying out of the noble design.

We clambered up a narrow and dark staircase to the belfry, which shelters an old chime of bells. The swallows fluttered and twittered about "the ivy-mantled tower," as if practicing the melodies which so often have floated out through the air. The spire bears a curious miniature resemblance to the loftier steeple of Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon. A square tower, in each structure, at a little distance from the roof is suddenly contracted into a slender, tapering, and unadorned spire. The difference of dimensions suggests the relative positions in literature of the lyrical and the dramatic poet. As we descended, we passed a second time through the little forest of bell-ropes, and peeped into the oaken gallery where the ringers sit during service.

The key turned in the door of the low-linteled porch. The sound was a grating suggestion that, though I was passing into the clear air and the outer world, yet this world is in some sense a crypt dusty with distasteful memories and incrusted with the rust of common cares. We paused again at the poet's grave, where I bade my companion good-bye. May his life be the brighter for his kindness to a stranger on that day. I stopped again at the stile, with retrospective glance; and then, the sinking sun threatening "to leave the world to darkness and to me," I hastily returned to the railway station, threading the dim path which had led me to the realization of one of the dreams of boyhood.

On the eve of leaving England, I wrote to the Vicar of Stoke Poges, requesting further details respecting the projected memorial to the poet. A reply, inclosing a circular, was received, both of which are here given:

[CIRCULAR.]

"THOMAS GRAY, the poet, is buried in the 'country church-yard' of Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, amid the scenes which he has made dear to all who read the English language.

"The only record which indicates the spot of his interment is a small stone inserted opposite to his grave, and beneath the east window of the Hastings Chapel.

"It is proposed to erect in the Church of Stoke Poges a Memorial which shall more adequately express the reverence and affection of his country for one who has adorned her poetry with some of its choicest gems. It has been thought that this tribute may most fittingly be offered in the form of a Memorial Window.

"A subscription for this purpose has been commenced, and the proposal has been so warmly received that it has been decided to invite public attention to it, in the hope not only of erecting a worthy Memorial to the poet, but of completing the restoration of the picturesque church beside whose wall he rests.

"The Committee for carrying out the proposal consists of

"HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS,
"The Right Rev. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD,
"The Rev. VERNON BLAKE, Vicar of Stoke Poges,
"Colonel R. HOWARD VISE, Stoke Place,
"E. J. COLEMAN, Esq., Stoke Park,
"THE CHURCHWARDENS OF THE PARISH."

"STOKE POGES VICARAGE,
Slough, 10 Nov., 1880.

"DEAR SIR: I am sorry I missed the opportunity of meeting you when you called here during your visit to England, but was glad that one of my sons was at home and able to show you the church and give you all the information he could with regard to the proposed Memorial to Gray. It is not intended to restrict it so as to be only an offering from his admirers in America, but to make it as general and liberal as we can. If only sufficient is collected for a window, it will take that form; but if more should be subscribed than is enough for that purpose, the Memorial will take some larger form in connection with the church.

"Since your visit I have given directions for the slab on his tomb to be cleaned, and the inscriptions cut out again and re-lettered, both on the tomb and the tablet under the east window of Hastings Chapel, opposite to the grave.

"Should you be able to interest some of your friends who are admirers of Gray's works, you would indeed be a benefactor to the cause. The fund collected is in the Bank of England in the name of Trustees. Any other information I will most gladly give you. Thanking you for your polite note and its friendly contents, and hoping to hear again from you, believe me

"Yours faithfully,
"VERNON BLAKE,
"Vicar of Stoke Poges.

"To Mr. N. W. MOORE.

"P. S.—It is contemplated that the window should be the one opposite to the tomb, under which, you will remember, is the inscription."

It is my belief that many Californians will be glad to learn of this opportunity to honor the memory of one who has enriched our common literature with the elaborate and exquisite verses which are quoted so frequently and tenderly as to be in a sense the Scripture of secular song. NATHAN W. MOORE.

IN THE SKYLAND OMNIBUS.

If any one supposes that this is an irreverent name for the fiery chariot which carried the ancient prophet heavenward, it is a great mistake. The vehicle of my tale was of an entirely earthly character—simply an ordinary carry-all, with canopy top, and arranged to seat a double row of passengers, six on each side, and of course facing each other. The steeds also were not fiery, even in the common acceptation of the term, but four unhappy-tempered ancient horses, one of whom at least showed unmistakably vicious tendencies, and needed much urging and scourging to keep him in the path of rectitude. The driver, too, far from being a seraph, was a one-eyed Jehu, with a somewhat sinister expression and a strong tendency to save his beloved team by making his passengers walk up all the long hills. The passengers, however, came nearer to being of an angelic character, each one of them doubtless at some period of her history having been thus characterized by an adoring swain. But they were really a dozen mortal women of varying size and mien, maiden and matron, young and—not old, of course, but verging that way. Most of them were done up past recognition in linen ulsters and thick veils, but one placid and venerable lady wore the distinctive and time-honored garb of the Society of Friends.

The road over which this precious feminine load was being transported wound through a pass in the Santa Cruz Mountains—its general direction southward, and its trend upward—decidedly upward. The omnibus had started from the Garden City in the early dawn of a perfect June day, and its destination was "Skyland"—not the celestial city, but a beautiful camping-ground, twenty-seven miles distant, on the summit of the mountains, recently purchased by the party of ladies now seated in the omnibus, and who were on their way thither to look over their new possessions, choose locations, and make other arrangements for the summer's campaign. Now, we have the time, the place, and the *dramatis personæ*.

The conversation was decidedly brisk at first as they bowled along over the comparatively level road. There was great rallying of each other on the subject of their unwontedly early rising, and lively details were given of the various breakfasts which had been eaten, like the old Israelitish passover, in haste and standing, with hats and dusters on, and lunch-baskets, packed over night, conveniently near. Many averred that they had tried to sleep with watches under their pillows and night-lamps burning, and consequently had not slept at all. Others had succeeded better by simply sleeping with one eye open; others still had trusted to alarm-clocks, which had "gone off" at all sorts of unseasonable hours. One only, the quiet schoolmistress, a member of the almost extinct species of human beings possessing sound minds in sound bodies, frankly acknowledged that she

had merely gone to bed a little earlier than usual, and slept placidly till the needful hour for waking. Consequently, she brought to this day's enjoyment, as is her wont, fresh, keen powers of observation and reflection, which shone like a lovely sunrise in her tranquil gray eyes.

These varied experiences having been duly compared, the company fell to admiring the landscape with its cool long morning shadows and general air of repose and freshness. Some discerning eye was sure to discover each little wayside flower and bird, while a chorus of ohs! and ahs! greeted the appearance of any picturesque bit of scenery in sky or landscape—the enthusiasm culminating over the mists drifting up the hill-sides, where it was caught and held entangled by the forests like great fleeces of snowy wool stripped from cloudland flocks.

The omnibus rolled through the beautiful little town of Los Gatos, and then over a long bridge and on into the hills. Then the road grew rough and wild, and wound along the edge of mighty precipices on a shelf of appalling narrowness. Along the bottom of the *cañon* a railroad train went thundering. Nerves grew tense, exclamations took on an awe-struck tone, and audible sighs of relief greeted each hair-breadth escape in passing other wagons, or in going around curves which actually seemed to lean over toward destruction. Occasionally they encountered heavily loaded wood-wagons, chained together, and drawn by four or six patient dust covered horses. On these poor animals the gentle dames expended much sympathy, far more than on the equally dusty driver, who, perched aloft in his perilous seat, looked stolidly down, while his great wheels went creaking and pounding along within an inch of the awful abyss.

Fortunately for the Skyland omnibus, it had by legal right the inside track in these nerve-trying encounters; but, as it is almost as alarming to witness the peril of others as to be in danger one's self, many of the ladies adopted the plan of shutting their eyes when there was any turning-out to be done, thus sealing at least one avenue to the inner citadel where Fear dwells.

The pretty little hostelry of L—— was soon passed; then the neat wayside school-house, with its open door and windows showing "small heads all a-row." In the grove about the building half a dozen ponies were tethered, on which the little people had ridden to school "bare-back," and often two, or even three, on one pony. Then the charming little railway station of Alma shone amid the trees—a Tadmor in the wilderness. A pause was made at the picturesque "Forest House," where the gentle hostess gave cordial greeting to her well known friends—the Skyland folk—who could scarcely tear themselves away from so attractive a spot. But horses and people had drunk their fill of the delicious water, the sun was getting warm and high, and so they murmured, with a sigh, "Excelsior!" and clambered in. Now the road ran through a beautiful forest and over clear mountain streams. Conversation brightened perceptibly.

"Now is the time for stories," asserted an animated voice.

"Yes, by all means, let us tell stories," responded a chorus.

"Stories of adventure," suggested some one.

"Let Penelope begin," said another. "She is our story-teller *par excellence*."

So Penelope began—dear Penelope! who is ever industriously weaving, like her namesake of old, only a far more wonderful web, the woof of which is the tangled skein of circumstance as seen by her discerning and transmuting eye, and the warp the golden-hued thread of her fancy.

Ah, if only the rich, sweet tones, the glowing face, the dramatic gesture, the wonderful magnetism of her presence could be transferred to paper!

PENELOPE'S STORY.

"I was a young girl," she said, "when my parents, who lived in Frederick, Maryland, received a visit from a cousin, Madame Fairfield, who lived over the mountains in Virginia on an estate nearly a hundred miles away. She was a stately lady of the *ancien régime*, and traveled in her family coach, with her black coachman in livery on a high seat in front. An air of immense respectability hovered about the entire establishment, from the high-stepping horses in their silver-mounted harness to the substantial leather trunks and portmanteaus in the boot behind. We lived in simpler fashion at our house than our cousin was accustomed to in her own domains; but my mother was a lady born, and my father a chivalrous gentleman, so all deficiencies which Madame Fairfield might discover were amply compensated by the fine flower of courtesy. She had a delightful visit of several weeks, receiving much attention socially, and greatly enjoying all the hospitalities extended to her. Nor did she fail to approve and avail herself of that which is ever dear to the heart of woman—the shopping privileges of Frederick. Among other things, she added largely to her stock of silver plate, which was duly packed and securely nailed up in a box by itself.

"And now Madame Fairfield began to urge that I be allowed to return with her for a winter's visit at her home in Cressonburg. I need not say that I joined in the entreaty, for, although I loved home dearly, like other nestlings I was eager to try my wings; and my dear parents, with many doubts and misgivings, at last consented to the arrangement. It was just the old experience over again:

"'The young heart hot and restless,
The old subdued and slow.'

"At length the day for our departure came, and, all tears and smiles, I found myself ensconced in the soft, cream-colored cushions and linings of the Fairfield traveling carriage. There were now four in the company, for an older and much more elegant young lady cousin was also to be a visitor at Cressonburg, and my dear boy cousin, Oliver Fairfield, who had been at school near Frederick, was returning home for a vacation. So we made a nice coachful, Madame Fairfield and Miss Cecilia on the back seat, Oliver and I facing them. How beautiful the world looked to me that delightful summer morning! The brisk, inspiriting motion, Oliver's overflowing spirits, even the delicate odors which escaped from Miss Cecilia's reticule, are all stamped ineffaceably on my memory. We passed through what I shall always think the most beautiful country in the world—across noble rivers and over picturesque hills, following the old stage road from Frederick over a spur of the Alleghanies to our Virginian destination. Part of the road over the summit was through an almost unbroken forest of pines, and there is where we had our adventure. We stopped, just before beginning the ascent, at a little wayside inn for an hour of rest and refreshment, and noticed a man lounging on the piazza, who made some inquiries of our black driver, Pompey, as to where we were going, and volunteered some advice about a shorter route which we might make at a certain crossing.

"'I am going the same way,' he added, with a good-natured air of comradeship.

"But our stately old Pompey knew better than to trust much to an unfledged acquaintance, and so paid little attention to his remarks or suggestions.

"Soon we were on the way again, and as I glanced down the winding ascent which we were just beginning I saw that we were followed by our new acquaintance, who kept near us with apparently little effort. By and by the forest darkened about us, and as we stopped to let our horses breathe, he overtook us, nodded pleasantly, and passed on. Soon we again caught up with him, and now he quickened his pace, and as he trudged along beside us again began talking of the more direct road. As he talked he laid his hand familiarly on the open window of the coach, and I noticed a long red scar across its back. A shudder ran over me involuntarily as I thought what a terrible blow it must have taken to leave such an ugly and abiding mark. He now grew even more loquacious, and began to tell us how in early days he was a drover, and had brought many a big drove of cattle along this same road, and what a wild, rough life it was.

"'Why, right about here," said he, 'there's been awful murders done and no end of robbin'. Why, onc't I was a-goin' along here with a lot o' sheep an' cattle for the Frederick market, an' it was just at dark, an' I heerd the awfullest yell ye ever heerd; an' I rode back as fast as I could a quarter of a mile or so whar the sound seemed to come from, and thar lay a man right in the road, butchered—jest butchered, an'—'

"'Oh, stop, pray,' cried Madame Fairfield. 'I don't wish these young people terrified by such dreadful stories.'

"But ere she had finished her sentence, Oliver leaned from the opposite window of the coach—to see if we were pursued by a ghost, he afterward acknowledged—when, to his amazement, he saw a man cutting the straps which held the trunks. He uttered a sudden cry of alarm.

"'Oh, mamma, there's a robber behind us!'

"'Whip the horses, Pompey—whip, whip!' ordered Madame Fairfield, leaning forward and growing white with terror.

"The horses sprang forward with great bounds, but with the first leap the trunks rolled heavily to the ground, while the sharp crack of a pistol rang on the air, and at the same instant a ball whizzed by my ear and buried itself in the cushion behind me, against which a moment before I had been leaning. It was a parting salute from our friend, no doubt meant for old Pompey, but falling below the mark. The horses galloped furiously on, and, after a moment, Pompey, looking back, said reassuringly to us poor women crouching in the bottom of the coach half dead with fear:

"'Don't be scared, ladies. Dem poh sinners is busy wid your trunks. Dey's done given u us up, suah.'

"After a little, he chuckled:

"'Dey's done missed gettin' missus's silver. Here it am, all safe under dis chile's feet.'

"In half an hour, though it seemed an endless time to us, we were at the half-way house, and received every possible kindness and attention,

but we did not resume our journey till the next day, and then with a well armed man on the seat by Pompey. Meanwhile, the alarm had spread, and a dozen men were in pursuit of the robbers. Our broken and rifled trunks were found by the roadside where they fell. Madame Fairfield's costly jewelry and velvets were gone, Miss Cecilia's laces and jewels also, while my poor possessions were slighted, excepting a beautiful cashmere shawl, which was my mother's, but which she had lovingly insisted on adding to my wardrobe. I had also, like any school girl, put my purse with its precious contents into my trunk, and that of course was taken.

"There is just a little sequel to my story. About two months after my arrival at Cressonburg, one day an officer appeared at Madame Fairfield's and requested us to go over to the court-house and help identify a man who had been arrested, and who was supposed to be the highwayman who had attacked us. Cecilia and I turned pale at the thought, for he had haunted our dreams ever since; but Madame Fairfield thought best for us all to go, and so we drove over and went timidly up the long flight of steps and into the great bare court-room. There was to be an informal examination of the prisoner, and as we entered we saw a group of men gathered about a wretched, haggard looking man, heavily handcuffed, and sitting in a corner of the room, with an officer in close attendance.

"We drew nearer and looked at the man in a sort of terrified fascination. Yes, it was the same one who had stood so near me on that memorable evening. There was no mistaking him, but assurance was made doubly sure when I looked down at his manacled hands and saw, with a cold chill of horror, that sickening long red scar. He was too stolid and hardened to show the slightest recognition of us; but months afterward, when he was serving out his sentence in the State's prison, he confessed that he had been prowling around Frederick, and had been in the silversmith's when Madame Fairfield made her purchases. He had then followed her home, and ascertained in various ways who she was and when she would start on her homeward journey. He and his accomplice had hoped to take off the trunks unobserved from the back of our coach, and so become possessors of the silver. The plan was evidently for him to engage us in such interesting conversation that we would take no notice of affairs behind us. It was only when this device failed that he resorted to his pistol, and came so near adding my innocent blood to the other crimes of that red-scarred hand."

Penelope's story was received with great appreciation, and now she turned gracefully toward the Quaker lady, and, unconsciously adopting the plain language, said:

"Now, friend Wise, tell us *thy* robber story."

Then the gentle old lady cast down her eyes a little deprecatingly, and said:

"Why, Penelope, if thee means the little incident which I once mentioned to thee as having befallen me on this road over which we are now going, it seems hardly worth repeating."

But, being strongly urged, she began.

FRIEND JANE WISE'S STORY.

"It befell me on this road over which we are now journeying with so much security, and it hardly seems possible that such a thing could have happened here and only six years ago. Yes, right about this very spot it occurred, and it was six years ago the first day of last fourth month. Four or five passengers, of whom I was one, were in the regular stage running over the mountain to Santa Cruz. One of the passengers was a young man, who seemed even more than the average youth of the present day inclined to join in the conversation, and I was not pleased with his manner of speech. It seemed to me both bold and frivolous, as if he had been indulging too freely in intoxicating liquor; so I maintained a serious and marked silence toward him. There was but one woman besides myself in the company, and she was the wife of the driver and sat beside him. The stage carried the mail, and also express matter. Just as we reached a clump of trees, suddenly a roughly dressed man sprang from behind one, and, seizing the horses by the bits, pointed a pistol at the driver and ordered him to throw out the express-box. At the same time he stepped to the side of the stage and told the passengers to take out their money. All were so taken by surprise that there was no time for a man to draw a weapon, and there was no resistance made. The driver assured the man that he had no express matter, but tossed down the mail bag. Among the passengers the first to take out his money was the talkative youth. He made quite a show of getting out two dollars, which he said was all he had, at the same time urging the rest to 'shell out,' as he said, there being no kind of use in refusing. The pistol was cocked, and pointed right into the stage, and the robber ordered us to be quick. If there was the least hesitation, the murderous looking weapon came nearer, and so the men, even to the driver, took out their wallets, and the poor, frightened woman meekly pulled out her little purse. The wretched man took it all, and then,

with an oath, kicked the mail-bag up to his hand, shook it, and tossed it into the stage, saying there was nothing in that which he wanted—he was after money. Now, it so chanced that I had quite a large sum of money in my purse which I was conveying for another person, but I gave it very little thought, neither was I greatly moved by fear. One feeling alone was borne in upon my mind—that of great pity for the poor wretch who took so base a way to obtain that which he might so easily have earned by honest labor. I also felt a moving of the spirit to bear testimony against his great wickedness. But while I was in this frame of mind I thought I detected a glance of understanding between the young man in the stage and the robber without, as if telling him that he had overlooked me. Still I maintained my composure, and looked intently, and no doubt with great compassion, at this poor, misguided being. Suddenly his eyes met mine, and without speaking roughly to me or demanding my money (which I would not have given him except under great compulsion, I may say violence), strange to say, his countenance fell, and he turned away from me, bade the driver whip the horses, and himself disappeared in the woods. It has always been a matter of regret to me that I did not speak plainly to him of his sin and folly, but perchance he read it all in my countenance.

"As we pursued our way, there was of course much talk among the passengers of what had happened, in which this youth, of whom I have spoken, took great part. He kept asserting that if he had only had a pistol he would have killed the robber on the spot, and he appealed to me several times to know if I did not think that the deed would have been justifiable. At first I kept silence, but as he pressed the question I finally said:

"'Does thee think he was prepared to stand before his Judge?'

"He made no answer, and I now felt it to be my turn to insist; so I repeated my question several times, and at last he reluctantly answered, 'No.'

"I reached my destination safely, and delivered the money to its owner; feeling greatly thankful to the kind Providence which had protected me in so great a peril.

"Two weeks afterward the stage was again robbed in nearly the same place, and this time there were two highwayman. But their career was a short one. They were soon captured by our sheriff and his men, and brought to justice. I visited them in jail, as it is my custom to labor with prisoners, hoping they may be snatched as brands from the burning. Like Penelope, I recognized the robber, and in his accomplice I also found the unprincipled youth who rode beside me in the stage. I talked with them, and gave them Testaments, but I know not whether the seed fell on stony places, or bore fruit. I must leave that till the great harvest. I once told this tale to a sister in the convent, and she said, '*It was thy holy dress saved thee;*' but I think it was the *good care of my Father in Heaven.*"

The gentle voice ceased, and a great quiet fell upon the company for a few moments; but just as the story-telling was about to be renewed, the driver broke in upon the order of proceedings by saying that his horses were "nigh about tuckered out, and would the heaviest of the load be so obliging as to git out and walk a spell?" MARY H. FIELD.

UNCLE SAM AND THE WESTERN FARMER.

Uncle Sam was seated in his comfortable parlor, thinking, as he is wont to do, of the welfare and happiness of his numerous family. Around him on every hand were scattered the many signs of prosperity and wealth. The costly furniture and rich carpets of the apartment, the lines of well bound volumes on the shelves, the pair of stately horses that waited at the door, the beautiful and well ordered grounds in which his mansion stood—all these things told their own tale. Uncle Sam was a rich man.

Many were the visitors this noble man had received during the day on which the Western farmer ventured to present himself in that venerable presence, and many the words of counsel, wisdom, and kindness which had fallen from his lips. It was not his habit to measure men by their external appearance. Freely he poured forth the wealth of his cultivated mind, of his rich experience, of his large and noble heart, for the good of all.

Yet, as the farmer approached him, he looked with a sharp glance of surprise from under

his shaggy eyebrows, where the weight of intellect seemed too heavy for the somewhat spare and feeble frame that supported it. Uncle Sam had no contempt for poverty. He loved the poor, and it had been the labor of his life to protect them. But in the man that stood before him something more than poverty was apparent. There was disappointment, sorrow, reproach—almost despair.

He stood with his head bent heavily forward, his chin resting upon his breast. His slouched and weather-beaten hat was crushed together under his right arm, and his hands were folded before him. Standing first uneasily on one foot, and then on the other, his ragged pants drawn above the disreputable boots, he looked rather like a beggar seeking alms than a citizen of the great republic. Uncle Sam loved not the beggar. He believed in honest toil, and he knew what toil can do. His lips were open to admonish and rebuke, but the farmer was too quick for him. Suddenly lifting his head and looking straight into the eyes of the stern and gentle old man, he said:

"I have come to seek your counsel, Uncle. I want to know how I am to live and be honest?"

Uncle Sam liked that look of the farmer, and he liked the question. The look was one of sturdy independence, and told plainly enough that this was the son of a free soil. The question was one to which it seemed only too easy to give a satisfactory reply. Uncle Sam answered:

"To live, my son, you must work; to be honest, you must pay your debts."

"I have worked and yet I cannot live, nor can I pay my debts."

"Sit down, my son—sit down, and let us talk the matter over. You want a little start in life, no doubt. I am owner of vast lands, where as yet the plow has never traveled. You look strong to work and brave to meet a little present hardship with resolution. Let us look now over some of these beautiful maps that I have here. I can find a little spot where you will easily make yourself comfortable, and will let you have it on easy terms. Some seed can be readily supplied to you, for wheat is abundant. And, I dare say, I can do something toward a team, and so on, to start you. I have many friends who are willing to help the industrious."

"Uncle, you have mistaken me," said the farmer. "I did not come to ask alms, nor even to receive the land you so freely give. I already have a farm which is all my own, and my barns are full of grain, yet I cannot live or be honest. I want your counsel."

"Oh, I see—I see," said the old man; "you do not understand business, and you want me to assist and instruct you in managing your affairs. I shall be very glad to do so—very glad, indeed. Many a poor fellow have I helped out of difficulties in this way. Old as I am, I have lost none of my powers. I can master a difficult account as easily to-day as I could when quite a young man. What is the trouble?"

"The trouble, Uncle, is this: That I grow my wheat, and hay, and corn, of which I have always had abundant harvests; that I pay my laborers such wages as will enable them just to live; that I feed my stock, and live myself, with my family, in as humble and quiet a way as it is possible to do; but when the crops are sold, I have less than nothing left—I am in debt. What am I to do?"

"What are you to do!" said Uncle Sam, beginning to get excited as he saw the chance of a difficult business problem presenting itself for solution—"what are you to do, my good man! Don't you see that all your trouble has come from your not understanding the first principles of business? Now, let us begin at once and see whether you cannot this morning master the alphabet of sound business relations. Try and commit this little sentence to memory now, repeating after me: '*In all commercial transactions it is necessary to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest.*'"

The farmer repeated these words after Uncle Sam, and then pondered a minute. Then he answered:

"Uncle, that is just what I have been doing all along."

This grand old man—a shrewd observer of character—thought he detected something in the attitude and bearing of the farmer that looked a little suspicious.

"Come, my fine fellow," he said, "let us have the truth now. You know I am accustomed to hear all sorts of confessions from the people I wish to help; but I can do nothing until I know all of the case. Has not there been a little extravagance now?—a little too much of the —of the whisky bottle, you know? Speak out!"

"I never touch a drop, sir."

"Well—don't be angry—I only want the truth, you know. Let us see what can be done. I don't quite understand the case. It is a little difficult to see how a man with his barns full of wheat can be ruined and in debt. Are you quite sure that you have always attended to that rule I gave you? Have you always sold in the dearest market?"

"I have always sold in San Francisco, which is my best market. And this year, when I have paid my laborers and my store bills, I shall not have enough to pay my taxes—and I cannot get the money. What am I to do?"

"Ahem! Yours is a rather difficult case. I don't exactly see my way; but something can be done, I dare say."

Uncle Sam paced the room in some anxiety, having come upon a "problem in civilization" which was new to him. His kind heart was pained to think that he was no longer able to give help in the grand free-handed way to which he had been accustomed all his life. Always in former years he had advised the needy to "go on the land," being well assured that the producer could never want bread. Here was a man whose labor was destroying him; whose farm was eating him up; whose splendid limbs, and power of endurance, and toil were of no avail, for the fruits of the earth which he tilled would no longer pay for the clothing of his body, or taxes of the State in which he lived.

But Uncle Sam was never yet beaten by a difficulty, and now, as always, he rose to the occasion.

"You have your wheat still in hand, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is good. You shall come with me—I am going to make a short visit to the good 'Brother John.' It is a little journey across the water, but it will not take us long. John is a fine old gentleman in his way—a little narrow, but with a good heart. He and I quarreled long ago, but we are quite friendly now. And the great thing about him is this: That he has a numerous family to support, and a great many work-people to feed. So he is a large buyer of wheat, and ready to give a fair price. Many a man in trouble have I sent to him. Go you now and fetch your produce. We will take it over to Brother John and get the worth of it."

It does not take a Western man long to prepare for a journey. Our farmer slouched on his hat, and threw his great coat over his shoulders. Orders were given to ship the wheat, and in a few hours the travelers were on their journey.

Brother John, a short, round man, with a rosy face and a countenance full of good will, heartily welcomed his visitors. There was no difficulty about the quality of the wheat, or the price to be given for it. The cash should be paid down on the spot.

The countenance of the farmer beamed with delight when he saw the little pile of gold before him. He had regarded himself as a ruined man. He was now saved—saved by the skill and business knowledge of Uncle Sam, who had not only told him where to sell his produce in the dearest market, but had taken him to it. He strolled up and down the streets of the little town in which the good John had established himself, and was not a little astonished at what he saw.

"Uncle Sam," said he, "has done well for me. He has brought me to the market where I can 'sell the dearest,' and to the place of all others in the world where I can 'buy the cheapest.' Here will I spend the money I have got. It is fair that I should do so. What a roll of flannel at twenty-five cents the yard for my good wife who has never a thread of flannel on her back! What knives that will really cut!—made of a material something harder than a rusty hoop-iron. What boots and shoes for my little girls and boys at no more than fifty cents the pair! How many hundred per cent. shall I not save in the buying as I have gained in in the selling by this most fortunate visit to the little town which John built."

He returned to the office in which Uncle Sam was still sitting with Brother John. The pile of money lay on the table before them.

"Uncle Sam," said he, "you have been a kind friend to me. You have brought me to the market where I have best sold my wheat. But you have done more than this. For it is here, also, I find that I can 'buy the cheapest,' as you advised me to do. I will now take my money and spend it in this home of industry and cheapness."

As the Western farmer thus spoke, he noticed a sudden and remarkable change pass over the benevolent countenance of Uncle Sam. He looked like a man who had suddenly come upon a great danger and knew not how to face it, or, let us say rather, like one whose character for honor and uprightness had been put in jeopardy by some unexpected complication in the management of his affairs. He stood up and his hand twitched nervously as he looked down upon the money which the farmer was about to grasp.

"Stop, my friend—stop. I have something to say."

But the farmer did not stop, and his fingers were about to seize the cash. Then, in a moment, the broad right hand of Uncle Sam closed upon the pile of bright sovereigns on the table, as he said, sternly:

"You must not spend your money here, sir. It is against my rules to allow you to do so."

Will our farmer ever forget that moment to the last day of his life? His dream of redemption from debt vanished.

"Against your rules, sir," he answered; "what am I to understand by that? Was it not you who, but two or three days ago, gave me the fullest instructions, and caused me to commit them to memory, that if I wished to be honest, to pay my debts, and support my family,

I must learn before all things, first, to *sell in the dearest market*, and second, *to buy in the cheapest?* This, you said, must be the first great rule of my life. How, then, can I be acting contrary to the law in following counsel so just and wise? Already, I have found a shipmaster who is going to San Francisco, and, as it were, will pass my very door with an empty ship, who is willing, on this account, to take my goods at a most moderate charge. He is going, indeed, on no other errand than to bring the wheat out of my neighbor's barns, and will deliver it to this excellent little town of John's where cash is paid for everything. If he does not take my goods with him, he will have to load down his vessel with sand, for ballast, expensive to do, and utterly worthless when there, while my unfortunate neighbor will have to pay double freight."

Uncle Sam was getting wroth.

"Come, come, my fine fellow," said he, and he drew himself up to his full hight and looked with some indignation at the farmer before him, "this sort of language, addressed to me, does not become you. There are deep reasons of State which it is not possible to explain to a man so illiterate and untaught as you are. I have other interests to think of besides those of a few obscure farmers on the borders of my estate—the interests, especially, of my three friends, Tom, Dick, and Harry, with their numerous children and dependants. These men have been faithful to me through many years of struggle, and in all my endeavors to build up a family have never deserted me. They are beginning now to form quite an aristocracy. I value their influence very highly, for I am sure they are giving a tone to society which is commanding the respect of people outside, and of good Brother John here. It will be best for you not to trouble yourself with any of these abstruse questions. You can take your money if you like, but you must carry it across the water with you. I will give you an introduction to my friends who will sell you all you need at very reasonable rates, I am sure. But I must absolutely forbid you spending your money here—I must indeed. I have pledged my honor to protect these gentlemen, and I shall not break my word."

"Do you, now, sir, reverse the instructions you gave me? After having told me to buy in the cheapest market, do you now tell me that I must buy only where you please? I do not know your fine friends, Tom, Dick, and Harry, to whose store you recommend me to go. But, now I come to think of the matter, it is, in all probability, from these very men that I have been buying all my life, and who have, by the shameful prices they have exacted for their goods, brought me to the verge of ruin. How can you seriously advise me, poor man that I am, to return to my dealings with these merciless extortionists? It is with difficulty I can believe my own ears when you tell me that you thus claim the right to control my actions in a matter so seriously affecting my own welfare. The money, for which I have worked so hard, is my own. It is my undoubted right to spend it where I please. Until this moment, I had always supposed that in being permitted to live on your estates I was a free as well as a privileged man. In this, it appears, I was mistaken. Are you, after all, no better than kings and princes, of whom, in childhood, I have often heard my father speak—men who governed their lands, not in the interests of the people who dwelt in them and tilled the soil, but for the benefit of a few indolent and pampered nobles? Who are these great friends of yours of whom you speak, and why am I obliged to take my money to them alone?"

Our farmer's blood was rising.

"Stop, stop," said the old gentleman; "you are going much too fast, and talking about what you do not understand. It is true that I am pledged to guard the interests of my friends, and this is why I said you must go to their store with your money. But this is not all. These friends of mine, with their children, their work-people, and their servants, make up altogether quite a considerable number of people; all of whom are benefited by your money. They are engaged in every kind of manufacture and trade. If I were to permit you to bring your money to this little town here where they buy your wheat, instead of taking it to them, all these good people would suffer. I am obliged, you know, to look after the welfare of every part of my estate. Now you understand."

"Ah!" said the farmer—and then he thought for a moment. When he recommenced his face had something of the puzzled look of one who has got a nut between his back teeth a little too hard and slippery to crack.

"That is good hearing, uncle. I am glad to know that as I am to be ruined by being compelled to buy all my goods in the dearest shop in the world, somebody else besides your noble friends, Tom, Dick, and Harry, will get the benefit of it. It is pretty hard to bear, anyhow. But, then, I love my fellow-laborer in my native land, no matter at what sort of work he labors; and if it cannot be fixed any other way, I am glad to think that some good will come to him as the result of the ruin that is to come on me. You are quite sure about the facts?"

"Perfectly, my man, perfectly. There is no doubt whatever that if I were to permit you to to spend your money where you pleased, my noble friends would be quite ruined, and all their work-people thrown out of employ."

"I do not want that to happen, any way. I suppose that as Tom, Dick, and Harry are able to sell their goods for such very high prices (four or five hundred per cent. more than Brother John here can ever get), they can get along very comfortably together, workmen and all—a sort of 'happy family,' I guess. I should like to hear how it's fixed. I reckon they must have a regular day for dividing the profits between them all, share and share alike. That is a good plan, and they must be getting rich pretty fast, both employers and employed."

But here the patience of the noble old man became entirely exhausted. He sprang from his seat in anger.

"How dare you to suppose," he said, "miserable fool that you are, that my noble friends, the manufacturers, are affected by the dangerous communistic doctrines which are disturbing the peace of the world? They are men of solid worth and sound moral character, who know how to conduct their business, according to the unvarying laws, which, as I have told you before, must regulate all business relations. *They* share their large profits with their laborers, indeed! They know better than to begin upon a course so dangerous to the welfare of the community. They attend carefully to the principle I gave you only a few days since, but which you seem quite unable to comprehend. *They buy their labor in the cheapest market*, and *sell their produce in the dearest.* They give the laborer all that his labor can command, and not a cent more. And they would be great fools to do otherwise."

"Ah!" again said our Western farmer, rubbing his forehead uneasily; "then nobody gets any good of my being ruined only Tom, Dick, and Harry? I thought that was what it would come to when I got to the bottom of the thing. I seem, somehow, to have heard about my fellow-laborer in the manufacturing States that he was not getting along so very much better under the government of Uncle Sam than he does anywhere else in the world. No wonder, poor fellow, if he too is obliged to sell his labor in the cheapest market and buy everything else that he wants in the dearest. I am sorry for him. But I tell you what I mean to do, Uncle. I mean to rebel."

"You mean to rebel!"

"Yes; I don't like to do such a thing, but I am driven to it. There is no other course open to me. I shall rebel."

"You are going to get up a rebellion, are you?" said Uncle Sam. A severe smile played around his mouth as he spoke.

"No, I am not going to get up a rebellion, Uncle, but I shall rebel myself. I shall take my money and spend it here with John. I am sorry to go against you, but I feel compelled to do it. After all, you cannot stop my doing as I like with my own money."

"I cannot stop you, eh!" said Uncle Sam, and he smiled again.

"No; I don't see as you can."

Again Uncle Sam smiled, and this time his smile was not pleasant to look at.

"Did you ever hear of a custom-house officer?" he said.

"Yes, I think I have heard something about them. What are they for?"

"They are to keep you from spending your money at any other shop than the one in which I choose that you shall spend it, my fine fellow. They are established to protect the interests of my good friends Tom, Dick, and Harry. I have got, I believe, between two and three hundred thousand of them, first and last, scattered throughout my estates."

"You have, eh!" said the thunder-struck farmer. "What do they cost you?"

"They don't cost *me* anything, my son."

"Who pays for them then?"

"They are maintained out of the taxes of the people, sir. I could not, of course, support so large a body of men from my own private resources."

"Naturally you could not do that, Uncle. Even Tom, Dick, and Harry could not expect so much of you. Three hundred thousand! Quite a standing army, isn't it? Why, that must be one of the 'deep reasons of state' which you could not explain to me. Is John here obliged to keep such a lot of men in pay to protect the interests of his friends? I don't see any of them round here to stop the wheat from being landed, and I cannot help feeling something obliged to him, else I should not have been able to follow even half of your good advice, Uncle, and 'sell in the dearest market.' I suppose that is the reason why he is able to sell so much cheaper than anybody else—he has not got to 'protect' the 'interests' of any of his friends?"

"Well—no, no. I believe he has not. You see, John's circumstances are a little different from my own. He has many friends, indeed, but they are all of them pretty well provided for, so that the maintenance of their several establishments is no charge upon his revenue. They have, most of them, large landed estates and other properties scattered over the world, and the rents of these lands amply supply their

needs. He is obliged, of course, to keep up a considerable army, for he has some very treacherous enemies, and many who envy his wealth and greatness."

"So John has given all his lands away to his friends! And, as they have got the rents of their land always coming in, no doubt, they are pretty comfortable. Herein lies the great difference between you and John. I can see that pretty plain now. You are obliged to tax the people to keep your friends going, and he is not. That is how he manages to 'sell everything' so cheap. He is obliged to maintain a large standing army to keep off his enemies. But you are obliged to keep an army nearly as large to 'protect' your friends. That is pretty hard to bear, Uncle, and I am sorry for you. I hope your 'friends' don't increase on you too fast?"

"Quite as fast as I know how to manage—and a little faster. Now, there are the shipowners—a very wealthy and influential class. They tell me that they cannot get along at all without some assistance from me, and I suppose I must do something for them. A 'bonus' will probably be the best form in which to put the help I shall have to give them—a 'bonus' upon each shipload—say of wheat or other cargo they may carry. I hope that may satisfy them, and put the shipping interests on a sound footing once more."

"Who will pay the 'bonus,' Uncle Sam?"

"All these expenses come out of the taxes, my good fellow, as I told you before."

Our farmer put his horny hand into the pockets of his pants and grasped instinctively the two or three remaining dollars there. "How much of the three dollars still left me," thought he, "will have to go to pay the 'bonus.'"

"Ah," said he, aloud, "I have heard something about the 'shipping interest' being very bad just now, and I know well enough that the freights are awful. It struck me, perhaps, that, when the ships have brought the wheat here to Brother John, if they could load up with some of these cheap things and carry back to the poor farmers, it would not be a bad plan. It might help to put things straight for the unfortunate ship-owners, as it must be very expensive taking in a cargo of worthless sand every time, and it might bring down the price of freights as well. But, then, of course, I don't understand these things, not being raised to it. Well, I guess I must say good-bye, Uncle. I am much obliged to you for bringing me to the best market to sell my wheat. I'll take my money back to Tom, Dick, and Harry, as you won't allow me to spend it anywhere else. They must be very fine men."

The door closed upon our farmer, and he walked sadly down the wharf, where the sand-loaded vessel that was to take him home was lying.

"Oh, Uncle Sam—Uncle Sam," he meditated, "are you already in your dotage? Or do you think that the millions of your toiling sons scattered over the wide lands that are well nigh half a world are still in their babyhood that you thus trifle with their affection? Your overtaxed people will not much longer bear to see you playing thus into the hands of the rich, and despoiling the laborer of his hire. By a mean trick of the hand, which any tyro in the art of government can detect, you are taking the money (which means the labor) of the poor and passing it under the table into the hands of the capitalist. You tax labor to increase the already too great power of wealth, and compel the laborer to pay the wages of the officer that deprives him of his hire. Well you know that the millions of small farmers, whose toil and industry have built up the greatness of your kingdom, can no longer face the world with the falling prices of produce. They will go out hungry from the homes where they have spent the labor of half their lives. You should be the leader among free nations. As your ships bear away to all lands the immense wealth created by the labor of your people, they would bring back—at even reduced prices—the fruits of the industries of the world were they not fettered by your narrow and destructive laws. Have a care, Uncle Sam. Your foolish protection of the interests of the rich against the right and the might of the laborer will bring you into trouble yet."

LEIGH MANN.

THE OLIVE TREE.

Among the vegetable substances which minister to the daily wants of man throughout Southern Europe, Egypt, and sub-tropical Asia, the olive and its products hold the next place after cereals and vines in economic and commercial importance. So remunerative has the culture of the olive been considered, that, even in portions of a country where it does not form the principal aim of the cultivator, it is deemed his most valuable secondary or subsidiary resource. Where the land is suited for wheat, especially on low hill-sides, the olive trees are planted at considerable distances asunder all through it, and need no care beyond that bestowed on cultivating the ground for ordinary crops. The cereals may perish by blight or fire, but the olive crop is certain. Land in Southern Europe, with soil and climate very nearly the same as those of California, when cut up into very small holdings, still supports dense populations in reasonable comfort. The people are frugal, industrious, thrifty, and yet enjoy life with a keenness but little felt in the hurry and bustle of activity in new countries like California or Australia.

Lands of every quality, suitable for every variety of sub-tropical produce, are abundant in California—so abundant and cheap that the cultivation is generally slovenly, and nearly always cropped with the same cereals, or roots, till it gradually becomes exhausted, and a prey to mere weeds. Like many other things which are plentiful and cheap, little respect is paid to land beyond its present use. Not so, however, in countries like Belgium and Lombardy, Italy. There every inch is turned to account, and kept in uniform fertility from generation to generation through thousands of years. No people better understand and practice irrigation than the Lombards; and there is many a useful hint to be gathered out of their experience which would amply repay the Californian cultivator, if he only knew it. Now that attention is being turned to the establishment of rural colonies, with a view to special industries, such as small vineyards, the making of raisins, drying of fruit, and the like, these remarks, and others thrown out as occasion may offer in these pages, have a pregnant meaning for those who are entertaining the notion of settling on country lands, or have already so settled. In fact, it is chiefly for them that I write. In certain highly favored localities, such as the districts about Fresno, the system of agricultural colonies has been tried, where the holdings are small, say from twenty to perhaps one hundred acres, and the result so far is encouraging. Still, the land is as yet not reduced to its full bearing capacity, whether as to vineyards, grain crops, root crops, such as the sweet potato, or hay, which form the staple industries at the present time.

OTHER SUITABLE INDUSTRIES.

On a thirty or forty-acre farm the eye of a Belgian or of a Lombard would at a glance perceive where the support of the family might be obtained, with little or no additional outlay or labor than such as could be done by children in odd hours. Bees are frequently kept, it is true; but where do we find the natural accompaniment of them?—aromatic plants, such as rosemary, lavender, lemon, thyme, etc.—the money value of which for their essential oils would be considerable. Fig trees are beginning to be thought about for their fruit, but as yet we nowhere see them planted out in vineyards, as they should be—here and there, especially in the lowest and dampest parts, because there they serve the excellent purpose of attracting small birds and flies which would otherwise play havoc among the grapes. The shade is grateful, and the fruit, ripening as it does weeks before the grapes, effectually gathers those mischievous pests to itself alone, for they prefer the ripe fig to all other fruit.

Nearly every expense attending on housekeeping is got out of these secondary industries. Nay, more; in the vicinity of Lisbon, in former years the crop of olives grown in the wheat field paid probably more than the whole expense of cultivating the land and securing the harvest. Of course, these secondary industries vary in different localities, and not unfrequently in the same district. Some situations have acquired a reputation for the excellence of their figs; others for their walnuts, chestnuts, or hazel nuts; others again for the abundance and excellence of herbs, such as saffron, pimento, mint, licorice, etc.—all of which have a certain market value. By-products, such as those enumerated, together with eggs and chickens, which they raise in quantity

for sale, and perhaps a goat or two for milking, keep the family in what among them is considered quite reasonable comfort and respectability. Again, in the sub-Apenniñe Mountains the chestnut is the principal stand-by. So important is the chestnut as an article of food and nourishment, that even should a mother lose her milk, or has had but little or none, she has only to have recourse to her store of chestnut meal, however tender her babe may be, when a spoonful of it made into pap and strengthened with a small quantity of wine will answer all the ends required, as many a sturdy Italian now living in California can testify.

In places in Southern Europe, where every bit of land is turned to account, it not unfrequently happens that there is a steep, rocky corner where vines could not be profitably cultivated, in which case rough terracing is had recourse to to keep the soil together, and allow some cultivation, as is shown in the engraving.

TERRACING VINES AND OLIVE TREES.

One might naturally ask why the olive tree has ever been such a favorite in Southern Europe, Asia, and Africa with men who have an eye to economic industries? It certainly is not a very ornamental tree. To reply briefly, I should say:

(1.) Because of the ease with which it can be raised from seed; or, better still, propagated from large cuttings.

(2.) The little attention the plant requires when once it has broken into leaf.

(3.) Because when properly planted, truncheon fashion, it will usually begin to bear the fourth year—not unfrequently a few berries the third year.

(4.) The certainty of a crop. It usually bears in alternate years a heavy and a light crop.

(5.) The fact that no great breadth of land is needed for a plantation since it can be readily grown along fences and hedge-rows, or otherwise worthless stony places.

(6.) Being an evergreen, when planted around fences it forms a capital shelter for more delicate fruits, vineyards, etc.

(7.) Last, but not least, because when once brought into bearing, it will not need to be renewed, but will be still yielding its annual crop when the last ounce of gold or silver shall have been wrung from the bowels of the earth.

THE LONGEVITY OF THE OLIVE TREE

Is wonderful. Its life-period is not certainly known. The tree above ground will, of course, die out. In fact, in the long course of years it becomes a mere shell, for it begins to die at the core, but the root does not perish. Out of this springs the new tree. In the very old olive groves about Palma, near Lisbon, in Portugal, I have noted this circumstance oftener than once. Travelers most competent to judge are agreed that the present olive trees on Mount Olivet, near Jerusalem, are the same that Christ prayed under and his disciples fell asleep under nineteen hundred years ago, and they are even now yielding their annual crop of fruit.

GROUND FOR A PLANTATION.

When the purpose is to form an olive grove to be devoted to the growth of the olive tree for fruit alone, then all experience points to a moderately strong soil such as would bear wheat, with a rather moist subsoil, as the best. Drainage will be found necessary where there is any danger of stagnant water lodging about the roots. These conditions have been found in the greatest perfection on low hills and slopes exposed more or less to sea breezes. From my own experience and observation deep trenching was not needed, but, of course, very advantageous when labor and cost are of little consideration. If the holes for the plants be dug three feet in diameter by about the same in depth, that will be sufficient to give them a good hold on the ground, and for the rest they will take care of themselves. In this connection, I gladly avail myself of remarks made by Mr. B. B. Redding, of San Francisco, in the course of an interesting paper on olive growing read two years ago before the Academy of Sciences:

"This tree will grow in almost any soil except that containing much moisture. Marsh states

'that it prefers a light warm ground, but does not thrive in rich alluvial land, and grows well on hilly and rocky surfaces.' Bernays says 'that it thrives and is most prolific in dry calcareous schistose, sandy, and rocky situations. The land must be naturally or artificially well drained. Its great enemy is excess of moisture. It rejoices in the mechanical looseness of sandy, gravelly and stony soils, and in freedom from stagnant moisture.' Brande asserts that it only grows well and yields large crops 'in a warm and comparatively dry climate.' Dr. Robinson says 'it delights in a stony soil, and thrives even on the sides and tops of rocky hills where there is scarcely any earth; hence the expression in the Bible, "oil out of the flinty rock."' Hillhouse, in his article on this tree in Michaux's *Sylva*, says: 'The olive accommodates itself to almost any variety of soil, but it shuns a redundancy of moisture, and prefers loose calcareous fertile lands mingled with stones, such as the territory of Attica and the south of France. The quality of its fruit is essentially affected by that of the soil. It succeeds in good loam capable of bearing wheat, but in fat lands it yields oil of an inferior flavor, and becomes laden with a barren exuberance of leaves and branches. The temperature of the climate is a consideration of more importance than the nature of the soil.' Downing, in writing of this tree in Southern Europe, says: 'A few olive trees will serve for the support of an entire family who would starve on what could otherwise be raised on the same surface of soil; and dry crevices of rocks and almost otherwise barren soils in the deserts, when planted with this tree, become flourishing and valuable places of habitation.'"

CLIMATE OF THE OLIVE TREE.

The olive tree, like most other sub-tropical trees, has a wide range within which it will thrive and be fruitful, though the fruit grown at either of the extreme points of the range will generally be of inferior quality. In the warmer parts of Northern Italy it thrives and produces freely. About Lago di Como and Lago Maggiore it seems to touch the outermost limit of warmth. There the fruit is not unusually gathered when the snow is lying six inches thick over the ground. No one would advise the planting of it in California under the conditions last mentioned.

I am again glad to be able to avail myself of the patient industry of Mr. Redding, for it requires much perseverence and zeal to work out climatic details such as will be found in the subjoined table and its introductory remarks. It is matter for regret that his interesting paper has not been thrown out in a less perishable form than publication in the columns of a newspaper.

"For the purpose of ascertaining where within this State the olive can be successfully cultivated, I have gathered from the tables of temperature of the Smithsonian Institution and the Chief Engineer's Department of the railroad companies, a list of all the places whose temperatures fall within those limits which Humboldt states have been found to be essential. The regions which this list represents could, without doubt, be extended, had more attention been given in different parts of the State to observing and recording the variations in temperature. It will be remembered that the requisites of successful and profitable cultition are, that for the year it must be as warm as 57.17°. The mean for the coldest month must be as warm as 41.5°, and at no time must the temperature fall below 14°. I cannot find in any authority how high a temperature it will bear, but as it is successfully grown in Algeria and Egypt, it could hardly be injured by the highest temperatures that occur at the places mentioned in the following list:

Places.	*Hight above the sea in feet.....*	*Mean temperature for the year....*	*Mean temperature for coldest month*	*Lowest temperature shown by thermometer in any year.*
San Diego.....	150	62.49	53.30	26—December, 1854
Los Angeles....	457	67.69	58.95	39—December, 1876
Soledad.....	182	59.08	45.23	24—January, 1877
Salinas	44	57.95	48.25	24—December, 1874
Hollister	284	61.46	46.53	27—December, 1874
Gilroy	193	59.07	44.45	21—January, 1877
San José.....	86	59.60	46.58	28—December, 1874
Livermore	485	61.49	49.52	28—December, 1870
Benicia.....	64	58.77	47.43	19—January, 1854
Vallejo.....	0	58.77	47.41	29—December, 1877
Fort Tejon.....	3240	58.03	42.05	22—December, 1855
Sumner.....	415	68.29	46.71	27—December, 1876
Delano	313	68.64	52.46	30—January, 1876
Borden	274	66.37	45.44	24—January, 1877
Fort Miller	402	66.56	47.47	23—January, 1854
Merced.....	171	63.16	48.14	28—January, 1876
Modesto.....	91	63.68	47.69	22—December, 1874
Ellis.....	76	63.00	46.46	20—December, 1872
Stockton.....	23	61.99	47.43	21—December, 1872
Sacramento	30	60.48	46.21	28—December, 1849
Auburn.....	1363	60.71	45.88	27—January, 1871
Colfax.....	2421	60.05	45.49	26—January, 1873-4
Marysville.....	67	63.62	48.70	27—December, 1876
Chico.....	193	62.46	45.19	23—December, 1872
Tehama	222	65.20	47.01	23—December, 1871
Red Bluff.,....	307	66.22	48.29	26—December, 1873
Redding.....	558	64.14	46.72	27—January, 1876

"For the purpose of comparing the temperatures of the above named places in California with those of regions in which the produce of the olive is among the articles of the first agricultural and commercial importance, I have compiled from Blodgett's *Climatology* the mean annual and the mean winter temperatures, as

also the mean temperature of the coldest month of the following prominent places in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Egypt, and Palestine:

Places.	*Mean temperature for the year.....*	*Mean temperature for winter.....*	*Mean temperature of coldest months*
Rome	60.05	46.07	45.00
Naples	60.03	49.·6	47.04
Florence	59.02	43.08	41.02
Madrid	58.03	45.02	43.02
Lisbon	61.04	52.05	51.04
Marseilles	58.03	45.02	43.02
Algiers	64.03	51.02	53.02
Jerusalem	62.06	49.06	47.04
Alexandria	66.08	58.05	57.03

"A comparison of the above tables will show that so far as they relate to the mean for the year and the mean for the coldest month, the climate of Rome and Sacramento is nearly the same. So is Alexandria and Los Angeles; Florence and Fort Tejon; Lisbon and Livermore; Marseilles and Benicia; Algiers and San Diego, and Jerusalem and Merced. In but one case for the year is there a difference of more than one degree, and in but one case more than three degrees for the difference of the coldest month.

THE WARM BELT OF THE FOOT-HILLS.

"Another fact worthy of notice which has been suspected, but for the proof of which the data has not before been attainable, is that the zone in the Sierra, known as the foot-hills, is as warm for the year, and as warm for the coldest month, as the Sacramento Valley in the same latitudes. This warm belt certainly extends to an elevation of 2,500 feet, Colfax, with an elevation of 2,421 feet, has a mean for the year of 60.5°, and a mean for the coldest month of 45.49°: while for the same periods Sacramento has for the year 60.48°, and for the coldest month 46.21°. Fort Tejon, on the Tehachepi Mountains, elevation 6,240 feet, for the year, is but six degrees colder than Tulare, in the center of the valley, 3,000 feet below; while the temperature for the winter months is nearly the same, Fort Tejon having 42.5°, and Tulare 42.7°. This zone of warm temperature explains the success in the growth of oranges and other semi-tropical fruits, wherever planted below an elevation of 2,000 feet in the foot-hills of the Sierra. There have been omitted from the list of stations in California, San Francisco, Monterey, Pajaro, San Mateo, Petaluma, Visalia, and Tulare, for the reason that in the mean annual temperature, or in the mean for the coldest months, they fall below 57° or 41°. Without doubt the olive could be grown in these places, but its cultivation could hardly be made profitable." There is a very generally received opinion that sea air is peculiarly favorable to the olive tree, and I respectfully indorse it from the observations I have been able to make. I know it flourishes, and is very prolific, far beyond the ordinary range of sea air, as in Egypt, Arabia, and Persia; but there seems to be a confusion of terms here. No one surely denies the fact of its growth, but disputes the goodness of its produce for human food. Did any one ever meet such an advertisement as this in the shop windows, or newspaper columns? The following appeared not very long ago as an advertisement:

"SOMETHING NEW AND DELICIOUS.

"Messrs. Brown & Co., importers of groceries, oilmen's stores, etc., etc., have just received from Suez a consignment of olive oil from Central Egypt of most superior quality for salads, for cooking fish, etc. This oil has the merit of having been grown in a region remote from sea air, and consequently has never been under *saline* influence. Far superior to the Lucca article!"*

Vast quantities of olive oil are imported into England from those eastern countries, well enough suited for use in the manufacture of broadcloth. It is used mainly for that purpose, and is as useful as the best, and procurable at a low figure—say sixty cents per gallon. But the fine table oils of Southern Europe are very dear in comparison—from $1.25 to $2 per gallon. The contention is that sea-air, from whatever cause, has been found most beneficial in producing the finest fruit and oil. I shall have to remind the reader again of these remarks when I come to deal with the method of olive planting. Still it may be as well to say in this connection once for all that very nearly, if not quite, all the writers on olive trees and their oil refer only to the best kinds for human food, and the methods of their cultivation. But it must be kept in view that the consumption of olive oil in the form of food is only a fraction of the whole; and in countries where butter is excellent, plentiful, and cheap, oil will never become more than a condiment—so to speak—or a relish. The real consumers of olive oil are the woolen mills. When the yolk has been taken out of the wool, it must be soaked in *olive* oil for all finer kinds of cloths, and this oil need not be better than the worst yield of the berry. In this country such would be yielded by the second pressing, or third, and abundantly by

*The man who wrote the above was either an ignoramus or a cheat.

trees planted in the fences, or on waste bits of land, or for shelter in vineyards and orchards, and here and there on cultivated lands, etc. This is the oil which in Europe brings less than a dollar per gallon, yet here worth more than wine.

MANURING.

If the ground be of the description above mentioned, not much will be required in the way of manure unless it be impoverished by some means, such as planting vegetables too near the olive trees. For such as are set out in wheat fields the ordinary cultivation and manuring will suffice, and the same may be said in respect to gardens and orchards. If manure of any kind is to be applied, it ought to be just before the fall of the annual rains. But, under any circumstances, in this climate, there ought to be placed immediately around the plant, or truncheon, a good mat of grass, dead weeds, leaves, or in fact any kind of light rubbish, to prevent evaporation, and to keep the ground cool and damp during the hot weather. In Australia this kind of protection has long been found most beneficial for all sorts of young trees, and is now in universal use.

Having now said nearly all that needs be said about soil, climate, and one or two precautionary matters, we will proceed to describe the methods of raising olive plants.

The *first*, then, would naturally be by means of the fruit, and that is easily disposed of. It must be borne in mind, however, that it is desirable to crush the berries lightly, so that the juice may soon run away, as it seems to endanger the success of the seed. If the seed (hard kernels) be soaked in lukewarm water for three or four days previous to planting, they are likely to germinate sooner. Large birds, such as turkeys, by eating them and partially digesting the stones, or kernels, have in this way distributed the olive in many countries. The most suitable plan for these countries is to make a seed-bed in a warm, sheltered nook, where the soil is rich and fine, covering it lightly with a loam or fine mold, and over this a pretty fair covering of decaying leaves and small twigs, so as to protect the seed from frost, severe winds, and such vermin as mice. Laid out this way in October or November, they will germinate in April or May. Of course, there will be differences in the time of starting, according to the preparation, or sometimes the kind of seed. In olive countries this method is rarely resorted to; partly because where more than one variety is cultivated in a grove the seed is sure to become hybridized, and because there are other methods more certain of rapidly yielding a return and less expensive. There being in California already abundance of the "Mission" olive, two methods of rapidly rearing the olive grove present themselves. The first is by splitting up the root of an old or useless tree; cut the stem a few inches above the ground, chop the root out of the ground and split it into pieces two or three inches in diameter, and plant these in the places where they are to remain permanently, keep them free from weeds, and otherwise handle them as if they were seedlings. Where a tree can be spared for the purpose, this method is of great use, as, if left to its natural growth and not worked back by pruning, it will yield both fruit, and, what is of more importance, abundance of branches (thick sticks, in fact) which we call "truncheons."

TRUNCHEON PLANTING.

This method is, by far, the safest, easiest, most economical, and certain to preserve the kind of fruit in purity. It cannot be otherwise, unless it be grafted to other varieties, since it is only the continuation of the parent tree. To this method, then, I wish to invite very especial attention, while I describe the particulars to be observed in order to insure success. And as I have had considerable experience in this way of raising olive trees, and know about the success which has attended it under my own direction, I can speak with perfect confidence. I cannot do so better, I think, than by making an extract from the report which I furnished to the Government of Victoria, Australia:

"Having been intrusted by the commission with the duty of procuring plants of the olive tree, and superintending the planting of them, I have now the honor to report upon the several steps I have taken, and the methods adopted in selecting cuttings and preparing them for planting, as well as the actual process from first to last of placing the plants *in situ*. Besides planting at the industrial schools ground at Sunbury, where, it is to be hoped, the boys will in future be familiarized with olive cultivation, and a few, as hereinafter mentioned, set out near Sunbury and at Essendon for the purpose of trying a special method of planting in those localities, the principal experiments on a large scale are being carried out at the Acclimatization Society's Gardens, Royal Park, and within easy reach of persons visiting or residing in and near the city. I procured in the first instance one hundred truncheons of at least five feet in length, and from two to three inches in diameter, from South Australia, from olive trees which I saw in bearing in April.

"These five-foot long truncheons were planted in holes about three feet in diameter, and two feet six inches deep. Some good topsoil and occasionally a little rich loam was placed in the bottom, and on the top of this a handful of perfectly sound barley, such as would germinate as far as it could soon after the planting was completed. Before, however, the truncheon was placed in position the thick end was cut with some sharp instrument, such as a saw, into four or five nicks, about one-third of an inch deep, and these nicks, or saw cuts, were filled with grains of barley thrust carefully into them, for the obvious purpose of supplying plant food as soon as the truncheon might need it. Being prepared in this manner, it was placed firmly upon the barley already placed in the bottom of the hole, and filled up in the usual way, the best soil first, and well trodden about the root end. Great care is taken lest the plant should become loose through shrinkage of the soil, especially the clay. Finally it would have to be watered, had the weather not been very wet, and last of all grass was placed about the stem to keep heat out and moisture in. Distance asunder, forty feet.

"The above comprises the detail of truncheon planting except in one particular. The Italians cut the small end slanting that water may not lodge upon it; but the Portuguese saw it fairly across, and place on the top a little finely tempered clay, as in grafting, and secure it by means of a rag tied over it; or, better still, paint the top and large knots with shellac, or other such material.

"In this way, as I have said, several hundreds have been already planted at the Royal Park Gardens.

"Considering that it is a primary object with the commission to afford practical evidence of the advantage of one kind of cultivating the olive tree over another, I proceeded to cause several hundreds to be planted of two feet six inches in length, in a way not distantly resembling the one just detailed. They are put out a foot or two asunder in rows, in beds of rich sandy loam, and excellently sheltered from the hot north winds.

"Then I caused another lot, comprising several hundreds, to be planted, of lengths varying from two feet to fifteen inches, in the same soil, but closer together and of varying thickness, say from two and a half inches to half an inch.

"There was only one other way which I have not directed to be tried—that of taking a root and splitting into bits, from the upper part downward, and planting these. It is said this plan never fails. But the difficulty was in this country to find a root of any considerable size; so the idea was abandoned for the present. The advantages of truncheon planting are, that the plant is put once for all in its permanent situation; that it needs little or no care when once it begins to grow; that it bears frequently the second year, nearly always the third, and forms a regular tree, as it should do, not a bush, and secures the identity of a given variety, which cannot be depended upon in seedlings.

"All the other methods necessarily take more time. A year is always lost in the setting of the plants out; and it is rarely under from six to nine years that they come into full bearing, and in this colony especially they are liable to grow into scrubby bushes. I would mention here that I have had a number of truncheons planted in situations most fully exposed to the north winds, and others under the most complete shelter, with a view of affording instruction as to exposure. For hill-side planting Sunbury must answer, for gentle slopes Essendon, while the land at the Royal Park is rather flat.

"The cost of purchase and of planting over one thousand six hundred olive cuttings was about $225, or about seven pence each, taken one with another. The commission paid sixpence each for truncheons five feet long.

"Sea air is known to be beneficial to the perfection of the olive; and that we have in perfection. So beneficial is a touch of salt to the tree that in planting in Portugal it is considered advantageous to put down a spadeful of sea sand obtained from near low-water mark."

GATHERING FRUIT.

In gathering the olives when quite ripe (in October or November in this State), the Portuguese spread tarpaulins, canvas, etc., around the root of the tree, and then thresh off the berries with long light sticks. This seems to do the tree no harm. In South Australia they are generally gathered by children.

CONSUMPTION OF OLIVE OIL.

During the year ending June 30, 1877, there were imported into the United States 348,431 gallons of olive oil, valued at $491,431, on which a duty was paid of $232,776.75. The quantity and value of pickled olives imported during the same period are not given in the published Treasury reports, as this article is free from duty.

Of the above, San Francisco imported 47,192 gallons, valued at $97,118, on which a duty was paid of $1 per gallon, or $47,192. The

value of pickled olives imported into San Francisco for the year was $13,892.

Great Britain imports annually almost 5,000,000 gallons. Nearly all of this comes directly or indirectly from ports on the Mediterranean, and was produced on land, the rivers and streams of which flow into that sea.

PRUNING OLIVES.

This process is adequately shown by the subjoined figures. Fig. 1 shows the young tree to be cut off at C. Six branches, three on each side, are left, and the lower twigs shortened. Each branch is developed during the year, as shown in Fig. 2, which is then cut at C again, and the shoots, B and D, are shortened. The upper shoot is started out by this process, and it appears the following year as A in Fig. 3, and it is again cut at C. This causes the two upper shoots to develop, and at the end of the year they appear as shown at B B in Fig. 4. This is their position at the fourth year's pruning, and each of them is cut at C, and A is shortened, and D is allowed to develop. By this time the tree has a spherical or vase form, and exposes much surface to the sun, which is desirable.

Fig. 1.

THE HOME OF THE OLIVE.

While the olive is found wild in a certain climatic zone of the Himalaya Mountains, and is supposed to have been transported in some former age from there to Europe, yet practically all of the olive oil of commerce comes from Italy, Spain, France, Greece, Algeria, Morocco, and other countries which have coasts on the Mediterranean.

Bocardo says that Italy has 1,235,000 acres planted to the olive, producing annually 30,560,000 gallons of oil. Simmons gives the exports in 1854, of that part of Italy and Sicily then composing the Kingdom of Naples, at 36,333 tons, valued at $11,263,230. Nieman gives the

Fig. 2.

export from Spain for 1873 as valued at $10,425,600. In 1874, in consequence of the Carlist war, it fell off to $3,716,000.

France, according to Prudent, produces but a small proportion of the olive oil which it consumes, yet annually exports to the value of $2,000,000.

George P. Marsh, United States Minister to Italy, says "that in the olive, walnut, chestnut, cork-oak, orange, lemon, fig, and other trees, which, by their fruit and other products yield an annual revenue, nature has provided Southern Europe with a partial compensation for the loss of the native forest," and adds: "Some idea of the importance of the olive orchards may be formed from the fact that Sicily alone, an island scarcely exceeding 10,000 square miles in area, of which one-third at least is absolutely barren, has exported to the single port of Marseilles more than 2,000,000 pounds weight of olive oil per year for the last twenty years."

EXPRESSING THE OIL.

In the south of France, where the most care is given in the preparation of oil for market, the

Fig. 3.

olive ripens in November and December. The fruit is gathered before being fully ripe, but is allowed to remain a few days for the evaporation of any moisture. It is then crushed in an edge-wheel mill of stone, commonly drawn by horse-power. The stone resembles a large grindstone with the edge serrated, and the mill is not unlike the bark mills in use in the United States thirty years since. The object in serrating the edge of the stone is to avoid crushing the seeds or kernels, which contain tannin and a little inferior oil. The virgin oil is dipped from the mill, and is almost invariably kept to enrich poorer qualities of oil. The pomace is placed in coarse linen bags about eighteen inches in diameter. Several of these are put into a screw-press and the power applied. The oil expressed runs into a tank. This gives the first quality of oil. The pomace is now taken from the bags, broken up finely, and again put under the screw-press for a second and third time, on each occasion yielding less oil and of an inferior quality. After the third pressing, the pomace is again broken, and a half gallon of boiling water poured into each bag. It is again pressed, yielding an inferior oil used for burning, lubricating, and in the manufacture of castile soap. Even the virgin oil when first pressed is turbid, but clears itself by standing in vessels not open to the air. It should be kept in places having an even temperature. The product of all of the pressings is about three gallons of oil to the bushel of olives.

FIG. 4.

PICKLED OLIVES.

The best olive for pickling is the Picholine *(Oleo oblonga)*. In the south of France it is gathered in October, just before the fruit has commenced to turn brown. The finest are selected and placed in a weak solution of soda, to which lime has been added. After remaining in this solution about ten hours, or until the pulp can be readily detached from the kernel, they are removed and placed in cold water, which is daily changed for a week. The process removes the tannin from the unripe fruit. When they cease to be bitter, they are bottled in brine, which is usually made aromatic with coriander or fennel. The next best variety for pickling, is the *Olea minor lucensis*, ninth variety in New Duhamel. This is also valuable for oil.

In Portugal the ordinary larger kind grown for oil is used to a vast extent as food, and the experience of ages in that country, and of the whole Hebrew race (the healthiest race of men in the world), everywhere bears testimony to its value. If he had to go one hundred miles for his olives, the Jew would have them.

Without attempting to give the details of treating the Spanish olive for long preservation, for export, etc., I may in this place mention that the olive plays no inconsiderable part in the ordinary food of the people of Portugal; and the experience of ages has shown it to be both grateful to the palate and wholesome. Now the common practice is to allow the larger and more fleshy kinds to become ripe, *i. e.*, black, when they lose a good deal of their astringent and acrid taste. These are then scalded in water considerably under boiling, into which an ounce or so of soda to the gallon is dissolved, and let stand in it for three or four hours—in fact, till it is cold. They are then taken out and well washed in cold water several times over, and finally put into a clean wooden or large earthenware vessel, and completely covered with a pretty strong brine of salt and water, and covered up from the air. Another lot, first treated as above, is put down as a pickle in moderately strong vinegar and used as required.

When I allude to the preparation of Spanish olives for export, I only mean the plans adopted in packing, in pickle, oil, bottling, etc. The preparation of the fruit is alike in all cases—save that when dealing with the full ripe ones we remove the salt-water pickle three or four times at intervals of a week or so, and each time the berries are rendered more mellow. I have kept them in ordinary large earthenware

jars, merely covered by the lid, for more than two years, in Melbourne, without appearing to change for the worse.

When engaged in the duties of the Royal Commission for Foreign Industries and Forests in Victoria during 1870–1, I endeavored to obtain as much information as I could from botanists, and from gentlemen experienced in the growth of the tree in Australia, for such practical knowledge is often preferable in new countries to aught that can be obtained from books. Accordingly, I obtained the following from my illustrious friend, the Government Botanist:

NOTES FROM BARON VON MUELLER.

"For grafting seedling olives there are at the Botanic Gardens, Melbourne, four renowned varieties, obtained from the Honorable Samuel Davenport, of Adelaide, who, for a series of years, has given much attention to this branch of cultural industry, studied this with other rural questions during a stay in South Europe, and wrote last year an instructive little publication on the cultivation of the olive. These varieties are:

"(1.) Verdale—Available for a good table oil, as well as for green conserve. This and the next following are early and abundant bearers.

"(2.) Blanquet—Adapted for dry ground. The oil is of a particularly sweet, delicate taste, and more pale than other kinds, but does not keep so long. This and the Verdale produce the fruit on low-growing branches, so as to be accessible for hand-picking.

"(3.) Bouquettier—For superior oil.

"(4.) Redounaou—Eligible for colder regions; produces table oil, and is also esteemed for conserves.

"Some other kinds are locally available, among them the Olivier de Grasse, the latter yielding an excellent table oil and oil for perfumery, but the plant is high of growth, and the gathering of the fruit more expensive. It is of a weeping habit. Baron Von Mueller has also entered into arrangements with correspondents in various parts of South Europe to obtain other superior varieties which as yet are not introduced into Australia. The American system of establishing at regular distances lines of shelter plantations of trees on farm land, might be adopted for planting olives. In such cases quick-growing timber trees may be chosen in the first instance along with the olives to provide shelter earlier than otherwise possible.

"Whenever olive fruits cannot well be locally utilized, they should not be allowed to go to waste, but be sown with a view of obtaining a copious stock of seedlings, to be grafted, a proviso which is easily accomplished a very few years later. Seedlings under the cover of decaying foliage spring up spontaneously in masses from dropped fruits.

"The planting of olives cannot be sufficiently impressed on proprietors of arable soil, the climate of most parts of Victoria having proved singularly well adapted for richly productive olive culture, as in a multitude of places near Melbourne and elsewhere may be seen. While a gold-field becomes exhausted, an olive plantation increases in value for a long series of years, and becomes a lasting source of revenue to its possessor. The yield is annually at once salable, while it is for many small farmers more readily remunerative than grapes, if the latter are to be converted into wine. The olive, moreover, is a hardy plant, and hardly subject to any diseases which might render the yield precarious. The processes of gathering the fruit and preserving the oil are of the simplest kind, and do, therefore, not necessitate the application of skilled labor.

"Mr. Davenport's management of truncheons is to bury them horizontally in the ground about four inches below the surface, in a good vegetable mold, neither subject to dryness nor too much moisture. After two years the young trees, then three to five feet high, are transplanted to permanent positions, the month of May being the time chosen for the purpose. Olive oil produced in Adelaide this year was sold at twelve shillings the gallon to grocery establishments, the fruit being mostly from seedling trees. Careful hand-picking costs in Adelaide four pence per bucket. The work gives good employment to children, who manage to pick six buckets a day, and, if experienced, may gather more. Any simple structure will answer the purpose of pressing, coir matting bags being used for the crushed olives for successive piles under the press. The first oil obtained by gentle pressure is the best. It is not at all unlikely that the olive plant would thrive in many parts of the salt-bush country on the Murray River, now not utilized for any cultural purposes."

Mr. Thomas Hardy, of Bankside, near Adelaide, South Australia, writes:

"My knowledge of the olive is very limited; the oldest trees I have were planted in 1858, and have borne fruit five years. They were planted as seedlings of one year's growth, and have never been grafted. I have never tried growing them from truncheons, but I know that Mr. Samuel Davenport has succeeded in grow-

ing them in moist ground from cuttings fifteen to eighteen inches long, and from one-half to one inch through. They are planted very sloping in the ground, with a very small portion left above. These mostly root enough in one year to remove the next for planting out. I have also seen large limbs of old trees planted partly in the ground, and a mound of earth three or four feet high piled up round above the surface, but they did not do well; the climate here is too dry in the summer. The favorite way seems to be to plant seedlings, which are very abundant, and can be bought for about £1 per one thousand. These are large enough to graft in two years, and can be planted out the following season with a pretty sure prospect of success. I am not acquainted with the different kinds of olives grown here. Mine are all seedlings, and produce pretty fair sized fruit, but I find I have two or three trees very much superior to the rest, and shall graft them all to those kinds if I find I can succeed by grafting in the larger branches, which I shall try this season. My olives bear more abundantly every second year, and I do not see that the hot winds have any bad effect on them; I never find the fruit drop off after them, like oranges do. I managed to keep my olives three years by spreading them on the trays I use for fruit drying. I had them all crushed at the goal by the prisoners, and the oil from the dried berries was considered quite equal to that got from fresh fruit. I have no knowledge of the produce per tree of mine, but a friend, Mr. Quick, of Marden, last year made two gallons of fine oil from a tree in his garden; he has promised to give me the age of the tree, etc., and if I get it I will inclose it. I notice that the olive grows well here in all soils, even in salty land that will not grow any fruit tree. I have my olives gathered by children, and pay them two shillings per hundred-weight for gathering; they earn about one shilling per day. I do not let them beat the trees, but let them get up and shake the branches, or stand on the ground with a long light pole with a crook fixed at the end to seize hold of the branches; the crook is made of iron of a particular shape, and is covered with soft stuff to prevent it barking the branches. The trees have to be gone over several times, as the olives do not all come off with the first shaking. The olive should not be planted less than twenty feet apart, and that will be too close on good land."

The following is from my correspondent, Mr. P. A. Gugeri, now of Western Australia, where he is now engaged in cultivating olive trees and vines:

"The olive is a tree that ought to be cultivated wherever it will grow. The labor of gathering the olives is not so much as some think. If the trees are so pruned as not to grow above fourteen or sixteen feet high, the olives are easily beaten off the trees with long sticks, large cloths or tarpaulins having been spread under the trees to receive the berries. A man could easily knock down five hundredweight a day, which would make nearly four gallons—at least, three and a half—of oil.

"The process of oil-making is very simple in expressing the oil. It can be done with a hydraulic, or any large screw-press, the olives being placed in a perforated cylinder and pressed. Oil and water will come over. This should be received in a tub, the oil rising to the top in half an hour or so, when it is skimmed off and put into a cask, or other convenient wooden or earthen vessel, and let stand where the light cannot reach it to clear itself. Great care should be taken to skim off all the oil before fermentation of the fruity juice of the olive sets in, or it will be re-absorbed and lost. We consider this the very finest oil.

"The stones that remain at the end of this process may then be ground under a heavy stone, such as a millstone, to pulp, mixed with hot water, placed in a strong bag of canvas, or like material, and pressed as before."

As to the best time for gathering the fruit, it seems to be just when it approaches natural ripeness; but about Lisbon they were left on the trees till fully ripe.

Pliny condemned the practice of leaving the fruit over long on the trees, as he considered that by so doing the next year's crop is injured. "Hærendo, enim, ultra suum tempus absumunt venientibus alimentum."

The following is from the paper of B. B. Redding, Esq., already mentioned, and well deserves to be recorded here. My warmest thanks are due, and tendered, to him for his kindness and urbanity in allowing me to use his labors.

INTRODUCTION OF THE OLIVE INTO CALIFORNIA.

"I have found it very difficult to obtain the history of the introduction of the Mission olive into California. It was first brought to America by Antonia Ribora, who took it from Spain to Lima in 1560. Frezier speaks of the olive being used for oil in Chile as early as 1700. Frank A. Kimball, of San Diego, in an article on the olive in the Southern California *Horticulturist*, states that the first olive trees were planted by the Spanish missionaries at that

place in 1769. If this is correct, they are from seed forwarded from San Blas in Mexico by Don Joseph de Galvez, who fitted out an expedition by virtue of a royal order to 're-discover and people the port of Monterey, or at least San Diego,' which expedition accompanied Father Junipero Sera in his missionary efforts 'to extend the spiritual conquest of the North.' Fifty years later it is recorded 'that all the seeds that Galvez had been so provident in sending up took root and prospered. The fathers built new missions, and continually replenished their stock of converts, which, at one time, were about twenty thousand. They planted vineyards, orchards, and the olive.' From San Diego the tree was transplanted to nearly all the other missions, and from these missions to various places throughout the State. Other than those at San Diego, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, I cannot learn that this tree has as yet been planted in orchard form, with the object of making profit from its fruit.

THE MISSION OLIVE.

"H. N. Bolander, who had charge of the botany of the geological survey of the State, informs me that in all of the missions there was but one variety of the olive, one of pear, and one of grape.

"I have made considerable effort to learn the name of this particular olive, and to ascertain if this variety is cultivated in Europe, but without success. John Ellis, who has charge of the horticultural grounds at the University, informs me that the seeds of the Mission olive 'come correct, and produce fruit of the same kind as the parent.' From the fact that the seeds produce trees bearing the same kind of fruit as the parent, it would be safe to conclude that it is the original stock of the wild olive of Europe or Africa. It is a shy bearer, and has fruit very much smaller than the varieties cultivated in Italy and the south of France. It is probably very valuable as a stock on which to graft or bud more prolific kinds. It has, however, demonstrated that the best varieties can be successfully grown over a wide range in California.

A USEFUL AND PROFITABLE TREE.

"I can find no other tree so useful and profitable that will grow and thrive with so small an amount of moisture. If, as many believe, the annual rain-fall of a given place can be increased by the planting of trees, I do not know so useful a tree to recommend for this purpose. If it should fail in adding to the rain, it will be certain to thrive on what rain does fall, and be sure to yield oil whether cultivated or neglected; for what Virgil wrote nineteen hundred years ago is still true. After having described the continuous culture necessary for the vine, he adds: 'On the other hand, the olives require no culture, nor do they expect the crooked pruning-hook and tenacious harrow, when once they are rooted in the ground and have stood the blasts. Earth of herself supplies the plants with moisture when opened by the hooked tooth of the drag, and weighty fruits when opened by the share. Nurture for thyself, with this, the fat and peace delighting olive.'"

The following is from a most ably written and interesting article by Augustus L. Hillhous, in Michaux's *North American Sylva*, vol. ii, pp. 130 *et seq.*:

"The olive has been called the polypus of trees, for it is propagated by all the known methods of propagating trees—by sowing the seed, by layers, by slips, by cuttings of the root, by sprouts separated from the trunk, or from roots of the parent stock. Seed planting is generally rejected on account of the length of time before bearing. When it is resorted to the best sorts only are selected, of these the Gros Ribés being considered the best. The pulp is removed and the berries cleaned in an alkaline solution, and planted, in March, in well manured, rich, deep soil, in a sheltered locality, two or three inches deep in trenches." [For convenience of removing, the seeds should be six inches asunder, unless "thinning out" be contemplated.] "To accelerate the germination, the stones may be kept in fine mold during the summer and autumn, and sown in the beginning of January. They soon germinate, and are strong enough to bear removal the next winter. These will have to be grafted, and the best method is by *inoculation*, and the safest time for it is the close of winter or the opening of spring."

OIL MILL, AND THE WORKING OF IT.

The oil mill retains nearly its primitive form. It consists of a basin raised two feet from the ground, with an upright beam in the middle, around which a massive millstone is turned by water, or by a beast of burden. The press is solidly constructed of wood, or of cast-iron, and is moved by a compound lever. The berries, after being crushed to a paste, are put into sacks of coarse linen, or of feather grass, and submitted to the press.

The virgin oil, which is the first discharged, is the purest, and retains most sensibly the taste of the fruit. It is received in vessels half

filled with water, from which it is taken off and set apart in earthenware jars. To separate any vegetable fibers and other impurities, it is frequently decanted. When no more flows, the paste is broken up, treated with hot water, and pressed again. This is often done a third time. The best oil for domestic purposes is made from the pulp only. A machine has been made for pulping without smashing the stones, which contain a little tannic acid. All the inferior qualities find their uses in machinery, in soap-making, lamps, etc.

Two things occur to me to mention in this connection, *viz:*

(1.) If the crushed matter be allowed to stand for any considerable time—say three or four hours—fermentation will have set in if the oil cellar be warm, and the loss of oil will be quite considerable.

(2.) *Wherever* the oil cellar is situated and the various operations of purifying are conducted, direct sunlight must be excluded if the oil is to remain good. It must never for one minute see sunlight, or it is spoiled.

A list of seven favorite kinds, from a note in Michaux:

(1.) Olivier Pleureur—Fourteenth variety of the New Duhamel; a fine tree, somewhat resembling a weeping willow; good both for table and oil; Mr. Thomas Hardy, of Bankside, South Australia, has it.

(2.) Olivier á fruit arrondè *(Olea spherica)*—It requires moisture, good soil, and plenty of manure. Good for oil.

(3.) Olivier de Lucque *(Olea minor lucensis)*—Hardy, and yields fruit for preserving.

(4 and 5.) Aglandeon—Are good for oil, and prefer dry and elevated grounds.

(6.) Olivier Amygdalin—Much prized about Montpelier for its fine and abundant oil.

(7.) Picholin *(Olea oblonga)*—Yields the most celebrated pickled olives. This variety is not delicate in its choice of soil and climate.

The following extracts from Busby's *Journal* are both interesting and useful:

"About a mile from the town we struck off into a plantation of olives. Few of the trees, however, contained any considerable quantity, and some were altogether without fruit. Such olives we pulled were universally rotten. I was afterward told by Mr. Gordon that all olives are rotten this year, and that this is invariably the case every second year. A little farther we saw a new plantation on the opposite side of the road, and luckily found a peasant. To our questions respecting the olives, he informed us that the plants bear a little fruit even the first year; but, in the second and third years, they bear a considerable crop in proportion to their size. Some of what we saw had been eighteen months, some only six months. The former appeared healthy young trees, covered with a considerable quantity of foliage. The latter had only a few slender shoots, and some of them indeed stood in their original nakedness. The olive plants were nothing else than large limbs of old trees from eight to ten feet in length and from two to three inches in diameter. They are sunk about four or five feet in the ground, and the part of the plant above ground is covered, during the first summer, with a cone of earth or clay to the hight of from two to three feet.

"The olive having been mentioned, we were shown two trees which supported a wheel for drawing water from the well. Two posts having been required for this purpose when they were clearing the ground of some olive trees three years ago, they took two of the trunks of these, which were respectively ten or twelve inches in diameter; they nevertheless took root, and are now covered with strong branches, affording a proof of the great facility with which the olive takes root. The vinador said that an olive would produce a crop three years after its plantation, but not a full crop till its fifth year, and would reach its greatest perfection in its tenth year. He said a plant ought to be the limb of a tree of the thickness of a man's arm. Being asked how long it would take before a slip such as we plant in New South Wales would bear a crop, he appeared to consider the proposal as ridiculous, and said he thought twenty years. He did not consider the oil of young olives inferior to that of the old; the only difference in their value arises from their quantity. The trees are planted with considerable regularity, at the distance of thirty-six or forty feet. An average crop is from one and a quarter to one and a half *arrobas*—that is from five to six English gallons each tree.

"When rain falls in August, the olives always suffer from it. All the ground we saw was a light sandy loam. It is plowed once a year. They plow an *aranzada* of the olive ground in a day, but not more than half that quantity of the meadow or corn land below. There are five kinds of olives on the estate; one of them, the 'La Reyna,' is of a very large size, and is pickled for eating. The tree of this variety produces but little fruit, and the fruit when pressed yields very little oil, but is highly prized for eating, being as large as a good sized plum.

"After having been brought home, the olives lie in a heap on an average about fifteen days

before they are crushed. After having been crushed, they are put into the press, and it is the common practice to pour hot water upon them in order to extract the oil. They are pressed thrice, and each time with addition of boiling water. The fluid runs from the press to a cistern, and when it is filled, the oil flows over the top, leaving the water below, which is cleared away as necessary. The peasant said that all the difference between the fine and common oil was, that the former was the virgin juice drawn off with cold water, and not mixed with the second and third pressings. The trees on this property are reckoned very young for olives, although they are sixty years old. They are pruned every year. But olive trees are said not to require pruning at all till they are twenty-five or thirty years old. Two hundred *aranzadas* are equal to one hundred and ninety-one English acres; and three thousand *arrobas* of oil (the average annual produce) are equal to twelve thousand seven hundred and thirty-five English gallons, old measure—about sixty-three and three-quarter gallons per English acre. I do not know, however, whether there was not included in this estimate forty *aranzadas* that are entirely planted with the 'La Reyna,' which are never pressed for oil. Even with this deduction the produce would fall very far short of what the trees of the Hieronomites were said to produce, *viz:* from three to four *fanegas* of olives each tree, each *fanega* yielding an *arroba* of oil. An English acre will contain sixty trees twenty-seven feet apart, and sixty was said by the peasant to be the number on each *aranzada*. One hundred and fifty-three acres, bearing sixty trees each, will contain nine thousand one hundred and eighty trees, and the produce being three thousand *arrobas*, it is scarcely one-third of an *arroba* for each tree. This comes nearer to Don Jacobo Gordon's statement, that from one and a quarter to one and a half *arroba* is reckoned a good return from each tree. The trees of the Hieronomites, as well, indeed, as the most of those I saw in the neighborhood of Xeres, were planted on a richer soil, and were of much larger dimensions; but this could never cause such a difference as to reconcile the different statements."

JOHN I. BLEASDALE, D. D.

LEARNED BY THE WAY.

The blackbirds perch on my apple tree,
With chirp and twitter, unfearingly,
The bare boughs seeming to keep them still
Lest the guests take flight, as birdlings will.
'Tis the dearest fruit the tree has held
Since its lofty top the Storm-king felled.

And I, who look from my window out
On merry chatter and wanton rout,
Take up a lesson to read at ease
Some time, when the green leaves fill the trees,
Or when the birds shall have flown away
And dry brown twigs in the breezes sway.

The glowing chapter of hearty cheer,
Whate'er the tide or the time of year,
The smile that lightens, the song that aids,
And brave endeavor that never fades—
Oh, where is gloom when the skies are dun,
If ever the heart was glad with sun?

The jonquils bright that my table grace
Are just as sweet in their china vase
This day, when the blue is overcast,
As those which I, in the summers past,
Have lifted up from my garden bed
With loving touch on each golden head.

And poets, crowned by the hand of God,
Should sing as sweetly beneath the rod,
I may not doubt, as they do in pride
When joy flows up with her warmest tide;
For no sad thing is a gift like this,
But comfort ever, and light, and bliss.

Then sing no more of to-morrow, bard—
Each has a day to himself most hard;
Each has one grief that is just his own,
And none but each to his woe is known.
To-day, with blooms and the song of birds,
Is better fit for your rhythmic words.

So chirp and twitter, ye rout, that fill
My apple tree and my window-sill;
And, jonquil flowers, that came to me
From some kind hand with its sympathy,
Ye leave your breath in my room for aye
Through lessons taken to heart this day.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

THE PRESENT HOUSE OF STUART.

On Christmas morning last there expired on board of a French steamer, between Bordeaux and Portsmouth, or Southampton, a nobleman much esteemed for his high merit and many virtues, and known as Charles Edward Stuart, Count d'Albanie, descendant of the royal house of Stuart, and pretender to the throne of Great Britain. He had sought the beautiful and sunny resort of Biarritz to avoid the sudden changes of temperature incident to his London home, and was returning as far as Bordeaux when death overtook him. My acquaintance with the late venerable Count carries me back a full decade of years, to a time when, though he had already passed three score and twelve winters, he appeared to be still in the very prime of manhood.

Ten years ago the neighborhood of Warwick Street, in London, was not so unfashionable a place of residence as at the present day. It still, however, possesses certain advantages from being in the West End of town, and within that famed district with undefined limits known as Belgravia. Many great families, particularly in the vicinity of Eccleston and Warwick Squares, still resist the infatuation which has caused so many of the inhabitants on the opposite side of Buckingham Palace Road to follow the tide of fashionable emigration toward South Kensington. South Belgravia, in the year 1871, turned out very many fine equipages. There were high-mounted carriages, with armorial panels, and footmen behind; dog-carts drawn by high-steppers, and driven by young gentlemen with expectations; some of the ladies drove themselves out in little basket-carriages, while others reclined at their ease in barouches, or rode in small broughams drawn by ponies. In fact, nearly all kinds of fashionable vehicles flashed out of this neighborhood in the afternoon of a London season to join the long and dreary line in Hyde Park. Pedestrians, like myself, walked across to Rotten Row, or into the "Ring," where all the fashion of London passed in review. The striped awnings that covered the windows of the two principal squares of South Belgravia were bright then, and the echoes of voices wafted across the green plats were very gay. From the open windows the perfume of flowers fell upon the passer-by as he stopped to listen to the sound of music from within.

At the time just mentioned I occupied lodgings in South Belgravia, and in my walks to and from the city I occasionally encountered two elderly looking gentlemen, who, from the peculiarity of their costume, attracted my attention, and whom from their resemblance to each other I judged to be brothers. They usually came from the direction of Warwick Street, turned down Buckingham Palace Road, and walked across St. James's Park into Pall Mall. Here our ways led us in different directions,

and they passed out of mind until met again. In appearance they were majestic and dignified, and walked very erect. One was habited in a suit of black, his frock-coat buttoned high up, leaving just enough of his scarf exposed to show a small pin mounted with a crown of bronze. The other wore the undress uniform of the Royal Guards of Austria, except the trowsers, which were of black. He also wore spurs, but without the rowel, or little wheel, as if to indicate that he had won them in some distinguished service. They wore their hair something after the fashion of the cavaliers of the reign of Charles II.

One afternoon, on returning from one of the Inns of Court, my attention was attracted to a picture in the window of a gallery of paintings in Buckingham Palace Road. I correctly thought it a copy of one of Van Dyck's paintings of Charles I., and yet it appeared so much like the image of some one I had seen that I stepped inside to ask the proprietor, Mr. Vanbrugh, an intelligent and polite gentleman, if he knew any living person who bore a resemblance to the Van Dyck picture.

"There are," he said, "two gentlemen who pass here almost daily, and for either of these the portrait might easily be taken."

I immediately recalled the features of the two gentlemen I have just described.

"But," said I, "how do you account for the strong likeness?"

"Easily enough," he answered; "they are Stuarts, and lineal descendants and representatives of the royal house."

A few days subsequent to this incident I found at my lodgings an invitation to an "after-dinner" at Lady L——'s, in Mayfair, where, I was informed, I would have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the representatives of the deposed family of Stuart. The party at Lady L——'s was small. The hostess herself was a handsome lady, with enchanting manners. She was vivacious, and exceedingly artful and judicious in the way she selected topics of conversation in which every one seemed to be at his ease. She listened, too, with appreciative attention to all that was said; and while she really directed the whole order of conversation, she did not have the appearance of doing so. It seemed obvious that her own happiness consisted in making each of her guests show to the best advantage. Among the visitors the Stuarts were the central figures. John Sobieski, the elder of the brothers, was skilled in society matters and politics; while the other, Charles Edward, who had passed much of his life abroad, was brilliant in his little stories and episodes of continental life and courts, sometimes giving way to his love of humor, and indulging in a running stream of English small talk. I returned to Belgravia in company with these representatives of the royal Gaels. My acquaintance with Charles Edward continued, with greater or less intimacy, for a period of seven years, and when in London I frequently spent hours in conversation with him. These Stuarts were both aids to Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, and their superior knowledge of the battle-field aided the emperor materially, after the defeat of the veterans of Wagram and Austerlitz, in making his escape, while the Old Guard, forming themselves into squares to stem the tide of disorder, were pierced through in every direction, and cut down or made prisoners. John Sobieski and Charles Edward both received from the hands of Napoleon the cross of the Legion of Honor for their fidelity to his person and their bravery upon the field of battle. John Sobieski died in the winter of 1871–72, leaving his brother Charles Edward his heir and representative as head of the royal house, and successor to the title of Count d'Albanie.

There is a difference of conviction among the legitimists in Great Britain, as well as on the Continent, respecting the legitimacy of the present house of Stuart. The history of the family is surrounded by romance and mystery, and, as related by John Sobieski and Charles Edward, would form, without embellishment, one of the most interesting tales of the century. But the narration would be unsatisfactory without the additional light that it is possible to throw upon the subject, and which, I feel sure, will give a vastly greater interest to the conclusion that the reader may arrive at respecting the secret history which has been so carefully guarded for a hundred years.

After the battle of Culloden, Prince Charles Edward wandered unattended through the country. He found refuge in caves and cottages, or lay in the forest, sometimes in great distress, and in sight of the pursuing troops. A reward of $150,000 was offered by the government for his capture, dead or alive. During his wanderings of six months in the Highlands, he trusted his life to more than fifty individuals, not one of whom, for even so large a sum as the offered reward, could be induced to betray him. At last, with a Highland plaid secured around him by a belt, to which was fastened a pistol and dagger, he made his escape on a privateer to the coast of France. The English government much of the time subsequent to this kept spies in or near his household, and, as long as he lived, his life was one of continual fear and apprehension.

On the road between Parma and Florence, in Italy, is the convent and church of Saint Rosalie. A small stream flows near the convent grounds, and, passing through a gently undulating country, empties itself into the sea. Toward the north and west is a level plain which slopes gradually from the base of the Apennines, whose highest peaks are plainly visible. Beyond the beautiful grounds of Saint Rosalie are groves of olive trees, orchards, and vineyards, and, though the golden age of Italy has long since disappeared, there is here every indication of plenty, and of the growth of the arts of civilized life.

It is now more than a century since a certain Dr. Beaton passed some time in the vicinity of Saint Rosalie. He was a descendant of the Cardinal Beaton, an eminent Scottish ecclesiastic, statesman, and chancellor in the days of the young Queen Mary. Dr. Beaton was with the Prince Charles Edward at Culloden, celebrated as the battle which extinguished the hopes of the house of Stuart. When the day was lost, he escaped with the Pretender, separated from him, and, after months of concealment in the mountains of Glengarry, fled in a small vessel to the shores of Holland. The Doctor seemed to have a lingering fascination for Saint Rosalie that prevented him from leaving the neighborhood. Although a foreigner, he spoke well the language of the country. In his appearance he was thoughtful and careworn, and his face was furrowed over by more than three-score years. He was accustomed to walk for hours in the deep, quiet shades of the neighboring groves, as if ruminating upon his native country, and upon those important past events which seemed to have made an ineradicable impression upon his mind.

In the neighborhood of Saint Rosalie a king and queen, for so they were called by their followers, had passed some weeks in profound retirement, on account of her majesty's health. One evening Dr. Beaton was walking in the avenue of Saint Rosalie, plunged in profound thought, when he was suddenly aroused by the rapid sound of wheels. Immediately a calash and four, with scarlet liveries, turned into the alley, and came whirling along the broad drive at full speed. As it approached he observed that it contained a lady and gentleman, and, in the momentary glance as it went past, he recognized Prince Charles Edward.

"And how did he look?" asked Mackintosh of Aldourie at a later day.

"I knew him at once," said the Doctor, "for, though changed with years and care, he was still himself. And, though no longer the Bonnie Prince Charlie of our faithful *beau ideal*, he was yet the same eagle-eyed royal bird I had seen on his own mountains when he spread his wings toward the south."

In that brief moment a world of visions passed before him—the field of Culloden, the keen glance of the Prince's eye, the star on his breast, the beautiful golden hair, the bland fair face, and lofty forehead—and once more he felt the thrilling charm of his presence, a feeling deeply rooted in the hearts of all Highlanders who have ever worshiped their *Tearlach Rich nan Gael*, Saxon Charles, King of the Gaels.

Dr. Beaton was a good Catholic, and, after recovering from his reverie, turned his steps toward the church of Saint Rosalie and entered its sacred portals. He advanced to the front of the altar, took from his bosom a rosary, and prostrated himself before the image of the Blessed Virgin. Fifteen times he had repeated the *pater noster*, and had counted nearly a hundred angelic salutations on his beads, when he was aroused by a heavy step and the jingle of spurs upon the pavement, and a tall man of superior appearance strode up the cloister. The dress of the stranger was not in keeping with his bearing, and as the faint light glanced beneath the broad hat upon his stern, pale cheek, piercing eye, and large mustache, the imagination of the doctor, for they were alone, was greatly disturbed by a sudden recollection of the noted and dreadful Torrifino. With a slight salutation, the unknown demanded:

"'E ella il Signor Dottore Betoni Scozzese?"

As soon as the Doctor was able to control his speech, he replied affirmatively, whereupon he was requested to give his assistance to one in need of immediate attendance. He did not know that his profession was known at the *Palazzo*, and, with hesitation, inquired concerning the nature of the required services:

"The relief of the malady and not the circumstances of the patient is the province of a physician," replied the stranger; "and, for the present, you will best learn by an inspection of the individual."

"Show me the way," said the Doctor.

"My carriage stands in the avenue," responded the stranger, "and I must beg you to excuse what may seem to be an unpardonable restraint; but there is occasion for such inviolable secrecy as to the circumstance of your visit, that it will be necessary for the blinds of the *vettura* to be closed, and that your eyes should be covered when you are introduced into the house of your patient."

"No," said the Doctor; "then I will not go. You must resort to some other than a Scottish gentleman if you would procure an accessory to acts which require such concealment."

"*Signor*," replied the cavalier, "I respect your doubts. By a single word I could dispel them, but it is a secret that would be embarrassing to the possessor. It concerns the interest and safety of one—the most illustrious and unfortunate of Scottish Jacobites."

"What, him!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"I can say no more," replied the stranger.

"Let us go," said the Doctor, and they hurried toward the door; and, traveling by road and water, reached the palace.

They proceeded through a long range of apartments, when they suddenly stopped, and the Doctor's mask was removed. He looked around on a splendid saloon, hung with crimson velvet, and blazing with mirrors which reached from the ceiling to the floor. At the farther extremity a pair of folding doors stood open, and showed the dim perspective of a long conservatory. The Doctor's guide rang a silver bell that stood upon a table, and a little page, richly dressed in scarlet, ran into the room, and spoke eagerly to him. The dark countenance of the cavalier glared suddenly, and, giving some hasty command to the page, said, as he quitted the saloon:

"*Signor Dottore*, the most important part of your occasion is past; the lady whom you have unhappily been called upon to attend met with an alarming accident in her carriage but a short time before I found you in the church, and the unlucky absence of her physician leaves her entirely under your charge. Her *accouchement* is over, apparently, without any worse effect than exhaustion; but of that you will be the judge."

They proceeded through a long range of apartments, and were met by a page, who spoke to the cavalier:

"*Signor*," said the latter to the Doctor, "they await you," and, preceded by the page, the Doctor was conducted through a splendid suite of apartments until he came to a small ante-room decorated with several portraits, and among them was one of the Duke of Perth, and another of King James VII., both of which the Doctor immediately recognized. The page crossed the room on his tip-toes, and gently opened a door at the opposite extremity, and as the Doctor passed in it closed silently behind him, and he found himself in a magnificent bed-chamber. What took place here is an important part of the Doctor's own statement, and must be related with exactness. The still sultry light of a single taper shed a dim glimmer through the apartment and upon the curtains of a tall crimson bed that stood behind. But he had scarcely glanced around him when the rustle of drapery called his attention to the couch, and a lady stepped from the shadow, saluted him in English, and conducted him toward the bed. The curtains were almost closed; by the side of the bed stood a female attendant, holding an infant enveloped in a mantle, and as she retired the lady drew aside the curtain, and by the faint light he imperfectly distinguished the pale features of a delicate face, which lay, wan and languished, almost enveloped in the soft white pillow. The shadow of the curtains afforded but a faint trace of the countenance, but a single gleam of the taper glanced over the dark blue counterpane and across the slender arm and hand that lay upon the velvet, still and pale, and passive as an alabaster model.

The lady addressed the patient a few words in German, at which she slowly raised her head, and, opening her large eyes, endeavored to lift her hand toward the Doctor. The latter placed his fingers upon her pulse, but they could scarcely feel the low intermittent throb. For several moments he vainly endeavored to count the vibrations, while the lady in waiting stood motionless beside him, her eyes fixed intently upon his face.

"If you will give me leave," said the Doctor, endeavoring to suppress any indication of danger to which he felt sensible, "I will write a prescription, for which no time should be lost."

The lady conducted him in silence to a writing-cabinet, upon which she placed a taper, and retired to the couch. In momentary reflection the Doctor glanced upon a toilet which stood beside him.

The light of the taper reflected down upon a number of jewels, which lay loosely intermixed with the scent-bottles showing evident haste and confusion, and his surprise was great when he recognized a miniature of the unfortunate and exiled prince, Charles Edward. It was suspended from a rich diamond necklace, and represented the prince with the same look and in the same dress he had seen twenty-eight years before as he rode into the battle of Culloden. Overcome with the recollection, he gazed upon it until the features on the miniature swam away in a glimmer of tears. An approaching step aroused him, and, passing his hands hastily over his eyes, he began to write as the lady approached the toilet, and, as if looking for some object among the ornaments, placed herself between him and the table. She retired almost instantly, but when the Doctor again glanced toward the jewels the miniature was turned.

Dr. Beaton, having completed the service for which he had been brought to the palace, was sworn on the crucifix, "never to speak of what he had seen, heard, or thought that night

unless it should be in the service of his King—King Charles." He was required to leave Italy at once, and the following morning took a lingering farewell of the beautiful Saint Rosalie, and departed for the nearest sea-port. The third evening of his arrival, at about sunset, while waiting for an Italian vessel in which he intended to procure a passage to the shores of France, he took a walk along the beach some distance from the town. His attention was attracted to an English frigate lying near by. Her name was the *Albion*, and her commander was Commodore Allan. He seated himself, in deep thought, underneath the branches of a tree. Here he remained until the rising of the moon, when suddenly a horseman approached, followed by a close carriage. They passed within a very short distance of him, and his astonishment was great, when, as the moonlight fell through the trees upon the group, he recognized the figure of his mysterious guide from Saint Rosalie.

The little party stopped full in the moonlight near the margin of the water, and the cavalier, having glanced around, blew a loud shrill whistle. The echo had scarcely died away along the cliff, when the dark shadow of a man-of-war's galley shot from behind a reef of rocks at the western entrance of a small estuary, and was pulled to the spot where the *vettura* stood. The cavalier alighted, and, opening the door of the carriage, lifted down a lady, closely muffled in a white mantle. She bore an object in her arms, which she held with great solicitude. At the same time an officer, wearing double epaulets, leaped from the boat, and, making a brief but profound salute to the lady, conducted her toward the galley. The Doctor heard the faint cry of an infant, and distinguished the glisten of a little white mantle and cap as she laid her charge in the hands of her companion. The officer lifted her into the boat, and the cavalier redelivered to her the child, which she carefully folded in her cloak. After a brief word and a momentary grasping of the hand between the lady and the cavalier, the officer raised his hat, the oars fell into the water, and the galley glided out into the gloom of the gray tide. Before midnight the shadow of the frigate swung round in the moonshine, her sails filled to the breeze, and she bore off, slow and still and steady, toward the west. And here for the present I will leave the infant charge in the custody of the gallant commodore, and return to the land of the Gaels, at a period just previous to the last Stuart rising.

A short time before the battle of Culloden, the Prince Charles Edward was a guest at the house of Sir Hugh Patterson of Bannockburn, where was fought the memorable battle that secured the independence of Scotland, and established Bruce, the heroic ancestor of Prince Charles Edward, on the throne. Here still remains a fragment of the "bore-stone" in which the royal standard was placed. At Sir Hugh's Charles Edward met Miss Clementina Walkinshaw, a young lady for whom he formed a passionate attachment, and who in after life exercised an important influence over his actions. Miss Walkinshaw was a niece of Sir Hugh, and daughter of John Walkinshaw of Barrowfield, one of the old Scottish manorial barons, who was descended from the hereditary Foresters of the High Steward of Scotland in Renfrewshire.

It was at that period of the year when the blithesome spring had shaken off the dull and dreary robes of a Scotch winter, and the young couple daily walked unattended through the lawns and glades with which the grounds and park of Sir Hugh were interspersed, oblivious of the rapidly passing hours, and undisturbed in their musings save by the flight of a frightened roe or timid hare, till twilight warned them to return. But these pleasures were not to be of long continuance, for one morning before dawn the trumpets of Prince Charlie's followers summoned him from the society of his love and the tranquillity of Bannockburn to the field of Mars.

After the battle of Culloden, and the flight of the Prince to the Continent, his mysterious *incognito* alarmed the English government; and on his return to Flanders, from Prussia, Sweden, and Poland, where he had urged plans for the recovery of the crown, Miss Walkinshaw, whom the Prince had now almost forgotten, was sent to be a spy in his household. This was accomplished through the instrumentality of Clementina's sister, Catherine, who had been Woman of the Bed-chamber, and was, at the time, housekeeper to the Princess, mother of George III., at Leicester House. Clementina, it was said, communicated, through her sister, all the affairs of the Prince to the English ministers. That the Prince had but little thought of Clementina since the battle of Culloden, appears from the fact that four years passed without there being any correspondence between them; and when Miss Walkinshaw went to join the Prince in Flanders, as soon as he received an intimation of her presence near him, instead of expressing any ardor for the meeting, he sent her word to retire to Paris, and there to await his arrival. They afterward returned together to Ghent, and took such *nom de voyage* as suited them. Their residence was for some time at Liege, where they lived as the

Comte and Comtesse Johnson, Miss Walkinshaw giving her maiden name as Caroline Pit; for in most Continental countries, when the lady is of noble birth, the maiden name is usually added to that of her husband upon her visiting cards. In Liege, Clementina became the mother of a son who died in infancy, and in 1753 she gave birth to a daughter who was baptised as Caroline. The next month, after the baptism of Caroline, the Prince wrote a letter to Colonel Goring, the original draft of which, in the Prince's handwriting, is among the Stuart papers, telling him that "Clementina has behaved so unworthily that she has put me out of patience, and I discard her." But the power of woman, in that case, was greater than the will of man, and the separation did not take place.

Catherine Walkinshaw came to be in high favor with the Hanoveran court and family; and the Duke of Cumberland and others, who, after the battle of Culloden, knowing of the *liaison* of her sister Clementina with Charles Edward, at Bannockburn House, had sternly urged Catherine's immediate dismissal, became at a later period her warmest friends. She was in fact one of the great favorites at St. James's and Windsor. The final separation between the Prince and Clementina did not take place until July, 1760. After the separation, Miss Walkinshaw continued to live at Paris under the name of Comtesse d'Albertoff, conferred upon her by the King of France. On the suppression of the convent where she resided, at the time of the French Revolution, she removed to Friburg in Switzerland, where she died in 1805. The Walkinshaw family insist that Charles Edward and Clementina were married at Ghent, but of this there is not sufficient evidence; and others deny the marriage, but claim that the present family of Stuart are descended from the Walkinshaw *liaison*.

The Prince did not again see Clementina after the separation; but twenty-five years later, when he had separated from his wife, the Princess Louisa of Stolberg, he recalled his daughter Caroline, who continued to reside with him at Rome until his death. Caroline had been created Duchesse d'Albanie, and married to the Swedish Baron de Rowenstart, by whom she had a son. When the Duchesse d'Albanie went to live at the house of Charles Edward, her son, then a mere child, was given in charge of some old Highlanders who had followed the Prince. He was placed under a Gaelic tutor, and, with a great appearance of secrecy, was sent out of the country.

In the Highlands, at a later period, Macdonald of Glendulochan had listened to stories about a certain mysterious stranger, who had arrived in a "great king's ship," and who had hired as a residence the "grand auld house of Dundarach." Macdonald, in conversation with a Highland herdsman by the name of Alaister, who had on several occasions seen the stranger, asked:

"Does he wear the Highland dress?"

"On ye never seed the like, except Glengarve," replied Alaister.

"And what did you call him?" asked Macdonald.

"The folk call him 'Iolair-dhearg' (the Red Eagle) for his red tartan and the look o's ee, which was never in the head o' man nor bird but the eagle and Prince Charlie. But Muster Robison, the post-mister in Port Michael, says his name is Captain Allan, and that he is son o' ane grand admiral in the suthe enew; but I dinna think it, for the auld French servant ca's him whiles, 'munsenur' and 'halts-rile' *(altesse royale)*, and other names that I canna mind."

The "Iolair-dhearg" was introduced to an aged Highlander, who mistook him for the bonnie Charlie himself, and told him that the last time he saw him was on the morning of Culloden.

In the year 1790, the "Iolair-dhearg," who had come to be known as Thomas Allan, and at a later day as James Stuart Allan, rescued Katharine Manning, a beautiful English lady, from the hands of some smugglers, who had captured the vessel in which she had taken passage for the Highlands. James Stuart was at this time almost always accompanied by the Chevalier Craeme, the same person who conducted Doctor Beaton from the church of Saint Rosalie to the chamber of the Prince, and who was the latter's chamberlain. The Chevalier often addressed James Stuart as "my Prince," and with Admiral Allan endeavored to prevent him from injuring the prospects of his house by such a *mésalliance* as they considered his union with Katharine Manning would be, and his royal birth was spoken of without concealment. But this youth of lion heart refused to smother his passion for the lady he had rescued, and they were finally married on the second day of October, 1792. James Stuart left two sons—John Sobieski and Charles Edward. The former is the author, under the *nom de plume* of John Hay Allan, of a number of pretty poems. In the "Bridal of Coälchairn" there is an intimation that the author is descended from the Stuarts:

"And, sooth, there was a time, howe'er 'tis now,
O'er thy wide realm they held the regal sway;
The blood which yet beneath this breast doth flow
Was from thy Stuarts drawn in olden day."

Charles Edward Stuart, on the ninth day of October, 1822, married Ann, daughter of the Right Honorable John Beresford, then Member of Parliament for Waterford. This Charles Edward leaves surviving him another Charles Edward (who in 1874 married Lady Alice Hay), and also the Countess Clementina, whose husband is an officer in the Royal Guards of the Emperor of Austria.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

THE RIVAL CITIES.

Nowadays in Boston and New York a frequent topic for the chit-chat of breakfast tables, evening receptions, and *tête-à-têtes*, is whether the balance of power in literature and art is really shifting from the old Puritan city to the great metropolis at the mouth of the Hudson. The subject is a delicate one, and hardly capable of dispassionate treatment, except by one who is a native of neither city. In Boston the subject is handled with gloves by those who know the facts. The *bourgeois*, who is ignorant of the facts, but dimly feels that something is wrong, scouts at the very idea of a shifting of power, with that provincial arrogance and egotism that everywhere distinguish the cockney.

Now, nobody is going to be injured by firmly facing the true logic of the situation. The truth never hurts anybody in the end. Let us have this matter cleared up. Let each city know its cue—clearly understand the part it is to play in the future development of the national life. To say that the two cities are not and never have been alike, either in outward complexion or inner spirit, is only to utter a truism. What the Germans call the *trieb* of the two cities is different, and is so by the inexorable necessity of circumstances. Until latterly, New York, forming the eastern gateway of the continent, has been so overwhelmed and submerged by the rushing currents of commerce as to make it impossible for the literary interest to more than maintain a precarious and doubtful foothold in such out-of-the-way nooks and corners as it could possess itself of. Thus, New York has been *distinctively* commercial, while Boston has always been *distinctively* intellectual. But a change has been taking place within the last decade. New York has been striding rapidly forward in respect of art culture, book-publishing, engraving, and the cultivation of pure literature, while her New England rival has been advancing much more slowly in these respects. Boston, it is true, is still distinctively the city of culture, of intellectuality. We have there still the *ancien régime* of courtly and polished manners. The corporations of Boston, her municipal government, and her society at large, are all permeated and vivified by ideals as heretofore. The intellectual class still controls and dominates, and gives solidity and unity to the corporate life of the city. And in the special matter of the cultivation of decorative and ideal art, Boston is now more enthusiastic and determined than ever. Indeed, the conditions for producing fine and enduring work are better there than in any other part of the country.

Yet, after all, not much that is great or world-stimulating is being produced nowadays in Eastern Massachusetts. Boston is not now making national opinion as in the anti-slavery and transcendental days. She is not, as then, thinking for the world, at least not to any great extext. Her great statesmen and her great genuises are nearly all either dead or living in the retirement of old age. Her literature, while scholarly and *recherché*, is largely colored by the over-strained conceits and frigid artificialities of the drawing-room; in a word, is not fused and animated by enthusiastic purpose; is too timid, and hollow, and bloodless. About the only really intense intellectual enthusiasm to be found in Boston, outside of business circles, is in three or four pulpits, which are still animated by the old Puritan traditions and feelings—the old ethical propagandist spirit, which (as history) is the glory of Boston. Something is evidently the matter. We shall see presently what it is. But we may first look at the literary and art *status* of New York City and briefly review the evidences of the (at least temporary) literary hegemony of that city, after which we may consider the *rationale* of the whole matter. The census of 1870 shows that the printing and publishing business of New York is just double that of Boston. The value of the *books* manufactured is not much less in Boston than in New York. But not much reliance is to be placed on these statistics, as General Walker admits, owing to the almost insuperable difficulty in getting publishers, as well as all other

manufacturers, to state how much capital they have actually employed in business. But statistics are not needed. The facts are patent to everybody. Most of the great magazines of the country are published in New York City.

The daily newspapers of New York everybody knows to be the most powerful in the country. *Literati* of all sorts are much better paid in New York than they are in Boston. Painting, the opera, the drama, are all in process of vigorous growth. Engraving, as respects *technique*, or the mechanical process, has reached a degree of excellence which places it on an equality with the finest work of Europe. Two or three great Boston publishing houses are still doing a thriving trade in publishing editions of the standard New England classics (the copyrights of which they own); but the great bulk of legal, ecclesiastical, medical, philosophical, and miscellaneous books is published in New York City. In pure literature New York has not so many illustrious names as Boston; but still she has a large and respectable list. Upon it are four or five of our classic writers. Such are the facts respecting the intellectual status of New York. We may now seek to discover the causes of this change of *rôles* of the two cities, and point out the hidden forces that have been at work in each. Let us begin with Boston. Assuming at once that Boston has produced the largest number of great literary geniuses and great reformers, and almost as many great statesmen as the South, we have to inquire why she no longer produces them. It would seem that there are two fundamental reasons—the lack of the inspiration that comes from a great cause, and the absence of what may be called the cosmopolitan breeze. Boston has not now distinctly presented to her a great cause to which she can devote her energies. The days of transcendentalism are numbered, and the momentum derived from the anti-slavery movement has now ceased to be an impelling force. If Boston has not a great reform on hand, she is nothing. It is *aut Cæsar aut nullus* with her. It takes a great deal to heat up to the fusing point the cold and massive intellectuality of the pure-blooded Yankee. He must drink his whisky raw, or he is not affected. This, then, is one of the reasons why with Boston it is now the diastole of the intellectual pulsations; why on her particular shore it happens to be now ebb tide. The proccessess of life are rhythmic—the intellectual and social no less than the physical. There is harvesting time and sowing time, renascence and decadence. Of course, there are no intrinsic reasons why Boston shall not produce more great geniuses. On the contrary, the bracing air, the vigorous stock, and the poetic landscape of Eastern Massachusetts make it certain that she will do so—when the time comes. The second grand reason, doubtless, why Boston is now leading a rather lethargic existence is that she has not the cosmopolitan breeze, as it may be called. Anybody who has been in New York knows what that means. It is a very simoom, a furnace heat, this cosmopolitan glow, for the melting away of antiquated superstitions and the brazen cerements of social mummydom. There is no use in denying it—Boston is getting just the least bit provincial, compared with New York. A flourishing commerce, great wealth, and cosmopolitan life do a great deal even for literature. History proves it. Athens was great, divinely great; but so was Rome. Athens had a good deal of money, but Rome has always had a vaster cosmopolitanism and greater wealth, both in the days of the empire (when all her great literature was produced) and in the days of Leo X., Raphael, and Angelo. Edinburgh has had some wealth, and produced a few great men. But London has had more wealth, got by her world-commerce; and her *littérateurs*, scholars, and statesmen rule the world. It is a melancholy truth, which those who have lived in Boston know too well, that the city (including Cambridge) is suppressing a good deal of genius through sheer lack of endowments and opportunities for the pursuit of higher culture. Boston has a good deal of wealth, but it is hoarded up too carefully. Extreme caution and timidity, extreme conservatism, are the faults of character in Boston men that are injuring the city's business prosperity, as well as its literary life. This caution, this timidity, this close-fistedness, is that once excusable Puritan virtue which, now that the broadening national life has burst the bounds of New England, and is seeking its center further west, reveals itself to be a vice—a virtue that "o'erleaps itself and falls on the other." Boston must venture more; must adopt a bolder and more generous commercial policy. She must have more railways to the West, and cease to hamper those she has by meddlesome legislation, which, in forbidding the natural principle of competition to have free play by fixing arbitrarily the per cent. that railways may earn, thereby disheartens and renders them careless of the interests of the public, and in every way retards the free and spontaneous development of the native resources of the State. When Boston determines to have three or four well-managed, instead of two poorly managed, grand trunk lines to the West; when she comes to see that she cannot afford to let New York attract so much of the raw and manufactured products

of the great West; when her wharves shall multiply, and be doubly and trebly crowded with ships; or when some great social upheaval shall occur which shall stir up into flame the slumbering fires of her moral life—then, and in either case, may we look for a turbulent, and passionate, and enthusiastic activity, which shall not only make her equal in enterprise and power to her sister city of New York, but which might well make her superior to that city in every respect, such are the indomitable courage and energy—ay, and religious faith—that lie slumbering beneath her impassive, and often finical, exterior life.

The forces that have produced the new tidal wave of intellectual life in New York are not far to seek. They have been indirectly mentioned, indeed, in this article. It has been intimated that it is the great wealth of New York, the ever fresh currents of foreign thought, foreign art, and foreign blood that surge continually through the arterial channels of her life, that give the metropolitan dash and energy, the cosmopolitan breadth of view, and far-seeing mercantile acumen that spread as by contagion through all classes of the city, and, while increasing civic splendor and wealth stimulate also by inevitable nervous sympathy all departments of intellectual and artistic life.* New York, if she be true to her trusts, is destined to be the London of the new world, the home of the oppressed of every hand, a haven of refuge for daring freedom-loving souls, the world's bulwark of civil liberty, and the haunt of many great men who will spring up out of American democracies and societies. The city, however, will probably never have a unitary life like that of Athens and Boston. As it is, to-day, there are whole quarters—great literary, and musical, and art clubs, and *coteries* of all kinds in the city—that are well nigh ignorant of the existence of each other. It is impossible, apparently, for the colossal cities of the world to reach perfect unity and solidarity of action under the present system of things at any rate.

New York will not, perhaps, have a union of all her interests—a union cemented by such a single-purposed idealism as that of Athens or Boston; but there is no reason why she may not be honey-combed with intellectual and ethical life. Indeed, she must be so if she will not perish. It is probable that as long as the American flag shall fly over the continental republic, New York, situated as she is in the great storm-track of cosmopolitan life, will possess enough Attic salt to preserve her material grandeur from decay.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

NOTE BOOK.

AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE HARVARD CLUB, of San Francisco, it was announced, by the committee appointed at a previous meeting to communicate with President Eliot, that arrangement had been made with the authorities of Harvard University to hold admission examinations in California during the coming summer. The committee were of the opinion that quite a number of young men would avail themselves of this opportunity to avoid the expense of going East upon an uncertainty, would present themselves for examination, and, if successful, would then take the regular course at Harvard. This innovation by an Eastern institution of learning is noted here because at this time it seems to "point a moral." *Why are these young men not fitting themselves for the University of California instead?* How does it happen that there are enough of them to induce Harvard to send a professor across the continent to conduct examinations? Why is it that the attention of the Californian youth is being turned away from California and toward Massachusetts? Our university is magnificently endowed for a young institution. In location and facilities it has unrivaled advantages. From the very first it interested some of the leading minds of the nation. Horace Bushnell was a notable instance. Auspicious stars seemed to conjoin at its birth. But now it has fallen into lethargy and inaction. It has drunk of mandragora and drowsy syrups. It has lost its way among scientific formulæ. It has wandered up to the foot of Grizzly Peak, and there, like Rip Van Winkle, it has gone to sleep. A supreme opportunity is being lost. The impression is gaining ground that the experiment is a failure. This conclusion may be illogical; it may be unfounded; it may be unreasonable. We think it is. But it exists. Outside of a limited circle it is difficult to find a man who has optimistic views in regard to the future of the University of California. A few years ago there were hundreds of them. Now, this university is an institution in which every good citizen should feel an interest. It is closely identified with the destiny of the State. In the nature of things only a small proportion of the young men born on this coast can go across the continent for an education. They must get it here, or not at all. The intellectual future of California is in no small degree dependent upon its university. At its head should be a man with administrative capacity. Our note upon this subject last month has met with very general approval. There is too great an in-

* Perhaps, on profound analysis, it would be found that another potent stimulus to great achievement is furnished by the contracted insular situation of the city. Competitive struggle is more intense in such places.

terest at stake here for mere motives of delicacy to prevent a plain statement of the truth. A learned professor may or may not be a good president. The chances are that he will not be. It is nothing against his learning, his ability, or the integrity of his intentions, if he does not succeed in an office which requires executive capacity. The average business man is not expected to know much science. Why should the scientist be expected to understand business? And yet upon the material prosperity of the university its whole existence depends. What is needed is not more learning, but more energy. If President Eliot of Harvard is pushing the influence of that institution across a broad continent, the University of California must at least make a showing of activity in every part of its own venue.

THE DEATHS OF GEORGE ELIOT AND CARLYLE within so recent a period seem to create an intellectual hiatus. In their departments of human thought no one stands ready to continue their work. There is, perhaps, but one point of similarity between them—the sturdy element of a common nationality. For Carlyle, although a Scotchman, was yet more than mere Scotchman. He was British in the wide modern sense which makes England and Scotland one in all material and intellectual progress. And not all his love for German philosophy, nor yet his affectation of German mannerism, could conceal the fact that the mind back of both philosophy and mannerism was a high development of that amalgamated Scotch and English intellect which we call "British." It is sturdy, firm, self-reliant, sham-hating, truth-loving; stubborn in conviction; despising rather than pitying weakness and imbecility. In the intellectual forest it is the oak. And projected in a different direction, with the tendencies of a different sex, the mind of George Eliot possessed the same quality. It is questionable whether either of these minds could have been produced outside of Great Britain. They are the resultants of the progressive intellectual evolution of a progressive and intellectual people, who, owing to race peculiarities and insular position, have developed a peculiar individuality. As a novelist, pure and simple, George Eliot was inferior to Dickens or Thackeray. As a thinker she was superior to both. Her philosophy was deeper but her characters were less clearly drawn. As a philosopher Carlyle was inferior to Hamilton. As a commentator on human life he was unsatisfactory, compared to our own Emerson. His style was irretrievably vicious. But among the men of his day and nation he was a tower of strength. To those who can master his involved style his works are full of suggestiveness. From every hill surmounted is disclosed a higher mountain. Both Carlyle and George Eliot, it cannot be doubted, will have an enduring place in literature so long as the English speech shall hold its pre-eminence as a medium of thought and communication.

THE CARRYING TRADE of any region is one of its most important industries. In fact, to an extent everything else depends upon it. If the farmer cannot get his produce to market for a reasonable tariff he is debarred from a competition with neighbors more fortunately situated. Just at present the subject of communication between California and the rest of the world is receiving much attention because of the several routes, both by canal and road, which are under discussion. In accordance with our policy of presenting both sides of living issues, we print this month two articles upon this important question. The first, by Mr. Del Mar, discusses at length the commercial results likely to follow the opening of the new Southern Pacific Railroad. The second, by Captain Merry, considers very fully the several proposed canal routes and the ship railway suggested by Captain Eads, and also discusses the commercial and political considerations connected with the same. Together, these two articles cover the entire field, and present all the obtainable information in a compact form.

THE MAN-GOSSIP is a most despicable creature—the tattler, the babbler, the tale-bearer, the mischief-maker. And yet some men are so constituted as to have an inordinate, burning desire to repeat what they hear, especially if there is some element in it likely to make trouble. Incautious words uttered in a moment of anger are eagerly caught up by them and rehearsed in the very place where they will do the most harm. Ever so many pleasant things might be said which would never be repeated. But say a word that may possibly, distorted and disconnected, estrange a friend, and one of these mischief-mongers will carry it to him directly. Such men are a pest to any community. They will do more harm in a day than can be repaired in a year. One may criticise another in the spirit of the utmost friendship, yet if that criticism be repeated it will inevitably sound cold, calculating, and unfriendly. Chaucer says:

> "Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
> He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
> Everich word, if it be in his charge,
> All speke he never so rudely and so large;
> Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe
> Or feinen things, or finden wordes newe."

But this rehearsal of every word, of the circumstances and the explanations, is precisely what your gossip does not do. The perfume of the rose may fill the air, but for him the bush bears only the thorn. If there be anything which, segregated from its connection, will appear to be prompted by malice, rest assured that that germ will be carried by the gossip to whatever spot it may develop into the most malignant disease.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LEGISLATIVE COUP D'ETAT during the late debate on the Irish Question has subjected him to much unfavorable comment. Such course, if not entirely without precedent, is at best supported by the authority of precedents long since forgotten. But it seems to be assumed by those who criticise Mr. Gladstone that the peremptory closing of debate by a majority is of itself an act of injustice. The arbitrary and unreasonable exercise of such power is doubtless unjust. But the power must exist, in one form or another, as a means of simple self-protection. And this has always been recognized in American legislative bodies, where the "previous question" is given a different effect from that which it has in England—namely, the immediate and peremptory shutting off of debate. That this power may be abused by a corrupt majority there can be no doubt. But that the power must exist for occasional use in preventing valuable time being willfully wasted seems also clear. And it can make little difference whether its exercise be by a motion for the "previous question," or by a motion that the opposition "be not heard."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

We are sometimes told that before the middle ages there was no such thing as household furniture; there was a bed, and a chair (more like a throne), and there was a table, but very little else. But ancient sculpture, monumental records, and written history, when carefully scanned and studied, give evidence to the contrary. The ancient Egyptians and Assyrians sat on chairs like Europeans of the present century. Stools, and low seats, and settees were also used. The men alone reclined at meals; the women and children sat in chairs. Square sofas, or ottomans, with leathern or embroidered cushions, were among the usual fittings of a well furnished room. Carpets were also in use in the more elegantly furnished dwellings—one specimen of which, at least, has been handed down to the present time. It is made with a warp of linen woven with woolen, with figures in blue and red on a yellow ground. The people of those early days had tables—round, square, or oblong—and often supported by a single shaft, or leg, beautifully carved into artistic forms. Those ancient people reclined upon elegant lounges, very similar in construction to our own, with one end raised, receding to the other extremity in a graceful curve, and supported upon feet usually carved to represent those of wild animals. Of their bed-room furniture we know less. But we do know that those who were able slept upon bedsteads elaborately made of wood, ivory, bronze, or iron. The Egyptian belles admired their forms and dresses in mirrors often of costly construction, and wrought from burnished metal, both to hang upon the wall and with handles for more convenient use. All the furniture of the wealthy was made in a highly ornamental and costly manner, ivory entering largely into its construction. They had little use for, and do not appear to have given much attention to, book-cases, secretaries, desks, or other writing and reading conveniences. Their lamps and candelabrums were ornamental, and always so constructed that the flame could be fed with an open or floating wick. Their kitchen utensils were various and convenient. Neither knives nor forks were used in eating, but a knife was most undoubtedly employed in carving; and we know that ladles were employed for dishing out liquids, and spoons for conveying the same to the mouth. Plates, bowls, cups of various kinds, and vases were among the every-day table furniture. The latter were also largely used for ornament and for sacred purposes, and were variously made of plain or richly colored glass, of porcelain, alabaster, silver, and gold. Great numbers of little elegancies, for toilet and parlor, testify to the influence and taste of female presence, even from the very earliest days of ancient civilization. Of statuary and paintings there is no need to speak. The loftiest genius and skill of modern artists would be proud to equal in execution the works of ancient Greece. The monumental records of the Egyptians abound more than do those of the Assyrians in details of a domestic character. The latter, a conquering and aggressive people, seem to have taken more delight in recording and emblazoning the incidents of war and the chase. These adverse tastes were strongly depicted in the ornamental detail of couches, chairs, tables, chariots, and even in the ornamentations of the most common articles for use or display. The Greeks derived their first ideas of æsthetic taste in household ornamentation from Assyrian art; but whatever they borrowed was so rapidly advanced, through the transforming influence of a native culture never equaled by any other people, that it soon became most eminently their own. But with them ornamentation and splendor was lavished more upon temples and public buildings than upon private residences. The Romans borrowed chiefly from the Greeks, and with so little effort at originality that Greek art ever retained its predominance in Italy under Roman rule. The library first appears as a separate apartment in Roman dwellings of the Augustan age, but with very little appropriate furniture. Their books (rolls of papyrus and parchment) were kept in movable presses or closets arranged upon shelves, but the room was almost bare of furniture—no writing desks, or tables, or cabinets are known to have been used. The tables of the wealthy Romans were generally of costly foreign wood, resting on marble or ivory columns. The curule chairs, or seats of state used by the patricians, were elaborately wrought in ivory. With the decline of Roman sway, the æsthetic in art gradually fell away; but so much as was retained throughout the European States partook almost exclusively of the Roman form. From A. D. 500 to 1500, a great ecclesiastical commonwealth grew up, and with it a purely ecclesiastical style—not only in church architecture and household furniture, but also in every other species of industrial art culminating in the fourteenth century, with the decorated Gothic—a new and quite unique style of architecture and decoration. The furniture of this period was heavy and cumbrous, with but little variety. With the fifteenth century a new departure was commenced in household furnishing and decoration. Remarkable progress was made, and a considerable degree of splendor began to appear. Apartments expanded in area and hight. Embroidered hangings and curtains, dazzling with scarlet, blue, and gold, were added to the Gothic paneling, on wall and chair, on screen and bedstead. Book cabinets, and reading and writing desks, made their appearance with the introduction and multiplication of printed books in the sixteenth century. Interior decorations everywhere harmonized to the rich glow of color and jeweled light which flowed through the richly colored glass of storied windows, of bower, and hall, and temple. About these mediæval times all further progress in this direction was checked by the sudden revival of old Roman literature and Grecian art, which soon began also to manifest itself in architecture and decoration, finally culminating in the style known as *Renaissance*, so called because it was a going back again, or renewal, of the former classic styles. The term was not confined to architecture alone, but was also employed to designate ornamental art of every description wrought in that style. In Renaissance the

leading nations had each a style, or modification, peculiarly their own, which was known respectively as French Renaissance, German, Italian, English, etc.—the latter being more commonly known as Elizabethan. France at this time became largely the arbiter in art furniture, and the style known as "Louis Quinze," with its profusion of gilding and florid decoration held sway until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when polished woods, and severe or classic outlines, took the place of the grotesque carving, gay gilding, and other profuse ornamentation which preceded it. England was especially slow in the introduction of furniture into her dwellings. For two or three hundred years after the conquest a bed and chest were the chief appendages of the bed-room of the Anglo-Normans. Tables and benches constituted the furniture of hall and dining-room. The floors were usually covered with dried rushes in winter, and green fodder or leaves in summer. Chairs were large and cumbrous, and usually fixtures. The dining-room table generally consisted of boards on trestles, while a large salt-cellar constituted the most conspicuous ornament of the board. Dishes and plates, and sometimes silver goblets, were used on the tables of the nobles; but in ordinary dwellings wooden bowls and huge trenchers constituted the usual table-ware. Clocks began to appear about the time of the reign of Henry VIII. A little later a species of hand-organ made its appearance, which was soon followed by the primitive forms of various other modern wind and string instruments. About one hundred and seventy years ago furniture made from mahogany—a valuable wood indigenous to Central America and the West Indies—made its entry into the *salons* of Europe and our own country—not through Parisian influence, but directly from the shops of London, where that wood was first shaped into useful forms. For a century and a half this wood, with very little variety in form and style of manufacture, has survived all the changes of a usually fluctuating fashion. The only other woods which have rivaled mahogany in public favor are rosewood—another beautiful product of Central American forests—and the black walnut, which, by a peculiar treatment, is made to receive a very fine polish, and which is also well adapted for the display of carved work. A curious feature in recent American furniture manufacture may be mentioned in what is technically known as "knock-down furniture," which consists of complete sets so made as to come entirely apart for convenient transportation. This class of manufacture is now being largely shipped to all parts of South America and the East Indies. During the last decade there is evidence of a new outbreak of "taste" in household furnishing and decoration, which has not yet taken any definite character. The theory underlying this new movement seems to be that art and artistic feeling should be as much shown in the designs of furniture and its accessories as in the higher or fine arts of sculpture and painting. A natural and practical corollary to this assumption may be found in the existence, at the present time, of numerous establishments devoted especially to the production of what is termed "art furniture." It is true that in the strict sense of the term there can be no such thing as "art furniture," considered as apart from other articles; but whatever is truly workmanlike is almost always artistic, and, inversely, that which is unworkmanlike is inartistic—unsatisfactory to our sense of beauty and fitness. In that sense all furniture should be art furniture; but what is usually meant in the present use of the term is something analogous to Renaissance in architecture—a going back to olden styles, as that of the "Queen Anne" period, or the Elizabethan, or "Louis Quatorze" style. This growing taste is to be deprecated. It is not in keeping with the progress of the age. It would be better to encourage originality. Let our furniture and other accessories represent the thought and genius of the skilled workman rather than the uneducated taste of the purchaser, who is usually but a mere copyist in his choice. What would be the result if the same rule we apply to house decoration should be applied to the fine arts? We would bring down painting and sculpture to the level of furniture manufacture. When people are progressive—when they are really in earnest—they do not stop to copy; they do not care for borrowed decorations. Art, in every line, should be an expression of the highest thoughts and aspirations of a people. We should ever study what is best and noblest in art. That will lead us to idealize not only every *work* we do, "but, most of all, our own character and lives." If we pursue the other course, we shall feel to lament with Wadsworth, at an early period of the present century, that "plain living and high thinking are no more."

THE POTATO.

The precise locality where the potato was first discovered by Europeans is a matter of uncertainty. It has been found indigenous in northern Chile, throughout Peru, Central America, and as far north as the southern boundary of Mexico. In its native state this plant grows without tubers, and flourishes both in the humid forests of the equatorial region and among the central mountains of Chile, where no rain falls for six months of the year. Europe is indebted to Sir Walter Raleigh for this vegetable; but it is not probable that he found it indigenous in Virginia, as generally supposed. If he found it there at all, it was as an exotic. Herriot, who went out from England with the early Virginia colonists, was one of the earliest writers who mentions this vegetable. In his book of travels he mentions, under the head of "Roots," the "openawk." "These roots," he says "are round, some as large as a walnut, and others much larger. They grow in damp soil, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes. They are good for food, either boiled or roasted." This "root" was undoubtedly the potato, which about that time (1586) had been transplanted from its native soil in the tropics to Virginia, where it was beginning to develop into a food-bearing plant. Transferred to the still cooler and more moist summers of Ireland, the plant further improved in its edible qualities, and finally developed into the full grown, delicious "Irish potato"—a vegetable now second to no other in economic value. Its first introduction for food met with much opposition, especially from learned men, and several books were written to prove its poisonous and consequently dangerous character. Both the potato and the tomato belong to the deadly-nightshade and mandrake family *(Solanaceæ)*, all of which are poisonous in stem, leaf, and flower, and from them, especially the former, a very powerful narcotic may be extracted; but this poisonous property does not extend to the tuber of the one nor to the fruit of the other. It may, however, be remarked that *solanine*—the poisonous principle of this family of plants—is always more or less developed

in the potato, if the tubers, while growing, are uncovered so as to expose them to the direct action of sunlight, under the influence of which, as is well known, they turn green, and are always avoided by both man and beast on account of their bitter taste. The same effect, only less in degree, is produced in the potato during its time of sprouting. When sprouted potatoes are to be prepared for the table, they should be cut into thin slices, placed in cold water, and suffered to remain there an hour or two before being cooked. Otherwise, they are unwholesome food. As already intimated, the potato is a tropical plant, and its tuber-producing character is only a modification of the plant brought about by its propagation in northern latitudes. If the potato is carried to the tropics and propagated there from its own tubers, it will in a few years return to its native condition of a non-tuberous plant. Most people are familiar with its deterioration when cultivated in even the Southern States of the Union. A similar effect is produced when its cultivation is attempted as far north as Sitka, where the tubers grow only to about the size of walnuts. This latter, however, is due to the shortness of the season, which does not give time for the full development of the vegetable.

INFLUENCE OF A TUNING FORK ON THE GARDEN SPIDER.

A correspondent of *Nature*, C. V. Boys, of the Physical Laboratory of South Kensington, England, gives an account of some new and very interesting observations which he has recently made in regard to the influence of a tuning fork on the common garden spider, which spins the beautiful geometric web with which all are so familiar. On sounding an A fork and lightly touching with it any leaf or other support of the web, or any portion of the web itself, the spider, if at the center, immediately turns to the direction of the fork and feels for the radial thread along which the vibration travels. Having found it, the insect immediately darts along that line until it reaches the fork. If the fork is not removed he immediately embraces it and runs about on the prongs, evidently thinking it legitimate prey for food, being deceived by the buzzing noise. If the spider is not at the center of its web it is evidently at loss which way to go until it goes to the center for the information. If when the spider has been thus enticed to the edge of the web the fork should be withdrawn, it will reach out with its fore feet as far as possible in the direction from which the sound comes. By means of the fork the spider may be made to eat what it otherwise would avoid. A fly drowned in paraffine was placed upon the web. The spider was attracted by the touch, but immediately left, with the evident conclusion that the fly was not proper for its food. Being again attracted to it by the sound of the fork, it again refused to eat; but after several repetitions of the act, it seemed to come to the conclusion that it was all right, and would make its usual meal. House spiders do not seem to appreciate the tuning fork; but retreat to their hiding places, as when frightened. The writer remarks that "the supposed fondness of spiders for music must surely have some connection with these observations; and when they come out to listen, is it not that they cannot tell which way to proceed?"

BOTANIZING IN THE CITY.

There is no more interesting or pleasurable study in which a person of leisure can engage than in that of botany. Even the resident of a crowded city, with no opportunity to go abroad into the open fields of the country, need not be without opportunity to pursue his favorite search after the new and beautiful in nature. Much encouragement in this direction may be afforded by a knowledge of the amount of botanical work recently executed by a gentleman on a few vacant lots in the city of New York. Last summer a quantity of earth was hauled in to grade certain lots in the neighborhood of Manhattan Square, in that city, which resulted in the introduction of a large array of plants that soon covered the ground with a waving mantle of luxuriant vegetation. Mr. L. P. Gratacap resolved upon a careful botanical examination of that vegetation, which finally showed a result of thirty-five orders, ninety-nine genera, and one hundred and seventeen species of plants.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN TELEGRAPHY.

According to *Nature*, an important discovery in telegraphy has recently been made by a cable manufacturing company in Neuchâtel. The statement is to the effect that after a long and expensive series of investigations and experiments, the company has succeded in devising a method of preparing and laying cables, whereby the induction of the electric current from one wire to another is prevented, notwithstanding the wires may be at the same time in juxtaposition.

ART AND ARTISTS.

"THE LAST SPIKE."

The only noteworthy event in the way of art, in San Francisco, during the last month, has been the exhibition of Mr. Thomas Hill's historical picture, commemorating the driving of the last spike in the overland railroad, which, with allowable oratorical license, was said to "have united the Atlantic to the Pacific." The public advent of this picture was heralded in the usual way. Rather unfortunately, for the artist, the fact was liberally advertised that five years of his time had been given to its perfection. When people came, at last, to behold a group of gentlemen, standing with that stiff awkwardness inherent in the male sex upon a railroad track in the midst of the desert, there was an inevitable sense of disappointment. And the reason is plain. Let us grant all that would probably be claimed for the subject—the vast importance of the enterprise just completed; the skill, ability, and energy of the individuals present; the future suggested by the scene. But back

of all this remains the fact that the scene, however interesting in a historical point of view, is not essentially artistic.

Most historical pictures are predestined to be failures. Here and there are exceptions, where events are depicted that are full of intense and tragic movement, suggesting some passion deeply aroused and portrayed at the climax of its force. In such case there is opportunity for artistic posing, for artistic effects which shall bring the spectator into sympathy with the intense feelings suggested by the painting. A battlefield, or some event full of movement, may be a successful theme for a historical painting. And even in such case, the fewer the figures, the more powerful the picture. Now, "The Last Spike" is subject to all these objections. The event was one of great commercial importance, and its celebration was meet and proper. But it contained very little of the artistic element. Large groups of gentlemen, all arrayed in the modern stiff black suit, are not even graceful. There is no appeal to any of the higher passions. There is no action. It is simply a canvas crowded with black coats and pants. The attention, instead of being drawn irresistibly to one center, which is the climax of the scene, is dissipated by a multitude of figures, each of which aims to be a portrait. And candor compels us to admit that many of them are not successful portraits.

When it comes to the landscape part of the picture, Mr. Hill is more at home, and it is here that his best work is done. The alkali soil is admirable, and veritable sagebrush springs from it. A realistic Utah sky hangs over the whole, and in the distance (and it is a very good impression of distance) the mountains show with their tops of snow. In the immediate foreground are some picks, a keg of nails, and the track. These are admirably done. But the feeling aroused by this picture, as a whole, is one of disappointment that the artist had not spent his five years in that field of art with which his best reputation is connected, and to which his own taste as well as his talents naturally incline.

DRAMA AND STAGE.

Wedded by Fate, the maiden drama of Mr. Henry B. McDowell and Captain Edward Field, of San Francisco, was produced at the Baldwin Theater on January 17th, and held the boards for one week and a half. All the town went to see it, and the management reaped a profit of more than a thousand dollars for the first week's performances. Noteworthy, first of all, as a distinct claim by the authors to the rank of dramatists, the play was almost equally interesting for the revelations it effected in other quarters. It compelled "society," for example, which is always afraid to express an opinion that is not the opinion of somebody else, to make a great many ridiculous remarks. It forced the newspapers, which had no cut-and-dried criticisms of the play from Eastern sources at hand, to show on all sides their ignorance of the elementary principles of dramatic art. It taxed the capacities of the Baldwin company to such a lamentable extent, that, whatever the merits of the play, it was plainly beyond *their* powers to do it justice.

But we have more to say in favor of *Wedded by Fate* than that it is a better play than the actors could act or the newspapers appreciate. The diction was excellent, and at times reminded us of the light, but sufficient, touch of the skillful hand of Mr. Henry James, Jr. The action, too, was remarkable for its entire freedom from sensationalism. Every effect, we mean, was a consistent development from the original motives of the play, and was not, as in sensational dramas, introduced for its own sake, or, like a *deus ex machina*, to help out the action. To have avoided this error in a maiden dramatic effort deserves no small credit in a country like America, in which sensationalism in plays, as in many things else, is everywhere cultivated to satisfy the dominant popular taste. That other dramatic nuisance of our day, the tendency to sacrifice a whole play to the exaggerated development of one character, was also fortunately absent; and the success which certain parts of the play in our opinion attained was won by genuinely artistic means.

Here our praise ends. However creditable we may consider much that was done and much that was left undone, we cannot be blind to the fact that the authors of *Wedded by Fate* have produced an uneven piece of work, which in its present state cannot endure. The play makes a wrong beginning, it progresses with unequal power, it ends in an anti-climax, and the development of character which should justify the termination is merely indicated instead of being convincingly wrought out. The authors have clearly failed to perceive that the limits of dramatic art are different from the limits of narrative art. In putting their story on the stage, they have followed the order a novelist might have followed in narrating the same events. But a story, merely because it is told in dialogue and divided into scenes and acts, does not on that account become a drama. Goethe set to work in this fashion when he wrote his first play, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and the result was, that, in spite of much subsequent tinkering, the piece could never be made suitable for the stage. A countryman of Goethe's has since learned to avoid his errors, and in Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* the reader will find as splendid an example of dramatic form as any century has produced. From that work the reader may discover that the author's *sense of the right beginning of the drama* is the keystone of its whole construction. The drama begins *after* the events which supply the motive of the drama have taken place. To depict those events *first* is permissible to the novelist, but the dramatist must begin with action which is already immediately connected with his drama's culmination. Events, therefore, which the novelist may begin by describing, the dramatist must cause (by such means as his ingenuity may devise) to be *narrated*, not acted, after his drama has begun. In this way the spectator is made aware what events underlie and have given rise to the dramatic action, and its progress is thenceforth intelligible.

A brief account of the plot of *Wedded by Fate* will show how much it loses through the want of this strictly

dramatic method. The scene is laid in Venice in 1866. The city is in the hands of the Austrians, toward whom the Italian nobles of the place stand in the relation of suppressed enmity. The play opens at a masked ball. An Austrian colonel, Count von Stettenheim (well acted by Mr. Grismer), and the chief of the Austrian police in Venice, Baron Falkenberg, are present. In the course of conversation Stettenheim, who has no belief in the virtue of women, persuades Falkenberg into a wager that he can insult any lady in the room, and then win her forgiveness within three months. Stettenheim, accordingly, snatches the mask from the face of a lady, who turns out to be the Italian countess, Vittoria Contarini. Her young brother, Marco, at once brands Stettenheim as a scoundrel, a duel is arranged, and the curtain falls. The second scene takes place at Stettenheim's lodgings. Vittoria, in spite of the compromising nature of such a visit in the eyes of the world, calls, and begs Stettenheim to spare the life of her brother in the coming duel, as he is no swordsman. Stettenheim finally consents. The third scene discloses Vittoria and her father at home. Contarini (a conventional father and conventional Italian, atrociously acted) takes leave of Marco, who goes forth with his second, Count Grimani, to fight his duel, but returns unharmed. The three Italians then agree upon a plan of murdering most of the Austrian officers. Baron Falkenberg is to give them a dinner at a certain *café*. There they can be cut off, and the Austrian garrison without them will soon yield. Having heard this, Vittoria determines to save Stettenheim, who had spared her brother. Despairing how to effect this, she hits upon the plan of writing to him to call upon her at the very hour she knows is set for the dinner, and adds that her father and brother will be away. In the next scene—the most powerful one of the play, and sufficient evidence of the authors' abilities—Stettenheim calls. Ignorant of the plot, with his low estimate of women he presumes on the impurity of Vittoria's motive in writing to him. He addresses her accordingly, and is repulsed. The scene becomes a struggle on his part to go away, on hers to detain him, without disclosing her motive, until the hour of the massacre shall have struck. The hour strikes, she explains everything; at the same instant a panel opens, and her father, brother, and Grimani enter with drawn pistols. The dinner had not taken place. They accuse Vittoria of guilt with Stettenheim, and treachery to them. They are on the point of putting an end to Stettenheim, when Falkenberg bursts into the house with a squad of police. The Italians are carried off to prison, but not before Contarini had cursed and cast off forever his daughter. The next scene is at Falkenberg's house. Stettenheim, deeply affected by the self-sacrifice of Vittoria, wishes to put her under the protection of the Baroness Falkenberg. Falkenberg declines to believe Stettenheim's version of Vittoria's conduct, and the request is refused. In the last scene the prisoners are about to be led to execution. Stettenheim has done everything to get them a reprieve, but without success. As a last resort, he gives Vittoria a plan of escape, which she is to communicate to them in prison. Before she can enter, they are led forth to execution, and at the last moment comes a dispatch that Prussia has conquered at Sadowa, Austrian domination of Venice is at an end, and amnesty is extended to all political prisoners. Vittoria and her father are reconciled, and she is given into the arms of Stettenheim.

Here was the opportunity for a powerful drama. But the authors made a wrong beginning. The events of their first scene are not strictly a part of the action of the drama, but prefatory to it. The action properly begins after the insult to Vittoria, arising from the wager, has taken place. The play, therefore, should have opened with the second scene, and the events that preceded should have been narrated. This would have intensified the interest at the outset, and avoided the present appearance of weakness. In like manner the dissipated interest of the last two scenes should have been concentrated. The authors needed every moment of their time to define the transformation in the character of Stettenheim. The opening of the play showed him as a libertine; the end was to disclose in him the spirit of reverence for the purity of womanhood. To effect this, compactness and masterly strokes were necessary; and instead of introducing the Baroness Falkenberg and her pleasant platitudes, the last two scenes should have been reduced to one. The highest praise we can give *Wedded by Fate* is, that it left us with a feeling of surprise at how near it escaped being an excellent play. That a first attempt at dramatic writing should produce even this effect is no small credit to its talented authors. Their aims are so much higher than the general playwright's, and the quality of their work so far above most plays applauded by the American public, that we shall await with interest the appearance of fresh work from their hands.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL,
Kanagawa (Yokohama), Japan, Jan. 14, 1881.

To the Editor of The Californian, San Francisco:

DEAR SIR:—I have been greatly interested in the contents of a few of your issues that have lately fallen under my notice, and am glad to find so able a periodical published on the Pacific Coast, my old home.

Your October number contains an article from the pen of Marie Howland, entitled "Education in Japan," which naturally attracted my attention, as the subject is one of interest to all dwellers in the East. The writer opens with a sweeping denunciation of the ignorance prevailing in the world as to the nomenclature of Japanese islands and cities, and says that "all our writers, without exception, have fallen into gross errors," and that "all our geographies and maps must at once be changed." The leading and unpardonable error in the catalogue is stated to consist in "calling the main island Niphon or Nippon," and she adds: "There is no island having such name. Dai Nippon or Dai Nihon (Great Japan) is the name of the empire—the entire Japanese Archipelago. The official name of the largest island, which we have been taught to call Niphon or Nippon, is Hondo."

This statement having been copied from Griffis, he (Griffis) must be exempted from the charge of falling into the error, and therefore we have one exception among our writers, and *one* at least is not as ignorant as *all* are alleged to be.

Is not the whole criticism, however, a little hypercritical and an unnecessary display of learning? Griffis, whose interesting and excellent work, *The Mikado's Empire*, is, or ought to be, in every library, says that the name of Hondo, as applied by him to the main island, he found in the Military Geography of Japan, published by the War Department in 1872.

One of the most learned scholars in Japan writes me: "Hondo would mean literally 'main land,'—'do' being the Chinese for 'tsuchi' (earth);" and he adds, "But I doubt very much if any Japanese recognizes 'Hondo' or anything else as the name of the main island. Not long ago I read in an English review that all the world knows 'Hon-shin' to be its proper appellation. The truth is that the Japanese never bothered themselves about the question, having already arranged another method of denoting geographical position, and it was only when foreigners teased about the want of a name, that some replied, 'Oh, call it Hondo,' and others said, 'Will Hon-shin do?'" Oyashima, meaning "*the great many islands*," and one of the ancient names of the Japanese realm, I have also heard applied to this island, and so have I often known the natives speak of it as "Nippon," which Mrs. Howland says is so radical an error. So, "the United States" is spoken of, throughout most of the world, as "America," and her citizens as "Americans."

Japan is at present divided into ten large divisions, and these into *fu* and *ken*, and the map published by the War Department in 1877, does not give the name "Hondo" to the main island. I may also add, that another meaning of the word "do," which I have said, in connection with "hon," means probably land, is road, and the different provinces of the empire are now all "do's," which are translated in Mr. Brunton's excellent map, now hanging in my office, as circuits. Thus "Hokai-do," northern sea circuit, being the island of Yezo; "Tokai-do," eastern sea circuit; "Nankai-do," southern sea circuit; "Saikai-do," western sea circuit, etc.

The next error which is said to be misleading our youth is naming on our maps the "Liu Kiu" group of islands "Loo Choo." These islands are written by the Japanese "Riu Kiu," and not "Liu Kiu," as they have no *l* sound in their language; and "Loo Choo," as written by us, is the exact Chinese pronunciation of the name. In all our maps of Europe I think it will be found that "Bruxelles" is called "Brussels," "Wien" "Vienna," "Firenze" "Florence," etc., and yet no one has thought the error fatal to education in America.

"The name of the old capital of Japan," says your contributor, "is 'Kioto,' not 'Miako,' miako being a common noun." Well, so is kioto a common noun, the one being Japanese and the latter Chinese, and both meaning simply capital, or chief city. "The Miako" was the designation of the city for a long time. which was finally displaced by "Kioto," its Chinese equivalent. When, however, "Yedo" was named "Tokio"—eastern capital—"Kioto" was officially designated "Saikio," or western capital, but now, the only capital being Tokio, the name of Kioto is again used to designate the old imperial city and the *fu*, of which it s a part. "Hokodadi," she says, "should be Hokodate." I am charitable enough to believe this to be a misprint, as no such place as "Hokodate" exists in Japan. It is Hakodate.

Coming to education, the writer states the number of schools in Japan to be 5,429—3,630 of which are public and 1,799 private, and the number of pupils, 338,463 males and 109,637 females. It is not clear of what time she is writing, but if of the present, her figures are entirely erroneous. In a late voluminous report upon "Labor in Japan," which I had the honor to make to my government, I gave the figures taken from the report of the Minister of Education for the year 1879, as follows:

"Number of elementary schools.....	25,479
Number of teachers.....	59,825
Number of school population 5,251,807	
Number of pupils.....2,066,566	

"The per cent. of pupils to school population, therefore, seems to be about 39.3. There are 389 schools of a higher grade, with 910 teachers and 20,522 scholars, and also 96 normal schools, with 766 teachers and 7,949 students, and two (so called) universities. The whole amount of school expenditure was 5,364,870 yen, of which 2,640,629 yen were paid in salaries, the salary of each teacher being an average of 44 yen 72 sen a year," a sum hardly sufficient to secure competent services in the United States.

Mrs. Howland states that the Emperor and Empress of Japan take great interest in the new system of education, and that the latter lately visited a girls' school in Yezo and had her photograph taken in a group with the two Dutch ladies, who have charge of the school. The Empress has never been at Yezo, the incident referred to having taken place at a school at Shiba, in Tokio.

"It does seem lamentable," continues your contributor, "that the Japanese, with their intense desire to acquire European science, should not be able to secure teachers who have mastered the language, but this is well nigh impossible."

To procure competent teachers is not impossible, and indeed is not difficult. The chief difficulty with the Japanese, in all kinds of education, is their vanity and disinclination to steady, continuous application. They learn rapidly, and quickly come to believe they have acquired everything worth knowing, and their foreign teachers and assistants are gotten rid of as soon as possible. The well known incident of the steamer in Kobe harbor, which had dispensed with her foreign engineer, is an illustration. The native engineer (so the story goes) started the engines, but could not stop them, and the pilot was obliged to run the vessel in a circle until a foreigner could board her and bring her to. It must not be understood from this that I undervalue the ability, quickness, and capacity of the people of Japan. They have accomplished too much to have either questioned, and their many amiable and estimable qualities have raised up friends in all parts of the world. "The Japanese Government," it is added, "appears to be generous in the matter of salaries to foreign teachers. The circular of our Bureau of Education," she continues, "from which most of the facts of the paper are taken, does not give the salaries of the foreign teachers at Yedo. As it is the capital, no doubt they are higher than at Yokohama, where they are from $600 to $4,200 a year."

Passing by the fact stated by the writer at the beginning of her article, that the name "'Yedo' for the cap-

ital had not been used either officially or popularly in Japan since 1868," the designation in use being Tokio, I desire to say that there are no foreign teachers employed by the government at Yokohama, and I think there never has been one there paid at the rate of $4,200 a year. No such salaries are now paid by the government, with the exception, perhaps, of to one or two professors in Tokio; and, as I have said, competent, skillful, and experienced men are constantly being discharged. No less than fourteen at once were, a few days since, discharged from the Engineering Department alone, leaving all its affairs in the hands of youths who, however excellent as students, cannot be expected to, and certainly do not, have that practical acquaintance with the science which has been gained by their teachers in an experience of from ten to twenty-five years.

There are other statements in the article which I should like to notice, but this paper has grown to too great length. The changes being wrought in Japan are, as all know, wonderful, and many of them are undoubtedly improvements.

As popular education becomes more and more extended, we may look for an increased appreciation of practical knowledge and of reforms in many things yet foul with Eastern immorality.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. B. VAN BUREN.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LETTERS OF WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. 1769–1791. Translated, from the collection of Ludwig Nohl, by Lady Wallace. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. For sale in San Francisco at Gray's Music Store.

The letters of this man of genius, from his boyhood to maturity, whose phenomenal development is without parallel in the history of music, will always command the interest of a world-wide circle of readers. Born at Salzburg, January 17, 1756, he evinced at the age of three years an extraordinary love and aptitude for music, and soon began to compose little melodies which his delighted father noted down. His father, an excellent musician and composer, devoted himself with untiring assiduity to the development of his son's remarkable gifts. By the time Wolfgang was six years old, his career as a musical prodigy was fairly begun. From that time forth his life for years was made up of a succession of visits to all the principal cities of Europe, where the most distinguished reception invariably awaited him, and everybody, from crowned heads downward, listened with delight to his playing, his improvisation, and his compositions. After seven years of this life, in the midst of which his studies were continually prosecuted, his father took him to Italy in December, 1769. At this point the letters in these volumes, which cover a period of twenty-two years, begin. Most of them are addressed to his father and are written with the minuteness and regularity of a journal. They contain not only a statement of his daily occupation, his hopes and aspirations, but also many suggestions and criticisms of interest both to the amateur and the professional musician. The letters are divided into six parts. Part I consists principally of letters addressed to his sister during his visits to Italy. There Wolfgang, who was just entering his fifteenth year, perfected himself in the Italian language, having previously devoted himself assiduously to the study of Latin and the composition of masses. His great ambition was to write Italian operas. The letters of this period are written in true boyish style, amid the exuberant enjoyment of new scenes, and with the spirit of awakening genius, although they give evidence also of a judgment and intelligence beyond his years. It is remarkable that he preserved to the end of his life much of this child-like ingenuousness and playful fancy, which is so marked a characteristic of his pure and exquisite melodies. Parts II and III cover an important period in Mozart's life. He was now twenty-one years old, and had been for five years in the service of an unappreciative and tyrannical prince, without opportunities for the expansion of his musical plans or the full development of his artistic ambition. His father felt that the time had come for his son to take a higher position and seek in other places a juster appreciation of his talents. Permission to accompany him was denied the father by the prince in whose service he was, and Wolfgang started out with his mother. He visited Munich, Augsburg, Mannheim, Paris, where his mother died. Part IV contains his letters from Munich, to which city he returned after a period of seclusion in Salzburg devoted to unremitting industry. A succession of grand instrumental compositions were the fruits of this period, two masses, the splendid music of "Kœnig Thamos" and the operetta *Zaide*. In parts V and VI we come to details of the culmination of a life of struggle. These letters cover the period of his residence at Vienna, his married life, and the successive production of his greatest works, *Nozze de Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and finally his sublime *Requiem*. The worriment of pecuniary difficulties, combined with his delicate organization, then broke down his health; and on December 5, 1791, when not yet thirty-six years old, in the flower of his age and at the hight of his artistic work, he died and was buried in an unknown grave.

NESTLENOOK. By Leonard Kip, author of *Œnone*, *Under the Bells*, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A summer afternoon story, redolent of lotus flowers, and breathing a spirit of *dolce far niente*, with the feeblest thread of plot woven through, is a fair summary of Mr. Kip's latest work. It appears as one of the Knickerbocker Novels, which have been, heretofore, characterized as strong, vigorous romances, as witness the "Breton Mills" and "The Leavenworth Case," and possibly marks a new departure, or an appeal to a different class of readers. Silas Vickerage, the narrator of the story, is on his way to the river country of New York, in search of the house where he was born, and which he had left when a mere child. He makes the

acquaintance of John Bayard, the dweller in Nestle-nook, whom he subsequently discovers to be his cousin —Vickerage himself being the rightful owner of Nestle-nook, having descended from the family ghost, one Petrus Bayard, an elder brother of John Bayard's ancestor. Of course, Vickerage and his sister, Grace, who, being dead in the early chapters, reappears in the latter, do not disturb Bayard's possession; but, on the wedding morning of a still later generation, whom we have not mentioned, deed the property to the Bayards; and everything is peaceable. The faults of Mr. Kip's work are few but grievous. The book is tedious and commonplace, not at all up to the standard which Mr. Kip's earlier writings showed that he had set for himself. It seems a pity, too, if trifles are of any consequence, that the author should be led into so careless a use of language, as to write "on either arm" [p. 74] when he meant "on each arm." *Per contra*, for the admirers of the Ik Marvel style of writing, this book is not without its charm. The descriptions of Hudson scenery are lazily, dreamily beautiful—the quiet satire upon the Studlum will case and "Facias on Adjournments" is appreciable—but the book, on the whole is decidedly disappointing—leaves, not fruit.

MEFISTOFELE. Opera, in four acts. By Arrigo Boito. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. For sale in San Francisco at Gray's Music Store.

This opera was the musical sensation of the last London season. It is the leading novelty this winter at all the principal theaters of Germany, and it has recently been performed with success in New York. It is another attempt to make the story of Goethe's great poem the basis of an opera; but we fear that the efforts of Boito are not destined to meet with the same enduring success as those of Gounod. The Italian has certainly made original use of his materials. He begins with the prologue in heaven; the first act ends with the compact between Faust and Mephistopheles; the second act begins with the garden scene, and ends with Faust and Mephistopheles visiting the witches of the Brocken; the third act makes them witness the death of Gretchen in prison; the fourth transplants them to the vale of Tempe, and, following the second part of *Faust*, introduces Helen and the night of the classical Sabbath. Finally, in the epilogue, Faust dies a true believer, and Mephistopheles loses the wager he had made in the prologue with the Deity. In presenting these scenes the composer has signally failed to give his work dramatic unity. The scenes are simply strung together. The music does not seem to us to betray any remarkable power of melodic invention. If Gounod's Mephistopheles fell far below the conception of Goethe, this is still more strikingly the case with Boito's. His Mefistofele is a bombastic character without depth or dignity.

MISS PARLOA'S NEW COOK BOOK. A Guide to Marketing and Cooking. By Maria Parloa. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

To those captious people who cannot see the subtile appropriateness of reviewing a cook book in a literary magazine, it is necessary to say that there is a great deal in the Chinese theory which locates the seat of intellectual power in the stomach. There is a school of pessimists who think that literature is on the decline. If they shall succeed in establishing their deductions, it will be then in order for them to consider how far this decline is due to the fact that our mothers and grandmothers—what cooks they were, to be sure!—have abdicated their culinary functions in favor of the latter-day, irresponsible, irrepressible, and un-teachable servant-girl. What plentiful dyspepsia is the result; what soured, unlovely dispositions; what divine melancholy transmuted to indigestion; what inspiration untimely checked by the uncooked biscuit that lies like a weight; what poetry, what music, what art, have been forever lost to the world—all this the world will never know. Sensible of the responsibilities which she assumes, Miss Parloa comes to the front to stay the degeneracy of the human race. And she should be welcomed as a public benefactress. The study of this work should be made compulsory. From every kitchen should come the delicate fragrance of chocolate *éclairs;* while a thousand dainty aproned figures should bend over Miss Parloa's book to solve the mystery of *omelette soufflé*. Miss Parloa is the Principal of the Boston School of Cooking, and is well qualified for this work of regeneration. Her book is full of simple recipes, and the last excuse for poor cooking is finally unavailing.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE; or, The Slave of Duty. Comic Opera, in two acts. Written by W. S. Gilbert. Composed by Arthur Sullivan. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. For sale in San Francisco at Gray's Music Store.

The words and music of *Pinafore's* successor are at last published, and will doubtless find their way at once into scores of musical households, where they are sure to give much innocent delight. The English-speaking world owes Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan a large debt of gratitude for supplying it with a wholesome form of comic opera in place of the questionable *opéra bouffe*. The *Pirates* has not the charming freshness of *Pinafore*. The fun of its plot is frequently forced and spoiled by mannerisms and extravagance. The music, too, is not always happily inspired. But it would be unreasonable to demand a success as marked as *Pinafore* after so brief an interval, and we must be thankful for what we have got.

JUDGE AND JURY. A Popular Explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land. By Jacob Vaughn Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

This work, although not a professional treatise, as its title would indicate, is written in the full knowledge of legal science. It is more a narrative of facts gathered from actual decisions than a consideration or discussion of abstract legal principles. Its range is wide, touching as it does upon matters of moment and every-day interest, which are liable to come before the State and national tribunals. As a book of reference it is valuable, and, notwithstanding the inference to be drawn from its title, it contains much interesting, and even entertaining, reading matter. Merchants, farmers, travelers, and even the ladies will find much in it to repay them for its perusal, and the hints and suggestions which it contains are worthy of careful consideration by all who desire to keep out of legal toils.

HOW I FOUND IT NORTH AND SOUTH. Together with Mary's Statement. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey & Co.

The author of this book, who calls himself by the euphonious name of David Bias, is to be congratulated upon having discovered something new under the sun; namely, how to fill three hundred pages of print with a

history of farming in Massachusetts, which cannot be of any possible interest to any one outside the author and his immediate family. He gives the reader various extracts from his annual balance-sheets to show how much he made, and how he made it. And that is about all. Subsequently he goes to Florida to engage in orange culture, but chills and fever are too many for him, and he comes North again, and there his portion of the book ends. Then Mary, his wife, takes up the wondrous tale, and narrates, for the last hundred pages, how she and David fell in love with each other, and were married; and how David was chosen highway surveyor at town meeting, and then some more balance-sheet; and how their son George, who had been *learned (sic)* by other boys to smoke straws, set the barn on fire; and how they sold the place and moved away; and then she gets tired and stops. And the luckless reader, after all, can only wonder why David and Mary did not stop before they began. Their joint effort is utterly purposeless, rambling, and inconclusive, and leads the reader to wonder why a publisher would be bold enough to undertake such a production. Two things, however, can be said for the book. The typography is excellent, and the binding neat and substantial. Great advances have been made, of late years, in these two arts; and in these respects this little book reflects credit alike upon printer and binder. Would we could say as much for the authors, but the eternal verities sternly forbid it.

OUTCROPPINGS.

QUEEN OF THE ANGELS.

Nuestra Senora, Reina de los Angeles.

Our Lady, Queen of the Angels,
That rulest the valley of bliss,
The saints and the holy evangels
Salute thee to-night with a kiss.

Most favored of all the immortals—
Lo, what doth Thy Majesty lack?
Saint Peter stands guard at thy portals,
Saint Gabriel waits at their back.

Saint Monica, child of the ocean,
Most youthful, and winsome, and fair,
Makes the end of her every devotion
To beguile thee of wish or care.

And Barbara, blessed hand-maiden,
Stays but for thy royal command,
And she sendeth a cloud, rain-laden,
To water the teeming land.

Francisco, the friar of gray orders,
His benison sends from afar,
And the saints that dwell over the borders
Most faithful of servitors are.

Diego contributes his portion
To make thy enjoyment complete;
And Buenaventura, good fortune,
Doth ever repose at thy feet.

Bernardino, the monk of the mountains,
Makes humble obeisance as well,
And the patron of rivers and fountains
Hath come to thy valley to dwell.

And I doubt not, fair Queen, if another—
Saint Benedict—dwelt in this land,
Unable his passion to smother,
He'd proffer his heart and his hand.

O Queen! I bow down before thee
Allegiance unfailing to prove;
'Midst the mortals and saints who adore thee,
I offer my tribute of love.

For aye be our Lady Queen regnant
In this land of the orange and vine,
Where the sun shineth ever benignant,
And where Nature is all but divine;
Where the bee stores its crystalline treasure,
The mockingbird pipes the day long,
And where life is as smooth as the measure
That runs through the poet's song.

And our Lady, Queen of the Angels,
That rulest the valley of bliss,
The saints and the holy evangels
Salute thee to-night with a kiss.

WM. A. SPALDING.

A FOREIGN FORAY.

Not as Cook's guerrilla bands of wholesale sight-seers, nor as the hurried slave of business eager to return to his ledger, did Cash and I invade Europe. Rather might we be compared to the helmeted Germans, who, through aid of maps and plans, knew every foot of ground in France before they traversed its fair fields. So it happened that while ours was a condensed edition of the foreign tour, yet into our three months' college vacation we compressed many times the average quota of incident and observation, and more than bird's-eye views of the most alluring parts of England, France, and Germany.

That neither bridge nor balloon transported us over the water will be readily surmised; and that the monotonous record of a sea voyage forms interesting reading is often assumed, but rarely is the expectation realized. Let it be taken for granted, therefore, that we had the usual qualms caused by bidding farewell to one's native land and by the violence of the ocean's heavings, and picked up the usual stock of undigested nautical phrases. In days when all are athirst for novelty, it cannot even be supposed that anybody is curious about the docks or smoke of grimy Liverpool, which is so much like any American sea-port. Rather does interest center on quaint Chester, only an hour away by rail, yet quite off the beaten track of transatlantic travel. Behold the embodiment of ancient England—a town of the middle ages preserved intact like the cities buried by Vesuvius. No wonder this impersonation of the antique was enchanted ground to the Salem weaver of weird romances and to the modern passionate pilgrim enraptured at setting foot where a storied past gives scope to

the imagination. But poet and artist, as well as the browsing antiquarian attracted by mold and cobweb, would delight to linger about the ivy-clad ruins of the cloistered priory where the mediæval monks kept vigil, and the bats and owls are now the tenants; or to promenade for a mile or so along the sturdy walls, which, like an unending fortification, encircle the city, and note the occasional towers built by Briton and Saxon, and the crumbling masonry which tells of the victorious Twentieth Legion of the Romans. The sixteenth century addresses you from the fantastic gables, the crossed iron girders, the scarred and carved fronts of half-timbered houses steeped in age, yet little changed by tooth of time.

Talk of hanging gardens and elevated railways, but here you have a street in the air. Ascending a steep staircase, you reach the higher levels, where you may walk on a pavement composed of the line of pillar-supported canopies that shade the shops below. On this extended piazza you may stroll as on the deck of a vessel, past show windows of establishments whose display of varied wares indicate that trade has not been entirely stifled by the shifting sands of the adjacent River Dee. Could you see no more of England, you might now depart contented, for where will you find any single town which concentrates so much that is typical of the country? But, as an impetuous American, can you conceive of such a sin of omission as a failure to make a pilgrimage to the spot which is the center of attraction to your countrymen, eager to approach the home of the world's master dramatist? What wonder that to Stratford-on-the-Avon you urgently speed to see the bust of Shakspere which characterizes him as the trim, robust, round-faced, mellow looking Englishman of his period, instead of the Italian of long, curling locks and classic mold embodied in the current portraits; to roam about the relic-laden hulk of a house where he was born; to pluck a leaf from the scion of the mulberry tree he planted about his later home so recently unearthed; to accept a sprig of lavender from the garden of Anne Hathaway's cottage, and perchance hear the warblings of the lark whose throbbing notes our South Sea idylist has echoed in Shelley's most entrancing vein!

Being now in the heart of "merrie England," as the thick-set hedges and the flowery paths betoken, we can take the finest walk in the kingdom, toward the three spires of Coventry. There an accommodating red-coat, whose tiny cap miraculously fails to fall off his capacious head, leads us through the winding streets and past the odd-looking houses. Not only the alcoved images of Peeping Tom, but innumerable pictures in the shop-windows, silk-worked book-marks for which the place is famous, and queer pamphlets thrust into our hands, continually remind of the legend of Godiva preserved in the chiseled verse of Tennyson. Our scarlet-breasted soldier shows us the way to Leamington, the most fashionable spa in England, but we are less allured by its rejuvenating waters than by the distant turrets of Warwick Castle, that looks on Bosworth Field, where the hump-backed Richard fell, and is said to be not only the best preserved castle in England, but the only one still occupied by the lineal descendants of the original possessors. At Kenilworth; so near the home of the king-making earl, nought remains of the scenes of Elizabethan pageantry save adobe ruins. In their shadow the fruit-women offer gooseberry balloons, and luscious monster strawberries which almost eclipse the Californian favorites.

But magnetic powers are reserved for the domes and cupolas, towers and steeples, that arise with oriental frequency from Oxford's gray, massive, moss-covered structures of stone, half castles, half cathedrals. Lingeringly we make the tour of these clusters of colleges, over-loaded with grotesque carvings, which adorn the weather-stained walls and the ornate gateways that open into courts and quadrangles and lead to pleasant groves for academic walks and broad meadows, whence the boat houses come into view. A patriotic porter, in whom the payment of the Alabama claims is a rankling thought, crows over the recent defeat of the Harvard crew. A "fellow" deep in local and traditional lore, who still haunts the deserted halls of learning, shows us the less obvious treasures of the place, not forgetting to call our attention to the picture of commemoration day in the olden time. The Bodleian, with its horn-books and parchments, and models of the historic buildings of Europe, gives us a foretaste of the precious literary accumulations of labyrinthine London. In that human hive we met Hyacinth, another collegiate wanderer, who said:

"You are fresh from the cosy provincial inns. You will pay high for discomfort if you follow the popular hotel current. Come with me to one of those private hotels near the Thames. You will be away from the region of fashion, but you will be in the center of the city, with all the sights you care for close at hand."

But we suggest that, grammar aside, he is our Mutual Friend; then what does he mean by guiding us to the resorts of desperate characters, the murky river-side?

"Oh, you musn't forget," he laughed, "that all that is changed, since the Thames embankment, with its broad walk and granite piers, is the bulwark of our liberties. Why, it is the safest part of the metropolis."

So we lived in retirement in the focus of bustle, and sallied forth past crumbling Temple Bar to the dingy Inns of Court, Fleet Street, and the Strand—in fact, to all the historic spots of the neighborhood. We could even penetrate into the interesting lanes, alleys, and by-ways which Boz has fixed in popular memory, and Mayhew has photographed in his minute accounts of the London street-folk; for at every hand we were guarded and guided by the vigilant policemen, whose bearing and actions protest against the caricatures of *Punch* and the burlesques of Gilbert. They have stores of information, which they are glad to communicate, and are not devoid of sentiment, if we might judge from a representative of the force, who seemed utterly over-awed by his surroundings in the gardens of the Temple. Out of the novelist's pages he seemed to have stepped, as, with light tread, bated breath, and much bemoaning of his ignorance of history, he pointed out the resting-place of Goldsmith and the alleged wooing-chair of one of the Henrys.

We were untiring in the exploration of unending London, footing it through the mazes of interminable thoroughfares, indulging in omnibus views of people and places, or directing our summons to that swiftest of conveyances, the hansom-cab, with the master of the ribbons perched behind almost like a footman; and penetrating whither we could be carried by underground railway, or black puffing ferry-boat, bridge, tunnel, subway, or viaduct. "Here you are at last," remarked one of my companions, "in the home of the misplaced 'h,' in the capital of the land of ale and roast-beef, where your biscuits are muffins, your pies are tarts, and your candies are sweets; your popcorn and mixed drinks but ac-

climatized, your steak belittled by the chop, your hotel system barely introduced, while 'tips' and chambermaids flourish. Here pea-soup fog turns day into night, children are buried beneath tall silk hats, lawyers still put on wigs when they plead, and everybody on promenade wears a rose-bud in his button-hole. Then, what are these facts I read gathered by the grim masters of figures? Here are 7,000 miles of streets spread out over an area of nearly 700 miles; here there is a birth every 5 minutes, a death every 8 minutes, and 7 accidents every day; and here there may be found beer-shops and gin palaces that would stretch over 73 miles. Here are 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in port every day; here are 9,000 new houses built every year, and 238,000,000 letters delivered; here are 117,000 habitual criminals on the police register, and paupers enough to fill a large city. The food supply for one year has been whimsically calculated to require 72 miles of oxen, 10 abreast; 120 miles of sheep, *ditto;* 7 miles of calves, *ditto;* 9 miles of pigs, *ditto;* 50 acres of poultry, close together; 20 miles of hares and rabbits, 100 abreast; a pyramid of loaves of bread, 600 feet square and thrice the hight of St. Paul's, whose summit is as many feet above the ground as the year has days; and 1,000 columns of hogsheads of beer, each a mile high. Here are over 4,000,000 of inhabitants, including 100,000 foreigners from every part of the globe. Here they have more Roman Catholics than Rome, more Jews than Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, and more thieves than—Chicago." To which might be added that London contains a reading-room whose rotunda is rivaled in diameter only by the Pantheon at Rome, a library and museum covering seven acres of ground, and wherein rest the Rosetta stone, the Elgin marbles, and over 800,000 volumes, perhaps the largest collection of books and manuscripts in the world, a concert hall which holds nearly 10,000 persons, and not a monument of Shakspere! Enough to notice in this center of the club-houses, with its promenaders of the Zoo and its mounted aristocracy of Rotten Row, its crown jewels amid the glittering armor and gloomy cells of that royal dungeon, the Tower; its book-sellers' focus in Paternoster Row; its memories of the learned in Mitre Court and innumerable *cul-de-sacs*, by-ways, and ancient buildings; its haunts of the litigant in Chancery Lane and Doctors' Commons; its mausoleum of the illustrious dead of the nation; its crystal palace where the sculpture and architecture and natural productions of the world are illustrated by models and specimens; its botanic gardens where the foliage of the tropics flourishes; its Albert memorial, whose gothic spire rises from the midst of huge marble figures symbolic of the countries of the world, and surmounts bas-relief carvings of the renowned men of the centuries. But for columns, obelisks, and fountains, it is necessary to see whirling Paris—say from the triumphal arch *(de l'Etoile)*, whence radiate the tree-lined avenues in stellar magnificence. Here you are in the city of *cafés* and *boulevards*, of elysian fields and summer gardens, where the illuminating agency consists of suspended festoons of tiny white lamps, whose splendor suggests the Arabian Nights. Yon is the Latin Quarter of the students, not far off the "suffering quarter," where burrow the blousards of the Commune and the barricades. Here you sip your morning chocolate at a creamery, or at noon are served by nun-like attendants at the broth-houses, or indulge in a siphon of raspberry syrup or aerated water, if you are willing to startle the waiter by saying, "No wine." You take the successive trains of the circular railways, which carry you completely around this embodiment of France, resting in a vast amphitheater inclosed by sturdy hills, although the stationary panorama of Paris will reveal all this to you with the fidelity of a mirror. If you are tired of the treasures of the imperial library, or the conservatory of arts and measures, you may find relief in the splendor of the palaces at Versailles. If you have wandered long enough through the endless galleries of the Louvre, you may rest in the purple light thrown into the vault, which is Napoleon's tomb, or gaze at the overcarved front of Notre Dame. Here are objects of interest multiplying on every hand—the sewers which Jean Valjean penetrated, the morgue for the morbid, the markets, and the laundries, and the toy-makers headquarters. Fiction's spell will induce you to particularly note the rag-pickers and the street-gamins, and to peep into the wine-shops to see if still, as of yore, you can find women in charge knitting names for the guillotine; but instead you will observe the colored liquors and the fantastic bottles pictured in the realistic novels of the day. Then you may visit the Garden of Plants, where we met a Canadian comrade, fresh from the exploration of Italy, under guidance of the American humorists, who could not refrain from quoting Bret Harte's "Ballad of the Emu," as, turning from the bear-cage, we note the antics of the strange birds of far lands, and watch the school-children out for a holiday.

But we leave this home of the butterfly-chasers to take a sail along the Rhine, which is muddier, narrower, and less romantic in natural surroundings, than the Hudson, but offsets all with castles and legends. There our poetical guides, Byron, Heine, and Longfellow, were more often consulted than Baedeker or the fat-witted peasant, who, after a breakfast of black bread and blacker coffee, led us to the Seven Mountains which turned out to be nothing but hillocks. In these primitive villages the barber announces his execrable scraping by the cymbals of the brass band, nailed to his door; and the national sausage is moistened with wine from the hillsides. Deeper in the interior, beer and pretzels and pipe-smoke reign. But of the closing scenes of our trip, mere outlines can be here given. At Heidelberg we see the most picturesque of sites for the most romantic of *terra-cotta* castles, the box-like buildings of the university, the wreathed inn of the duelists, and the giant tun of the topers; at Frankfort we note Goethe's statue and the sculptured Ariadne; at Leipsic, the fair and the book-publishing houses, the Napoleonic battle-fields, and the shabby-genteel students of Barefoot Hill; at Berlin, the spiked hemlet and the column of victory; at Brussels, a miniature Paris; at home—the old faces.

THANNA.

HOW HE LIVED SO LONG.

For several years past I have had living with me an old negro, a very industrious and faithful servant, but quite illiterate and exceedingly superstitious. Having formerly been a sailor and navigated every sea, and a miner in the early days of California, he has a store of information, some real and some imaginary, on very many subjects. Fact and fiction, however, are so curiously mingled, his notions about things are apt to be so grotesquely different from the generally received

views, his mispronunciation so droll—in short, he comes out so strong in such unexpected places—that he affords a constant fund of entertainment. A few days ago some one had been telling him the predictions of a French astrologer, who has been prophesying the almost entire destruction of animal life on the earth by 1887 from pestilence and famine. He recounted the story to me with much solemnity, and at the end he said:

"I 'specks it's true, for there's a great many more folks dyin' now than there used to be."

Although I had not observed any such marked increase in the death-rate, I ventured the remark that perhaps he was right, as I had noticed many dying this year that never died before. The joke was stale enough. It answered the purpose, however, and he replied, with considerable emphasis:

"That's so." Then he asked me: "How long is it since Columbus discovered America?"

"Almost four hundred years."

"Fo' hundred years!" said he, in a half musing, half questioning sort of manner. "I 'specks there's no pusson livin' now that was alive in them days."

I thought not.

"Well," he continued, "I knowed the fust man that ever was born'd in America."

"Where was that?"

"Oh, back in the States, in New Hampshire, when I was a boy."

"Was he an Indian?"

"Oh, no; he was a white man."

"What kind of looking man was he?"

"A little, old, withered-up man."

"I should think he would have been very feeble."

"Oh, no. He was mighty spry—spryer than a good many young pussons."

"How did he live?"

"Oh, he lived off the Gov'ment: he had a Gov'ment office."

H. W. T.

A MONTH AGO.

"Où sont les neiges d'autan."

I was all Love's and yours a month ago.
A month—no more?—a little month since this
Great joy put forth its deep red bloom of bliss?
The full-blown blossom of thy lips to kiss
Had heaven been to me a month ago.

Thou wert a sovereign queen a month ago—
A queen of boundless and unquestioned power,
And I thy fettered slave. Thy body's flower
Perfumed the breath I drew. Ah, woe's the hour
You stepped down from your throne a month ago.

A goddess I adored a month ago,
Before all things on earth or e'en above—
For thou to me wert Hope, and Faith, and Love.
Ah, goddess, why to earth from heaven move
And be of clay like us? Woe is me!—woe!

What more! 'Tis a long time—a month ago.
The goddess altarless, without a throne
The queen, the slave unfettered—shall I moan
Such change? Ah, no! I am no more Love's own,
But life is sweeter than a month ago.

Days dawn and close, and loves will come and go.
Thou lov'dst me then—I thee. Lips drank before
Will drink the bliss yours held, still hold in store,
For him—for me—for them; but love no more
Will you and I love as a month ago.

MAX MALT.

LIGHT A SYMBOL OF PROGRESS.

"The use that man makes of light in his material environment," says the author of *Solutions Sociales*, "is an index to his moral and spiritual development." Few people of reflective habits will question the truth of the aphorism. Among all the cities and villages the world over we find that those which are the best lighted are the most advanced in institutions of art and learning; and that, in any given city, ignorance and crime are most prevalent in the dark or ill-lighted streets; learning and moral order in the best lighted portions. The lowest creatures of the animal kingdom live in the dark caverns of the earth or of the sea. Birds and the higher quadrupeds rejoice in the full light of day. The "primitive man," the troglodyte, dwelt in dark caves, and the lowest savages of the present time shelter themselves in caves or windowless huts and sleep a great deal of the time. The lowest grades of civilized humanity live in hovels without windows worthy of the name, and, having little or no artificial light, go to sleep at dusk like the beasts.

It has been said, and by many believed, that crime is increasing instead of decreasing. This cannot be true. The amount of crime in earlier times was unrecorded; only striking cases were brought to light and handed down to posterity. To-day the police records of a century, at least, are open to the curious in all large cities where organized and trained police forces are supported by the commonwealth. The daily press, the telegraph, the telephone, and steam locomotion are the servants of the police in ferreting out the haunts of crime and bringing offenders to justice. If we seem to have more crime in these days it is because it cannot hide itself as it could in the ages significantly called "dark."

A grand impulse has been given to the intellectual progress of the world by the discovery and use of illuminating gas and by the abundance and cheapness of kerosene, now used all over the civilized world. The improved kerosene lamp with a tubular burner, permitting a current of air inside as well as outside of the wick, gives a splendid, unflickering white light, better for the eyes, on the whole, than the common gas light. The current of cold air through the center of the burner prevents the heating of the lamp and the danger of explosion. Moreover, the little ring with its safety-valve to screw on below the burner costs but a few cents, and it renders explosion impossible, even with cheap kerosene. With kerosene at twelve cents a gallon—the present price—and a good lamp and burner for one dollar or less that will last for years, families in very modest circumstances can afford good lights for every room of the house. The great impulse that these increased facilities for light must give to reading and study can be readily perceived. This impulse is specially notable in the northern countries of Europe—northern Russia, Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Iceland—where the long, poorly lighted nights of former times induced an amount of sleep unnecessary to health and stupefying to the intellect.

St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Christiana—capitals of Russia, Sweden, and Norway—all lie on or near the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, and the longest night there is about twenty-two hours long; while in Iceland and the northern parts of the countries just named, the sun disappears altogether or just peeps over the horizon once in twenty-four hours during a great part of winter. Yet these countries are rapidly advancing in education

and general refinement. Common schools, schools of music, painting, carving, and other arts, flourish during the long, well lighted winter nights that used to be devoted to games, rude songs, drinking, and story telling around the huge hearths where great logs of fir and pine blazed and crackled. "Ah! those good old times!" sighs the gray old Swede or Norwegian who sees the utter destruction of moral order and religion in the innovations of modern times.

In these changes, which are for the better, despite the croaking of the dear old octogenarians, no one factor is of so great importance as the increase of artificial light, rendered possible by the advent of kerosene oil. Great quantities of this are being shipped to foreign ports from this country. A gentleman employed in the clearance department of the Philadelphia custom-house mentioned in a recent conversation that a ship had just left that port freighted with *ten thousand barrels* of kerosene; and that millions upon millions of gallons are yearly sent from that port alone to Bremen, Antwerp, Hamburg, Dunkerque, to ports on the Gulf of Bothnia, and indeed to nearly all the ports of the world.

There is one curious fact touching the long retarded moral and intellectual development of semi-civilized peoples—its remarkable rapidity upon receiving the proper stimulus from outside; for when engendered within its own boundaries this stimulus is slower in action, and more gradual in effecting practical results. Witness the case of Japan—a country set down on our maps as "half-civilized." This country within a few years has established schools for teaching Western science; sent hundreds of students to Europe and America to be educated; built railroads, telegraphs; established the newspaper, adopted Western customs and Western institutions by wholesale, as it were, and fairly astonished the civilized world by the rapidity of its moral and intellectual progress. But the Japanese were always a light-loving people, and the homes even of the poorer classes, though built in a frail and bandboxy style, at least to Western eyes, were never without openings to admit the sun's rays and the fresh air; while the homes of the poor, even in civilized France, show a terrible condition in this respect. Windows are taxed in France, and, therefore, the government statistics afford us accurate knowledge upon this point. In 1870 there were in that country three hundred thousand thatched cottages having only a single door and no windows—one or two little panes of glass hidden in the thickness of the clay walls, and serving scarcely more than to make the "darkness visible" within, not being counted by the revenue laws; one million eight hundred thousand dwellings with two openings, one door and one window; one million five hundred thousand, having three openings, one door and two windows. There are many other houses having a door and three windows, or four openings. Out of the seven million five hundred thousand homes of France, more than four million five hundred thousand have less than five openings—cabins and thatched cots in which dwell nearly two-thirds of the entire population!

It would be interesting to have like statistics of England, Germany, Italy, Spain, the United States—all countries, indeed; for "other things being equal," as the phrenologists say, it would be found that the smaller the proportion of mean dwellings with few openings, the greater the amount of light among the people, literally and figuratively.

During the middle ages, the cabins of peasants and serfs were without windows or lattices, as a rule; and the feudal castle itself, though constructed with a certain luxury, and of the strongest and most durable materials, had no windows worthy of the name—only narrow openings through the heavy stone walls, the width being specially designed to prevent the passage of a man's body; for the business of life, of the nobles at least, was besieging or defending strongholds. The first impression of the tourist, upon entering any of the old feudal castles, is that of wonder that the people could have lived in such somber abodes. All the houses of the nobles in the middle ages had the same miserable windows. Joscelin de Brakelonde says that the Abbot of Bury, in the year 1182, while lodging in a grange or manor house belonging to his abbey, came near being burned to death, because the only door leading to the upper story where he was was locked, and the windows being too narrow to permit his escape.

Window-glass was first manufactured in England in the fifteenth century, and, of course, up to that time, glazed windows must have been a luxury beyond the reach of all but the opulent. The window openings were naturally made small to facilitate warmth. Lattice-work, or frames covered with thin fabric, permitted some light to enter in summer and mild weather; but in severe weather, thicker and less translucent material had to be used. Even in the homes of those counted rich there was but one fire—that on the big hearth of the principal room. The cooking was done usually out of doors, over braziers of live coals, or the roasting before burning logs. In the grander houses there was a big oven; that of feudal castles was frequently large enough to roast an ox entire. The lights were torches held in the hands of servants; and, later, torch-holders of many designs were fixed to the walls. A torch-bearer preceded the guest to his sleeping-room. The common people went to bed at dusk, and the custom of all classes was to sleep entirely nude; that is, without gowns or night-shirts of any kind. The first lamp was an open dish of oil, or grease of any kind, with a rag in it for a wick—an implement used to this day, in the backwoods, when the oil, or candles, give out—at least, such a one has been seen by the writer, in New England, among the indigent and shiftless.

The use of gas and the manufacture of improved lamps are everywhere increasing. Still, the people are looking forward to better and more brilliant light—to the electric light, so much discussed recently, which will render our cities almost as light as day. We are always asking for "more light," like the dying Goethe, and probably we shall not be satisfied until the time predicted by one of the *savants* of France, when our earth shall have another moon. Even then, we shall need artificial light at night, which can hardly be the case on Saturn with its eight moons and its double ring of light. Who has not speculated on the splendors of the nights in that world? Crescent moons in the west, moons of different phases above, and two or more full moons rolling up in the eastern sky! At the same time, the rings "must appear like two gorgeous arches of light spanning the whole heavens like a stupendous rainbow." In equatorial regions, these rings arch the heavens from east to west, and, on the equator, they must appear as one belt; at the poles always double, and extending all around, and not far above the horizon.

Considering light as the symbol of progress, and the gauge of moral and spiritual development, what a glo-

rious world must Saturn be! Its people should have reached a degree of development higher than anything we know. Perhaps they have reached their millennium, and are "like unto angels" in moral greatness, and in beauty of form and face. It is easy to suppose that they have terraced and cultivated all their mountains, reduced all wastes and swamps to lovely groves and gardens, and made their whole earth "blossom as the rose."

MARIE HOWLAND.

THE HEART'S CHOICE.

A Painter quickly seized his brush,
And on the canvas wrought
The sweetest image of his soul—
His heart's most sacred thought.

A Minstrel gently struck his lyre,
And wondrous notes I heard,
Which thrilled, and burned, and soothed by turns,
And all my being stirred.

A Singer sang a simple song—
An echo of his soul;
It vibrates still through all my life,
And woos me to its goal.

A Poet took his pen and wrote
A line of Hope and Love.
It was a heaven-born thought, and breathed
Of purest joys above.

A Man of God, what time my heart
Was weighed with sorrow down,
Spoke golden words of Faith and Trust,
And they became my crown.

I see the Painter's picture still,
I hear the Minstrel's lyre;
The Singer's song, the Poet's thought
Still glow with sacred fire.

But in my heart's most hallowed realm
The good man's words do live,
And round my life a perfume breathe
That naught of earth can give.

HENRY ALEXANDER LAVELY.

A BEWILDERED TOURIST.

To the right of the stage-road leading from Glenbrook to Carson, at a point on the old overland route in the valley, are the ruins of a mill, including two boilers, which lie side by side. Last summer as the veracious Henry Monk was tooling his four-in-hand with a full load of tourists past the old mill, a venerable English gentleman, who sat by his side on the box, inquired:

"Aw, Mr. Monk—they said your name was Monk, I believe?"

"Yaäs," drawled Hank.

"And you once drove Horace Greeley?"

"They say so, but I never b'lieved that ere yarn."

"What is that object in the valley that looks like an enormous opera-glass?" continued the inquisitive tourist, who was a baron in his own country, and likewise here—of ideas.

"Them is an opery-glass," replied the Munchausen of Tahoe, "and the finest glasses you ever see. They're out of repair now; but I've known the time when you could look through 'em at Saints' Rest and see Elliott and his Chinamen piling lumber in the Carson yard."

"Bless my soul! Is it possible?"

"Yaäs," resumed Hank—"steady there, Doc; you Frank, git," as he touched up the leaders. "That was a powerful fine invention of Rigby's—same principle as an opery-glass with a reef-acting mirror. Them things you saw were the tubes. They were mounted on stilts just below the Saints'. Old Baxter used to keep the hotel, and you bet the pilgrim's progress was slow after sampling his refreshments."

"Wonderful," said the Englishman. "This is a great country. I am rather inquisitive about these things, and have a curiosity to see the famous crooked railroad."

"We'll soon be there," said Hank, "and I'll introduce you to a conductor who likes nothin' better than answerin' questions."

"Aw, guard, they tell me this is a very crooked road," said the tourist when he boarded the local for Virginia.

"Well, rather," was the reply. "There are several places between here and Virginia where a passenger can hand a cigar to the engineer."

"By Jove, that's astonishing. I must watch out for those curves, you know."

He watched, and, though snaked around pretty well between the tunnel and Scales, failed to swing such a tremendous circle.

"Look here," said he to Follett when they arrived at Virginia, "where was the place where a passenger in the rear car could hand a cigar to the engineer?"

"Why, one point was Mound House. There is a good saloon there, and there is plenty of time for any passenger to get a cigar and hand it to the engineer."

Even an Englishman can appreciate a joke sometimes. He treated all hands and acknowledged the sell.

LOVE, AS THE NIGHTINGALE.

From the German of Geibel.

Love, as the nightingale,
In a rose-bush sat and sang,
His clear entrancing strains
Through the quiet greeenwood rang.

The brooklet ceased its flashing,
Hushed was the torrent's moan,
The red deer in the thicket
Listened to that sweet tone.

And, while he sang, like incense
Rose the fragrance of the flowers,
And a sympathetic murmur
Was heard, mid forest bowers.

And clearer yet and purer
I saw the sunbeams grow,
And wood, and rock, and mountain
Golden and rosy glow.

Upon the path I lingered
And longed to hear again—
In my heart there echoes only
A sad and sweet refrain.

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

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THE ENDOWMENT OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

What claim for assistance has science upon the people and upon the State?

The question is plain and simple enough, but the more it is turned the more far-reaching does it prove. The idea which it embodies is so intimately interwoven with the prosperity of nations, and the happiness, intellectuality, and morality of the peoples, that in a greater or less degree science fairly enters into the every-day business of one and all. As the air we breathe, it surrounds and supports us; without its vitalizing power we should soon suffer intellectual death.

It bears directly upon the prosperity of States, because it elucidates the natural laws which underlie all great engineering projects, as well as the principles of sociology. It comes to the aid of commerce, because it develops the model of the ship, the prevalence of winds and the strength and direction of currents, and marks out the pathways over the oceans. For the manufacturer it establishes the economy of motive power, and the best means of using raw products and utilizing waste materials. It informs the agriculturist of the qualities of his soil and its fitness for special productions, the introduction of new plants, and the necessity for particular fertilizers: and to the miner it certifies the character and richness of the ores in his ledge. It advises the governments in grave subjects of sanitary engineering, of prospective discovery, of serious adulterations in imports, in foods, in manufactures. It gives you to-day the variation of the compass, and assures the highest tribunals what it was at any given date. It demonstrates the millionth part of an inch as a tangible quantity, and it gives the metes and bounds of states and empires. It predicts the coming storm, and millions of dollars and thousands of lives, ready for sea, promptly obey its warning. It yearly fixes its stamp upon the coinage of the country, and makes it redeemable for its face the world over; it indorses the authenticity of the standards of weight, volume, and length, and its verdict is universally accepted. Yet these are a mere glimpse of its manifold ramifications as a nerve system in the body politic.

There are those who have eyes that see not, but to those who honestly use them the influence of scientific investigation is paramount in every department of the governments, in every avenue of human industry, in the moral growth of the race.

To the mechanic, the manufacturer, the merchant, the engineer, the miner, the agriculturist —as individuals seeking for worldly prosperity —science comes in a thousand subtile shapes now so wide-spread and permeating every business that its direct bearing is too frequently overlooked or quietly ignored. And in fact many specialists do not themselves have the breadth of view which is necessary to measure and appreciate the vast and diversified amount of scientific knowledge which has advanced all modern improvement.

To thoroughly comprehend its importance, it is essentially necessary to trace the growth of the Great Ideas, which, springing from some germ of thought centuries ago, have been slow-

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ly and laboriously evolved, and have in recent days been applied to all industries and investigations. These will recur to you in the history of the laws of motion, of thermotics, optics, biology, astronomy, physics, etc., with their epochs of activity and unusual progress as marked by the brainwork of some exceptional man or men.

If we examine the subject carefully and candidly we shall be satisfied that the broad claim for assistance to scientific research rests upon the general law of evolution. This law we recognize as pervading all nature, whether in the illimitable field of the cosmos, or in the narrower field of our own world, or our own country. It has placed in our hands a formula of investigation as invaluable as the calculus to the mathematician and to the engineer; when more fully understood, it will give us prevision, as observation and theory have done to the astronomer. Many thinkers assert that "more liberal assistance in the prosecution of original scientific research is one of the recognized wants of our times;" but I fancy they have generally failed to see that there is any law at the basis of the intimate relation between discovery and its practical results, and its means of support. Yet in the history of research we find that material assistance, in some shape or other, has been, through all time, afforded to original workers—not in a systematic manner, and perhaps largely prompted at irregular periods by some unusual discovery, or even actuated by merely mercenary or vain motives. There have been epochs in human history marked by outbursts of intellectual activity—periods appearing as great waves of rapidly advancing development. As for example the high speculative fever of the twelfth century, say from 1150 to 1250, out of which arose the universities; again, the Italian *renaissance* of the fifteenth century, marked by wonderful progress in geographical discovery, and whose influence in that respect has never been adequately displayed.

In all of these, and in the smaller waves of intellectual movement, either rich individuals or powerful lords gave of their wealth and extended the influence of their position to assist and patronize those engaged in original thought and discovery. Many examples in the history of the last few centuries will present themselves; and we may even go farther back and call to mind where classical poets and writers and philosophers were aided and befriended by wealthy, powerful, and liberal patrons. Every school-boy will remember the assistance received by Columbus in his fitting out the expedition for the discovery of a new route to the Indies, but to us this was something beyond ordinary aid as measured by the consequences. It was an endowment for original discovery which has led to an advancing and accumulating wave of free action, and free thought, and mental activity far above the general surface of human intellectuality. Isabella's name should be emblazoned for her assistance to original and daring discovery that yet survives, that is still progressive, and still aggressive. We who are in the midst of this restless activity and investigation—as he who is borne by a great tideway—can hardly measure the wonderful impetus which this discovery has given to human actions, or the great hight which its onrushing crest reaches above the dead-level condition of Europe but a few centuries since. All that we know of the intellectual brightness of Egypt, and Greece, and Rome occurred within limited localities, and among few in numbers; now we have the movement pervading nearly the whole earth.

I think that due weight has never been apportioned to the influence exerted by the sudden opening of nearly half the world's area as the fresh field for human activity. The horizon of the first-comers to the New World was unlimited, yet for a long time they were, with other drawbacks, hampered by old traditions, and confined to the old ruts of early education. But as the pioneer and the hunter, the restless discoverer and the keen seeker for wealth, stepped across the narrow boundaries which restrained them, they became self-reliant, self-sustained, and finally aggressive. They cleared the pathway of empire; their successors expanded their views, braced themselves for fresh efforts, shook off more of the bindings of prejudice, and commenced their march of discovery over the continent. From this ceaseless activity, from the necessity of rapidly traversing great distances, from the influence of easily acquired wealth and power, from freer thought and clearer vision, from persistent and vitalized research, arose in great measure the marvelous discoveries of the last five or six decades. This has reacted upon civilization; learning and commerce now have footholds throughout the earth; and in the countries of modern enlightenment the liberality and vitality of thought has found expression in a higher culture that seeks to coördinate the laws governing this movement for the betterment of the race itself.

This broad and active mentality pervades in greater or less intensity all ranks and conditions of society, and necessarily reaches the halls of legislation. So that to-day we have the general government fostering research, even though it be done in an irregular and frequently unsystematic manner, and although it may

be sometimes done wholly from the cold-blooded utilitarian view of the matter.

The exploring expedition of 1838–45 undertaken by the United States was a great step forward in the assistance of original discovery, especially as it recognized branches of science usually considered as having no application whatever to the useful arts. The earlier explorations to and beyond the Rocky Mountains were sporadic, but latterly the lines of research have grown more consistent and more persistent, embrace most of the cognate sciences, and will eventuate in systematic methods and recognized support. Quite naturally the principal course of discovery has been over the vast unknown areas of our own country, but the astronomical expedition to Chile, for the determination of the sun's parallax by observations upon Mars at and near his opposition, was assistance for a purely scientific object. So, also, were the total solar eclipse expeditions of 1869, 1870, 1878; but the most systematic, best organized, and most liberally supported of all the scientific expeditions, was that for the observation of the transit of Venus in 1874. Then, for mere commercial purposes, we have Perry's expedition to Japan, the Rodgers expedition to the North Pacific, and the deep sea soundings in the Atlantic and across the Pacific, and yet even these furnished their quota of scientific knowledge. For a more immediately practical object, we have the various explorations made throughout Central America for the purposes of a ship canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

In all these expeditions, and in a hundred others, the assistance, or support, which the general government has given is neither more nor less than endowment for original research, although, as we have already said, in a generally unsystematic manner, and not distinctly recognized as such. Nevertheless, it has its influence for good, and year by year it fixes itself upon the thought and legislation of the country as a necessary and remunerative expenditure.

In certain special lines this assistance is more pronounced, as for example, in the yearly appropriations to the West Point Military Academy, and to the Naval School at Annapolis. Here the assistance may be said to be complete, for the cadets not only receive their education at the expense of the nation, but they receive therefrom a liberal support during their term of study, and adequate salaries afterward to continue their studies and services in prescribed lines of duty. The nations of Europe continue the same policy; but we may hope that the time is not far distant when other lines of study, and other investigations more germane to the broad course of intellectual and moral development, shall receive similar support, and even heartier acknowledgment. In a faint way Great Britain, France, and Germany appreciate the position, by educating boys of exceptional merit from the national schools. France, at first doubtful, has at length liberally endowed scientific research into the devastation caused by the phylloxera, and only scientific investigation, study, and methods have produced certain and tangible results. Empirical remedies have been useless, as well as ridiculous.

Among the acts of men and women who are largely blessed with riches, and at the same time with intellectual culture, we see chronicled the noble bequests which they make to colleges and seats of learning, as embodying their practical views of endowing research. Now and then we know that such men as Smithson arise to leave for all time legacies for the diffusion of knowledge among men. And the influence which such an institution as the Smithsonian exerts upon original research, and its practical application to every-day life, is almost incalculable. In earlier days the great universities of England were richly endowed that men might pursue their studies undisturbed. Within our own ken we know that the true sentiment of endowment—or any other name by which you choose to specify it—is pervading the atmosphere wherever wealth and intellectuality perceive the influence which original research has upon the prosperity of the State and the morality of the people. In the older parts of our own country, as in the older countries, where restless activity has gravitated to more thoughtful quiet, yet sustained force, we note the humanizing influence of the higher and broader education in the large endowments to colleges and universities; and we ourselves are the beneficiaries of this appreciation of original research when we were almost crushed by restricted means.

Many more instances exist than come to our knowledge, where munificence has modestly aided original investigators without permitting its name to be heralded, as, recently, in Stockwell's masterly and thorough investigations of the lunar theory, and Michelson's practical and successful experiments upon the velocity of light, now held by some to be the best means of determining the solar parallax. I think that whosoever aids research in this way should receive full and ample credit therefor, because they not only merit public recognition for such praiseworthy liberality on its own account, but also because their examples may stimulate and sway the hesitating to imitate them. To my

mind it is as creditable for the benefactor to receive such honor and recognition as it is for the soldier who has defended his country with his sword; and certainly it indicates that amid the all exciting pursuit of wealth a higher sense has been developed in the endower.

It has been asserted that heretofore, even in enlightened countries, the higher education was merely casual, or traditional among a few, or formal, as in medicine and among the priesthood. But it should not be forgotten that the area of enlightenment was far from extensive, that the whole population was comparatively small, and that the mass of the people was in absolute subjection, soul and body. The last statement we can only realize in its full force when we correct our historical judgment by personally viewing the ruined castles of Europe, where warlike and robber barons held almost as beasts of the field the toilers of the soil, and when we see the mighty cathedrals, even yet unfinished, which merely succeeded these feudal strongholds, and whose priesthood kept the people in mental servitude. This higher education, having, however, slight claims as such in comparison with the learning of today, naturally existed among the powerful and privileged classes, although the leaven of evolution was doing its work even here as well as among the more ignorant masses, from whose ranks occasionally arose men of deep thought and original investigation. When these powerful classes were disrupted—and in part dispersed among the people, in part developed as the leaders and rulers of the great nations of Europe that were emerging from a hundred smaller nationalities—and when the disruption of the power of the priesthood gave an opportunity for individual and independent thought, the educational forces acquired ampler scope, and reacted impulsively as a compressed spring relieved.

The change is almost magical, and, notwithstanding it appears to have occurred only from such means as have been mentioned, yet it is, in large measure, due to the broad, free field of the American continent so suddenly and unexpectedly opened to human civilization and human enlightenment. It is a phase of evolution under peculiarly favorable circumstances. When once investigators had struck the right trail in any branch of knowledge, their discoveries seemed to react in every direction, to aggregate new relations—almost to evolve the very law of progress; and, through the persistent efforts of the larger thinkers and experimenters guided thereby, the methods of research have been wholly changed. The chemist has supplanted the visionary alchemist; the astronomer has confounded the astrologer; the physicist has penetrated the arcana of matter and force; the biologist and the geologist, the archæologist and the palæontologist, have arisen as from an unknown world. The newer methods stimulate youth and mature age to the prolonged effort now absolutely essential to enable one to grapple with any special branch of knowledge. Wherever they have been even imperfectly formulated, the mind appears to assimilate all that has been prepared, and from its yet undemonstrated mode of action to suggest, create, and exhibit new conditions and fresh phases of knowledge. It does more than repeat—it adds to the experience of yesterday. With this approach to harmony between the means and the end, scientific teaching has developed a higher moral standard—refuses to recognize the false, and seeks only the true. It builds the superstructure upon a stable foundation, and all parts of the fabric must be coherent and symmetrical. One faulty process, or one indeterminate condition, would weaken and eventually destroy all above it. It yearns to discover the truth just as the financier seeks to increase his wealth, as the soldier struggles for glory, and one is impelled by his mental constitution to acquire a knowledge of the law of his being, another (by his slightly different brain organization) to seek happiness in physical luxury or in the exhibition of power.

It is within our own experience that there has been a remarkable evolution of special aptitude in the student and investigator, and perhaps most notedly—or, rather, I should say, most popularly—in the departments of chemistry and physics, and in education itself.

The great advances made in manufacturing processes have been effected by the newer methods of chemistry; and now all large establishments avowedly employ the services of original investigators—in fact, it is, perhaps, the one branch of scientific research that literally "pays;" and wealth thus endows, under another name, those who are searching for the yet unknown. In physics, many large manufacturing establishments employ specialists; notably in the undeveloped fields of electricity, magnetism, and the associated branches. Writers have shown in detail the great improvements and money value which these services have produced in the material wealth of the countries, and which have their reactive influence upon the happiness and increased intelligence of the people.

To strain a point in the restricted meaning of the word, we might almost assert that even in the manufacture of products which inaugurate new industries and new processes, all gov-

ernments have more or less endowed their discoverers in various ways; principally by granting patent rights to original inventors, and by protection against similar productions imported from other countries—in special cases by granting annuities or by bestowing titles of honor. Of course, it must be understood that the inventor and the scientific investigator may be widely separated. There is, for example, a very great difference, somewhat difficult to formulate, between the investigators who deduced the principles and laws of electricity and magnetism, and the inventors who have devised and almost perfected the working telegraph. The two faculties may be combined in one individual, but very rarely so. The inventor usually receives a great part of the popular glory and most of the material benefits; the original investigator may possibly be recognized after death. The financiers, who, with another faculty remarkably developed, win millions upon millions in their manipulation of these industrial and commercial necessities, forget that either investigator or inventor ever lived.

In education you have watched the rapid improvements being evolved from older methods, although so much remains to be accomplished. For there must be specialties in education as in all other methodical work and investigation; and when we thoroughly understand that special aptitude is absolutely essential in order to obtain the largest results, we shall then recognize the economy and the higher law for its introduction in selecting instructors for schools and seats of learning. It will banish the merely routine teacher, and discard textbooks, except as bases for oral demonstration and private study; on the other hand, it will afford to the learner not only knowledge ready at his fingers' ends for practical application in a thousand various ways, but, more important still, it will have imparted—to the capable—method to investigate the newer and cognate problems.

The wide-spread and broader range of education has led to the exhibition of power among the people; and the states (in the old world as well as the new), speaking for them, have liberally endowed the educational system by direct taxation for that purpose. This development of popular power, and the value and acknowledgment of the principle, is directly proven in England by the recent changes effected in the endowments of the colleges of the great universities. For nearly two hundred years the colleges had used the largely multiplied endowments, left by patrons, without interference, check, or question from the outside. With the clear understanding of some of the laws of motion that marked the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the deep studies made in mathematical subjects, with the newer sciences emerging and expanding as the years progressed, there was awakened the demand for a change in the objects of study in the universities. The fresher mental life had traversed richer and broader fields than traditional theology and the classics, and called for a change of direction of part of the endowments to aid the more active and more human sciences. The advocates of change rationally argued that those who had been so far seeing and generous as to endow study in the only learned professions then recognized, would certainly, with the clearer light of to-day, bestow of their bounty to science. They admitted that there is a deep object in the science of philology, because we here learn to trace backward, upon a given pathway, the history of the human race and the evolution of language and thought; but they asserted that the study of two dead languages could not take us far in the research, and therefore the special objects of the endowers should themselves be reconsidered from a much higher standpoint. Moreover, as the endowments specifically made for study in theology were for the bettering of the moral condition of the race, science could assert a particularly strong claim for sharing the endowments, because it is Truth personified, and cannot advance one step without improving the moral character of all who come under its influence. After much agitation of the question, the representatives of the people, in parliament, made their first attack on the wealthy and powerful colleges in 1854. It ended in a drawn battle, but the prospective result was easily predicted. The advocates of the newer and higher education were unceasingly in action; their arguments pervaded the very atmosphere, and twenty years later the attack was renewed and the battle won. To-day, at Oxford, the colleges may elect persons distinguished for literary or scientific work to Fellowships, tenable for a term of years, during which the Fellows shall devote themselves to definite and specified research; and at Cambridge the School of Mechanism and Engineering already compels enlargement, which has been liberally granted. Watching the educational movement in our own country, we hardly appreciate the influence of such a change in the conservative thought of England; but I hold that it is a noted illustration of the evolutionary law upon the subject of endowment of research, as well as an acknowledgment of the righteousness of the demand of science therefor. It is within the memory of some of us when the public school system of the United States be-

gan to grow through the country. In some States it was solely intended for the children of those who could not afford to pay for their schooling; but it soon broke this bondage of servility, and then rapidly spread as a vast sheet of water over a parched region. The first assistance was grudgingly given by the State; to-day we are lavish in our support. Call it by any name you please, it is proof positive of the progress of the idea of endowment.

But we must not forget that the schools, the colleges, and the universities are not the proper fields for original research. The teacher and the professor have their time fully occupied with prescribed and legitimate duties. So with the man of business, the active practitioner, the lawyer, the engineer; their time is, or should be, wholly consumed in their professions. The exceptions notedly mark the rule. To the ardent specialists, governed by one pervading idea and burning to discover new relations in science, belongs the duty of adding to the stock of knowledge—an empty glory too frequently, as we learn now and then, of the battle for life which they make while pursuing their investigations.

These are the men and women who found our academies and our philosophical societies; and these are the institutions which, before all others, demand the support of the State. Unfortunately, the drift of popular opinion, or rather of popular education, has been adverse to them, for to be considered a scientific investigator was to be railed at as one who pottered among fish, beetles, weeds, or stones; or dabbled in electrical experiments; or burrowed for the roots of the dead languages. And yet from these discoverers the fresh knowledge in every branch of learning is utilized by the teacher and pirated by the manufacturer. The commercial instinct may temporarily and selfishly assist, by paid employment, the chemist or the physicist, but the broader proposition that all scientific investigation should be systematically aided has not yet been clearly understood in our education. In the New World, the growth and increase of wealth have been so immediate, and so astonishingly great, that the need of scientific research and the advantages of scientific methods are wholly unknown to the great majority of the people. By personal labor in the wide fields open to discovery we must exert our influence in developing the idea of the justice of systematic assistance, and cease not working until it compels recognition. I believe the time is rapidly approaching when the States themselves will directly and systematically aid and assist original investigation; but, pending that millennium, we must wrestle with the generous and the wealthy—the poor we have with us always.

There are other relations which scientific research bears to the state and the individual, and I shall make but brief reference thereto, because they have already been incidentally mentioned. We have long traded upon the dictum that "knowledge is power;" suppose we put it in a modern and utilitarian dress, and assert that *Science is Wealth.* This brings the subject directly within the purview of political economy; but unfortunately the relation of scientific research to the production of wealth has never been adequately expounded. We have been told that science has no proper marketable value, except in its direct application to the useful arts, because it cannot be interchanged or bodily transferred from one person to another; and, unlike every other commodity, it cannot be consumed. It is not easy to contravene the fallacies which envelope the question when viewed solely and wholly from the present popular standard of what the wealth of a nation really consists; but we know of our own consciousness that there must be another and truer standard than that gathered from the "mighty dollar." But from even that restricted outlook we know that many great enterprises fail as direct commercial ventures, yet add to the general wealth of the community and the state. You will recollect that in my papers upon the irrigation of Europe and India, I fairly established the proposition that, as commercial undertakings, the great irrigation canal projects had all been financial failures, and some of them disastrously so; but when the state undertook to carry them out, and even inaugurated others, the benefits to the populations and to the states were as certain as a demonstration in geometry. The burden had been too heavy for the few to carry; it was not felt when divided among millions. So in the domain of science every iota of knowledge delved from the unknown and the inert, is a positive addition to the wealth and happiness of the people and the state. When once produced it is indestructible; and if indestructible, it certainly adds to the wealth of the nation, as additional gold in the vaults of a bank. It continually increases; and susceptibility of accumulation is essential to the idea of wealth. But the burden of originating this increased prosperity should not be borne wholly by the original discoverers: the whole people, through their agent, the state, should share the cost. This seems to me so self-evident that it is needless to expand the proposition.

The very nature of scientific research demands continuous study in any given line of

thought, and an absence of disturbing influences. Just as the rich become so by special adaptability and persistent attention to accumulation, so the student becomes rich in knowledge by his unremitting investigation. Special aptitude in examination follows the good mechanical dictum—make a machine do its own specific work perfectly; universal machines are inherently faulty. The specialist cannot serve two masters with his whole heart; he obeys the law of his mental organization in worshiping one only—so he must suffer physical starvation unless a helping hand stretches forth to his assistance.

When the investigator makes a discovery in science of great value in its application to any industry, or as giving birth to a new industry, his very ability as a discoverer incapacitates him, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for the mercantile part of the transaction; while the business man, from his ability and capacity as such, seizes the discovery and develops its money value—for himself. He (the business man) may not yet have reached the hight of cultivation which would prompt him to pay a fair price for the discovery, and yet he may have such purely æsthetic tastes that he will spend large, almost fabulous sums, for a beautiful painting, or a noble piece of sculpture. These have a direct marketable value. The painter, from his years of study and labor, has brought into existence a historical picture; the sculptor has obeyed the law of special aptitude, and brought into life a statue that may speak of our civilization a thousand years hence. Fortunately for them, and happily, too, for our enlightenment, their work had a special demand. This, too, follows a general law, and we may but rejoice in its fulfillment. Let us continue our labors—the demand for knowledge will be universal; and when the principles of political economy become themselves evolved from the crudities which now envelope them, our claim for assistance will be surely acknowledged.

While some of the writers on political economy deny the claim of science to the production of wealth, because it does not possess certain qualifications which are empirically required, there are those that apparently appreciate the full value of scientific knowledge. Mill, in his *Principles of Political Economy*, says: "In a national or universal point of view, the labor of the *savant* or speculative thinker is as much a part of production in the very narrowest sense as that of the inventor of a practical art, many such inventions having been the direct consequences of theoretic discoveries, and every extension of knowledge of the power of nature being fruitful of application to the purposes of outward life [reference to telegraph, etc.] No limit can be set to the importance, even in a purely productive and material point of view of mere thought. Inasmuch, however, as these material fruits, though the result, are seldom the direct purpose of the pursuits of *savants*, nor is their remuneration in general derived from the increased production which they cause incidentally, and mostly after a long interval, by their discoveries, this ultimate influence does not, for most of the purposes of political economy, require to be taken into consideration; and speculative thinkers are generally classed as the producers only of the books or other usable or saleable articles which directly emanate from them. But when (as in political economy one should always be prepared to do) we shift our point of view, and consider not individual acts and the motives by which they are determined, but national and universal results, intellectual speculation must be looked upon as a most influential part of the productive labor of society, and the portion of its resources employed in carrying on and remunerating such labor as a highly productive part of its expenditure."

All existing legislation concedes, in a qualified, restricted, and erroneous manner, a property right in the author, but no law has ever approached the consideration of the property right of Oersted, Ampère, Steinheil, Henry, in their deduction of the scientific principles upon which the telegraph and its congeners of today are based. And as it cannot be controverted, for an instant, that, even from a purely selfish and utilitarian view, original scientific research through a thousand varied channels adds to the material wealth of a nation, it must be possible and practicable to devise some means by which those honestly engaged in discovery shall be assisted.

Another, and perhaps the very highest, claim which original research has for endowment, is in the moral dignity which it necessarily imparts to the race. It is itself the very Embodiment of Truth. Its search and methods of investigation, and its checks upon every step in the processes employed, demonstrate the intrinsic value of Evidence. The doubtful and the untrue can never enter into its discussions—they are emphatically unknown quantities. It forgets the individual and applies its examinations to the universal; it builds upon certainties; it sweeps away the unproven. The highest authority is never accepted, save on probation. Tradition must bear direct critical and unprejudiced examination; the good, because it is true, will be received; the false and the irrational

will disappear. These are in part the tests by which the individual measures and compares his practice in life. He has a special horizon of his own, and his view is restricted. He rarely extends his method into other fields. But when he steps upon the vantage ground of scientific investigation, he rises from the particular to the general, from the finite to the infinite. He sees the beauty in the law of method, the thoroughness of exhaustive examination, the truthfulness and certainty of evidence, and the symmetry and harmony of the conclusions. He submits to its judgments as to the Supreme Court of Truth. He molds his moral life upon the laws of nature which that tribunal expounds and announces. Henceforth, whatever is offered for his acceptance and belief must stand the crucial trial of scientific investigation. A people made familiar with the processes and object of science, the fullness and oneness of its evidence, and the absoluteness of the truths it demonstrates, must be richer in the vital element of human happiness; they must be higher in the scale of human development. Reflect for a moment what would happen to the wealth, the intellectuality, and the morality of a people, of the race, should all future research by scientific methods be absolutely cut off.

In conclusion, there seems no valid reason to doubt the soundness of the proposition which I made at the outset—that endowment for original scientific research follows the general law of evolution, for it has existed throughout the historic period; has grown with the enlightenment which it developed; has been markedly active at the epochs of mental activity; is fostered in various ways by the governments of all enlightened countries; is aided by the broad-minded and far-seeing; is commercially acknowledged to-day in special lines; is an acknowledged factor in the material wealth of a nation; establishes the highest moral standard of a people; and is an absolute necessity for future systematic discovery and progress.

The assistance rendered by the endowments of the few is too uncertain, insufficient, and irrational. Moreover, it is an unequal tax upon the generous; but science is compelled to accept and beg for it, because, in our newer State especially, the public has not yet been educated to realize the pervading importance of its unselfish work. From my standpoint there appears but one proper and rational source of endowment, and that is the State itself. For there certainly is a justness and a fitness in the State disbursing a percentage of its income for continued labor in original investigation and discovery that adds so surely to the material wealth and moral grandeur of its people.

GEORGE DAVIDSON.

GEORGE ELIOT AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

The great woman who lately died will no doubt be remembered in the next century chiefly as a literary artist, who knew mankind well, and held an almost perfect mirror up to nature whenever she chose to portray character. And in the minds of many it is an unimportant task to try to piece together from the writings of a great artist anything like a system of general philosophy, or even of ethics. Why should the words of those who spoke so well the rich flexible language of the living human soul be translated into the poor dry speech of metaphysics? If George Eliot, some one may say, ever lost sight of her vocation as artist, and, as in *Daniel Deronda*, filled pages with tedious disquisitions, why should we try to follow her in her wanderings? Her best teachings are her great creations; and from a truly poetic product you may get inspiration, but you must not try to deduce a formula.

Of course, we must not lose sight of the fact that a work of art is always far more than a theory, nor ignore the truth that artists do injustice to their art as soon as they begin to mix abstractions with their concrete creations. But we must also remember that not all art is alike remote from the world of thought. The man who writes an abstract account of the ethical teachings conveyed in the works of some musical composer may indeed keep within the bounds of reason, but he is at least in great danger of talking nonsense. But if one writes a commentary on the doctrines of the Book of Job, the fact that his subject is a work of art, and not merely a treatise, does not render his undertaking less appropriate. Poetry is not always, but yet very often, aptly to be named molten thought, thought freed from the chill of the mountain summits, its crystalline perfection of logical form dissolved, no longer ice, but gathered into tumultuous streams that plunge down in musical song to the green fields and wide deserts of the world where men live, far below. He who follows a stream-

course upward to the glaciers whence it has sprung leaves indeed behind him many of the fairest scenes of the lowlands, but he has the satisfaction of assisting at the birth of a river. Mists that have risen from the whole of that great world of the plains—from far beyond, too, in the infinite ocean itself—have come up here to be frozen that they might, by melting again, produce this stream. To suppose that poetry is altogether thought is to see dead forms where one ought to see life; but to refuse altogether to look for the sources in thought whence the stream often comes, is to commit the mistake of the king of Burmah, and to deny that water can ever have been frozen.

George Eliot, furthermore, was by nature quite as much a reflective as a poetical genius, and by training much less a poetical than a reflective writer. We should have supposed beforehand that she would never have produced other than "novels with a purpose." Artist as she actually was, theory was constantly in her mind. The thought of her time governed her. She had occasional glimpses above and beyond it; but if she was Shaksperian in the portrayal of character, she was unlike Shakspere in her regard for formulas, and no future century will ever be in doubt whether she was Protestant or Catholic. In fine, she certainly wished to teach men, and it is therefore our right and duty to attempt the not very arduous task of formulating and of tracing to their chief sources the teachings that she often but thinly veiled beneath the garment of fiction. In doing this we shall not study the loftiest or the most interesting aspect of her work, but our task will not be void of significance.

Let us first sum up what little we as yet know about George Eliot's growth as a thinker. We know that she was an unwearied student of science, of literature, of history, and of philosophy. We know that she sympathized in great measure with what is called modern positivism. We know also, however, that she was well acquainted with the thoughts and beliefs of a class of English men and women who know and care nothing about modern thought, but who have ideals that she never mentions with contempt, and that she in fact never wholly outgrew. All these elements went together to the making up of her doctrine of life. When her biography is written, we shall know more of their separate growth and of the fashion of their union. But even now, from the facts that are known, we may conjecture much, and the temptation to conjecture about so beloved a teacher is irresistible.

Marian Evans, according to the account of her early life published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, grew up in an orthodox family, and in the Christian faith. With years she developed remarkable powers of reflection, and the first result of reflection was to make her a very strict Calvinist. The discomfort of this faith urged her to further thought. We do not yet know just what influences made her a free-thinker. At all events, she never rested in the early crude delight of negation, but sought in all directions for more light. In 1850 we find her in London, already in the possession, so Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, of the wide learning and many-sided thought that have since made her famous. She was now not far from thirty years of age. She had as yet made no attempts, at least in public, to write novels. She was simply a quiet and interesting literary woman, with extraordinary talents and acquirements. Acting under advice, she translated Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, and Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*. She became the sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*, and buried a great deal of work in its brief quarterly notices of contemporary literature. Between 1854 and 1860 she also published several essays in the same review, whereof the titles have been given in a late number of the London *Academy*. These essays all show rather the conscientious reviewer than the ambitious genius. Nothing but the style reminds you of *Silas Marner* or of *Romola*. One becomes almost angry in reading work that must have cost such a mind so much labor and that yet must of necessity have but a transient interest. Why wait here, one says, in this den of book-worms, O great teacher? Time is flying, the day is far spent, and the words thou art to speak to all the world are yet but voices in thy dreams. To thy task, before old age comes! Alas! they were well spent and yet ill spent years. Happy were the world if full of such workers. But yet unhappy the world in which such spirits are confined, even for only half their lives, to such tasks. George Eliot was nearly forty years of age when her first tales were published.

But to understand the origin and nature of her later religious views, we must analyze as well as we are able the influences that during these years must have been forming our author's creed. When a strong faith has left a man, he must do one of two things: either he must fly to the opposite extreme of pure and scornful negation, or he must try to find some way in which to save for himself what was essential to the spirit of the old faith, while he rejects its accidental features, such as its ritual, its claim to give power over physical forces, its promises of material good fortune, or its asserted miracles. Now, George Eliot belonged too much

to the nineteenth century to fall under the power of the purely negative tendency. She might be an unbeliever, but she never could be a scoffer; and so the search after the essential in the religious consciousness became for her a practical necessity. This search it was, without doubt, that led her to the translation of Strauss and of Feuerbach. To understand the effort that runs all through George Eliot's life-work—the effort to find and to portray the religious consciousness as it exists in men's minds independently of the belief in supernatural agencies—we must glance at the views of these Germans whose thought she first transferred to English soil. They expounded theories that she afterward sought to test by an appeal to living human experience.

Let us speak first of Strauss and of the positive element in religion that this thinker, in the early Hegelian period when the first *Leben Jesu* was written, tried to separate from the supernatural elements of tradition. To understand this matter we must look back a little. German philosophy, ever since Lessing's tract on the *Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*, had been trying to discover the ultimate significance of religion, natural and revealed. Lessing himself, in the mentioned tractate, saw in revelation the process by which God taught the race from its infancy up. The doctrines of a revelation are, therefore, for him absolute truth, but not all the truth, and by the ignorant race, to whom they are at first revealed, they are only half understood, and therefore often misunderstood. But the purpose of the revelation is not to reveal what is beyond all human insight. The purpose of revelation, like the purpose of individual education, is to hasten and make definite a process of development that could conceivably have gone on without external aid. "Revelation gives the race nothing that human reason, left to itself, would not attain; but it gave and gives to the race the weightiest of these things earlier than they would otherwise be attained" (*Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*, § 4). Therefore, on the other hand, nothing in revelation is to be free from the investigations of reason; and the work of reason is to translate into the language of thought the figurative or obscure doctrines of revelation. In every such doctrine reason is to see not a stumbling-block, but a guide; and, on the other hand, not an incomprehensible mystery, but an intelligible truth, kindly revealed beforehand that we may know whither to direct our thought. That revelation is not all truth, or that it is dark truth, proves nothing against it, since all teachers give the pupil only what helps him to work for himself, and do not explain to him everything. On the other hand, the darkest truth is revealed that it may in time become clear to reason. Revelation is given to the end that man may outgrow it. There will come "the time of completion when man, however persuaded he is of a better future, will have no need to borrow of that future motives for his actions, since he will do good because it is good, not because arbitrary rewards are offered; for these rewards were but intended in the foretime to fix and strengthen his wavering sight to know the inner and better rewards of goodness. It will come, the time of the new Everlasting Gospel, promised even in the New Testament books" (*Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*, §§ 85, 86).

These thoughts of Lessing worked as a ferment in the great philosophic movement of subsequent years. Lessing's own point of view was forsaken for others, but his spirit dominates nearly all later German thought on this subject. Religion, according to one view, is the veiled utterance, the imperfect and poetical grasping of truth that can be and must be otherwise expressed and justified. Religion is, therefore, the necessary path to the higher insight that is to come through philosophy. Or, on the other hand, as Schleiermacher has it, religion is an expression of a feeling; *viz.*, of the sense of dependence, of finite incompleteness, of need of God. This sense, as pure feeling, is the essential element of religion, and the work of philosophical reflection is to find this essential element in all faith, to purify the religious sense from all disturbing doubt, and to prepare the soul to stand alone with God in the undisturbed enjoyment of the satisfaction of its greatest want. These two views—the one for which religion is largely theoretical in content, the expression of an intuitive, uncriticised, impure, or else poetically veiled knowledge; the other for which religion is the effort to express an emotion, a felt need of support, or of something to worship—both contend for the supremacy in modern German religious philosophy. Both have in common, first, the effort to transcend the uncritical faith of unlearned piety, and, secondly, the discontent with the negations of pure rationalism. The two differ often very widely in the consequences that are drawn from them.

Now Strauss, in the *Leben Jesu*, after applying criticism to the gospel histories, found their content to be throughout, as he held, mythical. His work completed, the question arose, What must we do with the faith whose support seems thus taken away? The answer was, Religion has not deserted us; only the perishable form in which our thought clothed itself has dissolved. The hidden inner sense is revealed

more clearly when we see the mythical element in the popular faith. To determine this inner sense of Christianity, Strauss had recourse to the doctrines of his master, Hegel, which he interpreted—not as Hegel would have done, but as at least one great tendency of the Hegelian philosophy suggested. From the point of view that Strauss adopts,* the religious consciousness appears as largely theoretic; *viz.*, as in the intuitive knowledge of the infinite, the recognition in nature, in mind, in history, of the presence of an all pervading, all governing reason, of an absolute spirit in whom are all things. Not as a philosophic theory, but as a purely immediate sense or belief the religious soul makes and accepts this doctrine. But if this is the essence of religious faith, it is not the whole of faith. Unphilosophic as the religious consciousness is, it necessarily embodies its faith in a mythical form. The direct consciousness of the infinite is expressed in the documents of the faith as if it were a particular historical revelation, occurring at some point of time. The presence of the infinite reason in the universe is conceived as the action of a law-giver, working after the fashion of men. The progress of the race, or the growth of the religious consciousness in the individual, is related as if it were a series of miracles. The eternal, in short, is conceived under the form of the transient, the infinite is mythically made to appear finite. So, again, in particular with the Christian doctrines. The knowledge that the human spirit is in essence one with the divine spirit, that man is to rise to the actual sense of his unity with God, is veiled under the myth of a historical incarnation. The understanding of the myth is the revealing of its essential content. We do not, reasons Strauss, lose the knowledge of the infinite, nor of our essential unity with it, when we learn the mythical nature of the religious doctrine. This mythical form was an absolute necessity to train men for a knowledge of the truth. We must reject the shell of the dogma, but the kernel of the dogma is our eternal treasure.

It is certain that George Eliot must have been influenced by these views. She looked everywhere for teaching, and we may be sure that she did not translate Strauss merely for the sake of disturbing her countrymen's faith. Of course, she did not accept the Hegelian metaphysic; but just as little is she in her novels willing to express perfect satisfaction with the flat negations of many of the English positivists. Nearer, in some respects, to her actual views, because less given to transcendent speculation than Strauss, may, perhaps, have been Feuerbach, whose *Wesen des Christenthums* she also translated. Feuerbach has, at present, little more than historical interest. What he has concluded as a consequence of his early Hegelianism others have said or thought independently of him. The following account depends upon that in Pfleiderer's late work, *Religionsphilosophie auf Geschichtlicher Grundlage.* Feuerbach's view of religion is intensely skeptical, and yet not wholly unappreciative. He sees in religion the expression of a subjective want, which assumes the deceptive guise of knowledge. See through this disguise, and religion has no truth; and yet the disguise is not the one essential thing in religion, for the want creates the disguise. Man in religion treats his own being as if it were another. Dissatisfied with a world that oppresses him, he creates in his despair a supernatural all-powerful being, enthroned over the world, and worships this ideal Self as the perfect one. The ideal has no truth, but the indefinite variety of its forms, the strength of the want that creates it, make its power over life prodigious. In the thought "there is a God, an image of Me, a perfect, an unlimited Self, outside of the sphere of change and misery" religion begins. But this thought is not enough. God must be put in relation to the world. Only as God the Son, as God appealing to the human heart, knowing our frailties, sympathizing with our needs, hearing our prayers, does the infinite ideal become truly divine. And it is but an objectifying of the unhappy world-weary consciousness of disappointed humanity to conceive this God as himself suffering and overcoming suffering, as the risen and exalted Self, that has overcome the world.

But in all this Feuerbach finds only a stupendous phantasm. He will admit nothing in religion as religion that can endure criticism. Yet see what after all will remain to one who accepts Feuerbach's premises, but regards this purely fantastic exercise of the religious spirit as after all intensely and eternally significant. Such a one will say, Men did indeed make to themselves ideals of God, and these ideals were phantasms; but the spirit of religion that produced the phantasm is still ours. We reject the product that made the world seem so sublime and significant, but we work as if we were in a world where such things were true. We know ourselves to be but strangers, who find in the whole real universe nothing that quite satisfies these our highest longings; but then, we can and will try to make the world as much as possible the realization of our longings. Ours

* *V.* Pfleiderer, *Religionsphilosophie*, p. 238. *Cf.* the account in Hausrath, *D. F. Strauss u. d. Theologie Seiner Zeit*, vol. i, the chapter on the first *Leben Jesu.*

it will be to give life a divine significance, even if no Providence has already done this for us before our birth. Did George Eliot draw this conclusion herself? We shall have reason to believe that she did.

By training, then, as we may say, our author was at least in part identified with the great characteristic thought-movement of the first half of our century, with the movement that aimed at the understanding and appreciation of the essential elements of religion. This movement was not one of harmony, but of vigorous and often bitter discussion, and no original thinker would be apt to submit himself to the mere formulas of any one of its representatives. Yet in it all there was the one easily appreciated effort to decipher this strange, beautiful language of the pious heart, and to see whether the writing, once deciphered, would furnish any one word that the enlightened mind can accept as eternal truth. With this effort George Eliot was in deep sympathy.

Another influence on George Eliot's religious philosophy must be mentioned, but I see at present no good reason to lay much stress upon it. This is the influence of Comte and of his formulated *Religion of Humanity*. When some one of the most straitest sect of the religious positivists, who is at the same time acquainted with German thought, shall have made clear to us just what, if any, was Comte's original and genuine contribution to the philosophy of religion, beyond his theory of the three stages of the human mind, we shall be able to appreciate the importance of a general sympathy with positivism for the mind of one who knew German religious philosophy so well. Till this information is given I do not see why George Eliot need have been much other than she was had Comte or his later period of thought never existed. She did, as we are told, sympathize with the Positivist sect. But of the ritual and the observances, the fanatical solemnity, and the pharisaical vanity of that sect, she certainly never in her printed works showed any signs. The religion of humanity she did profess, but she exhibits in her writings no tendency to accept the inhuman exclusiveness of any arbitrary dogmatic system of living. If the Positivists were her friends, we may be sure that freedom was a greater friend.

But still another influence remains to be mentioned here, the influence of the study of Spinoza upon George Eliot's life-theory. Of this influence we may be sure; for it has been announced since her death on good authority (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) that a translation of the whole of the *Ethics* exists in manuscript, prepared by her own hand during this early period of apprenticeship. But just what the influence of Spinoza was it will be her biographer's duty to discover and tell us. Meanwhile there seems to be an inviting field open for philological investigation in the comparison of Spinoza's famous treatise on the passions and their control (*Ethics*, books iii–v), with George Eliot's own numerous remarks on the same subject. In reading this part of the *Ethics* one may notice the great likeness of many of the observations in style and in matter to George Eliot. This likeness ought to be examined and tested. Spinoza is, after all, one of the fathers of religious philosophy. His direct influence upon the first religious philosopher that ever wrote great novels would be a problem of no little interest.

Leaving the study of the causes, let us go on to the effects. Not long before the publication of the *Scenes from Clerical Life*, we find in the *Westminster Review* an essay under the title, "Worldliness and Other-worldliness: the Poet Young." This essay is by George Eliot. The poet Young is here reviewed with a good deal of severity. The article has in it something of that dash and boldness in speaking of serious subjects that endeared the *Westminster* of those days to the radical mind, and to young radicals in particular. But the hand is the hand of Marian Evans. Nor do we fail to find in passages her own more moderate tone, such as she used when not in the editorial chair. Young is described in this essay as "a poet whose imagination is alternately fired by the 'Last Day,' and by a creation of peers, who fluctuates between rhapsodic applause of King George and rhapsodic applause of Jehovah." One of Young's "most striking characteristics is," says the essayist, "his radical insincerity as a poetic artist. No writer whose rhetoric was checked by the slightest truthful intention could have said:

> 'An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
> And roll forever.' "

Furthermore, Young wants genuine emotion. "There is hardly a trace of human sympathy, of self-forgetfulness in the joy or sorrow of a fellow-being" in all of the *Night Thoughts* outside of passages in "Philander," "Narcissa," and "Lucia." As a consequence, Young's theory of ethics lacks the element of sympathy, and finds a basis for morality only in the belief in an immortality of rewards and punishments. And here the personal views of the essayist burst forth: "Fear of consequences is only one form of egoism which will hardly stand against half a dozen other forms of egoism bearing down upon it. . . . . In proportion as a man would

care less for the rights and the welfare of his fellow if he did not believe in a future life, in that proportion is he wanting in the genuine feelings of justice and benevolence, as the musician who would care less to play a sonata of Beethoven's finely in solitude than in public, where he was to be paid for it, is wanting in genuine enthusiasm for music." "Certain elements of virtue, ... a delicate sense of our neighbor's rights, an active participation in the joys and sorrows of our fellow-men, a magnanimous acceptance of privation or suffering for ourselves when it is the condition of good to others—in a word, the extension and intensification of our sympathetic nature—we think it of some importance to contend that they have no more direct relation to the belief in a future state than the interchange of gases in the lungs has to the plurality of worlds. Nay, to us it is conceivable that in some minds the deep pathos lying in the thought of human mortality—that we are here for a little while and then vanish away, that this earthly life is all that is given to our loved ones and to our many suffering fellow-men—lies nearer the fountains of moral emotion than the conception of extended existence." The thought of mortality then is favorable to virtue as well as the thought of immortality. "Do writers of sermons and religious novels prefer that men should be vicious in order that there may be a more evident political and social necessity for printed sermons and clerical fictions? Because learned gentlemen are theological, are we to have no more simple honesty and good-will? We can imagine that the proprietors of a patent water supply have a dread of common springs; but for our own part we think there cannot be too great a security against a lack of fresh water or of pure morality. To us it is matter of unmixed rejoicing that this latter necessary of healthful life is independent of theological ink, and that its evolution is insured by the interaction of human souls as certainly as the evolution of science or of art, with which indeed it is but a twin ray, melting into them with undefinable limits." The principal sources of our author's quarrel with Young are thus indicated. But yet more to our present purpose are her criticisms on his conception of religion. "Young has no conception of religion as anything else than egoism turned heavenward; and he does not merely imply this—he insists on it." "He never changes his level so as to see beyond the horizon of mere selfishness." And again: "He sees Virtue sitting on a mount serene, far above the mists and storms of earth. He sees Religion coming down from the skies, with this world in her left hand and the other world in her right. But we never find him dwelling on virtue or religion as it really exists—in the emotions of a man dressed in an ordinary coat, and seated by his fireside of an evening, with his hand resting on the head of his little daughter; in courageous effort for unselfish ends, in the internal triumph of justice and pity over personal resentment, in all the sublime self-renunciation and sweet charities which are found in the details of ordinary life." At the end of the essay Young is contrasted with Cowper, much to the advantage of the latter. "In Young we have the type of that deficient human sympathy, that impiety toward the present and the visible, which flies for its motives, its sanctities, and its religion to the remote, the vague, and the unknown. In Cowper we have the type of that genuine love which cherishes things in proportion to their nearness, and feels its reverence grow in proportion to the intimacy of its knowledge."

The transition in mood is but slight from the last words of this essay to the *Scenes from Clerical Life*. As one reads these one is impressed with the fact that George Eliot has, for the time, resolutely turned away her mind from the learning and speculation with which she is so familiar, and has determined to seek the essential elements of the higher life in the world of simple ignorance, doing penance, as it were, for too much philosophy by refusing at present to portray a character capable of abstract thought, or perhaps rather seeking rest from the heated war of ideas in a refreshing bath in the secluded, slowly flowing river of commonplace human life. In the *Scenes*, artistic motives seem nevertheless to be struggling still with didactic motives, and the author stops too often to justify herself for thus leaving cultivated life behind her. The born story-teller—such a man as Chaucer, or William Morris, or Paul Heyse, or Turgeneff, or Heinrich von Kleist—never, unless in the absence of the Muse, is guilty of excusing himself for having chosen a given subject, any more than the popular ballad-maker of the Middle Ages thought of explaining why just this tale of all tales must over his lips. In fact, the great curse of George Eliot's art, from *Amos Barton* to *Daniel Deronda*, is her tendency to speak in her own name to the reader for the sake of explaining why she does thus and so. But, apart from their artistic faults, the *Scenes* are full of suggestive thoughts. "These commonplace people," she says (in an often quoted passage in *Amos Barton*, speaking of the mass of the English nation),—"many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their un-

spoken sorrows and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out toward their first-born, and they have mourned over their irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share?" In the minds of these men, then, we are to find the religious life in its essence exemplified. Here is simple human nature. A religious philosophy that would be universal must bear the test of finding whether these instances fall within the scope of its sounding universal premises.

In *Amos Barton* we meet with a few suggestions bearing directly on this point. A story intended by the pathos of its unromantic events to appeal directly to our sense of the interest of life as life cannot go very deeply into problems. But the author does not avoid giving hints of her doctrines. Thus, for example, after telling of Mrs. Barton's funeral, she speaks of our anguish, when we mourn over our own dead, at the thought that "we can never atone for the little reverence that we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know." What, then, the reader asks, are we to worship those that stand or that have stood nearest us, and is this to be our religion? This, the author seems to say, is the religion death teaches.

But one suspects all teachings that are founded on death alone. The emotions suggested by death, one might reply to George Eliot, are among the highest we know, and yet it is hard to draw any ethical conclusions from them. Quite apart from our beliefs or doubts about immortality, we say when a good man dies, "It is well, his work is nobly done;" and when a bad man dies, "It is well, the world is rid of him." If an old man dies, we say, "The debt of nature is paid, let us not mourn;" if a young maiden, we still say, "Death has saved this fair life from pain and decay, let us cease mourning." Sir Walter Raleigh, in the famous passage at the end of his history, calls death eloquent. One might well rejoin that death is rather the great sophist: argue as we will, he refutes us. He is an evil; but who would live always? a good; but who would forsake life? Death as the seeming end of desire appears at once undesirable, and yet perfectly satisfying; at once a sacred presence that sanctifies whatever it touches, so that we naturally worship the memory of the dead, and a horrible nightmare that pursues the living, so that the free man becomes free only when, as Spinoza said, he learns to think not at all of death, but solely of life. What doctrine shall then be founded on our contemplation of death? Death is the infinite night, wherein, as the rough-voiced adage had it, all cows are black. Let us disregard it, and ask our teacher what she has to tell us about life. What shall we worship in world of the living?

In "Janet's Repentance," the third of the *Scenes*, we are brought face to face with one of the problems that have most interest for the mind of George Eliot. It is the problem afterward treated in *Romola*. Suppose a soul, capable of higher life, but shut out for years from the thought of it, living in worldliness. Suppose a trouble that arouses in this soul a sense of wrong, of loneliness, of the desolation of the universe when there is no object in it that seems worth our striving. How shall such a soul become reconciled to life? How shall it attain religious earnestness, and strength, and peace? Janet, a high-spirited, self-reliant girl, is persistently ill treated by her husband. At first she cannot bear to think that their love should have all come to this. Then she takes refuge in sullen defiance, broken by passionate outbursts. Now and then she upbraids her mother fiercely, and without reason; but most of the time she tries to keep silence. She never thinks of religious solace; her one hope is that in some way her husband may come to love her again. If he is jovial and good humored for a day, she is happy. But such times are rare. At last she falls into the habit of drinking secretly, to forget her troubles. And so bad becomes worse, until a climax is reached in her husband's temper, and he turns her out of the house at midnight. She takes refuge with a neighbor. The next day her husband drinks enormously, drives alone, meets with a serious accident, and is brought home to his death-bed, raving in *delirium tremens*. Meanwhile, Janet has had time to review her life; her despair is complete; the world is dark, her conscience bad, her future inconceivable. At this point, the day of her husband's fatal drive, she is visited by the new evangelical parson, a hard-working, somewhat fanatical consumptive, who has the ascetic sincerity of a mediæval saint. Remorse for a youthful crime had driven him into his present life; and his special task is the seeking out of great sinners and of despairing souls of all classes. Janet's husband had been this man's bitterest enemy, and she herself had always before scorned his very name. Now, at the first sight of him, at the first experience of his earnestness and kindness, she feels that here is a new influence. She soon pours out to him her whole heartful of misery and of longing: "I thought that God was cruel. I suppose it is wicked to think so. . . . . I feel as

if there must be goodness and right above us, but I can't see it; I can't trust in it. And I have gone on that way for years and years. . . . . I shall always be doing wrong, and hating myself after; sinking lower and lower, and knowing that I am sinking. Oh, can you tell me of any way of getting strength? Have you ever known any one like me that got peace of mind and power to do right? Can you give me any comfort, any hope?" To answer to this appeal the parson gathers all his strength. He sees in this woman his own old despairing self. He speaks to her out of the fullness of an experience of torture. He uses the conventional terms of orthodoxy, to be sure; but we feel, as we read, that the force is not intended by the author to be in them. Janet accepts the message; but why? Not because of the essential might of the orthodox formula. The devil is not cast out in the name of any power, but by the force of direct present sympathy. Janet feels that here is another, with like nature, tried, tempted, fallen also, but enabled to rise by seeing the vast world of human life about him in which there is so much to be done, in which there is such a mass of suffering and sin, to which his life is but a drop, and for which, as he sees, he must work. "As long," he tells her, "as we live in rebellion against God, desiring to have our own will, seeking happiness in the things of this world, it is as if we shut ourselves up in a crowded, stifling room, where we breathe only poisoned air; but we have only to walk out under the infinite heavens, and we breathe the pure, free air that gives us health, and strength, and gladness. It is so with God's spirit. As soon as we submit ourselves to his will, as soon as we desire to be united to him, and made pure and holy, it is as if the walls had fallen down." This is language that men of a hundred nations and creeds might understand. Wherein lies its force? What is the religious idea at the bottom of it? Hear the author:

"Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effective, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened. . . . . Ideas are often poor ghosts. Our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh. They breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power; then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame."

Religious knowledge and life come to us then, our author teaches, through the influence of individual souls, whose sympathy and counsel awaken us to a new sense of the value of life, and to a new earnestness to work henceforth not for self, but for the Other than self. This Other, as you see, is always at least negatively infinite; it takes in this philosophy the place of the supernatural. You know not its boundaries. This grand ocean of life stretches out before you without discovered shore. You are brought to the strand. Will you embark? To embark and to lose yourself is religion; to wait on the shore is moral starvation. Such seems to be our author's life-doctrine. The infinite is conceived as known only in this world of fellow-beings.

For Janet this new insight means acceptance, and so new life. Her dying husband is to be nursed, and then afterward her neighbors are to be helped. Her religion sustains her. What, then, in her own consciousness, is this religion? A sense of the value and beauty of life, a trust in the parson, a wish to do good, a looking out into the world with trust and resignation. All must be well, for are we not willingly at work? So lambs think, no doubt, as they look up from the tender grass they are cropping. And of such kind, as it seems, George Eliot conceives to be the state of the soul when raised to the plane of this higher life. There is an indefinite sense of worship arising from the depths of a peaceful mind that feels at home in the world, and that, while so feeling, contemplates life. Call this worship by what name you will.

But the process of the religious life is not yet fully described, for one of the hardest problems remains untouched. Given the awakened soul, a Janet after her first conversation with the parson, a Romola when Savonarola has sent her back to her husband and has called upon her to live for the Florentines even if she cannot live for her own home, such a soul, as we have seen, is largely under the influence of the person that has been the awakener. But this person is only a man, whose breath is in his nostrils. He may represent, but he is not humanity. He will die, or, worse than that, he will show weakness or will betray some hidden sinful tendency. What, then, is to be done for the poor soul that has depended upon this mortal prop? Must the reclaimed fall whenever the helper stumbles? This problem is more fully developed in Romola. The heroine here is by nature enthusiastic, but by training a Neopagan, caring for none of these things. Aroused

when in great trouble and despair to the value of the higher life through the words of Savonarola, Romola leans spiritually upon him, makes of him the human deity. What is the result? It is brought bitterly home to her that her spiritual father is not perfect, that he is selfish like other men, and can on occasion, misled by ambition, do her and others irreparable wrong. Thus the one support is taken away. There is nothing worth the trouble of life. What is Florence if its best man is such a man? Romola flees into the wilderness, caring not what becomes of her. Coming to the sea, she embarks alone, and the wind bears her to another shore, where she finds a plague-stricken village. The sight of suffering arouses the old fervor. As George Eliot remarks in substance elsewhere, in presence of pain you need no theories, you have but to work, and with the work the old faith comes back. The world needs me, and it is good to be needed. Such seems Romola's thought; and so the faith in humanity, the sense that life is significant, is made independent of the trust in the one master who first opened her eyes. He may not be what he seemed or aspired to be; but the light is still there.

The first teacher, the awakener, is therefore often necessary; but the awakened soul must learn to live without this personal presence, in the power of self-sustained enthusiasm. The very faults of the teacher are then seen in a new light, not as disheartening chasms in our way that cannot be overleaped, but as incitements to more earnest work. We are all weak, teachers as well as taught; so much the greater is the demand for unwearied exertion. The process thus indicated reminds one of the well known Platonic myths in the *Phædrus* and the *Symposium*. The idea of the beautiful, says Plato, is the only one of the eternal ideas that has an earthly representative directly appealing to the senses. At the sight of a beautiful being the soul is awakened from the dreamy life of nature, and a longing for the old home in the heavens is aroused. This longing is human love. Followed upward, love leads to the knowledge of the eternal, of which itself is the beginning. But because love is divine, it does not follow that the love of the one earthly object is enough. No; the object is nothing of itself. As a thing of sense it may not with safety be pursued or possessed. Only as pointing the soul to the eternal, only as arousing us to look beyond itself and to forget what is transient in it and in everything else, is the beloved object of true worth. Just so now in George Eliot the knowledge of the enduring and significant in life comes to us in the words and deeds of perhaps a single human teacher. But we must learn to outgrow the direct influence of the teacher, as Janet outgrows the need of her pastor, as Romola outgrows Savonarola, as Deronda learns to do without the prophetic voice of Mordecai, or as Gwendolen hopes to do without the personal magnetism of Deronda. We must even learn, as Maggie learns, in *The Mill on the Floss*, to endure when everything forsakes us, and when there is no thought left but that we once did our duty and destroyed our earthly happiness. From the transient we must come to the knowledge of the abiding; from trusting in a teacher we must come to trust in the worth of the higher life. From revering the man we must come to revere the infinity of consciousness whereof he was a representative.

So much, then, for a brief account of the religious consciousness as a process. We come next to speak of this same consciousness as a present fact in the minds of all earnest men and women, whether or no their life has risen or can rise to a very high conscious plane. Silas Marner, the weaver, crushed by early disappointment, loses all faith, almost forgets religion, and becomes a miser. His gold is stolen, but the child is found on his hearth, the little girl whose mother had been frozen in the snow. In bringing up this child the weaver learns to live again; she means for him his religion. Now again, with time, he becomes known to his fellow-men and awakened to the memory of what he was. Life as a problem rises before his unlearned mind, and with it the old puzzles of destiny. Why was it that I was thus tried and tortured? What did Providence, if there is any, mean with me? Hear, then, the weaver reasoning high with Dolly Winthrop, a village matron whose religion is a matter of faith only, and sometimes of wavering faith, too. "It al-'ays," she says, "comes into my head when I am sorry for folks, and feel as I can't do a power to help 'em, not if I was to get up i' the middle o' the night—it comes into my head as Them above has got a deal tend'rer heart nor what I've got—for I can't be any better nor Them as made me; and if anything looks hard to me, it's because there's things I don't know on; and for the matter o' that, there may be plenty o' things I don't know on, for it's little as I know—that it is. And so, while I was thinking o' that, you come into my mind, Master Marner, and it all came pouring in; if *I* felt i' my inside what was the right and just thing by you, isn't there Them as was at the making on us and knows better and has a better will? And that's all as ever I can be sure on, and everything else is a big puzzle to me when I

think on it. For there was the fever come and took off them as were full-growed, and left the helpless children, and there's the breaking o' limbs. . . . . Eh, there's trouble i' this world, and there's things as we can niver make out the rights on. And all as we've got to do is to trusten, Master Marner—to do the right thing as fur as we know, and to trusten. For if us as knows so little can see a bit o' good and rights, we may be sure as there's a good and rights bigger nor what we can know—I feel it i' my own inside as it must be so. And if you could but ha' gone on trustening, Master Marner, you wouldn't ha' run away from your fellow-creatures, and been so lone."

"You're i' the right," is Marner's answer. "There's good i' this world—I've a feeling o' that now; and it makes a man feel as there's a good more nor he can see, i' spite o' the trouble and the wickedness. The drawing o' the lots is dark; but the child was sent to me: there's dealings with us—there's dealings." Here then is the elementary philosophy of religion, the knowledge that in all the obscurity and mystery of the universe the confidence in the supreme value of duty and of love remains to us. Dolly Winthrop in working for the suffering, Silas Marner in caressing the little girl's golden hair, have they not both of them found a crude elementary religion, wherein there is nothing of sentimentality, but merely a plain, matter-of-fact, every-day recognition of the true object of life? One's mind is borne by the strange contrast of subjects to the words of Ernst Renan, in his London lecture on Marcus Aurelius: "The religion of Marcus Aurelius is the absolute religion, that which results from the simple fact of a high moral consciousness brought face to face with the universe. This religion is of no race, nor of any country. No revolution, no change, no discovery will be able to change it." Is not this, one asks, the religion of Dolly Winthrop as well as of the Roman emperor?

But we cannot wait to give more examples. I have tried to show that George Eliot's effort to express the religious consciousness in terms of natural, not of supernatural, facts is, in part, a sequence from the philosophical movement of her age, the movement that began with Lessing and is not yet ended. But our investigation has led us to see certain peculiarities of George Eliot's own mind and method in viewing these things. She was an appreciative student of many systems, but she let none of them rule her. She heard what they had to say, and then she went to actual human life to see whether the theory held good. In studying the life the theory was not permitted to interfere; unless, to be sure, we must make exception of the unhealthy predominence of analysis, of reflection, and of preconceived opinion over emotion and art in *Daniel Deronda*, or in some of those insufferable dissections of human weakness that fill the first part of *Theophrastus Such*. On the whole, we must see throughout in George Eliot's works an intense earnestness, and a conscientious effort to comprehend the realities of the human heart. She feels what she tells, and to her the religious consciousness whereof she writes is a fact of her own heart. The sermons of Dinah in *Adam Bede* were, as she said in a private letter published since her death, written in hot tears, were the outcome of personal experience, and not, as some have supposed, merely a cold study from observation. Thus in her writings the best power of analytic vision is joined with depth of emotion. She is, then, the best possible witness to her own doctrines. She has seen and felt what she describes as the true religious life. When Deronda says to Gwendolen, "The refuge you are needing from personal trouble is the higher, the religious life, which holds an enthusiasm for something more than our own appetites and vanities," he speaks less from his own experience (for he has not yet had the interviews with Mordecai) than from the author's experience.

George Eliot never finished an abstract statement of doctrine, partly because she was at her best an artist, not a philosophic systematizer, and partly because she was too intensely skeptical to accept easily any one formula. In *Theophrastus* there is a chapter of conversation with an evolution philosopher on the probable practical consequences of indefinite progress, which shows how critical our author remained, to the very last, of even the most familiar doctrines of the school with which she was affiliated. And this skeptical element is one of the most significant features in her works. Nothing has done more harm in the history of religion than the dead formula, held to notwithstanding its failure as an expression of life. And even the successful formula, the true expression of life, is dangerous as soon as we try to substitute it for the life, or to imagine that salvation can come through preaching alone. The destruction of the letter is the great purpose of skepticism. The skeptical spirit is the Mephistopheles of the religious conciousness, the companion that this Faust "no more can do without." And so we welcome the spirit that could look with the Germans for the abiding element in religious life, without cramping poetical freedom from the very beginning by an acceptance of some cut-and-dried system. If

ever we have a religious philosophy, the poets on the one hand, the merciless skeptics on the other, will have helped the speculator at every step in his search for a theory. Without them speculation is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, yet signifying nothing. George Eliot is at once speculative, skeptical, and poetic. Whatever she has done best, depends upon the successful union of these three faculties. When the speculative tendency triumphs she becomes mystical and wearisome; when the skeptical triumphs she becomes wearisome and excessively analytic; while the poetical tendency may be said never, in her writings, to free itself, for more than a moment at a time, from the influence of the other tendencies. And so, the constant presence of self-criticism makes us more confident of whatever we find in our author in the way of positive result.

And now, to leave the work of simple exposition, and to estimate our author's accomplishment in the direction of an understanding of religion, what is the one fact of human nature that is brought into prominence in all these particular instances? It is, as we may make sure upon reflection, the fact of the self-surrendering, of the submissive moment in the action of free human beings when they are brought face to face with the world of life. Man, especially the higher man, is not even by original nature altogether selfish. Before all training he is prone to submission whenever he meets another being whom he regards as higher, better, more admirable than himself. Training makes definite and potent this original tendency. The soul into which has come the wealth of knowledge that springs from feeling ourselves to be but atoms in a great stream of life, is aroused to an essentially new existence. The main-spring of such a nature is conscious submission to the demands of the world of sentient existence. This motive needs no supernatural faith, but may express itself in the language of a hundred faiths. The spirit involved in it is neither optimism nor pessimism, but simply earnestness, determination to make the world significant. It is a fact, we see, that such consciousness is, and can be. Call this spirit what you will. A sound religious philosophy, such as Lessing dreamed of in *Nathan*, such as our century has been struggling to attain, will, we need not doubt, see in this spirit the essential element of that greatest of higher human agencies, Religion.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

A land that man has newly trod,
  A land that only God has known,
  Through all the soundless cycles flown.
Yet perfect blossoms bless the sod,
  And perfect birds illume the trees,
  And perfect unheard harmonies
Pour out eternally to God.

A thousand miles of mighty wood,
  Where thunder-storms stride fire-shod;
  A thousand plants at every rod,
A stately tree at every rood;
  Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
  And each a miracle to me;
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

SEEKING SHADOWS.

"SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 7, 3 P. M., 1876.
"TO SAMUEL MCQUEER:—I've struck it. Come right along. JOHN JOHNS."

Now, when a quiet country resident receives a telegram like that, upon election day, from a man known to him to be one of the sort who do strike strange and improbable things, there is nothing for it but to vote early and then take the first train that runs toward the saintly city.

It would not be right, I thought, as I sat in the car, to leave in the midst of a heated contest upon such a summons from an unknown party; but then John Johns is not a man to be unheeded, for did he not discover the great Consolidated Silver Mine right in the trail where many silver-seeking feet had trod for years? Did not John Johns trace a murderer in the eye of the most polished, pious, and polite man in the camp at Rocky Ridge? In fact, had not J. J. done more important, improbable things than any man I ever knew? Of course he had. Then roll on, iron wheels. Rip-rip-rip on the ringing rail. Yell out, bright engine, as you cleave the air like a flashing dragon, flying low and fast, and bear me away from the seething thought of a nation's life—away and away from the feverish ballot-box—to the quiet haunts of the ingenious John Johns.

Not much time is consumed in rail-riding from my house to the South Depot, because at evening of the same day on which I viewed the glancing lights of the winding train playing a boo-peep game among the darkening hills, I came, at last, grandly down the slope whose other flank drives back the noisy craving of the great salt waves; and, with clanging bell and warning yell which marshal the way through gathering lights, and crossing streets, and clustering suburbs, o'er bridge, and ditch, and oozy armlets of the bay, where smells arise as pasty in their plenitude of power as though we breathed the air of all creation's offal—and then—here we are at the dingy little house where the train stops, and the hackman begins:

"Whans scarriage?" "Whans scarriage?"

"Hotel, 'otel, 'tel, 'el!"

Being a quiet man, and prone to be frugal withal, I glide through this jargon of energetic cupidity, and, satchel in hand, soon sit quietly down in the middle of the street—taking care, however, to be inside a street car before sitting down. As the car rapidly fills, the "ching-ching" of the conductor's bell summons the low rumble of the wheels, and, finding we are off, I glance from right to left upon the passengers who seem to be going to a perpetual Centennial show, from all lands under the sun, and to be forever in a hurry to get there. Many of them have come from "Cipango and far Cathay," while to others the sunset glories of the South Sea Isles are infant memories. As I sit, a shy man, with my satchel between my feet, I seem to sniff the odors of opium, sandal-wood, the bread-fruit tree, and to see Marco Polo shaking hands with Captain Cook in a social circle of the "friendly natives" of many islands, for, notwithstanding the onward rumble of the crowded car through the clattering bedlam of collective wheels, and the increasing movement of gathering heads across the gaudy front-lights of bright traffic's staring halls, I am away in the region where the book-world lies—outside the harbor of our daily life—and the conductor, staggered by the lurching car, drops his iron heel promptly on my rheumatic toe, and, by way of apology, says, with extended hand, "Fare, sir?"

Thus I come back from dreamland to find myself, fingering for a ten-cent piece, far in the heart of the city. The unspeakable noise of the city—the echo of unrest—hovers heavier and heavier in the air as I step out of the car, and walk, by a few paces, into the hotel. I do not like hotels, and have never been intimate enough with such places to know if any of them admire me. They are too much like incorporated graveyards, where all are received who pay the price—but those are best received who come with greatest pomp. Mine host, being a fair fat man with a weary repose of manner, whirled the registry book upon its pivot, and took my baggage. I wrote my autograph. He wrote some arithmetical figures opposite my writing, and banged—one bang—on a bell; saying to the ready youth who answered the bang, and to whom he presented my satchel and a key:

"Take gen'l'm'n 55."

Following the young man, who rattled the key and its tag as he went, I soon found myself in "my own room." Alas, how fictitious is language! Not my own room, but the room of thousands. As well may the infant born to-night exclaim, "Here I am in my own world!"

For truly this is the room, or one of the rooms, in which the unhonored and ungilded have dreamed away their weary nights since first this house cast the light of its evening eyes on the stony street.

The landlord was not aware of my heavy wealth, nor of my great renown, for the natural shyness of my manner conveys no hint of my importance. The landlord did not know of my mines of silver, my leagues of land, nor of the rich argosies which float upon my private seas, or he would have been more solicitous of my comfort. The landlord does not know that I am acquainted with greater men than he ever associated with, and lastly, as well as mostly, he does not know that I am the former mining partner, and present intimate friend, of John Johns. What care I for the landlord? What's he but the head-waiter? Let him cringe before governors, and other great acrobatic performers. Let him—let him—but pshaw! why should I enrage myself about the landlord, when I am washed, brushed, dusted, and ready to dine, though a little late?

The waiter at dinner, in a brogue that is pleasant and soft, though palpably Irish, says:

"We've had a payceable 'lection, afther all, sir."

"Yes?" interrogatively.

"Yis, sir; no distarbance whativer."

"Big vote?"

"Powerful, sir! Forty towsan', or more, sir, they sez."

"Ah?"

"Yis, sir. Dimmicrats dizzn't loike the luks of it."

"Why not?"

"Frawd, sir."

"On whom?"

"Poiper, sir."

"Ah?"

"Yis, sir. Poiper's difayted."

This conversation brought me back to that terrible North American annoyance—the ballot-box and election day; so that, when I had finished my dinner and passed out into the street, I was not astonished to find the way blocked by noisy people of the sex male.

A man up in a balcony window had just read telegrams from various States, and the crowd was hip-hipping and hurrahing. Presently, a fine looking, mellow-voiced young orator with a waxed black mustache came to the window, and said he: "Fellow-citizens! Do you know what this news means? [Cheers, cheers, and more cheers.] It means . . . . . [Cheers.] It means . . . . . [Cheers.] It means . . . . ." [Cheers.] etc. He had so much to say about means that he seemed the chairman of some committee on ways and means making a final report.

I worked my way around this crowd so that I came about where the new-comers, attracted by the cheering, approached the skirts of the great mass.

"What's the news?" says new-comer.

"Ohbegodwegotem."

"Got 'em?"

"Yes, dammerhearts, we got 'em."

More cheers, and more repetitions of how, "We've got 'em."

"Got 'em sure! Deader'n a fish."

"Deader'n hell!"

"'Rah for Til'n."

"Three cheers for Tilden, Hendricks, and, Reform!"

"Tiger!"

It does not become a quiet rural citizen to remain long in such a turmoil; so I pushed out and proceeded away from the noisy centers toward the quieter regions of Mr. Johns's abode.

The contrast would have been grateful to my feelings as I passed, in the foggy dark alone, along streets where only the rolling car and an occasional footman disturbed the repose, were it not for the fact that I feared to find in the occasional footman a foe to my financial comfort.

At the residence, or rather the lodging place, of Mr. John Johns—for he is unmarried—I found that he was "down to his shop."

"Where is his shop?"

"Don't know."

"What sort of a shop?"

"Don't know."

"Who does know?"

"Don't know."

"What time does he come in?"

"Don't know. Lately he don't come for days. Inventin' something, I guess."

"Why do you think he is inventing?"

"Because he talks of big discoveries, and of fortunes made out of brains. And them kind's 'most always inventors, if they ain't crazy."

I could only thank madam for her information and proceed back toward the noisy throngs.

It is my usual treat to go to the theater or concert when I am in the city, because then I am in the familiar country of dreamland, where I have many warm friends, and some valuable real estate. But this night I could not conclude to go to any indoor show, so long as my brother sovereigns were wearing the cap and bells in the streets, and striving to knock each other on the head with that imaginary bauble—the ballot.

To a rural stranger a shouting, seething city, after night, is a great exhibition—particularly

when all the toads in the political pool are croaking in full chorus. It is almost funny to see how they work themselves up to the belief that they are honestly in earnest search after good government, when really they only desire a chance to jeer and cheer at each other. It comes near being melancholy, when we comprehend that after all the talk of proud intelligence, high civilization, modern improvement, and all such, that the whole question of which it shall be—Hayes or Tilden—may turn upon a township of ignorant Africans, or even upon the solitary vote of the Chinaman who polled on Tuesday.

I returned to my hotel, passing the noisy throng in the street, and hearing on the night air above the blinking eyes of the houses, the hoarse roaring of the crowd, but I passed on without noting what was said, further than that men still met each other with extended congratulatory hands and—

"We've got 'em!"

"You bet your life we've got 'em!"

"Got 'em this time!"

"Sure as hell we've got 'em!"

"'Rah for Til'n 'n 'endrix!"

Tired, excited, disappointed, amused, the little room in the large hotel, with its one window looking out into a chimney-flue sort of court-yard, into whose profound depth the pitying sun cast just one glance per diem, seemed like an asylum where the timid man might hide away from the roaring monster with the popular voice, and be at peace; as much so as the criminal who welcomes the granite cell of durance vile as an escape from the rage of indignant citizens. "Alas," I said, as I sat at the open window, seeking for air, and viewing the shadows and rain-stains on the opposite wall, "I still hear, in a muffled murmur, the roaring of the multitudes—those twin monsters of our loud misrule who are ready to trample friend or foe under the eager stride for power. Roar on—shout—yell—I have heard you both, once in each four years since 1840, boasting of your desire and ableness to save the country, while at each triumph of either of you it has gone worse.

"If 'we, the people,' had no more sagacity, thrift, and industry than we, the party voters, the owls of melancholy would, years agone, have sat brooding over the ruins of our institutions. Then again," I said to myself, very profoundly, as I sat by that lonesome window, "the reason why we, the party voters, have so much less sense than 'we, the people,' is because 'we, the people,' are more than half women, while we, the party voters, are no women at all." I knew that was a profound remark, and I chuckled a solitary chuckle as I got into my solitary bed. And, ah! how solitary is a hotel bed to a virtuous family man, when traveling alone. To such a man it is a boundless wilderness between life and eternity. As I closed my eyes to sleep, it seemed to me that some critic might sneer at my profound remark regarding the difference between the sense of the people and the sense of the voters, and the last I can recollect of wakefulness that evening was my half dreamy effort to whisper into my imaginary critic's imaginary ear this:

"A wise motherhood is the soul of good government."

The next day—not exactly morning—I awakened, and called me gently to arise, because, in the absence of the cock's shrill clarion, or the whistle of the birds, and the breath of the sun's morning kiss, I was compelled to call myself, or I should, perhaps, have slept on and on with folded hands on a pulseless bosom, like a brass monarch in his vault on top of his own tomb.

In due time, fortified for the day's duty, I was again upon the street seeking the whereabouts of John Johns; but now, the spirit of the street was changed to "'Rah for Hayes!" but the same pass-words answered the change of sentiment.

"We've got 'em!"

"You bet we've got 'em!"

"'Rah for Hayes an' W'eeler!"

"Yah-ah-ah!"

"Tiger!"

Evidently, somebody had met the enemy somewhere, and somehow had got 'em, but to a rural person, the city situation as a political issue was perplexing; so I marched sturdily on my way, taking care to avoid collision with the excited passers on the sidewalk. Looking up and out, toward the persons in a passing throng of motley vehicles, I saw John Johns, standing up, in an express job wagon, holding on to, and steadying, a large, old-fashioned, carved gilt-framed looking-glass. Impulsively and loudly, I fairly howled out: "Hello, Johns!"

Clinging to his treasure, he twisted his head about in a bewildered sort of way, till, at last, his eyes fell upon me. The wagon could not stop in the moving throng, nor could Johns let go of his frail property; so I followed along, meekly smiling, like an outside boy at a village funeral.

Down the street I marched, keeping my eye from time to time upon Johns as we passed through the massive crowd upon Montgomery Street, where the printing offices are, and where thousands of anxious voters were staring and

hurrahing for Hayes and Wheeler, while a coarse-featured, leathery-skinned heavy man, with much cheek and good teeth, was making gigantic gesticulations from an open second-floor window, and working his heavy features, from which gleamed the white array of his polished incisors like flashes of indignation; but all I could hear of his remarks was, " . . . . this great victory vouchsafed . . . . Almighty God . . . . nation . . . . Hayes and Wheeler . . . . ," mingled with the buzzing of the crowd, whooping, shouting, yelling, bah-hahing, rattling of wagons, rumbling of cars, and all other noises, which go to make up an impromptu mass meeting of excited anxiety. In course of time we got out of the jam, and Johns called to me to get up into the job-wagon. I do not admire that style of conveyance for an easy and stylish city ride, but to gratify my friend I climbed up beside him, and used one hand to assist him, while he let one hold go to give me a welcome shake, as he remarked:

"Glad you came. Mighty glad you came. I will astonish you when we get to my den."

It did not take us long to get there, where Johns, and the carman, and myself carried his big looking-glass carefully up two flights of steps, and deposited it in a large carelessly kept room among many other mirrors of all shapes, sizes, and conditions.

"There," said J. J., when he had paid the departing expressman and closed the door—"there, sir. What do you think of this line of business?"

"Well, if this is the auction business, I think the stock on hand lacks variety."

"But this is *not* the auction business," said Johns, as he looked into my eyes with a superiority expression in his own.

"Then I give it up—unless you propose to play the *rôle* of Old Mortality to dilapidated mirrors."

"No! No Old Mortality for me. Take a seat. I've got some chairs here—yes, here's one. Sit down here at this old table, and I'll make you open your eyes wider than you did when I found the Great Consolidated."

I sat down by the old table, which was burned all over with acids and caustics, while the room smelled like a drug-store which had just entertained a mad bull, and Johns went away to a part of the great room which he had at some time fenced off into darkness by housing it in with heavy painted canvas. I was about to make some reflections, but, on looking around upon the multitude of mirrors, I at once saw that no reflections were needed.

Johns returned from his bower of mystery, he called it, and threw upon the table before me a collection of those crisp, curling, ugly pieces of paper which the photographers call proofs.

"There!" said he. "Cast your philosophic eyes over that mess of human history." And he looked, I must say, as triumphant as a demon of mischief.

I uncurled the papers one after another, and found them to be scenes and broken glimpses of scenes in the life of one man—pictures which the man, whoever he was, and he seemed wealthy and well bred, would not wish to have taken; pictures which gave to the world, if the world should ever see them, some part of his life which he would not wish to draw across his own memory even in the hours of solitude.

"Well, what do you think now?" said Johns, when I looked up at him as he stood opposite to me across the table.

"I think this is a most salacious lot of trash."

"Of course it is. I bought that mirror from the former mistress of a high-up gentleman. It cost me big money. That's it over there—large heavy French plate, with massive carved frame. I'll sell the frame, but I'm not done with the glass yet."

"A'n't you a little crazy, John?" I said, somewhat sadly.

"Certainly; that's just what's the matter with me," he replied, with the least hint of a sneer in his voice, and a heavy accent on the word "me."

"There's a different story," he said, as he withdrew the papers I had just looked over, and threw upon the table another batch.

Here I had before me various scenes in the life of a woman and two children. She was a young, pretty woman in these natural—yea, too natural—pictures, dressed in the simplest form of chaste night-clothing. The children were very pretty, and also dressed in sleeping clothes. In some scenes they said their prayers at their mother's knee, or stood upon the dressing-table at right and left of the woman, with their cheeks against her cheeks, showing three happy faces in the glass, or climbed for kisses, or slept while she looked into their sleeping faces; and one line of pictures showed the oldest ill and dying, with the mother constantly by its side, and after that there was but one child in the scenes, with more kisses and fewer smiles. The tears came into my eyes as my imagination rapidly filled out this little history, with its love, its sorrow, its care, its funeral, its empty little dresses and unused shoes, its aching blank in a happy life; and as I drew out my handkerchief, with the cowardly make-believe of blowing my nose, Johns, who had been pacing the room, whirled upon his heel, and said:

"What do you think now, old fellow?"

"I do not think—I wonder; and I ask you what is the object of all this?"

"I got that history out of yon plain oval-topped mirror which you see there. I bought it at auction. It is interesting, but there is no money in it. I shall send it again to be sold."

"Well, well!" I said, something hastily. "What is the object of it all, and why am I summoned to appear?"

"The object of it all is to make money, and that is why I summoned you. I want a partner in this business with a capital of $5,000. I knew you had the money, and I know there is a princely fortune for both of us."

"Well, supposing the fact of my having the money, what part am I to play in this business, which is to me as yet all mystery?"

"You need play no part, but put up your money and divide the results. I'll run the thing."

"What is this which you propose to run?"

"Why, can't you guess? It's the simplest thing in the world."

"Simple or not, I do not guess. Indeed, it is the simplest things which make the hardest guessing. What's it all about, anyhow?"

"It's this," said Johns, as he paced the echoing room with nervous energy: "While I was analyzing and assaying the combined salts, acids, earths, etc., of the alkali flats of Nevada, in the search for borax, etc., I developed some curious chemicals, which have magical effects in fixing lights and shadows when played upon a quicksilvered background.

"Now, you can believe that quicksilver is the picture-making power of all modern mirrors. I have discovered a process by which a mirror is made to give up all its old reflections, one after the other, like a keen living memory. I reduce these reflections by chemicals under electric action to photographs, and by that means I hold a mastery of all that's true in art—I become the great detective; and, by buying old mirrors, I propose to levy a tax upon the conscience of evil pride and thereby to enjoy a princely income.

"No man can deny his own face, his own form, his well known costume, nor the photograph of his former private haunts. Such a man in the weakness of his pretended integrity becomes my vassal, my tributary—and yours, if you wish to join me in this discovery. Talk about the power of the press," continued Johns, as he still strode nervously up and down the room, "the lever of Archimedes, the Catholic confessional, the police espionage of tyrants—all, all is the play of a child compared to this."

"It seems a wondrous wicked power," said I.

"Wicked to the wicked only."

"You would literalize Shakspere and 'hold the mirror up to Nature?' "

"No; hold Nature up to the mirror. To me the orator, the actor, the poet, the painter must come to learn the unstrained, unconscious posing and grouping of men and women."

"And I suppose you will be delighted to see humanity blush and quiver at the home-thrust pictures of its own petty weaknesses."

"I do not see any home-thrusting about it, so far as I am concerned."

"Do you not call it home-thrusting when you can convince a man, even to utter dumbness, that he has made an ass of himself at some time? Is not memory a more hurtful weapon than steel to a sensitive soul? And if your victim of memory is not sensitive, if he is a pig-headed, bull-necked, pachydermatous brute, your weapon falls harmless from his hide. Yet you delight in wounding those who have already wounded themselves."

"Delight! Certainly. Does a man think for triumph and labor for success, and then not thrill with delight when triumph comes?"

"I grant that."

"Does not the successful wealthy man hug himself with triumph before my impecunious eyes?"

"But he does not get his wealth out of your ash-pile without paying you for it."

"The devil he doesn't. I am entitled to wood, water, and grass by God—I don't mean to curse—but your wealthy man takes advantage of my lack of legal alertness, and flaunts his proprietory statutes—his laws of domain—in my face, contravenes the gift of God, and asks me 'what'll you do about it?' "

"Well—but that is the result of long, well considered, wise usage upon which man has advanced to his present proud position. It is the substitute for Nature's grab game."

"If time and usage make sacredness, I'm all right, because I suspect this thing of tell-tale shadows is as old as the sun. Yes, sir," he added, with a resolute emphasis on the "sir"—"yes, *sir*, I expect some day to be able to recall any shadow that ever fell across the path of time. I'll give you yet," he said it with a smile, "a photographic group of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, if there ever were any such people to cast a shadow on the earth, provided I can find that famous truck-patch."

"Ay, I see there is no use talking when you go off on your visions; but do you think it fair to go about hunting the skeletons in people's closets?"

"I've nothing to do with people's skeletons or their closets. If there is an idiot or a natu-

ral monster in a family, I'd cut off this hand sooner than trade upon the misfortune; but does your beautiful priest, or preacher, or parson, or whatever you call him, lend a listening ear and a bright imagination to the recital of my sinful life for nothing? He wants to point a moral, does he? All right—so do I. He wants his salary and his little perquisites for the use of his gigantic and graceful intellect. So do I for mine."

"But it seems to me your new business is likely to involve the innocent with the guilty. Here you take, say for instance, some scenes in the early career of a to-day respectable man or woman who each have innocent children, and you involve the whole family connection in your revelations, making things disagreeable all round. You used to be tender and chivalrous toward women and children."

"I'm open to flattery," said Johns, with a sad, withered smile, "but not to the extent of former years. I should not like to see a child hurt, much less should like to feel I had hurt it; but men and women are my lawful prey."

"Have you come to *that*, John?" I said, somewhat sadly. He took several hasty tramps around his room, and then answered as he marched on:

"Yes, I've come to *that*. Does not wealthy woman look out of her carriage windows in a sick, old, mawkish, languid scorn upon the struggling unsuccessful multitude; or does she not trail the dust with her wasteful wealth of martyred silks across my clouted shoes as she paces and pitilessly smiles by me in the street? If she does not delight in her triumph over my poverty and weakness, why don't she go ride or walk in private? She can afford the expense of a private ride. If she will triumph, I will contest her right to triumph. Delight in my discovery! I should say I did delight in it. Will you go in with me? That is what I want to know," concluded J. J., as he stopped suddenly in his excited march.

"This is a delicate business," replied I, after a pause, "and I cannot see my way at a moment's notice; and, with the newness of it all, you keep up such an excited and excitable tramping over the naked floor of this echoing room that I cannot think——"

"I'll stop! I'll stop!" exclaimed Johns, quickly, taking the only other chair in the room. "I've got myself a good deal worked up on this subject; I'm away ahead and must give you time to catch up, and, by the way," he added, looking at his watch, "I'm hungry. Let us go to lunch," and he placed his hand on the door-knob in the act of going out into the hall; but the knob turned in his grasp, the door opened, and an humble citizen of the Chinese Empire showed his peculiar smiling face at the opening.

"Well, what the hell do *you* want?" asked Johns.

"You likee one man wo'kee you?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Wantee job—allee same—no talkee what do. Washaman, him telle me mebbe so one a-man top side a-house likee man wo'kee. Vellee good man ahme; no stealee, no bleakee glass, no go China-house allee time, gammel fan-tan."

"You're a pretty good talker," said Johns, coldly, looking the while at the pagan with quizzical gaze.

"Vellee talkee me. No got job, vellee good talkee—heap got job, talkee no got," answered the Celestial, with confident firmness and the smile of his ancestors.

"And you don't steal?"

"No stealee—no takee nodding;" then, having insinuated himself more nearly into the room so that he saw the strange array of mirrors, he pointed to that lot of property, saying, "Me heap muchee sabbe him. Sabbe washee him—sabbe cleanah him vellee good—no bleak him 'tall."

"Well, you come to-morrow. I haven't time to talk to you now."

"All light—to-molla. What time come?"

"Eight o'clock in the morning."

"All light. To-molla, eigh' galock, me come;" and he departed down stairs to the music of the clip-clap-clatter of his curious shoes.

Johns and myself followed the Celestial menial down into the streets, leaving the door of the mirror hospital locked behind us.

The dining-room toward which Johns directed his steps being down in the cardiac regions of the city, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the to-and-fro goers and news-seeking idlers, and could again feel the political pulse of the nation throbbing against the gates of sundown. Johns paid no attention, being accustomed to city sights and sounds; while I could not but feel and note the excitement. Already there began to be a sense of sullen defiance in men's faces. The loud, lifting shout and eager hand-clasping were gone, and men gazed upon the variations of bulletin blackboards with firm, grim countenances. Men felt, but did not reason out, that there was a hitch in the election machinery somewhere. The ballot failing—what then? Anarchy. Let us wait. So the great turmoil settled down to grim repose; and the "posterity of the Constitution" quailed before their own engine of peace

As we walked along among and through the passing crowds I could feel that the elective franchise was weakening among men. I could scent the failure of the many, and easily divine how that the ballot power, starting with the few, then being battled about to amuse the many, may come back to its starting point, and be again the instrument of the few. At length, as we neared the restaurant, I asked:

"Johns, are you glad that we captured Cornwallis at Yorktown?"

"What?"

I repeated my question.

"Well! well! We did capture Cornwallis—didn't we?" responded Johns. "Well, now, don't you know," he continued, "that's the first I've heard about Cornwallis for at least twenty years? Why don't we say more about that victory?"

"One reason is, it did not occur in New England; but are you glad we did it?"

"I suppose so. Why not?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, but it is something, too. The old rooster ought to have kept his red-coats at home."

"Does it make any difference what color the army coat is, if the army rules?"

"Why, yes—of course."

"Not to me," I said, as we entered the room where tables, dishes, and white-aproned waiters abound.

I suppose nearly all men and many women know what is done in a restaurant, and yet to me the entrance into a strange place of that kind is ever a sort of surprise, not to say embarrassment.

The confident manner and emphatic tread of the waiter seems a sort of menace to my shy nature, while the bold stare of the old *habitué* of the place, as he lowers his newspaper and looks steadily at me over the tops of his pinch-nose eye-glasses, gives me the feeling of being accused of something green; all of which, added to my ever-futile attempts to unravel that gastronomic charade, the "bill of fare," puts upon me an impressive sense of my own littleness and rural homeliness. On the matter of the bill of fare I appeal to my rustic countrymen to say if it is not a delusion and a snare to the empty stomach of the man who is accustomed to have his food placed before him, like a Democratic State Convention with every well known delegate in his place and the country fully represented.

By the time my nerves were somewhat composed the waiter brought our order, and in a rattling, banging, homeless, heartless rapidity placed before me an array of small dishes, each of which, by the smallness of its contents, seemed to say, "Meat for one," "Stew for one"—in fact, everything or anything only for one; a state of things calculated to make a family man feel lost. What chance with such dishes is there for the yearling who sits in his little high chair at my right, or the three-year old at my left, to reach their chubby greasy hands fondly around my plate and call for a divide? I almost dropped tears into the black adulterous coffee as I momentarily thought of the restaurant isolation and dreamed of "my young barbarians at play." A restaurant is no good place for the family father of a numerous progeny. The place is not redolent of the family virtues. These little oblong dishes with their units of grub seem to sing a solitary song like this:

> "No one to love, no love to fight,
> No one to weep if a fellow gets tight."

We could not talk while lunching of anything but politics, because there was a political epidemic, and at the numerous tables were men gesticulating with knife, fork, or fingers while talking through working jaws, and the absorbing subject was the ballot; hence, like a true ruminant, I chewed in silence and wondered inwardly as to the effect of these political epidemics on the health of the republic. Is the political spasm which we have each four years a healthy orgasm, or does it lead to softening of the political brain? Does it indicate a sensible love of country, or is it only a maudlin, senile passion? Is it the ragged remainder of what we have been, or is it the swelling germ of a better life? If at this point I had not strangled on a misdirected gulp of coffee there is no telling what fearful conundrum I would have put to myself.

We finished our lunch, and Johns and I passed out once again into the streets of America. I could not then, nor can I now, dispossess my mind of the overpowering shadow of "our institutions" as the politician pleases to call them—"our American institutions"—hence all the streets that ever I saw, having seen streets in no other country, are to me American streets. Real provincialism has no abiding place in our republic. The out-door impression is everywhere the same. The people are clothed alike; the horses are harnessed alike; the heavy wagons are painted alike; the light wagons and carriages have all the same glitter of varnish; the buildings vary only as to the relative amount of bricks, woods, stones, and irons which enter into their construction. There is the merest faint odor of antiquity in the oldest street—no quaint or curious footways from the

long forgotten past; and when you throw over all this the presidential glamour of the ballot-box which you know is on the same day everywhere throughout the entire land, you cannot resist the impulse to forget the name of the town you happen to be in and think of it all only as America—the land of the free, etc.

We pursued our way without aim or object along the streets, Johns not seeming just then to wish to return to his looking-glasses, but by a sort of instinct common to bees, ants, and men we drew toward the center of the hive and found ourselves once more in the midst of the anxious inquirers, who, though ever changing faces by the coming of one and the going of another, wore still the same sullen expression of countenance as they tried to figure some satisfaction out of the fragmentary contradictions chalked up before their eyes as information to the passing public.

Johns and I talked very little as we walked among the people. At length, when we had walked out of the throngest of the throng, I said, "Johns, does it make your eyes ache to have so many people pass and repass across your vision?"

"No, not now."

"Did it ever?"

"Oh, yes. When I first came to the city I tried to see everything at once."

"And that tired your eyes?"

"Of course it did. I took in so many impressions that the internal machinery of my eyes gave out and broke down from overwork."

"I guess that must be it, for my eyes do not, for days after, get over a visit to the city. When I return home to the farm, the green of the fields and trees comes into my eyes like the cooling spray of a woodland water-fall, and I have a desire to lie down for hours and close my eyes without sleeping."

"Well," said Johns, with an amused expression in his face, "there is a photographer in every intelligent eye, and when you come to the city you are hungry for new views and new faces; and these views and faces come before you so fast that you overwork your photographer, and when you go home he wants to rest, and he persuades you to close up the windows of your head, lock the front door of your observation shop, and let him take a sleep."

"I suppose, then, you think I'm staring my eyes out like a gawk!"

"No, not like a gawk particularly, for every observant body does it until the newness wears off."

"Do you think people notice me staring at things?"

"Oh, no. People who are minding their own lawful business pay no attention, but the beggar, the bummer, the bunko-boy, and the strap-gamester have an eye on you; the harlot, also, may possibly be aware of your arrival in town."

"I should think they would know a stranger by his clothing, or perhaps by his walk."

"Not much. You may get the newest and nobbiest outfit, from boot-heels to hat-crown—you may hire a fancy vehicle with a driver and footman to ride you about—and still your hungry eyes will tell the sharps and experts that you are a non-resident."

"That's curious."

"Not at all. If you will notice that man in front of us you will see that he scuds along, paying not the least attention to anything above or below, right or left; and you see now how he swings around the corner of the streets, without seeming to note where he is going or what is ahead of him; the usual noises of the streets no more distract him than the ticking of a clock in his room. He is at home and his every move shows it."

"Then I'm not at home, and my every move shows that, too?"

"That's about it," said Johns, laughing.

Just at this point Johns stopped suddenly in front of a photographer's show-case at the foot of a stairway.

"Excuse me for five minutes;" and he went up those steps clear out of my sight, three steps at once, like a young hoodlum getting up-stairs on a Saturday night to a popular soubrette benefit at the theater.

In a short time he came down again accompanied by a male attaché of the photograph gallery.

"This one," said Johns, pointing to a full length female picture in the show-case.

"We cannot part with that," remarked the attaché.

"Give me a copy then, or lend it to me, and I'll copy it."

"Come up into the gallery," said the attaché, removing the picture from the case.

"Only a moment," Johns said, apologetically, to me as he went up stairs, following the photographer's man.

Presently he came hurriedly down again, remarking:

"All right now. Come—go back with me to my place—that is," he hesitatingly added, "unless you want to walk farther, or go to some other place."

"No; I am at your service," I replied, and we moved toward the business place of John Johns. As soon as we were in the room where the looking-glasses were, Johns said to me:

"Sit down." Then, throwing his hat upon the chemically stained table, he rushed to his dark corner, and almost instantly came out again with a roll of those crisp paper-proofs in his hand. These he laid upon the table. Then, sitting down at the same table, he took from his pockets two things—one of which was the photograph we saw in the gallery show-case, while the other was a magnifying glass. For a few minutes he absorbed his attention by looking through the glass alternately at the proofs and the photograph from the gallery. Then, striking the table with the soft side of his clenched hand, he exclaimed, "The identical same, by heaven."

"The same?" I echoed.

"Yes," said he, again looking through the glass at the pictures. "She's older and grander looking now, but she's the same 'girl' she was at least twenty years ago. Just take this glass and look at her. You see in my pictures, which came out of yon old mirror, she is all of the Italian painter's fancy of the Madonna, less the holy nimbus, while in this picture she is the Roman matron, beatified by the snows and spring-flowers of Saxon Europe. Perhaps you will not see in the photographic black and white the sense of color which I feel."

I took the pictures. I looked at them through the glass.

"Noble female animal," I exclaimed; "and yet, withal, great of intellect, too. Johns," I added, while still looking through the glass at the face and form of the picture, "if I were not the well wedded father of a numerous interesting progeny, I should desire, at this moment, to go somewhere to find a woman like this and fall in love with her with all my might."

"You will go a long way before you find a woman like that, and when you do find her, she will be mortgaged, body and soul, to some other fellow."

"Do you think so strong a nature as this would be so mortgaged to anybody?"

"Yes; I have an idea that a great woman—a really great one—clings greatly to her accepted love, as she, also, does to her children."

At this point, a new thought coming into John's head, he popped off toward his dark room, with the photograph in his hand, saying as he went, "Ah, excuse me."

When John Johns goes off in that manner, I know by old experience with his kind that I may see him again in an hour, or a week, as the humor takes him. So, after waiting some time, I said:

"Excuse me—I'm going down town."

"All right," said Johns, from his den, "I'll see you soon."

Going down stairs into the street, I felt relieved from the incubus of Johns's mesmeric force. These highly concentrated and compressed people always fascinate me. Highly polished steam engines have the same effect upon me when I watch them running rapidly, with that simmering hint of a broken silence which may end in explosion.

I went about my own little business among the thousands and thousands of other nameless people who, like myself, were seeking to bring together the incongruous items of daily human life. I had not further converse with J. J. for more than a week, though each day, sometimes more than once, I called at his place only to find his Mongolian servitor responding to my call with:

"Him all light. Allee time catchee photoglap. No talkee him. Him tellee me, him flen' come, me talkee—by um by all light."

I did not call upon my old former partner again for more than another week, and when I did then call, his servant said:

"Him go tlavel. No tellee me nodding. Me no know."

"How long is he gone? How many days gone?"

"Thlee day—no see him."

Becoming weary with waiting on the eccentrics of my friend, I wended my way to the depot, and took the cars for home.

When I arrived at home, I found an epistle of some length, addressed to me, in my village post-office box. I carried the letter home, and, after I had looked about my place, and spoken a pleasant, friendly piece to the cows, horses, pigs, and fowls, and made myself otherwise sociable and comfortable among my own, or, rather, among the things to which I belong, I settled down to a perusal of my correspondence. The long epistle ran thus:

MY DEAR MAC.:—You are the only sensible man I was ever really acquainted with. You are the one go-ahead man that knows when to quit. Not knowing that, I am both a fool and a beggar.

I "hunted" the woman whose photograph you know I got from the photographer. I found her. With my new power I made her hunt me. I sent her, in part, the pictorial history of her old times. She came to my place, dressed like a dignified duchess, having with her a four-year old girl dressed like a princess.

She, with the child, climbed the dusty, dark stairs to my studio. I offered a chair—she took it, and sat down—the child clinging about her knees as it followed me with its eyes. The woman took from her satchel the pictures I

had sent her with my note, in which I had written, "if it is important to you to know more of this matter, call upon John Johns, No.— J— Street," and laid them in her lap, under her hand.

"You sent me this note and these photographs?"

"Yes, madam," I answered, taking a chair at a respectful distance in front of her.

"What do you want?" she asked, dryly, while the child, quitting her knees, came over to my own, and began softly smoothing down the ends of my beard.

"I want to know if it is to your interest to have the means of making those pictures destroyed?"

"No, it is not to my interest," she answered, calmly.

"Very well, madam, then the means will not be destroyed," I said, coolly, as I half unconciously took the child upon my knee.

"You look like my mamma," said the child, gazing steadily up at my face.

At this speech of the child, the mother cast a startled half glance at me, yet remarked:

"It is my desire to have everything connected with these pictures destroyed—but I cannot say it is to my interest."

"You know best, madam."

"I am not certain that I do," she said, "but I wish to tell you (however you came by your knowledge, and I do not ask how you came by it) that I am not, and never have been, the thing which your pictures in some degree indicate."

"It is your face, is it not?"

"It is my face."

"It is your form?"

"It was my form. I was a girl then."

"Very good, madam, I seek no explanations."

"But you should not be harder with me than the facts."

"I am not."

"But, pardon me, sir, you are."

"If the pictures say less, or say more, I am content. I shall add nothing."

"You looks like a good man," said the little one, laying her head contentedly against my vest.

"But that will not do, sir. I believe in following the truth, cost what it will, but I am not willing to submit to more or less than the truth. Now, there are only two ways that you can add to your fortunes by making me ashamed; one is that I pay you money—the other is that you sell what appears to be, but is not, the story of my shame to the public. In either case it would bring grief upon my house. I deny no fact—which do you propose to do?"

"Whichever you desire, madam."

"But I desire neither."

"I think we understand each other."

"No, sir, I think you do not understand me. I have come at your summons to say to you that I am a woman who cares not one straw for her own life, if it could be disconnected from those who are dearer than life, and to ask you, if you should seem to be a gentleman, not to injure, through me, those who never did themselves or others any wrong."

"What shall be my compensation for this gentlemanly condescension?"

"A gentleman's clear conscience, sir."

I laughed.

"Well, sir," said the madam, rising, "I have asked all I came to ask, and I tell you now, without anger or alarm, that when I was a girl alone in this wild country over twenty years ago I was wild as the country was—wild as an old Californian; but," and, taking her child by the hand, she stood erect—"but I never was, nor will I now be, a hypocrite or a liar."

Something in the woman's proud attitude, as she uttered these last words, brought me the slightest reminder of long, long ago; but before I could have time to locate the reminder in its rightful place, the madam continued:

"You must see, sir, it is no use—no use for me to buy your accusation if you are not at bottom a gentleman; and, if you are a gentleman, it cannot be for sale."

I thought this a pretty keen bluff, but you know that I am not easily bluffed. Yet I admitted to myself that she was playing against one of the weakest combinations in my hand.

"I am complimented, madam, for the liberal offer to class me among gentlemen."

"But you do not accept it?"

"No, madam. I have not yet had cause to agree with the Honorable Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who advised his young friend to 'perjure yourself like a gentleman, sir,' rather than swear to the truth of a lady's character."

"Yet you are an American born?"

"I have that honor, madam."

"And have sisters, I may suppose?"

"Not in the plural. Perhaps not now any sister, but one I did have long ago."

"Suppose I were that sister?"

"Pshaw, madam; all this is away from the matter in hand."

"Very good, sir. If no appeal can reach your gentlemanly instincts, my mission here is entirely ended. I will not buy you—let the consequences be what they may," and she opened the door toward going out.

"Perhaps, madam, in proof of the courage you wish to evince in refusing to 'buy me,' you

will give me the name of the maiden who figures in these poor photographs of mine."

"My maiden name? Yes, sir. It was Henrietta Moidorn."

She passed the door, closed it behind her, and was gone. I did not call after her. The room seemed riding on the pulse of an earthquake. Everything was mixed. I sank into a chair by the table utterly nerveless. I was pursuing and trying to shame my own flesh and blood—my own and only sister. I could feel the place warm on my vest where the child's head had rested.

There is little more to tell, old man. Long as you have known me, much as I have talked to you alone in the mountains of the sage-land, faithful as you have been to me, and truly as I have respected and trusted you, there is one chapter of my personal history I never have told to you, and now never will.

My great discovery looks to me now like a crime. I shall bury myself and it together.

Good-bye, old man. There is nothing you can do. There is nothing worth doing for your old friend, John Johns. You may write or tell what you like about me, as I shall then be out of the way forever, where nothing human can affect, Yours truly, in fact,

JOHN JACOB MOIDORN.

I finished reading the epistle. I wrote this sketch. I have reflected over the whole matter, but as I am not the heir of John Johns, or, more correctly in the new light, of John Jacob Moidorn, I did not look after its effects, although I read myself thin of flesh over the daily papers hunting accidents, suicides, mysterious disappearances, and morgue reports. I do not know what became of my old friend, or of his sister, or of the Chinaman. I do not know why Tilden was not elected President in 1876, nor why "Poiper was defayted," and I don't believe anybody else does.

J. W. GALLY.

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF THE TELEGRAPH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

During the early period of its history, say from 1849 to 1853, California was isolated from the rest of the world, there being no telegraphic communication on the Pacific Coast whatever. The first movement to put a line of telegraph in operation was made in 1852, when Messrs. Allen and Burnham obtained from the Legislature of California a franchise giving them the right to operate a line between San Francisco and Marysville, *via* San José, Stockton, and Sacramento, for a term of fifteen years—this right to be exclusive, provided that the line was completed by the first of November, 1853. The company was organized under the name of the California Telegraph Company; but, owing to disastrous fires in 1852, it was found impossible to carry out the construction of the line under the first organization. In 1853, the company was reorganized, and called the California State Telegraph Company. The stock was fully paid up, and the Directors, in order to secure the charter, energetically set to work to complete the line within the time specified in the original franchise. W. B. Ransom was appointed Superintendent, and W. M. Rockwell, who for many years after was a prominent hardware merchant in San Francisco, had the contract for the construction of the line. I had at that time just returned to Sacramento from the mines, where I had been trying my hand at mining, and by accident met Mr. Ransom, who learned from my conversation that I was a practical telegrapher, and immediately engaged my services to take charge of the wire party then being fitted out at San Francisco. I at once left for that city, where on my arrival I took command of the men employed to string the wire, at the same time learning that the pole-setters were already many miles in advance.

The party numbered five besides myself—our means of transportation being the running-gear of a wagon, on which were placed loose boards enough to carry our meager outfit. This consisted of a coffee-pot, small sheet-iron boiler, tin plates, tin cups, knives, forks, and blankets. The wagon, drawn by a pair of well broken mustangs, in addition to carrying our camp equipage, served the purpose of carrying the reel and running out the wire. It was then the thirteenth of September, 1853, when work was commenced; and as the line had to be completed and in operation over a distance of two hundred miles before the first of November following (six weeks), there was no time to lose.

Our little party worked energetically, and on the first day we strung up about three miles, camping for the night at what was known as the Abbey, a wayside house on the outskirts of the city. The next day we made about six miles, having commenced early in the morning and working until dark. The day had been a very foggy one, and as the country at that time was but sparsely settled, and but little land fenced in in any direction, we found ourselves, when the day's work was over, lost in the fog. Toward the close of the day, and shortly before leaving off work, we had noticed, as we came along, a squatter's cabin, to which, having no tent with us, we had decided to return and seek shelter for the night. To find this cabin was now our great desire, that we might be protected from the cold winds and fog. Separating, but with the understanding that we should keep within hailing distance of each other, we groped in the dark and fog for more than an hour, but without success. The squatter's cabin seemed to be a sort of befogged "Will o' the Wisp"—with this difference, we were sure that it was there somewhere, but to save our lives none of us could find it. We finally determined to give up the search, roll ourselves up in our blankets, and make the best of it on the ground. In our eagerness to find the cabin we had overlooked our supper. This had now to be prepared. It took but a few moments to decide what it should consist of. Our larder was so limited as to dispose quickly of all controversy on that head. But simple as the meal was, it could not be prepared without fuel, and, while searching for sufficient wood to make a fire, one of our party ran up against the cabin we had so long and axiously sought, and which all this time was within a few hundred feet of the spot we had selected as our camping ground. Worn out as we were with a long and hard day's work, the prospect so unexpectedly opened up of passing the night under shelter, and in the warmth of a cheerful fire, was received by all with feelings of unlimited satisfaction. A kind-hearted squatter received us most hospitably, and welcomed us to the shelter of his cabin, which our party, small though it was, completely filled. Coffee was soon made, and this, with some canned meats and vegetables, soon satisfied the inner man. A few minutes' chat sufficed to tell the news of the day, and, then, rolling up in our blankets, we sought and quickly found a well earned repose.

All this to me at that time was, in reality, but little hardship. My journey across the plains had thoroughly broken me in to the roughness and simplicity of camp-life, and as I stretched out that night, and often afterward, in my blankets on the "soft side of a plank," I enjoyed a rest rarely experienced by any even when surrounded by the greatest luxuries.

The next morning we made an early start, breakfast being finished before daylight. There was no eight-hour law at that time, and as the work had to be pushed forward rapidly, our time was from daylight to dark. In these days we put up from five to seven miles of wire a day. On the fifth day out we reached a ravine known as the Cañada Diablo, near what is now Belmont, and the site of what was afterward noted as the Ralston mansion. Here the first attempt was successfully made to open up communication by telegraph with San Francisco. On testing the line I found a good current from the San Francisco battery, and, after having connected my instruments, placed myself in direct communication with that office, then established in what is now the old City Hall. This was the first message ever transmitted on the Pacific Coast over a telegraph line. After this, regular communication was opened up every evening between our camp and the city, and the progress of the work reported.

The telegraph at that time was a source of great curiosity to almost every person along the route, particularly to the native population, who looked upon the construction of the line with the greatest wonder. Many of them in ignorance of its real purpose and not understanding the use of the poles erected along the road at regular intervals, strung with wire with a cross-arm on each pole, conceived the idea and expressed it as their belief that the Yankees were fencing in the country with crosses to keep the devil out.

From this period the work was successfully carried on without any incident of importance until we reached San José. At this place the first regular station was opened. The office was fitted up on the day following our arrival, and I soon had it prepared for business. While these preparations were being made the portion of the street fronting the office had rapidly filled up with a crowd of people, a large proportion of whom were native Californians, all manifesting the greatest interest and desiring to know what was going on. The day being warm, the windows of the office were wide open. As they opened on the sidewalk all that I was doing inside was plainly visible to those standing without. Observing the anxious and inquiring expression on the faces of those who had managed to get near enough to thrust their heads through the open window, it occurred to me to act in a very mysterious manner in order to see what effect it would have upon my spec-

tators. I had just received the first message from San Francisco, which, after it had been copied, I placed in an envelope. On seeing me do this my audience thought, as I supposed, I was preparing the message for transmission. I took it from the table on which I had placed it, and instead of handing it to the boy for delivery, I put it, holding it in my hand, under the table which was provided with sides sufficiently deep to hide the envelope from their view. As I did this I kept my eyes fixed on the wire, while, with my right hand, I took hold of the key and began working it. The moment the crowd heard the first click of the instrument they all rushed from under the veranda out into the street to see the message in the envelope pass along the wire. On seeing them rush out tumbling one over the other to catch a glimpse of the message, we on the inside burst out into one long and continued roar of laughter. Our laughing seemed to puzzle them still more. But little by little they began to realize that they had been made the victims of an innocent joke. They at first manifested signs of disappointment that their expectations had not been realized; but instead of passing any time in vain regrets, they immediately set to work to find out what really had become of the mysterious message. And, after all, their conception of this, although a mistaken one, was a very rational one. To one who had neither heard of the telegraph and electricity, nor conceived the possible existence of the latter, what could be more natural than to suppose that the envelope and its contents were propelled under the agency of a motive power along the wire from one point to another. As they had failed to see it pass along the wire their second supposition was that the wire was hollow and that the envelope with its message inclosed was forced through the hollow part, and with this idea they asked whether such was not the case; nor would they believe the contrary until, for themselves, they had examined the end of the wire. Conviction on this point put an end to their conjectures. The telegraph was to them the very hardest kind of a conundrum. It was impossible of solution. Their final conclusion was that it was an enchained spirit—but whether a good one or an evil one they could not quite determine—over which I had such control that it was obliged to do my bidding. Under this impression they departed one by one, looking upon both the telegraph and myself as something, as the Scotchman would say, "uncanny."

After having fully equipped the office at San José for business and placed it in regular telegraphic communication with San Francisco, I prepared to push on the next day for Stockton, when, just as we were on the point of starting, I discovered that the coils of wire that had been stored at San José were much larger than those we had used between San Francisco and that point, and were consequently more difficult to handle without changing the reel. We made only three miles that day, camping at night in front of a farm-house, the occupant of which had left the Eastern States before the advent of the telegraph. When supper was over he visited our camp and appeared much interested, watching me attentively while I was communicating with San José and San Francisco. He could not realize that it was possible for me to hold a conversation, through the medium of a little ticking instrument, with persons so far distant. In fact, he expressed grave doubts as to the truthfulness of my assertion that I was speaking with any one at all, saying that it was impossible for any one to read or interpret the clicks made by the little instrument in front of me. And so satisfied was he of the correctness of his views that he stated his willingness to back them up by a wager. He then requested me to tell him what it was I had just communicated. I told him I had informed the operator at San José that the machinery I was using for paying out the wire needed some alterations, and that I would return there the next morning to have the necessary changes made. He thereupon very kindly volunteered on certain conditions to take me to San José in his wagon. The conditions were that I would accept his offer to furnish watermelons for the whole party on its being proved that the communication I had stated as having been sent by me to San José had been received at that office over the line. But to make sure that no advantage should be taken of him, he requested me to send another message to the effect that on our arrival at San José in the morning the operator must promptly appear at the door of the office and say "Watermelons." My agreement to do this seemed to increase the interest my rancher friend held in me, and he very generously tendered me the hospitality of his house, in which I enjoyed the luxury of an excellent bed. After a hearty breakfast in the morning, a good pair of horses were brought out and attached to a buggy, in which was placed my reel, and we started for San José. Drawing up in front of the office we were met by the operator at the door, who promptly saluted us with "*Where are the watermelons?*" My companion slapped me on the back, delighted at being fully convinced of the reality and importance of the telegraph. The watermelons were quickly provided, and as they were worth at that time

a dollar or more apiece, they were considered a great treat. When the feast was over, he made many inquiries about the telegraph, examining into the mysteries of its working; after which, the changes in the wire-reel having in the meantime been made, we set out on our return to the camp, where, on our arrival in the afternoon, work was again resumed.

Nothing worthy of note occurred after this time until we reached Sunol Valley in the mountains east of the San José Mission. On the night of our arrival there I was taken down with fever, brought on by fatigue and exposure to the night air and fog. I had not slept under a roof since leaving San Francisco, except in the few cases I have mentioned. Near the spot where we camped was a rough Mexican hut containing some two or three rooms, in one of which was a bar where liquors were sold, and principally patronized by the native population. There were none but Mexicans about the place, and not one of these understood my language. But notwithstanding this, I endeavored to make them comprehend that I was ill and desired a bed and shelter for the night. This, after some difficulty, I succeeded in doing, and one of them finally conducted me to a shed at the end of the building, where a cot was pointed out to me as my bed for the night. It was a rude and cheerless looking place, but feeling that even that was better than further exposure to the night air, I reluctantly accepted it. As it was already dark when I arrived at this point, I could see and judge but little of the surroundings; so after having arranged for my lodgings, I returned to camp in order to consult with my foreman for pushing on the work the next day, knowing well that while the fever lasted it would be impossible for me to accompany the party. I certainly felt little inclination to remain in the lonely and miserable spot that had been assigned to me as a bed, with no one near to whom I could speak or make known my wants. But it was a case of Hobson's choice—that or nothing. The choice was perhaps less inviting than the one presented to "Hobson," for it was in reality that or an aggravated fever. I realized the fact that the occurrence of the latter might not only endanger my life, but also the success of the whole enterprise, in failing to have the line built and in operation within the time prescribed. In addition to the loneliness of the place there was the uncertainty as to whether my life was safe with these Mexicans, there being at that time a good deal of ill feeling between the Americans and the native population, in consequence of the former squatting on lands supposed to belong to the latter. That these were no idle fears was established by the fact that but a few days previous we had learned of two Americans who had been *lariated* and dragged to death by the natives. The question, therefore, of my remaining alone with these Mexicans was discussed in camp with considerable feeling. We none of us carried arms, and so were poorly prepared for defense in the event of any attack being made on us or any of our party. But as we were not in the land business I concluded there was no risk in remaining, and the fever from which I was suffering produced such a depression on me that, to tell the truth, my feelings were those of utter indifference as to where I stayed so long as I could obtain some repose. I, therefore, determined to accept the situation and make the best of it, taking the precaution, however, to hint to my party that if they heard any unusual noises in the night they had better be on hand. I then returned to my "hotel," where, taking a seat in the bar-room, I passed a couple of hours before retiring to my lonely cot in the corner of the shed. During my stay in the bar-room several very ugly-looking natives rode up, their arrival announced by their jingling spurs. They would dismount, take their drink, smoke their cigarette, remount, and disappear in the dark. They were all well armed with pistol and knife, and seemed to me as cut-throat a looking lot as I had ever set eyes on. It is quite possible that my nerves, which, owing to the fever, were in a very shaky condition, may have magnified the look of villainy in the faces of those fellows, but the appearance of them as they entered the room was not such as was calculated to inspire peace and quietness in the mind of one situated as I was at that moment. I could not, however, sit up all night, so at last concluded to go and make a more intimate acquaintance with my cot. And concerning that cot let me say a word more. I had a keen appreciation of what the upper side of a crockery crate was as a mattress; my trip across the plains had initiated me into the mysteries of what a sack of flour was as a pillow; my early journeyings through California had made perfectly clear to me the very doubtful delights of a sand-hill as a bed; but that Mexican cot positively combined the tortures of all three. From that night I had, I think, a much clearer idea of the Spanish rack and Inquisition.

On rising in the morning, the first thing I noticed, to my great surprise, was that I was in sight of a rather pretentious looking, new frame building, about which I observed signs of American civilization. It did not take me long to make a closer investigation of it nor to find out who were the occupants. They turn-

ed out to be a very clever Yankee, his wife and several children, with whom were quartered some carpenters engaged in completing the building only recently occupied by the family. I was welcomed to the house and provided with comfortable quarters, finding also there, what at that moment was of importance to me, a well assorted medicine chest. Concluding to remain there some days, until the fever was broken, I gave full instructions to my party to proceed with the work, and in the event of anything unusual occurring to send back at once and let me know. The house was well furnished with fire-arms. It was, in fact, a small arsenal, there being rifles, shot-guns, and revolvers enough to arm the entire family, carpenters included; and, as the proprietor informed me, every member of it, down to the youngest child, knew how to fire and load, they were well prepared to defend themselves in case of an attack. This they were living in daily expectation of, having been notified by the natives that they must vacate the premises. As I afterward knew, they were never obliged to do this. The house contained too many rifles and revolvers to suit the native complexion. I remained with them two days, when, feeling stronger and improved in health, I began to investigate for some means of leaving, there not being any public conveyance through that part of the country. I was told that if I would go to Livermore's, some twelve miles distant, I would very probably be able, at that point, to intercept teams traveling between Stockton and San Francisco—they being obliged at that time to go through Livermore's Pass. As there was no hotel at the place, my only chance of shelter, after reaching Livermore's ranch, was to ask quarters of him; and this, I was assured, would be promptly refused, as owing to his early settlement in the country he had become thoroughly Mexicanized. At that time, in 1853, he had already been in California over twenty years, had married a native and raised a large family. A Scotchman, I believe, by birth, it was said that in early life he was a sailor, and that the vessel in which he sailed had been wrecked or he had been left on the coast. In any event he must have arrived here as early as 1830, for at the time of my visit to his place, in 1853, some of his children were already more than twenty years of age. As it was necessary for me to reach Livermore's, in order to find there some conveyance that would take me to town, I looked about and found an old Texan, living at a short distance from the house of the American in which I had been made so comfortable. This Texan agreed, for a proper consideration, to take me in his ox-cart, which was something after the style of Father Tom's *curriculus*, consisting of two wheels, with a platform delicately balanced, and drawn by a pair of oxen. It took us the entire day to make the distance to Livermore's ranch, which we reached as the sun was setting. I put on a bold front, walked into the house and called for the proprietor. As the *employés* about the place were all Mexicans and did not understand any English, it was some time before I succeeded in making known my wants. The old gentleman finally made his appearance, and desiring to know what I wanted, I introduced myself, stating who I was and the nature of my business. He took a general and very suspicious survey of my person. The "telegraph" to him was a mystery. He had seen the poles crossing his lands with many misgivings. Still, he had heard and read something of the telegraph, and now, that it had come so near to him, he became interested. He began questioning me as to its working, in a manner, I thought, rather to prove that I was not an imposter, trying to thrust myself upon his hospitality as many roaming miners had done in those early days. But when I exhibited to him the little box instrument I carried with me under my arm, he became at once very much interested, cordially inviting me into his house.

My old Texan friend, after seeing me safely ensconced, bade me "good evening" and prepared to turn his oxen's heads homeward, which he hoped to reach by midnight. The old fellow was well prepared for defense and said he had no fears of the road. I paid him a good fee for his services, and he left apparently well satisfied with his day's work. Being still feeble and with little appetite, I felt, when supper was announced, in poor trim for a regular Mexican meal, composed of jerked beef stewed with peppers and other spices, Mexican beans, and *tortillas*, a species of pancake something like what miners call "slap-jacks." Although Livermore was at that time considered one of the richest men of California, his lands comprising all the plains of the valley bearing his name, covered with horses and cattle to the number of some fifty or sixty thousand of which he was the sole owner, the interior and household arrangements were of the most primitive character. The food was badly served without a cloth, rude benches for seats, and although possessing thousands of cows there was neither butter nor milk on the table. After supper was over, I entertained the old gentleman with an explanation of the working of the telegraph, his wife, a full-blooded Mexican woman, and children making up the party. From time to

time he would interpret my explanation to his family, none of whom understood a word of English. They all appeared greatly interested in what I had to say, and on separating for the night, it was with many kind wishes on his part that I should enjoy a comfortable night's sleep.

At that period there was no land in the valley fenced in. Here and there could be seen a *corral*, but nothing to show that the land was made use of except for grazing purposes. Livermore himself had none under cultivation with the exception of a small garden patch irrigated by a stream near the house. At a short distance from this I overtook my party, and, after giving further directions to my foreman, I decided to remain where I was until such time as I could procure a conveyance, or some means of transportation to San Francisco. This I was fortunate enough to obtain the next day. An acquaintance on his way back from Stockton kindly offered me a seat in his buggy. We reached Hayward's that evening and remained there all night, arriving the next day in San Francisco.

In the meantime, and while my party was working toward the north, Colonel Baker, at present of the firm of Baker & Hamilton, had charge of the wire party working from Marysville south, and as, notwithstanding the difficulties encountered, and the fact of the men being inexperienced, the work was pushed vigorously forward, the line was completed and in operation through to Marysville by the 25th of October. This was in time to save the franchise which would have expired on the 31st of that month. This franchise, as I have stated, gave the company the exclusive right of telegraphing for fifteen years from the date of the completion of the line, and proved to be a very valuable one. The opening of that line placed all the large cities of California in direct communication, and as money was plentiful, and time valuable, the telegraph was largely made use of. The tariff between San Francisco and San José, a distance of fifty miles, was seventy-five cents for ten words, and twenty-five cents for every additional five words or fraction thereof. From San Francisco to Stockton, Sacramento, and Marysville, the rate was two dollars per ten words; as much as it now costs to send a telegram of similar length from San Francisco to any part of the United States. Still, no complaint was made by the public that the rates were too high. They seemed glad to have the use of the line at any price, and probably no line in the world, of the same length, has ever done so large and profitable a business as that of the old California State Telegraph Company. JAMES GAMBLE.

A VERSE-PAINTER OF STILL LIFE.

A Dutch painting in verse! This aptly describes other poems in Edgar Fawcett's volume of *Fantasy and Passion*, besides that which shows us a quaint old chamber hung with "time-touched arras," wherein sits a lady

> . . . . "large and fair,
> In luminous satin whitely clad,
> With mild pearls in her auburn hair."

It is still life, but the touches are realistic. We see every peculiarity of the room—the wainscot woods, "rich with dark shapes, odd of mold;" the gleaming walls dimly pictured in mediæval designs; even the gorgeous, massive table-cloth, whose thick, stiff cloth

> "Wears in its mossy woof what seem
> A hundred splendid, tangled dyes."

"There, too, fruits in luscious color glow;" filled with garnet wine is the "frail, fantastic crystal flask;" while, crouching at the lady's feet, the hound,

> "Lean, sleek, and pale gray like a dove,
> Whines wistfully, and seeks her face
> With starry eyes that look their love."

Of course, there are tastes which are not touched by one of Brookes's paintings of fish out of the water, but long for a battle picture; and these call for less fantasy and more passion, instead of portraits too tamely photographic. But would not such dissenters find the same fault with an entire school of modern poets who delight to "paint nature with overdye of detail?" Against all these pre-Raphaelites may be invoked the teachings of Lessing in his *Laocoön*, touching the difference between such instruments of art as the pen and the brush, or chisel. Caspar Hauser, cry the disciples of the dramatic regenerator of Germany, sees the landscape flattened on the window-

pane, but why should the unconfined mortal have his vision so distorted? If we must look through transparent mediums, they continue, let us use the stereoscope, at least, and get solid views. But, better still, let us examine the world of outdoors for ourselves.

With this contention it is not our province to deal. What matters the fashion of the lyre if its chords be but touched with skill? We are not discussing "the poet of the future;" whether prose poetry or poetic prose be preferable as a vehicle of original ideas is a problem for Wordsworth to grapple with, and his latter-day followers to settle, each according to his own sweet will. The strains of melody are enticing, and we do not always stop to inquire how the warbling was produced. So we ask no questions, but attentively listen to the address to the oriole.

"How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?
At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?"

Here may not be the ecstasy of Shelley's "Skylark," or the pensiveness of Bryant's "Waterfowl," but there is a splendor of imagination and power of compression which would atone for many noddings of the muse.

Nor do we find in these poems, often of dainty texture, the tumult of nature, or that remorselessness of hers which stirred John Stuart Mill to cry out against her works. True, the earthquake may appear, as the giant dreams in his troubled sleep, but the play of heat-lightning is the strongest token of storm and stress. It is the hovering sea-gull, not the petrel of the ocean wastes, which swoops past us. But the quieter moods of nature, which have ever attracted the race of poets, are mirrored with fidelity and reflected in all their variety. Thomson could not exhaust the seasons; and why should we not again hear, as the author of "Thanatopsis" insists we ever should, of the clouds, the winds, the dew, the sea-shore, and the spring-time? Can the treasures of the garden tire us? Can wealth of epithet be lavished too freely on those visitors to our grounds?—the hummingbird, whose "dim shape quivers about some sweet, rich heart of a rose," while from its "palpitant wings" steal sounds "like the eerie noise of an elfin spinning-wheel," or the butterfly, "satrap of the air, pirate of a floral sea," in whose fluttering wings

. . . . "dull smoldering color lies,
Lit richly with two peacock eyes."

Flower and fruit pieces, though not of the Jean Paul Richter type, abound in this book, which is so full of the prevailing tints of the age. It is not novel, though it be pleasant, to find again the grapes "droop their dusty globes of wine," or the winter violets lifting their heads from earth's white covering. Grasses, and mosses, and fern, and ivy, and trees, and weeds, all thrive in this over-luxuriant field, and these, like the blushing roses, appear in satiating profusion, as in the wondrous land, which is also described, where a solitary daisy was welcome as a relief from the "monotony of magnificence."

But more characteristic of this poet's imagery is the allegorical form in which his ideas are embodied. The moth flutters about the lamp as the type of singed sin; the stainless water-lilies, bursting from soilure and decay, symbolize the saving grace of some dark spirit. Even the toads awaken dreams

"Of thick-lipped slaves, with ebon skin,
That squat in hideous dumb repose
And guard the drowsy ladies in
Their still seraglios."

Inanimate objects arouse teeming fancies like those to which Dickens, if Taine be trusted, gave too much rein. The "cool benedictions of the dawn" suggest the many hearts that vainly plead for the dew of affection; fire is the slave that longs to "revel a while in red magnificence." The "fragrant silkiness" of the "roseate thistle" holds visions of calamitous battles, "of treachery and intrigue, revolt and brawl," and mournful fate of Mary Queen of Scots. The willow tree recalls meek Desdemona raising her sad song, or the poet finds "mad Ophelia, just before her doom," hang on its "treacherous branch" her "wildwood sprays." Even the satin's sheen makes the observer see

. . . . "rash Romeo scale the garden wall,
While Juliet dreams below the dying stars."

Gaudier fabrics, covered with flowery devices, wrought intricately with pearly spray and wreath, arabesques and scrolls and leaf-like ornaments, bring before us

. . . . "courtly gentlemen with embroidered hose,
And radiant ladies with high powdered hair,
Stepping through minuets in colonial days!"

Reminiscent this of Tennyson's figure of Enid in her faded silk "beside the ancient dame in dim brocade."

Least attractive are those stanzas in which verse seems to become a mere mechanic exercise, and an enlarged edition of the rhyming

dictionary appears to be foreshadowed. But even here epithets grotesque and varied, originality of phrase and aptness of illustration, redeem that semblance of jingle which involves even the later productions of the poet laureate in coils of musical but meaningless repetition, and in Swinburne makes richest melody monotonous and dissonance doubly welcome. The refrain, however, is managed with masterly power in the picture of one who in death is seen

> . . . . "to repose with placid eyes,
> And know not of the wild world that it cries, cries, cries!"

For his reviewers, however, our poet of culture has a shaft worthy of *Lothair*. The author of *In Memoriam* said of his imitators:

> "All can raise the flower now,
> For all have got the seed."

In the same vein this dainty verse-maker disposes of the critical wasps:

> "Crude, pompous, turgid, the reviewers said;
> Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick!
> Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read—
> Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick."

Yet these missiles did not prevent the book from being loved by those who do not put their love in print; and, though the poet quivered at the stings of this buzzing band,

> "White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
> Went flying with his fame beneath their wings.
>
> "And every fresh year brought him love that cheers,
> As Caspian waves bring amber to their shore;
> And it befell that after many years,
> Being now no longer young, he wrote once more.
>
> "'Cold, classic, polished,' the reviewers said—
> 'A book you scarce can love, howe'er you praise.
> We missed the old careless grandeur as we read—
> The power and passion of his younger days.'"

Nor do we fail to learn the poet's views of men of literary note. Poe and Whittier are contrasted as antipodes. The former prowls—

> . . . . "where fancy's owl
> Sent long lugubrious hoots through somber air."

The latter's words are like pearls; his thoughts suggest the aureoled angels:

> "We seem to have felt the falling, in his song,
> Of benedictions and of sacred balms."

Memory brings before us Dickens's scenes in "Life's Masquerade," and Thackeray's pictures of

> "Dowagers, in rouge, feathers, and brocade,
> Sneering at life across their cards and tea."

We are shown, too, the palatial brain of Herbert Spencer, while the poisonous myrtles that bind the hair of Baudelaire's muse, his poesy's morbid splendors, wake a thought of some toad-haunted humid brake, where

> "Some rank red fungus, dappled like a snake,
> Spots the black dampness with its clammy bloom."

Hans Christian Andersen's "flower-cradled fairies" enchant us, though not more than romance's monarch, Dumas *père*,

> "Pillaging history's mighty treasure-chest."

Keats's sad fate is bewailed, and the brief career during which

> "He dropt before the world those few flowers
> Whose color and odor brave all blight of years."

Finally Gustave Doré passes before our view:

> "How rare the audacious spirit that invokes
> These shadowy grandeurs, and can bid appear
> All horror's genii, awful and austere,
> And paint infinity with a few strong strokes."

No multiplication of specimens could more completely show the field worked by one, who, while not free from the current faults of the time, has furnished us quiet pictures and portraits in admirable tints, touched with a glow which gives them the aspect of reality.

NATHAN NEWMARK.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER V.

James, the invalid, was first to open his eyes next morning at "The Oro." He had retired much earlier than his cousin. Moreover, his New Hampshire habits still clung to him in spite of his change of climate and condition. It might naturally be supposed that his first thoughts would be directed toward Blair, still sleeping soundly in an adjoining bunk. This was not the case, however. Neither was he to begin the day by dwelling on fond remembrances of his Mary far away. Was it Andy, then, or the murdered Judge, or the clergyman

who had fallen from grace? Who or what was it that occupied the morning reverie of the Yankee boy? After leaving him to an unmolested two hours of profound deliberation, we will let him discover the subject at his heart, in his own time and manner.

When he could no longer keep his feelings secret, he slowly raised himself to an upright position, and, adjusting his glasses, sat peering around him from out his humble bed like a rejuvenated Don Quixote. Marks of care and hardship were discernible upon his face, and there was in his mien somewhat of sadness, but over all played a light that bespoke a mixture of wonderment and quiet happiness.

"Cousin Mortimer," he called, presently, in gentle but rather anxious tones, "isn't it time that we had a little *breakfast?*"

"Ho, Jim, have you and your appetite made up?" responded Blair, drowsily.

"We are on the best of terms, I believe," replied the other; "but that is not all. I have something very strange to tell you."

"One of your fearfully elaborate and complicated dreams, I will warrant."

"If it were a dream it would be less interesting. On first wakening I took it for such myself, but having thought it over and over for two hours or more, I now pronounce it a reality."

"Byron, you remember, had a dream that, after all, was wholly destitute of the subtile material of which dreams are composed," said Blair, now sufficiently awake to have a hearty laugh at the gaunt, angular figure of James, braced stiffly up, and clothed with a liberal woolen shirt dyed a flaming red.

"Byron would have been glad enough, had he been favored as I was last night, to suffer all the torments that have harassed me since we landed."

"Is your brain right clear this morning, Cousin Swilling?"

"That it is. Come, let us rise, and, after breathing a few sniffs fresh from the bay, 'I will a tale unfold' that shall touch your Stoic's heart."

"Good! You are going to be eloquent. That means that your story is to deal with the tender passion."

Blair's curiosity was not greatly excited; but he rose, and the two were soon seated at their morning meal, when James began:

"You had not been gone more than an hour last night when I was awakened by the gentlest voice that ever spoke in the ears of man."

"Oh, James!" interrupted Blair. "Treason! The fair maid of Swansea shall be instantly informed."

"Mary's voice is sweet enough for me, Cousin Mortimer; but if I tell the truth I must acknowledge that this one surpassed it."

"You are mad, man—mad!"

"On the contrary, I am perfectly calm and sane; but if you will not listen I may as well desist from my story."

"Proceed. I will not interrupt again."

"Upon hearing the voice I opened my eyes, and by the dim light shining through from the next room discovered a female form, clad in black, bending over me."

"Zounds!" ejaculated Blair, forgetting his promise. "What did you say to her?

"I rallied, and said, 'good evening, madam.'"

"Ye gods! Was that the best you could do?"

"I thought you were not to break in upon me again," answered the speaker, pausing to give his glasses a brisk rubbing and a careful readjustment before his mild, gray eyes.

"I know; but what a chance for a scene!"

"Of course it was; but I am no man for a 'scene.' In the first place I could see very indistinctly, and had I been able to get a good view of her face, though it might have been that of an angel, I should have thought that more than likely her errand was not one to be encouraged."

"Well, hang it! What next? I hope the woman was not as dumb as you seem to have been."

"Perhaps I was dumb, and perhaps I was only judiciously reserved. She did not seem to wish me to say anything further, for she began talking herself: 'I learn that you are ill,' said she. I thanked her, and replied that I was not in my usual health, but trusted that I should be restored by morning. 'You have very recently come among us,' she continued, 'and it is but to be expected that you would suffer from the exposure of your journey—from the radical change of climate and mode of living.' Just at this moment I fancied that I could see the face of my visitor, and I suppose she became aware of my desire and effort to do so. At any rate, she drew her veil, which appeared to be very thick and black, more closely over her features, and sought to divert me with some of the prettiest and kindest talk about old scenes at home, the heart-sickness of wanderers, and so on, that one could imagine."

"In the name of all gallantry," cried Blair, "did you keep mum and let the sphinx monopolize the thousand graces of language that might have been evoked in return?"

"Why shouldn't I? She was by far the best talker."

"Oh, James!"

"When she had finished, I again thanked her for her seeming interest in my welfare, and begged to know who she was."

"Now you begin to show your colors," said Blair, maintaining the teasing attitude that he delighted in assuming toward his simple-hearted relative. "Who did she say she was?"

"Her reply was this: 'It would do you no good to know who I am—so please let that pass, and accept instead this litttle vial of medicine, which, if you take as directed, will, I am confident, keep you in health until you have become acclimated.'"

"Merciful heavens! a doctor in woman's clothes," exclaimed Blair, "You thanked her again cordially for the cordial, I presume, and let her go."

"It was the only course left me; for no sooner had she advised me to take her prescription before going to sleep, than, as sweetly as she had roused me, she bade me farewell, and glided noiselessly from the room."

"James, I am half inclined to believe that you have recovered your bodily health at the expense of that of your mental faculties. Why did not your cautiousness, your thrice-virginal fear-and-trembling, prevent you from tasting the contents of the vial?"

"Any one would have felt perfect confidence in such a visitor. 'It is not possible that she can wish to do me harm,' I said to myself; and, first examining the directions as best I could by striking a dozen matches, I acted in accordance with them."

"And you attribute your improved condition to the mysterious benefactress, do you?"

"Yes, I must say that I do. Certainly I am feeling right well at this moment, and I had no hopes last night of getting out of bed to-day. The sleep that I enjoyed after taking the drops was very different from that I first fell into."

"Where is the enchanted vial?"

"Here it is," answered James, drawing the article from his vest-pocket and passing it to his inquisitor.

"I thought it would say 'Elixir of Life,'" exclaimed Blair, "but, by Jove, it is a modest label, and the handwriting is both pretty and honest. James, you need not be surprised if, to-night, I am dangerously ill myself."

Having finished their breakfast and the conversation that has just been recorded, our young friends bent their steps down to the new Broadway wharf. "What do you suppose became of the Judge's mule team yesterday?" asked James. "You remember how he boasted that no one would dare molest it."

"It is a question of far greater importance to know what became of the Judge," replied the other. "It must lessen the torments of a lost soul somewhat, I think, to go to perdition directly from California. The change cannot be very violent—and that reminds me that I have not told you my last evening's experience; your strange tale having almost made me forget that I had had any."

"Sure enough, it is your turn."

Blair now began a recapitulation of the facts obtained from Marshall; and was still so engaged when they had been some little time upon the wharf. At length, threading their way along the planks, between the piles of boxes and scattered groups of traders, they came to a spot somewhat apart from the busier scenes of action. Here their attention was suddenly arrested by the groan, seemingly of a human being in distress. They stood still and listened. Hearing it a second time, though fainter than before, they advanced in the direction whence the sound came. Again the groan was heard, and after a close search among the bales and barrels filled with various merchandise, they found the body of a man wedged in between two great boxes, over the top of which, to serve as a roof, was stretched a hide still wet with recent rains. The body lay face downward, and it was not without much prying and lifting that access was gained to it, its position changed, and its features exposed to view. When this was finally accomplished, the horror-stricken young men recognized the lineaments of the imbecile, Andy Wheeler. Every effort was made to nourish the little life that was left, but in vain. One more groan, a slight convulsive twitch of the emaciated frame, and death had put an end to the wretched wanderer's woes.

"Thank God!" exclaimed James, tears obscuring his vision. "To see him live I could not, but I can follow him to his grave with comparative relief of mind."

"Yes, it is better so," said Blair, mournfully. "Poor fellow! he is cared for now; but the news will be bitter to those at home."

"It will crush his old mother, Cousin Mortimer. Every day she has been anxiously looking for his return. Well, we must give him decent burial, and break the news as gently as possible to his family, by the next mail."

"I am positive," said Blair, "that this is unknown to Ensign. He promised to see that the unfortunate was made comfortable if care could effect it. Undoubtedly, in a fit of delirium he gathered strength enough to escape from his room, and straying to this place, here made his own death-bed unaided and alone."

"In all probability, like occurrences are common. Before you were awake this morning, I heard two men, outside my window, telling

about the body of a young man that was found two hours previous, among the bushes on the hill yonder. Grown despondent with misfortune, he sought that locality, equally desolate with this, and took his life by cutting his throat with a razor."

"I thought you chicken-hearted, James," said Blair, "because you grew faint in the El Dorado, but I must say, that there is evidence of true courage in your demeanor at this time. It is not good for us to dwell upon these distressing incidents. After having done our duty by the dead, we will forget the past and engage our minds in the pursuit that turned us to this inhospitable shore."

"That is the proper course. To think that we are near a place called 'Happy Valley,' and yet are witnesses of such scenes as these! Only heaven can forgive like inconsistency."

Chapter VI.

Has the reader said to himself that events crowd too quickly upon our adventurers in the Land of Gold? Has he thought that the most ludicrous and the most solemn experiences would not be likely to visit the same breasts in so rapid succession at any period or in any locality? If so, it is an error that does not call for censure. It only reveals the need of a closer study of the remarkable days now under contemplation. The period of '49 and '50 in California remains unique, and unique it must endure. The danger is not that its peculiarities will be overdrawn, but that they will not be struck out in characters sufficiently bold and incisive. History will not say too much; it will rather content itself with depicting too little. Where men are so situated that they necessarily live, as it were, a year in the space of a day, to the pen that would follow them exaggeration is well nigh impossible.

When our sojourners from New England had laid away the mortal part of Andy Wheeler, Blair found that, simple as the preparations had been, he had expended one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. The body was buried in a box. The digging of the grave and the carrying of the body to it were the main sources of expense, but these services could not be procured without the startling outlay before mentioned. Not that every man in the community was so mercenary, so indifferent to the common decencies, not to say politenesses, of civilized society, but this was the case with the class to whom, in the great haste, application for assistance was made. Even Rev. Joshua Johnson hinted that the prayer that he offered after the plain box had been lowered into the earth was not intended as a gratuity. Blair, incensed beyond measure, gave the renegade a sharp reprimand, together with a gold piece. The rebuke could not have gone very deeply into the preacher's conscience, for before the sun was down the gold piece adorned one of the tables of a prominent gambling-house. "The dominie is a little too drunk —that's all," whispered the winner, as he quietly slipped the piece in his own pocket.

"Well, what next, Cousin Mortimer?" asked James, as the shadows of his second night in San Francisco descended, finding him much wiser than when he landed, though his schooling had been of so short duration. "To the mines without further delay! What is your voice?"

"I am agreed," was the response; "and if you will write to the Wheelers, I will meanwhile go out and ascertain the necessary particulars for our journey."

The friends had not been long separated when Blair returned.

"I have it all arranged," said he. "We will take passage in the *Pioneer*, a little iron boat constructed in my glorious old Boston. The boats between here and Sacramento have just begun to make regular trips, and I think we shall have a speedy and pleasant voyage. We ought to have good accommodations, for the fare is something of an item."

"How much?"

"Thirty dollars."

"Well, we will convert some of our coin into dust, and when paying our fare, balance the scales with my jackknife instead of the captain's. It may prove a saving. I will propose it, anyway."

"It surpasses human ingenuity to match elsewhere the audacity of California prices. I have it in mind to prepare a schedule for the benefit of the restaurateurs and hack-drivers of New York. But I have some further news for you. As I passed the El Dorado, I spied a graceful female about entering. Thinking that something novel might be learned by following her, I did so. The moment she made her appearance, all the tables being occupied by deeply interested players, the whole house rose to a man, and with a politeness you would hardly credit, she was ushered to what proved to be the place of honor. 'That woman cannot have come here to play,' I remarked to a by-stander. 'Wait a few minutes, and you'll see,' was the reply. And, sure enough, I did see. There seemed to be magic in the woman's every move. When she came to throw her cards with the male players, 'twas done with matchless ease and elegance."

"It was *she*—it was my visitor!" exclaimed James Swilling, his countenance animated, and his head thrown up like a giraffe prepared to browse in the top of some green tree.

"I thought you would recognize her," returned Blair. "I did, in a moment, from your description. She was dressed in neat-fitting, plain black, and her heavy veil was closely drawn down over her face."

"Did she speak?"

"Not once that I could hear."

"Had you heard her voice, you would have pronounced it a fit accompaniment for such an attractive person."

"I enjoyed enough," returned Blair, carelessly, as if perhaps he had been exhibiting too great an interest in the mysterious stranger. "Graceful form and motion, finely turned hands without a blemish and sparkling with diamonds —these I saw, these only; and what do they all amount to?"

"I think they go a great way toward making life pleasant," responded artless James, little suspecting the use he would one day make of the words last spoken by Blair. "See what an influence they exerted over those wild creatures by whom she was surrounded."

"You may be in error as to the cause of the woman's power over her male companions. The manner in which she swept up the piles of gold and silver, one after another, was enough to insure her respect from the very coins themselves."

"Who can she be? She was evidently well known in the evil place where you found her. But why should a woman that frequents gambling-houses seek poverty-stricken me out, come to my sick-bed, and, having counseled me as gently and wisely as my mother ever did, leave me medicine, unasked and unrewarded?"

"There is no accounting for people's eccentricities. A kind heart and vile practices are not infrequently united in one and the same person."

"There is nothing too strange in this wild land. I had already made up my mind not to be surprised at anything; but this is an extremely severe test of the strength of my resolution."

"Stripping the case of all glamour, James, this angelic being is, beyond all question, a bad character."

"I don't believe it," answered the other, stoutly. "My candid opinion is that she is good. She has some doubtful habits, very true, but may be she is driven to them by necessity. No, sir; I am bound to think the lady's face is as fair as were her words and her deed to me; furthermore, that despite the suspicious practice of gaming, her soul is as pure and beautiful as her face."

"Well done, Jimmy. I never saw a man improve faster than you have since you sipped from the enchanted vial. Another visit from the unknown benefactress, and you would take to writing love sonnets so fast that there would be no time left in which to delve for the precious metal."

"At this particular instant, I own to feeling very much changed for the better in spirit and in body; but no love matters will deter me from the mines. I am growing very anxious to pick up my first nugget."

"Can't I prevail upon you to remain another day, just for the sake of finding out who this this lovely apparition is?" asked Blair, a smile at the same time playing on his handsome features.

"I fear it was your own curiosity, cousin, that prompted that question."

"Do you, indeed? Then what would you say should I tell you that I had the pleasure of an introduction to the lady?"

"I should say that it was no more than I could reasonably expect."

"Well, I didn't have it; and let us make an end of this sable-clad beauty by my telling a few facts that I learned concerning her. And after that I have still further news to communicate."

"Let me hear; but if I had known what you were enjoying, I should not have been here, meanwhile, tracing these pages, to be washed blank again by tears from the eyes of poor Andy Wheeler's mother. Yes, I would, too. I'll take it back. But go on, and give me your account."

"One of a group of eager spectators, I had the pleasure of watching the lady play for about a half-hour. During this time, scarcely a loud word was spoken. A spell seemed to have fallen upon all present. The roughest miner put on gentle behavior; and his weather-beaten face lighted up with a kind of fatherly affection as in deferential silence he followed the game. The players all appeared to be experts. I cannot understand how the lady could see through the black veil (for it completely hid her face), but she did see, and that most accurately. At first luck ran against her. At this stage of the game, it would have interested you to see the solemn looks that gathered upon the features of nearly all present. It was as if the fair player's loss was their own. Suddenly the tide turned, and, sir, when there were *eight thousand dollars* at stake, she gave one exquisite toss of her white hand, the winning card dropped from it, and the money was her own. Wild uproar follow-

ed. The miners cheered, threw up their hats, and cried, 'Long live the Gazelle!' The din continued several minutes, when a gentlemanly looking person taking charge of her spoils, the favorite player passed from the tent as noiselessly as she came."

"Good! glorious! So say I, 'Long live the Gazelle!'" cried James, spreading out his long arms and rising hastily from his seat. "'*Gazelle!*'" he continued, striding round the room, "*Oh*, what a pretty name!"

"I know of but one that is sweeter," responded Blair.

"Never! What is it?"

"*Mary!*"

James was again trapped. He shut himself up like an umbrella; and, his face covered with confusion, dropped back on the three-legged stool from which he had arisen. Blair took great delight in this harmless mischief. It may be, too, that he thought such jocose reproof wholesome for James's excitable, easily influenced temperament and character. James would often feel hurt, sorely hurt, for a moment; but the next found him uttering expressions of forgiveness for the wrong committed against him.

"Cousin Mortimer," said he, on the present occasion, "I am at a loss to know why you must indulge in so many jests at the expense of my affection for the sweetest creature on earth."

"What!" exclaimed Blair. "How long is it since you believed this of the little gambler in black?"

"No, no," answered the other. "Perhaps I expressed myself too strongly; but I never, for a second, thought of comparing her with my Mary. I only meant that she was pretty, and had been very kind to me."

"Well, well, Jimmy," said Blair, going up to him and rubbing his hand softly over James's closely shaven head, "I did abuse you this time. You are one of the best fellows in the world. You love your Mary, and she loves you. Consequently all my nonsense ought to pass you by like the empty wind. Now, look up. Do you know what night of the week it is?"

"I declare I have forgotten," answered James, trying to feel again at ease.

"It is Saturday night, boy. To-morrow will be Sunday, the great gala day in California. The *Pioneer* does not make her next trip until Monday, and I think I shall find little difficulty in convincing you that it is best for us to remain over. Hear," continued Blair, taking a circular from his pocket, and beginning to read as follows:

FUN BREWING—GREAT ATTRACTION!

HARD FIGHTING TO BE DONE!—TWO BULLS AND ONE BEAR.

The citizens of San Francisco and vicinity are respectfully informed that at four o'clock, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 5th, at Mission Dolores, a rich treat will be prepared for them, and that they will have an opportunity of enjoying a fund of the raciest sport of the season. Two large bulls and a bear, all in prime condition for fighting, and under the management of experienced Mexicans, will contribute to the amusement of the audience.

PROGRAMME—IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

Bull and Bear—*Hercules* and *Trojan*—will be conducted into the arena, and there *chained together*, where they will fight *until one kills the other*.

JOSE IGNACIO, PICO GOMEZ, } Managers.

ACT II.

The great bull *Behemoth* will be let loose in the arena, where he will be attacked by two of the most celebrated and expert picadors of Mexico, and finally dispatched after the true Spanish method.

Admittance, $3. Tickets for sale at the door.

JOAQUIN VATRETO, JESUS ALVAREZ, } Managers.

"More blood to be spilled!" spoke James, as Blair laid down the paper, with a pompous flourish. "Undoubtedly we ought to see the wicked exhibition," he continued; "but do you think it would be a proper way to spend our first Sabbath?"

"That is to be thought of. We shall probably not have the opportunity again, however, and I fear we should not be much better employed did we remain here in our quarters."

"Couldn't we go to church *first?*" asked James, his mind seeming to be occupied by thoughts of an exceedingly solemn character.

"Never!" was the quick response. "Let us not play the hypocrite—saint one-half the day and devil the other."

"Perhaps you are right, Cousin Mortimer; but, somehow, the thing sets hard on my conscience," sighed James. "Nevertheless," he continued, brightening up a little, "we ought to be forgiven this one transgression."

"Yes," answered Blair, "on the whole, I feel willing to take my chances;" and here the discussion ended. Blair lit his pipe and fell to reading Montaigne, an author that accompanied him in all his travels; while James, reminded anew of certain promises made to his mother, carefully opened a pocket Bible (which, by the by, had seen little use of late) and sought, among its pages, pardon for what he knew to be a wrong resolve for the employment of the morrow. It was very late when our Yankee

boys retired for the night; but long after they dropped asleep the sound of revelry rose and died away, and rose again, in the brilliant saloons and the dark, treacherous streets of San Francisco of '49.

Chapter VII.

Sabbath morning dawned, giving promise of a calm, clear day. In no land could the sky be of a purer blue or the air filled with a more delightful and invigorating freshness. Nature appeared to be aware of the presence of the day of sacredness and rest. The bay lay bright and smooth from shore to shore; while its scattered islands, like grave and respectful giants, sat spell-bound on their watery thrones, their admiration divided between the cloudless azure above and the still, lucid depths at their feet. With nature it was Sabbath; man alone remained untouched by the divine sympathy. The cousins rose and went forth into the air. It was the hour for the familiar warning of the church bell—it did not sound; the hour for the slow procession of elderly worshipers, for the happy but hushed bands of cleanly-attired children to be moving toward the sanctuary—these did not appear. Visions of the little New England village where James was born, and where he had always lived, stole into his mind and would not depart. He tried to banish them, and Blair made effort to assist him; all was in vain.

"I know you will laugh at me," sighed the homesick boy, "but my eyes see only Mary, with her hymn-book in her hand, waiting for service to begin in the old church on the green."

"If that is the sum total of the scene before those glistening spectacles," exclaimed Blair, "then, Jimmy, you are done for. I who stand by your side have not the slightest difficulty in seeing, even to its secret recesses, the most forsaken-looking medley of tents and sheds that was ever permitted to cumber the ground."

At this explosion James stretched forward his long neck, as if to take in the entire town at a glance; and, suddenly smitten with the justice and appropriateness of Blair's outburst, despite his despondency, laughed outright. That moment the sound of fife and drum rose on the air, and a huge vehicle drawn by four mettlesome horses rolled into sight. Upon nearer approach, it was perceived that a mammoth grizzly bear was being borne about the streets in his cage; upon the sides of which were fastened posters whereon could be read, in large letters, the advertisement before given.

"He looks as if he could not wait till four o'clock for his combat," remarked James.

"I am growing impatient myself," responded the other. "What shall we do to occupy the time between this and the conflict in the arena? Upon thinking it over," continued Blair, after a pause, "I fear that my objections made last night against going to church did not fully satisfy you. If such is the case, I had much rather you would attend service. You know my action is no criterion for the conduct of another."

"I think I should feel better to go to church," returned James, "though I have decided to behave badly after coming out."

There was a little strategy in this advice of Blair. What it was need not be now revealed. Suffice it to say that James went to morning meeting, and his companion—elsewhere. So separated, we will leave our friends until they again found themselves together, on the way to the battle of the animals.

Having traveled about two miles south-west from San Francisco, they came to a decayed little village, composed of a few one-story *adobe* buildings, when they were informed that they had arrived at Mission Dolores. The town presented a singularly melancholy aspect, which its drowsy inhabitants of Spanish and Indian blood intermingled rather increased than relieved. These languid people, steeped in the sluggishness and superstition of years, having attended the mummery of the monks and friars at mass a few hours previous, were now ready to dream somewhat more actively over the scene of carnage about to be enacted. Four o'clock came, the musicians plied their instruments, and soon the amphitheater, directly in front of the church, was occupied by some three thousand people, who had paid for their admission to the elevated seats the sum of three dollars apiece. As the reader may imagine, all nationalities appeared to have sent their delegates to this assembly. From all ranks, with skins of every hue and tongues of every accent, they came; men and women, youths and maidens—yes, and children.

The moments passed slowly; the eager crowd could not brook delay. The clamorous brass band blew its loudest, but soon as it paused the shouting and stamping of the multitude was renewed. At length, all grew suddenly silent. An attendant stood at the door of the pen of "Hercules." Another instant, and the furious animal, being loosed, bounded into the arena. With lowered head, his tail madly lashing his great sides, his eyes burning with wrath, he glanced angrily at the crowd, then bellowed and pawed the earth as if to declare his utter

defiance of the forthcoming foe. At this juncture the mounted Mexicans, lassos in hand, made their appearance before him. Instantaneously he rushed toward one of them, when the other, with surprising quickness, threw the lasso over his horns. This was no sooner done than the rider first attacked found opportunity to hurl his lasso also. It, too, fastened itself round the bull's horns, and he was thus made stationary midway between the nimble picadors. A third man now hastened in, and, grasping the imprisoned beast by the tail, twisted it until he was brought to the ground. While so prostrate, a second assistant lost no time in securing his right hind leg with a long chain. This done, the other end of the chain, by a process of equal dexterity, was bound with thongs to the left fore-leg of the bear, the leg having been first artfully drawn from beneath the partially-lifted trap of his cage, which was close at hand. The trap was now drawn completely up, when "Trojan," an enormous grizzly, weighing some fourteen hundred pounds, slid carelessly out into the open space. He had dispatched three foes of the family of the one before him, and only a sullen growl, rather of indifference than of rage, indicated that he was aware of an approaching encounter. The bull, on the contrary, immediately manifested his eagerness for the fray. Moving backward the length of the chain, he so gave the bear a jerk of warning, and rushed upon him.

"Now, ye gods of the ancient gladiators!—"

Blair had not time to finish his invocation before the bull had struck the bear like a thunderbolt, and rolled him headlong in the dust.

"Glorious!" cried James, excited out of his wits. "Glorious!"

"Keep your seat—sit down!" responded Blair, seizing his comrade by the extremity of his rather short coat. "You are worse than a woman."

"Look at him, look at the bull get ready again!" continued James, mechanically resuming his place. "He isn't hurt. At him again, old fellow!"

And the horned beast did "at him" with redoubled fury. This time, however, Bruin was ready to give him a more suitable reception. As he dashed against him, he clapped his arms around the neck of Taurus, and hugged him like a huge vice. The bull, choking, struggled desperately to free himself. Finding this impossible, he sought to drive his sharp horns into the ribs of his antagonist. This he succeeded in doing, goring a horrible gash. But Bruin was now prepared to return the injury with a yet more terrible retaliation. A moment these mighty foes writhed in close struggle; when the bear, seizing in his massive jaws one entire side of the bull's face, crushed it as if it had been made of paper. The cracking of the bones, as Bruin ground them between his great teeth, brought the first grand demonstration from the audience. Now rose cheers from hundreds of throats, and resounded the deafening clapping of hundreds of hands. The dreamy-eyed daughters of Spain were not less enthusiastic than the male members of the assembly. They, too, cried "bravo!" and with their own peculiar grace, waved their handkerchiefs in expression of unmistakable delight. As for James Swilling, he was entirely beside himself with the general excitement, but particularly because of his intense sympathy for the worsted combatant.

"Thunderation to Jupiter!" he shouted; "let go of that."

"I don't believe the bear hears ye," answered a clownish boy, from the next tier of seats below.

James certainly did not hear the observation of the boy; for with clenched hands and firmly closed teeth, he continued to rivet his gaze upon the exhausted, bleeding brutes in the arena. These had now, from sheer inability to longer grapple, arrived at a suspension of hostilities. They drew themselves apart the length of the chain, and stood peacefully eyeing one another as if to say, "We are very equally matched; let us call it a draw game, and attend to our wounds."

This would seem a very commendable course under the circumstances; but it was altogether too dull for the audience. The managers had promised a fight to be terminated only by death; accordingly they leaped into the inclosure and goaded the bleeding brutes with spears until, remaddened with pain, they again rushed upon each other. It was a brief close, for the bull, summoning all his strength, struck the bear on the lower jaw and shivered it.

"There, there, now you've got it, old fellow!" cried James, the boy who turned pale at the sight of blood in the El Dorado. The hard side of him was, at present, uppermost; indeed he was wholly changed—so much so that he would not have known himself had he stopped to consider his feeling and conduct.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the spectators.

The air was filled with this exulting cry. The contest was ended; both combatants were prostrate in the dust, neither of them ever to rise again. Immediately the chain was removed from their limp and useless limbs, and horses being hitched to them, groaning and weltering in their own and one another's blood, they were mercilessly dragged out of the arena.

James Swilling was very much like a windmill. There was something in his awkward, flapping motions that reminded one of that unique instrument. But still more did he resemble it in character. Whenever the wind blew, then would James become active; and just in proportion to its power would be regulated the number of his revolutions. In a word, he was wholly dependent, in thought and action, upon the breezes and gales of fortune. He had more good intentions, had made more excellent resolves, and forgotten them with more astonishing rapidity, than any fifty boys of his age and cultivation. As has been said, he had received only a common-school education; but in certain branches he was uncommonly proficient. When thoroughly engrossed in a congenial subject, James frequently proved himself in possession of sound judgment and of the raw material for a logician. Again, when his emotional nature (it was this that played such havoc with him) gained ascendency, all his wisdom and sobriety of thought would be overthrown. Blair knew that he was not the boy to leave home. Daily, he expected that some tidal wave of excitement would overtake him and hurry him away beyond recall. On the present occasion, after the removal of the antagonists, James came to himself as quickly as he went out of himself upon their entrance.

"Cousin Mortimer," said he, "I don't know as I care about staying to see the other fight." So saying, he rose as if to shake the dust off his feet as a testimony against the profane place, when, missing his footing, he fell through between the tier of seats where he had been sitting and the one next below. A straggling fall of several feet, and he found himself sprawled on the ground, considerably bruised and shaken. It was high time for James to meet with an accident, and Blair was not at all surprised. Hastening to his ill-starred companion's assistance, he got him once more in an upright position, and was about leaving the amphitheater with him, when this windmill of humanity spied "Behemoth" bounding into the arena.

"I'm all right," he shouted. And, forthwith scrambling back to his seat so unceremoniously vacated, awaited with unabated eagerness the second act of the cruel play.

Presently two mounted picadors, armed with swords, entered, and faced the formidable bull. These were no sooner in sight than the animal, made frantic by their presence, charged upon them. The trained horses and riders avoided his onset, only to be ready for a more sudden bout immediately to follow. This, too, they evaded with great adroitness. The bull, having now become exasperated by his failures, bespattering the ground with the foam of his wrath, and rushed a third time upon the riders with deadly aim.

One of the horses slipped and fell. His rider leaped aside unhurt, but the poor horse was in an instant gored to death. Quickly the other picador dismounted and gave fight to the bull, while the first led the remaining horse outside. At this juncture, a third Mexican, dressed in fancy-colored tights, entered the inclosure; and, with a sword in his right hand and a red flag in his left, saluting the enthusiastic audience, he took upon himself the responsibility of the battle. Waving the flag tauntingly in the face of the bull, the angry animal dashed down upon it only to find that his enemy was not behind it, but standing safely on one side. Again and again the flag waved and the bull charged—the matador, as he was called, still remaining unharmed. This irritating process was continued for some minutes, when, having thoroughly exasperated the foiled animal, the matador began throwing into his shoulders small darts of steel, on the blunt ends of which were fastened little flags. A half dozen of these torturing instruments being driven into the flesh of the bull, he prostrated himself in the dust and rolled over and over, stinging with the sharp pains they inflicted. Finding no relief from this effort, he rose to his feet again and made a final charge against his foe. It was too swift and furious for the eye to follow; but no sooner was it accomplished than the matador was to be seen standing beside the deceived animal, his sword plunged to the hilt into its breast. One grand cheer went up from the multitude, and the Sabbath sport at Mission Dolores was ended.

CHAPTER VIII.

The morning following the bloody day at Dolores our young friends took passage on the *Pioneer* for Sacramento. Ensign, having called the evening previous, was prevailed upon to make one of their company. He had, as he supposed, placed Andy Wheeler in safe keeping; but the man left in charge proved truant, and the result was as the reader has already learned. Ensign brought with him two newly made acquaintances—one Dr. Durgin and his young wife, a lately married couple, recent comers to this coast. There were, besides a number of miners, several boys on board. These youthful spirits gave life to the trip by incessant volleys of mother-wit and frequent

outbursts of song, their favorite words for music being:

"Oh, California! That's the land for me.
I'm bound for the Sacramento
With the wash-bowl on my knee."

As the little boat moved along up the bay into the Sacramento, it was through water very different in appearance from that which is found in the same locality to-day. The river was clear, and gleamed like a tortuous band of gold beneath the morning sun. For miles inland, upon either bank, the level land stretched away without a break, and vast herds of wild cattle roamed at pleasure over its rich pasturage. It was not the time of year when this valley appears most pleasing; but it was easy to imagine the oak, sycamore and willows, the grapevines and varied shrubbery that clustered on the banks at intervals, glowing in the green of early spring. Particularly simple was this effort of mind for the only lady on board, the pretty and girlish wife of Dr. Durgin. She revealed this fact to Blair very soon after his introduction to her. Indeed, she seemed disposed to devote her time and talents to the handsome Bostonian for the remainder of the passage.

"Is not this a most romantic world?" said she. "What land could be more suitable for the loves of the children of the wild? We have not passed a group of quiet trees that did not compel me to see there some dusky maiden leaning upon her young warrior's arm. Yonder, for instance—isn't that the sweetest place in the world for the runaway daughter of some frowning brave to step into the canoe with her lover and glide in secret bliss upon the bosom of the river?"

"She don't know much about Injuns, I reckon," whispered a miner, at Blair's elbow.

"I can appreciate your mood, madam," returned the Bostonian; "but the rank-thistle-nodding-in-the-wind element, I fear, is more attractive viewed (as you seem to see it) in poetry than when an actual occurrence in nature."

"Ah, Mr. Blair," replied the other, "you men are determined to decry the gentlest and tenderest scenes of earth. In so doing you abuse the poets not only, but the facts. Do you not suppose there is genuine affection in the red man's breast?"

"I know very little about the haunts of affection; but I had never entertained the idea that it paid much attention to *epidermis* or *cutis vera*," returned Blair, with a smile intended to be not altogether disagreeable.

"Then," continued the lady, "the Indian hunter's wooing of his 'dusky mate' was more beautiful in itself than the finest thing that could be possibly said of it."

"The conclusion is reached, and I do not see that words of mine could unsettle it, so I shall be compelled to acquiesce," responded Blair, with a slight inclination of his uncovered head.

A pretty blush creeping over the fair cheeks of Mrs. Durgin did not escape Blair's notice, though it appeared to have much less effect upon him than upon the miner before alluded to. This honest-faced fellow, not having seen a really attractive woman, perhaps, for a twelvemonth before, did not feel like losing an opportunity to inspect one at his leisure. So he had remained near enough not only to see advantageously, but also to hear the greater part of the conversation. Upon discovering the blush, he was so elated that he could not forbear uttering a compliment.

"Stranger," said he to Blair, "if a remark o' mine had fetched that thar tincter to the lady's countenance, I should call it the richest lead I had struck since I made my hundred dollars a day on Scarecrow Bar."

This tribute to her beauty caused Madame Durgin to exhibit a much deeper color than at first. She was quite disconcerted, not to say offended; and it is not known how many shades more she would have presented had not the Doctor approached in the nick of time to restrain her from further feats of facial alchemy. Ensign was now through with his smoke and chat with the Doctor; so Blair ingeniously yielded his place to his not unwilling friend. Madame Durgin was not overjoyed with the exchange, but she and her new companion were soon on apparently good terms.

Blair's indifference to women in general has already been alluded to. It will also be remembered that while James was at church the day before he himself was elsewhere. He kept his whereabouts and his errand a secret from his comrade; but that is no reason why the reader should not be let into enough of his privacy to learn the fact that the object of his perambulations and inquiries was none other than the "Gazelle." So it may have been partially for the reason that he could not entertain thoughts of two women at a time that he now determined to think of none at all; and, seating himself in a remote quarter of the boat, employed the time in writing to an old chum in Boston. An extract from his letter may prove welcome to one interested in our story:

"Greatly to my surprise the old ship brought us safely to port. On the whole, the voyage was a comfortable one; but I would not advise you to run a like risk of wind and wave. I write so soon after my arrival because it is exceedingly uncertain how long I may be

able to identify myself as your *quondam* friend. Changes are so violent here, and follow in so rapid succession, that whatever a man may be one hour is no guarantee as to what he may be before the expiration of the next. Scientists, I believe, allow seven years for the system to effect a complete change. This time may be applicable to Boston; but in San Francisco as complete and thorough a renovation is brought about easily in seven months. If my hair is not white before you get another letter from me, it will be for the reason that I have found a region where one's brain need not spin like a top with excitement, and where one can breathe, eat, and sleep halfway secure against startling interruptions. I am anxious enough to get at the gold, but this is not the cause of the perturbation of which I speak. Disturbance is bred, as it were, in the very air. Everything is wild. No law of man or nature that I have been familiar with extends its jurisdiction to this coast. Humanity has run riot; and, as Dr. Johnson would say, 'there's an end on't.' Only two or three days in San Francisco; but let me give you a hint of a few of the more prominent episodes with which so brief a career has been favored.

"No. 1. A murder committed before my very eyes not only, but the victim being a man with whom I was in conversation at the time; and what is worse, Ensign, our common friend, being the perpetrator of the deed. He (Ensign) is excusable, however, as things go here, and is sustained by the better portion of the community.

"No. 2. Found a miserable wretch, without shelter or friend, down among some old boxes by the water, grappling with death. Arrived just in time to see him draw his last breath. He was an acquaintance of my companion; so, with the help of two men and a drunken clergyman, we buried him.

"No. 3. Have seen an angel gambling. Saw her reduce to her own possession $8,000 in the space of thirty minutes.

"No. 4. Have expended from my own private purse nearly $300, having so gained no more than the necessaries of life, and the satisfaction of having done my duty.

"These four enumerations are sufficient to convey an idea of what life is here; I might add many more.

"Every nation on earth has sent a vagabond here. To-day he is begging, but to-morrow he may command his thousands. Hopes and fortunes go up and down almost too quickly to realize what has taken place. Uncertainty is the presiding deity, and all men, high or low elsewhere, here find themselves upon a dead level of equality. Ministers of the gospel turn porters (most dissipated ones at that); doctors, lawyers, judges drive mule-teams, shovel dirt, or become menials in the hotels and saloons. But, believe me, not for poor pay. A man that we wouldn't employ to superintend the ash-barrel at home can here get his eight dollars a day as a carpenter, a shoveler, or master of whatever task he may be willing to undertake. Money comes so easily and is so plentiful that it is really good for nothing, after all. Unless one does as did a Virginian a day or two since —shoulder his gold and hurry home—he is as well off with one dollar as he is with a thousand. It is of no use to try to fill up pockets already full of holes. Some men, of course, are too cunning to fall into the prevalent ruinous habits. I am informed that certain gamblers from the mother country manage to send home the average sum of $17,000 each per month. It is into the coffers of such bankers as these that the earnings of the reckless miners go. For weeks together these thoughtless gold-diggers will take out of the earth from three to five hundred dollars a week; then drag their rheumatic limbs down here and throw all away in as many days—yes, in as many hours. If worse comes to worse, why one sure remedy remains: a man can cut his throat, shoot or hang himself, at any time or place, without fear of interference.

"And yet, what is stranger than all, amid this confusion and subversion of every recognized canon of civilized life, there is a certain degree of order, and a substratum of solid, reliable, vigorous manhood. You would be astounded at the amount of business transacted in San Francisco. The town can't stow away one-tenth part of its merchandise. Some twenty ships are used at this date as warehouses. Fate has undoubtedly singled out this rampant mud-hole for greatness. Sometimes glorious visions of its future pass before my eyes; but they vanish as soon. I would not for the world do injustice to this immortal band of pioneers. Their faults are great, but great faults are the counterparts of great virtues. Already there is a church and school in operation; and in many other ways the seeds of order and peace are being sown. Recklessness so extreme cannot continue. Innumerable lives and fortunes must yet be lost before the end is attained; but I firmly believe that, one day, this land will be spoken of with pride by Americans and by the people of all nations that recognize the prosperity that is achieved through perilous toil and the sacrifice of whatever is dearest to the heart of man.

"After this strain of eloquence, I know you expect a spurt of the ridiculous. Well, allow me to present you with a list of liquids, the majority of which may be procured at one of San Francisco's countless saloons. The business of these places sufficiently attests this baby settlement's strides toward the prosperity of adult years. The one now in point is a canvas structure, but behold the treasure it contains:

"Scotch Ale, English Porter, American Brandy, Irish Whisky, Holland Gin, Jamaica Rum, French Claret, Spanish Sack, German Hockamore, Persian Sherbet, Portuguese Port, Brazilian Arrack, Swiss Absynthe, East India Acids, Spirit Stews and Toddies, Lager Beer, New Cider, Soda Water, Mineral Drinks, Ginger Pop, Usquebaugh, Sangaree, Perkin, Mead, Metheglin, Eggnog, Capilliare, Kirchwasser, Cognac, Rhenish Wine, Sauterne, Malaga, Muscatel, Burgundy, Haut Bersae, Champagne, Maraschino, Tafia, Negus, Tog, Shambro, Fisca, Virginia, Knickerbocker, Snifter, Exchange, Poker, Agent, Floater, I O U, Smasher, Curaçoa, Ratafia, Tokay, Calcavalla, Alcohol, Cordials, Syrups, Stingo, Hot Grog, Mint Juleps, Gin Sling, Brick Tops, Sherry Cobblers, Queen Charlottes, Mountaineers, Brandy Smashes, Whisky Punch, Cherry Bounce, Shamperone, Drizzles, Our Own, Red Light, Hairs, Horns, Whistler, White Lion, Settler, Peach and Honey, Whisky Skin, Old Sea-Dog, Peg and Whistle, Eye-Opener, Apple Dam, Flip Flap, One-Eyed Joe, Cooler, Cocktails, Tom and Jerry, Moral Suasion, Jewett's Fancy, Ne Plus Ultra, Citronella Jam, Silver Spout, Veto, Dracon, Ching Ching, Sergeant, Stone-Wall, Rooster Tail, Vox Populi, Tug and Try.

"Of course, bowie-knives and pistols, cigars and tobacco, are the unfailing companions of these spiritual pleasures. How would you enjoy setting out with the determination to go through such a list at the modest expense of twenty-five cents per indulgence? As before intimated, not every one of these elixirs of delight ad-

vertised is to be procured just at present; but the go-ahead proprietor informs me that if the rush to this port continues, and the gold holds out, he will have every article named behind his bar at the expiration of another twelvemonth.

"I haven't said a word about women. Knowing me so well, you may attribute my silence on this point to obedience to my natural bias; not altogether. There are no women to talk about. A few females of Spanish extraction are to be met with, wrapped in gay-colored shawls; but it will be some time before I make love to any of 'em. They waltz elegantly, I am informed, and, to my own knowledge, they have lustrous and rather pretty black eyes; but their teeth are yellow with tobacco smoke, and their stockingless feet exhibit heels that could be much improved by the brisk application of a rough cloth saturated with warm soap-suds. A few civilized Americans have their wives and daughters with them, though I have been honored as yet with the acquaintance of only one of them, and that acquaintance is not more than an hour old.

"I heard a good story yesterday (and it is undoubtedly true), illustrating the demand for respectable female companions. A lady from Virginia lost her husband shortly after her arrival at San Francisco. Before a week passed she had received three offers of marriage.

"Notwithstanding the fair objects of song are absent, the poets of this land sing to them as if their charms were actually before their eyes. The favorite song-writer of all the region, several months since, sang his own ballads, interspersed with recitation and character acting (the name of no other performer appearing upon the programme) to a house large and appreciative enough to yield him a net profit of $500. I append one of his efforts, clipped from a newspaper, that you may gain something of an idea of his skill in versification. The muses seem to be very partial to this bard. He first makes his verses, then sets them to music, then renders them, so conjoined, with his own mellifluous voice:

"'To ———.

"'Oh, lady, take these buds and flowers
And twine them in thy nut-brown hair,
And I will weave for thee a wreath
Richer than any queen could wear.
For thou shouldst have a coronet
Not glittering with costly gem;
The primrose and the violet
Shall be thy queenly diadem!

"'The jessamine bank shall be thy throne,
The hawthorn blossomings for thee
Shall breathe their fragrance, while the song
Of nightingale and humming bee
Shall be thy music, and the shade
Of leafy bower and myrtle green
Shall yield for thee a sanctuary
Where thou shalt dwell in peace serene.

"'Then, lady, take these buds and flowers
And twine them in thy nut-brown hair,
And I will weave a fragrant wreath
Richer than any queen could wear.
For offerings of gold and gems,
Lady, I would not bring to thee;
But weave a wreath whose blossomings
May bloom in immortality!'"

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AN AMERICAN TRAVELER.

The "globe-trotter" has become a familiar apparition. He is here to-day and gone to-morrow, but his species is ever present. The individual changes, but the type is fixed. It is not so much in the field-glasses slung at his side, the decanter tied to his knapsack, the Indian hat—nor yet in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of baggage and bundle—as it is in a certain air of traveled condescension, a sort of cosmopolitan patronage of the provincial human fixtures who have never been "abroad" that one can distinguish the typical tourist.

You can tell him almost at a glance, and yet he is as multiform as Proteus. He is English, French, German, Swiss, Russian—even Chinese. Sometimes he is American; in which case you can pay him no higher compliment than by mistaking him for an Englishman. He has been everywhere, and is really an entertaining companion. Last summer he scaled the dizzy hights of the Jungfrau, picked his way over the slippery surface of the Mer de Glace, yachted in the North Sea, and listened to the weird Norwegian songs as the fisherman pulled out into the open *fiords*. Last winter he studied the Eastern Question on the Bosphorus, sought of the Sphinx the solution of her impenetrable mystery, climbed Mount Sinai, and walked in the storied paths of Gethsemane. For such a man one must feel respect, even admiration. He knows the customs of many peoples. He is possessed of much curious and unique information. His views are comprehensive. Travel has given him intellectual length, breadth, and altitude. There is an amplitude in his views that is refreshing. He sees beyond the horizon. He is a citizen of the world.

But there is one sort of tourist—be he of what nation he may, and be he possessed of what unlimited learning—for whom this writer cannot command a feeling of respect. It is the man whose wealth and position have given him

opportunities of travel, and who has, therefore, climbed the revolving globe, but who has never made himself acquainted with the scenery, the characteristics, the capacities of his own country. An Englishman who knows every land except England, a Frenchman who has learned everything that is not French, an American who has drunk of every inspiration save the broad democracy of his native land—these are creatures who have thrown away the corn of life that they might preserve the silken tassels and the golden husks.

Perhaps the most powerful story which has been produced by any of the latter-day school of Boston writers is Mr. Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country*. Philip Nolan, a young army officer of the United States, became entangled in the conspiracies of Aaron Burr, was arrested, and tried before a court-martial. At the close of the trial the President of the Court asked Nolan if he desired to offer any proof of his loyalty to the United States. In a fit of anger he cried out, with an oath, "I wish I may never hear of the United States again."

The Court President was one of the most loyal in those loyal days that followed the Revolution, and was terribly shocked at these words.

"He called the Court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"'Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again.'

"Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"'Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there.'

"The Marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of Court.

"'Mr. Marshal,' continued old Morgan, 'see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day.'"

This sentence was rigorously executed. Nolan was put on a man-of-war bound for a long voyage. When this ship was ready to return he was transferred to another. Fifty years came and went, but he never saw his country again. No one was allowed to mention the United States to him, or to give him the least intelligence from home. No newspapers were allowed him until every paragraph and every advertisement that alluded to America had been cut out. He was a shunned man. He grew shy and reserved. He choked down an almost irresistible longing to learn something of his native land. Remorse and despair preyed upon him as, year after year, he floated upon the ocean without a country or a home. Great changes took place, of which he knew nothing. From thirteen small colonies the nation expanded until the seas alone checked its further progress. States and territories were added, and cities were built, of which he had never heard.

At last he lay upon his death-bed, and a comrade, taking pity upon the poor fellow, disobeyed orders and told him of the wonderful progress, of the additions and annexations, of the discoveries, the great names, the heroic deeds, the books, the speeches, the wars; in short, epitomized as best he could the events which had taken place in the fifty years in which the nation had been sweeping on to its splendid destiny. After Nolan's death they found, on a slip of paper that he had written, the following directions:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be greater than I can bear? Say on it:

'IN MEMORY OF
PHILIP NOLAN,
LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

It is a great pity that every American does not read this story—often. Here is a land with a population of fifty millions, and with an area (if we include Alaska) nearly as great as all Europe. Upon its broad acres every vegetable product known to man may be raised. As an agricultural nation it stands at the head of the world. In manufactures it is disputing precedence with European countries, and in many arts and industries is already far in advance of them. The laws of political economy have a wide play, affording unusual opportunities for generalizations. To the thoughtful mind, therefore, no people will seem better worth studying than this restless, progressive American populace. But not alone to the student are there attractions. The scenery is unrivaled. Europe has no Yellowstone, and the world cannot match Yosemite. And yet it is rapidly coming about that the only people who have not seen Yosemite are Californians.

The immediate incitement to the writing of this article was the casual meeting by the writer in San Francisco, during the last summer, of

a gentleman whose life-note sounds the antiphone to that of poor Nolan—a quiet, well informed, modest, unobtrusive, Christian citizen, who loves his native country, and who has traveled more, perhaps, than any other living man over its length and breadth. So keen was his observation, so extensive his information respecting the arts and industries, the life and customs, the wants and needs of every part of the Union, that I determined to use his life as a text to preach a sermon to American citizens, and particularly to that class who have seen every land except their own. I allude to Mr. Alfred S. Gillett, of Philadelphia. I take the liberty to give, briefly, and as accurately as I can remember them from several disconnected conversations, such events of Mr. Gillett's life as bear upon the subject in discussion.

When he was about eight years of age, his father, a New England clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination, removed to one of the new States of the West, where for several years the members of the family had a taste of that primitive frontier life which has been the stimulus of so much that is good and ennobling in American manhood. Young as he was the sturdy lessons of these early days were not lost upon the successful business man of later years. After a time young Gillett returned to New England for a short period at school, after which he entered the mercantile establishment of an older brother, where he remained until 1837. He then went to Georgia as bookkeeper for a large house, which soon after determined to establish a branch of their business in Texas and sought to induce Gillett to enter into a partnership with them in that enterprise. But like most self-reliant natures the young man had begun to feel a desire to stand by himself and for himself, and he had also acquired by this time a love of travel and change. He again returned to New England and invested the small capital saved from his earnings in such merchandise as he believed to be salable in the young Texan Republic. This was in 1840. Four years before, Texas had revolted from Mexico and set up a government of her own. The war with the mother country was still in progress, and the tenure of property was uncertain. Movables were held at the owner's risk. But Gillett was successful in his ventures and realized handsomely from his goods. Among valuable acquaintances made at this time was that with Samuel Houston, then President of the infant republic—an acquaintance which ripened into the friendship of a life-time.

Returning after a period to Georgia, Gillett engaged in business on his own account near his former location. Charles A. Wickliffe was then Postmaster-General of the United States, and appointed him postmaster for the district in which he resided. For a while he prospered in business. But the portentous cloud of civil war was already casting its shadows over the land. Gillett's pronounced Northern sentiments made it uncomfortable, even dangerous, for him to remain, and at a sacrifice of business interests, he left the south and took up his abode in Pennsylvania.

In 1850, he engaged in the business of underwriting in Philadelphia. For this calling, his energy, his early experience in mercantile life, and his knowledge of the different parts of the Union, eminently fitted him. He rallied to his support men whose names will be recognized by all Philadelphians; among others Hon. Joel Jones, first President of Girard College; Chief Justice George W. Woodward, Judges Loring and Strong, and Messrs. Cunningham, Sheppard, Swain, and Simmons. The result of this association was the organization of the Girard Fire Insurance Company, with which Mr. Gillett has been continuously connected until the present time, now holding the office of President. This position has been particularly congenial to him, because it has given him opportunity to gratify his taste for travel and observation. It is not within the limits of our purpose to follow up the details of his career. It will be sufficient to state the general fact which bears upon the object of this article.

Within the last thirty years, Mr. Gillett has visited, and traveled through, and carefully studied, every State in the American Union, and every Territory except two. He has been in every city in the United States which has a population of more than twenty thousand. Many of these trips have been on business, but the great majority were undertaken for his own profit and pleasure. His last excursion was a visit to this coast, during which he went to Oregon and Washington Territory, returning overland, by way of southern California, through Arizona and New Mexico. The railroads do not yet connect, and the journey through the last named Territories is considered peculiarly hazardous, especially by stage or private conveyance. One of the New York papers, in noticing this "jaunt," speaks as follows:

"It is a fact not generally known, that to the insurance profession belongs the honor of having one of the best, if not the very best, traveled American citizen; that is, one who has seen quite as much, if not more, of this country than any other American. We refer to Alfred S. Gillett, the well known and accomplished President of the Girard Insurance Company of Philadelphia. On trips of business and pleasure from time to time, it has been the good fortune of Mr. Gillett to

visit every State in the Union, and every one of the Territories, except Montana and Idaho. We know of no other person who can boast so thorough an acquaintance with the country, or who has a better appreciation of the extent of Uncle Sam's farm. Within the last ninety days Mr. Gillett has traveled about ten thousand miles in journeying from Philadelphia to Chicago, San Francisco, and the whole length of the Pacific Coast, going from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, thence to Puget Sound and out through the Strait of Juan de Fuca, thence by ocean steamer to Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and San Diego, thence by sail and stage to Santa Fé, thence to Topeka and Chicago *en route* for Philadelphia. Making such a trip at this season of the year was a most arduous and venturesome undertaking, and one from which ninety-nine out of a hundred individuals would shrink. The Puget Sound region was found full of points of interest, and such as well repay a visit. The journey through New Mexico was more perilous than interesting, and was calculated to deter one from selecting that route for a pleasure excursion. A special escort was provided and ready to accompany Mr. Gillett on his way through the Territory, but owing to telegraphic interruptions was not furnished, and the journey was made alone and unattended through the most dangerous part of the route by stage. On arriving at Santa Fé, he was met by General Hatch, of the regular army, who rendered courteous attention, and afforded valuable aid for the rest of the journey to Topeka. The General declared Mr. Gillett the only person who had dared to make the trip unattended. The Santa Fé *New Mexican*, of January 18, in noting his arrival at that point, said, 'His trip was one that is rarely taken by Americans for any purpose, and Mr. Gillett is probably the only man who has ever made it in the winter for pleasure,' and we will add, either in summer or winter, or for either business or pleasure."

In round numbers, this gentleman has traveled more than two hundred thousand miles, all within the confines of our common country. The result is not only a marvelous amount of accurate information; a clear insight into social and political, financial and industrial matters; but a high and absorbing degree of patriotic feeling like that which prevailed in the early days of the republic, but which of late has become enervated into a *blasé* cosmopolitanism.

It is a great pity that biographies are written only of the great. The real lessons of life are not learned on the battle-field or in the Senate Chamber. There are hundreds of business men in their counting-rooms, hundreds of artisans in the factories, hundreds of laborers at the plow-handles, whose lives are more full of wholesome example than many whose names are cherished by the gaping world. Just at present, I believe, we need a lesson on our snobbery; on our aping of foreign ways; on our bowing and scraping to foreign lords, who, for all we know, are barbers in disguise; on our rolling of foreign words, like sweet morsels, under our clumsy and mispronouncing tongues; on our liveried coachman and our ridiculous ancestral trees; on our going abroad to "finish" the education which never has been begun at home. Here, around us is Democracy—the dream of the world. Here is broad and liberal thought. Here is nervous, world-moving progress. And the man, who by example or precept teaches us to observe and respect the mighty energies that are moving with resistless force on every side, has given us a lesson upon which it were well to ponder.

JOHN C. BARROWS.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

"What I have borne on solemn wing
From the vast regions of the grave."
—WM. BLAKE.

All night I toiled across a boundless plain—
A moving speck beneath the sky;
I heard afar the pouring of the surf,
And from the sea of death a cry.

Ah, deep and solemn is this realm of death,
A vast and dim and weary land!
And tall and pale are its flowers sweet,
And fiery red its wild sea-strand.

Crimson the sea, crimson the burning stars,
The lagging moon's a disk of blood,
And black are the forests of moaning trees,
And dark their shadows in the flood.

Sometimes a wind blows through the gloomy sky,
The furious billows strike the clouds,
And wildly then the phantom ship of death
Sweeps by, with spectral shrouds.

For masts, three giant jinn as black as night
Stand up, and spread their wings;
For ropes, the braided tresses of their hair,
Afloat, or woven into rings.

Black is the whistling cordage, black the sails,
And black the giants' streaming crests;
No crew is seen, but well the ship obeys
The ghostly pilot's stern behests.

Aloft, two grinning skulls at stern and bow
Flash fire from out their hollow eyes,
And ever forward lean the living masts,
And fast the bounding vessel flies.

Crimson the sea, crimson the burning stars,
The lagging moon's a disk of blood,
And black are the forests of moaning trees,
And dark their shadows in the flood.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

GOOD-FOR-NAUGHT.

CHAPTER I.

It was going to rain. Franky Wilkins got the young ones in and counted them. She ran her bright, sunshiny eyes over the rollicking troop, and her smile faded.

"Where's Good-for-naught?" she asked.

"Oh, ma, should think you'd know 'thout askin'," said Bill. "She's round to Marvinses."

"I'd like to know what takes her there so often," said Mrs. Wilkins.

"Why, she helps Mrs. Marvin take care of the baby and do the work."

"*Her* a helpin' anybody," ejaculated Mrs. Wilkins; "think o' that now, when she'd ruther die than do a hand's turn at home."

"Mother," said Mr. Wilkins, "you may be sure its mighty little help she gives. You'd better look into the matter, and see that she don't pester Mrs. Marvin's life out of her, hangin' round there so much."

"*Her* a helpin' anybody," repeated Mrs. Wilkins. She laughed. The idea of Good-for-naught making herself useful. She laughed again—such a meaning, intelligent laugh; an indulgent, kindly laugh; a laugh that had motherly pride in it, too. Mr. Wilkins understood the full meaning of that laugh, and there arose before him a perfect vision of his absent daughter—a comprehensive vision that covered her whole life from the moment the nurse laid the fair, twelve-pound baby in his arms down to the present morning, when, as he phrased it, she "got away with the whole family—mother and father included—in a general blow up."

Mr. Wilkins sat forward, bolt upright in his chair, and scratched his head smilingly. His thoughts were exhilarating.

"*Hit*," he said, meaning Good-for-naught, "do you mind, Franky, when we went to Conysburg to see your sister how the little divil *would* stand up in the kerrige all the time, and how she fought you for trying to hold her? She wouldn't let you even tech her dress on the sly like. She kept a lookin' round and a snatchin' her little frock outen your hands till pretty soon the kerrige took a bump and stood still, and out she pitched into dust a foot deep."

"And its mighty fortunate the dust was so deep," said Mrs. Wilkins. "But wasn't she a pickle when you took her up?"

"And do you mind, after that, how you couldn't hold her tight enough to satisfy her? But wasn't she scared, though? 'Twas the richest thing I ever see. That was the day she called you 'an old sinner.' 'Hold me, ma,' she

said. 'Now, ma, take hold o' me dwess,' and she gathered up a little piece of her dress and crowded it into your hand. 'Now, if oo let doe of me, ma, me'll be *awfy* mad. Me don't want to pall out adain.'"

"Yes; and, being as she'd tormented the life out of me before she fell out," said Mrs. Wilkins, "I thought I'd torment her a little afterward. So I pretended to be very indifferent, and would let her dress slide through my fingers till she got so worked up she gave me a piece of her mind. 'You mean old tinner,' she said. 'Me'll trade you off and det anuder ma. Where did me dit you, anyhow?' 'I expect the Lord give me to you,' says I. 'I wish he hadn't a done it,' says she, as quick as a flash, a flingin' me a look backward over her shoulder —'I wish he hadn't a done it; nor he wouldn't neider, only you're so mean he didn't want you hisself.'"

Mr. Wilkins laughed hilariously.

"She got away with you there, old woman," he said. "Fact is, she's been getting away with us all ever since, too. But wa'n't she the prettiest baby that ever lived?"

"Now, pa," exclaimed a babel of voices, "you said Nett was the prettiest, and Sally, and Bill, and—and—"

"You was all the prettiest," said he, kindly—"each in his or her turn."

And, indeed, such another bright, handsome lot of children it would be hard to find, and so many of them—eight in all—and all in a bunch. Good-for-naught, the eldest, was barely fourteen, and Sally, the baby, was two years old. Next to Good-for-naught, whose name was Hope, came a quiet, gentle, obedient girl called Netty. The space between Netty and Sally was occupied by five boys — Milton, Byron, Leonidas, Alexander, and William Henry Harrison, whose every-day name was Bill.

Now, two peas were never more alike than Bill and his sister Hope—in consequence of which they resolved themselves into a small mutual admiration society, and fought each other's battles against the other combined six. Bill, however, being the younger, had a way of revealing Hope to herself (not always pleasantly) by copying her actions and her sayings, and even of projecting himself along the line of her character into absurdities and follies, which it was in her to commit, but from which pride and good taste restrained her. This sometimes brought a volley of wrath upon his head from his precious ally, which he bore with great meekness, but which he would in no wise have borne from any other number of the family.

After Bill was born and began to develop his ruling peculiarities, he out-heroded Herod to such an extent that his father began to think he had been premature in bestowing the name of "Good-for-naught" on the first child. Still, in cogitating the matter, as he often did jocularly, he concluded that "Bill" was the next best thing he could do.

"They ain't neither of them much account," he would say to his wife, with evident pride; "but you bet they can just furnish music for the rest of 'em to dance by."

Mrs. Wilkins had done her duty (as she believed) by Hope in trying to bring her up to be a useful woman; but either her system was at fault, or there was that in Hope that would not yield to other people's ideas of usefulness. If sent to wash the dishes she would slip up into the attic with *Pilgrim's Progress*, and there, lying on her stomach with the book beneath her face, would go with Christian to the Holy City, rarely reaching home again before night. All during this delightful trip she gave momentary flashes of thought to the probable fate that would befall her on going again into her mother's presence. But her mother never whipped hard, and never whipped at all if the culprit could turn her anger aside by some witty remark; and a little wit from one of the children went a long way with Mrs. Wilkins.

But let us follow our heroine to the "Marvinses," as Bill called them, and see her for ourselves. Mr. Jack Marvin — Dr. Marvin rather — was educated for a physician. He thought himself a mechanical genius. In reality, he was fit for nothing at all—unless it might be an angel. It is not positively asserted that he was fit for that. If, however, the absence of evil, the negative virtue of harmlessness, together with a very happy disposition, are the requisite attributes, the idea occurs that he might have been intended "to loaf around the Throne," as John Hay expresses it, and that he would have answered in that capacity as well as a better man. At all events, he had no faculty for getting along in this wooden world. He was a busy little fellow, always working at something of no possible utility, and neglecting his practice to do so.

He made models of impossible machines. He had a model quartz-mill with ever so many stamps in it. It came in time to be used as the family coffee-mill—the whole family collecting about it every morning to watch the little stamps as they pounded the grains of coffee—those immense bowlders—into powder. He had a model reaping-machine which could be made to mow its way through a cabbage-head, in consequence of which cold-slaw became a favorite dish among them. He had a model steamship, and many other models, constructed out

of cigar-boxes principally, and nearly all of them unfinished, or finished so hurriedly that the latter end of each one had appeared to forget the beginning.

Now, the Doctor, poor little soul, made the same impression on an observant person that his models did. He was unfinished. And worse still, nature seemed to have forgotten the original intention of his design. He had the brightest, most interested, and innocent eyes ever seen. His forehead was very bare; and as he had but the segment of a nose, and a rudimentary mouth like a tadpole's, he created the belief that he had been born prematurely, and had never caught up.

At an early age, while yet a college student in one of our Western cities, he had run away with and married a pretty school girl, who had never been inside of a kitchen in her mortal life. When the boy's father heard of it, and went after the little fools, he found them up four-flights, in a seven by nine room under the roof, vowing eternal constancy throughout all the heavenly future without enough money between them to buy a scuttle of coals. The sight of his helpless boy and the beautiful "child-wife" disarmed his anger, and, being a jolly old soul, he took his vengeance out in laughter.

"Here's richness," quoth he. "Married in Lilliput and keeping house under a cabbage-leaf."

He did what he could for them time and again, and finally rid himself of the responsibility of their support by sending them to California.

"I guess you'll not starve, Jack," he said. "There's a special providence for fools and children, and you can claim protection under either clause of the provision."

So by hook or crook they drifted into a populous and prosperous neighborhood, where the Doctor tinkered the neighbors' bodies when he could spare time from his toys, which was a great annoyance to him; so great that he was frequently known to hide under the bed, or in the closet, when a knock that sounded at all ominous came upon the door, while his little wife met the visitor and serenely lied about her husband's absence.

Now, this little wife kept house, or rather she lived in a house that kept itself. She was about seventeen years old by this time, and her venerable husband was approaching the dotage of twenty-three.

There was a baby, of course, and a venturesome infant he must have been to come into life under the guardianship of those other infants—his parents. And yet, with what must be regarded as an inherited recklessness of consequences, he had made his appearance, even laughing at the forebodings of the wise, and conducting himself with an irrepressible jollity highly reprehensible under the circumstances.

Mrs. Marvin, who had a great dread of the mature matrons of the place, clung to Hope Wilkins with an intensity of girlish affection characteristic of the sex in its early development. Hope was surprised and flattered by this preference, and secretly thought Mrs. Marvin was the loveliest and brightest of human beings. Indeed, it is no wonder she captivated the awakening fancy of the undeveloped girl. She was a new revelation to Hope. She could play the piano, though there was not one within twenty miles of them—yet she could play it, and that was something. She could compose poetry—really sweet, touching little verses. She had a box of water-colors, and could pain t pictures. She took a portrait of Hope, and it looked very like her, indeed. Her little hands flew over the paper, and the beautiful forms of nature sprang like magic from beneath them. Hope also had a natural talent for drawing, and this Mrs. Marvin discovered, and proceeded to develop. She was a strangely gifted creature, this young wife, without one practical idea in the world. She knew nothing about cooking, housekeeping, or the care of her child. Hope, having been brought up in an orderly family, knew all these things theoretically, though so far she had refused to apply her knowledge. But now, here was some one who seemed in a measure dependent on her superior ability—who regarded her few practical accomplishments as evidences of amazing wisdom. This flattered Hope, and caused her to attempt the dizziest hights of housewifery. Sometimes, when pressed by necessity, she even attempted bread-making. However, as she felt all her efforts in this department to be failures, she preferred smuggling it to the family from her mother's pantry.

It is inconceivable to what an extent Franky Wilkins would have opened her bright eyes could she have seen "Good-for-naught" so industriously employed. At home she could not stir up a spoonful of thickening without "making such a muss" her mother would rather do it herself than clean up after her. Another duty Hope shouldered was making the family clothes. Had any person related this as a fact to Mrs. Wilkins the statement would have been received with laughing derision. Still it was true. Hope could not be trusted to hem a dish-towel at home; but here she boldly cut into the raw material and brought forth dresses for the baby

and his mother also. It is true the little one's dresses were mere slips puckered into shape, with a drawing-string about the top, and sleeveless. It was a style of dress to be appreciated in hot weather, and little Jack frequently showed his appreciation of it by snaking it off over his head at the risk of choking himself and going naked. It seems hard to believe, but this young iconoclast, this breaker of customs, if not of images, was so thoroughly imbued with the family traits as to be perfectly satisfied in the garb of Cupid, and but for the compulsion put upon him by Hope would never have suffered himself to be dressed at all. "Paint me, mamma," he used to say; "paint me in boo and wed stweaks, and make me pooty."

And then this venerable and dignified mother would get down on the floor with her paint-box, and, laughing at the various devices suggested by her prolific imagination, would paint his fair, fat little body in all the colors of the rainbow; often streaking one leg in rings, and the other in perpendicular bars or long spirals. This afforded her infinite amusement—this and a hundred other little ideas—so that her ringing laugh was not long silent in the house.

It was no rare thing for Hope, in her frequent visits, to find the child in the condition described. She made it her first business in such a case to wash him all over, and compel him to submit to the tyranny of clothes, even if she had to slap him a very little in order to accomplish her purpose. So it came about that he looked up to Hope and respected her out of all proportion to the respect he had for any one else. He took very little notice of his father at all, but his mother was his chief playmate. She sang hundreds of songs to him, and to Hope as well—Scotch, German, and English ballads; all the nursery rhymes; snatches from Moore, Campbell, and Scott never yet set to music. She told them fairy stories and love stories, and when her supply gave out she made others and went ahead.

And this was Hope's education. Better than all the books in the world, with more unerring precision liberating the latent faculties of this gifted girl, was the unconscious teaching of this child-woman. In this the whole family combined. It was not alone what was said and done, but what was unsaid and undone, that helped to teach her. It was the helplessness of the family that gave character and strength to those about them; not only to Hope, but to Stephen Whitehall, a brother of Mrs. Marvin, who had followed his sister to this State, after she had been here a year or two.

Stephen Whitehall was a cripple and an invalid. He was Mrs. Marvin's twin brother. He had missed his sister and almost his only companion so much after her marriage that he could hardly live without her. His parents thought he might recover his health in the perfect climate of California, and saved up money, by slow economy, to send him here. He could not remain long in her family without coming into the same relations with them that Hope did. He saw their inability to do anything useful, and this prompted him to make an effort for their support. He had been a student always, and had no difficulty in passing an examination and getting the position of assistant teacher in the village school. And so the boy toiled for this family and saved for them, and week after week grew thinner and paler, until he looked as if a breath would blow his light out forever. Thus it came about that Hope and Stephen Whitehall were the special providence to these "fools and children," and all went well with them. But it was little Hope's mother dreamed of her growing capability for usefulness, as she did not choose to reveal it at home, where it would be in too much demand; so she passed in her family for the same "Good-for-naught" as ever.

Hope was like her mother, though few people knew it, and the mother was a remarkable woman. A woman of great heart and intellect, and of the happiest disposition. Her physical organization was almost perfect. She was large and fair. Her muscles were firm, her step elastic, and her whole appearance magnetic and grand. She was a woman who laughed; not as ordinary laughers, but with intelligence and meaning. Her laugh was jolly, witty, satirical, humorous, indulgent, kind, loving; sometimes meaning yes, sometimes meaning no; sometimes it was pitiful and covered a world of pathos swelling in her sympathetic breast. It was ever ready, spontaneous, and beautiful, and so full of meaning that no one could mistake any one of its manifold expressions. Her children were all more or less like her, though, perhaps, none so much as Hope and Bill. In her management of these olive branches she was little less inconsistent than the average mother. She petted and spanked them alternately, and they were all more or less rebellious, and generally had their own way. So far, Hope had been the most troublesome, and, as Mrs. Wilkins said, had "egged" the others on.

When the first children were small, Mrs. Wilkins had ideas on the subject of diet and started out with the intention of feeding them mush and milk for supper. The rebel Hope fought this measure unsuccessfully for ten years and then abolished it. Almost every night, if not too tired and sleepy, she would have some

new complaint against her supper. "There is pizen in it," she would say; upon which the other children would refuse to eat it. Nor could the assurance of their mother to the contrary remove their fears until Hope had been forced to recant; which she rarely did until the ever ready switch made its appearance upon the scene of action. Another dodge was "the cow had put her foot in the milk;" another, it made her sick, it gave her the colic, it gave her the headache, it killed Mrs. Smith's little boy, made him "have fits so's he tore up his ma's things and beat his ma and then died; and his ma felt so sorry she cried seven leven days, and *then* she couldn't stop, and served the mean old thing just right, too. One night, during a temporary absence of her mother, she told the younger children she positively would not eat it; she intended to starve to death right off. The little things flocked about her in great alarm and begged her to eat. Highly gratified by the sensation she was creating, she went still further; she laid on the floor and pretended to be in the death throes of starvation. She pitched her body about with amazing energy, considering the character of her disease, and reminded her audience of the dying struggles of a headless chicken, thereby making her acting all the more forcible to them. Her sister Netty and the other children sent up the wildest screams of dismay, which so pleased her that she quit kicking, rolled her eyes up out of sight, crossed her hands and died. At this juncture, the most dismal and frantic howls rent the air, and in the midst of them Mrs. Wilkins marched in and performed the miracle of restoring the dead to life by the use of a small rattan kept for that and similar purposes.

As Hope grew up she was prolific in means by which to gain her own way, and in this manner succeeded in rendering herself a perpetual torment. She was noisy and self-asserting at one time, and gentle and reticent at another. She was adventurous, full of strange experiments, always amusing herself and often amusing the other children, though without any intention of doing so.

Instead of studying her school-books, she illustrated them. Along the margin of every page she drew pictures innumerable of all possible and impossible, animate and inanimate things—whole caravans of absurdities. They meandered down one side of the page and up the other all through her books. She was scolded and whipped for it again and again. She took all the scoldings and whippings, wiped her pretty eyes, pulled the hair down over her flushed face, scowled on all the world from behind her straggling locks of tawny gold, then catching up book and pencil, another moment would find her wreathed in smiles and pursuing her endless work of illustration. She was a natural-born author; only, instead of writing her thoughts, she expressed them in pictures.

One of her idiosyncrasies was her dislike of boys. They interfered with her. She did'nt understand them. She was hard to understand herself, but there was method in her madness. There was none in that of boys. To her, they were an incongruous scramble of insane noises, dreadful cruelties, and senseless, mischievous sports. She avoided them except in cases of necessity, and then she handled them without gloves. Many a miserable dog she rescued from their tormenting hands. Clubbing her slat sun-bonnet, she would swoop down upon a crowd of them, striking right and left, dealing vigorous kicks, "darkening the sun" with flying hair clawed from their astonished pates, and doing it all with such incredible rapidity as to leave the impression that a cyclone had passed that way. It is true, her young teacher was scarcely more than a boy, and yet she felt for him nothing but kindness. He was but four years older than she was, and sickness had made him appear effeminate. He was tall enough, but slender and pale, with a gentle, pathetic face, molded to an expression of suffering. It was his condition that aroused Hope's sympathies in his favor, and caused her to make him the one exception in her rule of universal dislike for boys. She was always kind to him, and he, in return, felt a strong desire to assist her in her studies, even at recess; for it gave him acute pain to see the bright, independent young thing so frequently punished by the head teacher. It soon became apparent, however, that she permitted him to instruct her only because she thought it conduced to his pleasure. For her part, she had no intention of giving any particular thought to her books. Could she have expressed herself she would have said that books were an impertinence to her; being a child, her expressions were actions. Stephen, at last, got a glimmering idea of the true state of the case, and his first regret that she should be a dull scholar changed to an unexplained admiration based upon what he, and every one, considered her chief defect. So truth bores its way through mountains of prejudice, and makes itself felt even while scorning to give its reasons. Stephen admired the strong, beautiful child and clung to her. Always, at recess, she sat by him instead of playing out of doors, showing him her pictures and weaving a romance in explanation of them. No reference to his health, nor to the crutch

he walked with, was ever made by either of them; and Hope was too thoughtless to observe his increasing weakness. But one day he was absent from his post and then the school-room looked deserted to her. She had no thought of being in love with him, but yet she loved him most tenderly in her innocent, sympathetic, half motherly way. She felt uneasy about him. She reflected—for the first time consciously—on his sickly condition, and wondered she had never been uneasy about him before. As the day wore on, she grew more and more indifferent to the passing events, and, when school was dismissed, she went straight to Dr. Marvin's. Stephen was in bed. He promised to be better to-morrow, but to-morrow found him still weaker; and the days came and went and weeks and months slipped past, and all the time he was growing weaker and his suffering was becoming more intolerable, until his life was one prolonged agony.

Hope's services now became acceptable indeed in the Marvin family. She managed to escape from school nearly half the time, and scarcely ever spent an hour at home except at night. She was growing into great usefulness. Her quick sympathies were driving her out of herself. She was developing into a grand woman. She and Mrs. Marvin, when not otherwise engaged, would draw the table to Stephen's bedside and there paint their endless fancies, while he looked on and enjoyed it as well as his suffering condition would permit.

It was about this time a distinguished looking stranger made his appearance at the village hotel. He was from New York, and came to California on a trip of recreation. His health, he said, was threatened by reason of much close application of business. He was pleasant and sociable, but not overly communicative. It was evident that he loved nature. He was enthusiastic about the scenery and climate, and lingered among the hills and *cañons* with glowing eyes and inexhaustible love. He made an acquaintance with the children.

"Nothing in all the world," he said, "could exceed the beauty of California children."

After a while he began to wonder how he could ever go home again without taking the angelic children, the hills, the shadowy gulches, tree canopied, vine garlanded, fern carpeted—in short, the whole beautiful State—with him.

One day he was intercepted in his evening walk by a troop of sparkling, beaming fays, all carrying school-books. They knew by this time that he loved them, and so they surrounded him, talking to him in the most unrestrained manner. Presently a little girl opened her book to show him her treasures: a new thumb-paper, a number of small paper dolls dressed in hollyhock leaves, a sheet of foolscap covered with hieroglyphics, bird, beast, and reptile, gnarled old trees, leaves and flowers, things in form and out of form—such objects as start up from the moving darkness of night beneath the closed lids and reveal an antecedent world of half organized beings. Strange fancies surely—suggestive, puzzling, full of crude genius.

"Where did you get this, my dear?" Mr. Brownell asked.

"Good-for-naught made it," came from half a dozen voices.

Mr. Brownell continued to look at the drawing. His eyes glowed with unusual warmth.

"Good-for-naught? And who is Good-for-naught?"

"Why, Hope Wilkins; that's her name; only she's no 'count at home, nor at school, and so everybody calls her 'Good-for-naught?'"

Now, Mr. Brownell's answer to this was incomprehensible to his hearers, and would have been equally so had the whole town been present. What he said was this:

"*In the latter days angels will walk the earth unawares.* And where does this girl live, my dears?"

Any of them could answer this question. They showed him the house, the top just visible over the hill.

That evening a cold wind came through the tree-tops from the north. Franky Wilkins thought a fire in the sitting-room would improve the looks of things. A fire suggested apples and nuts to the youngsters. And so the children, five boys and a baby girl, sat around the blazing logs cracking nuts, with Bill talk-talk-talking, making what seemed to be a living business by the energy he devoted to it—talking with his breath coming in and going out, and occasionally getting choked on a syllable, and going instantly into a nervous spasm for fear some one of his brothers would edge a word in before he recovered his use of speech. He had just struggled through a masterly effort in the way of unchoking himself when the clock began a little grumble, preparatory to striking seven. Now, this clock had a very weak voice, and not much command of what it had. It would grunt and grunt, and then give a feeble "ting," and grunt again for some seconds, and articulate another "ting." This it did quite fairly on the small hours. As the number of strokes lengthened toward twelve, however, it became discouraged, and usually gave itself up for a bad job somewhere between eight and ten.

"Her's a going to strike, boys," said Bill; "let's help."

So they all grunted in chorus as she grunted, came in unanimously on the "ting," grunted again, and so on to the end.

"Bully for her," said Bill. "I believe her could a done it by herself this time. Her talked it off as fluent as a duck pickin' up dough. Somebody's a comin' to bring good news. Now, you'll see; that's a sign."

At this moment the gate-latch clicked.

"Told you so," said Bill, jumping up in the air, and sitting down again instantly with his face to the door.

Sally gave a little sympathetic squeak of joy, that sounded as if it came through a very small gimlet hole in the top of her head, and turned her bright, expectant face to the door also.

When the word "Come in" was given, Mr. Brownell lifted the latch upon what to him was a beautiful tableau. Six lovely child faces, each one an interrogation point, gathered around the fire; back of these a responsible, motherly looking little girl, with smooth brown hair and Madonna features, sewing by the light of a lamp on a round table. This was Netty. Then came Franky's grand head, with its crown of gold and her beaming smile of welcome. Last of all, Mr. Wilkins, bluff, honest, stanch old fellow that he was, and a very handsome man withal.

For a moment Mr. Brownell's heart stood still in the presence of this lovely group, and and then beat again in pain and gloom. He recalled his own family circle before death had claimed wife and children one by one, leaving him a lonely man with nothing but his business for amusement.

Then he introduced himself, and, taking a paper out of his pocket, asked if this little girl was the one who drew the figures on it.

"That's Hope's work," said Mr. Wilkins. "Hope is two years older than this one—in fact, she is fifteen now, I believe. She is visiting at a neighbor's to-night."

"Is she much in the habit of doing this sort of thing?" asked Mr. Brownell.

"Her'll do it all the time if her gets the chance," said Bill, who now pressed forward to do the family talking.

Mr. Brownell took the small man on his knee, and again addressed Mr. Wilkins.

"You have a very talented daughter," he said, "and her talent, unlike that of many other people, possesses a money value. I was a mechanic in my youth, trained to the trade of pattern making. As I grew older I began to work for myself, and in time built up a great business. I especially succeeded in beautiful designs for molding and carving. After a while, as my taste ran in that vein, I began the manufacture of wall paper, drawing many of the patterns myself. I left New York about three months ago, first placing my business in experienced hands, to take the only recreation I have had since, as a boy, I was apprenticed to my trade. I have been fortunate—*in business*."

Here he paused and looked around upon the handsome children, sighing deeply. Some invisible tendril went out from his heart in that sigh, and drew the little Sally to his side. He took her upon his unoccupied knee, apparently without seeing her, as if it was the habit of his life to care for and protect children.

"I have employed many persons of talent to assist me in this department of my work, but none who gave evidence of such native genius as the young lady who made these drawings."

Then he looked at the paper in his hand a long time, seemingly forgetful of the presence of every person in the room. Presently he looked up.

"Where is your daughter Hope, Mr. Wilkins?" he said. "I would like to see her."

"Her's at Marvinses," said Bill. "I'll go and get her."

But he suddenly thought about its being dark outside, and amended his proposition by offering one of his brothers as a substitute, whereupon a discussion arose.

"'*Fraid* to go, *you* are," said Aleck derisively, "and *that's* what's the matter with you."

Bill denied, and Aleck affirmed, and for about a minute nothing could be heard but "I ain't," "You are," gradually sliding into "Y'ain't," "Y'ar'," each boy cleaving fast to his own word, until Mrs. Wilkins silenced them by asking which one of them would go for their sister. Aleck was perfectly willing to start, on the strength of his mother's request, he wished it understood, and not because Bill wanted to send him. Then Mr. Brownell said he would like to go there himself. He had made Dr. Marvin's acquaintance, and had been wonderfully pleased with his many original ideas. So he and Mr. Wilkins walked there together.

Now, the evening was chilly, if not cold. There was a fire burning in the wide chimney as the visitors entered, though the family were as far from it as possible. The room was long and large, as if in its construction it had been intended for two rooms, and the partition had been omitted. In the back part of this long room there was a bed, in which some one was lying, and near the bed a table where Mrs. Marvin and Hope were sitting, with little Jack between them in a high chair. It was hard to tell whether they were working or playing.

They were surrounded by drawing materials, and Hope was busy with her brushes, but laughing a little, apparently at some of the child's nonsense. Mrs. Marvin seemed to be making a business of laughing, as Bill did of talking. She had just completed the picture of a wasp on her child's arm, so natural as to make him a little nervous about it, though understanding its nature perfectly well. On one of the pretty boy's snowy shoulders perched a humming-bird, or rather it hovered above it, so consummate had been the skill that created it. Around his neck was painted an elaborate coral necklace and cross, and about his wrists were bracelets to match. So here he was, as fine as a king, his mother affirmed upon her introduction to Mr. Brownell, with never a dollar's outlay, and only a yard of ten-cent muslin for his royal robe. He was perfectly clean, thanks to Hope, and the brightest, jolliest little beggar ever seen. He kept time to his uproarious laughter by kicking the table underneath, making the cups and paint-boxes jingle. It was only after much persuasion he consented to sit on Mr. Brownell's lap, and then it was a glimpse of the gentleman's watch that decided him.

Mr. Brownell apparently took little notice of Hope at first, directing all his attention to Mrs. Marvin; however, he was drawing his own conclusions of her.

"What an earnest face," he thought. "There is power of concentration there, and depth of character. She is a true artist. She has enthusiasm and a noble imagination."

Hope was working away at her picture, but presently an invisible messenger from Mr. Brownell's inmost thought touched her, and she raised her calm, truthful eyes and bent them with a look of beautiful innocence and modest intelligence upon him.

As he met this look he arose from his seat with quiet dignity, and stood by her side. He had no thought of asking permission to examine her work, neither was he presuming on her as a child. Indeed, he did not think of her in relation to her age, but as one to be deeply respected, whether child or woman. Hope recognized the thought that prompted his action, and pushed the picture on which she was working a little space toward him. He looked at it earnestly for some moments, and then turned his eyes upon the exquisite profile of the young artist. Before he spoke, he subdued a thrill that sought an outlet through his voice, and said, calmly:

"You design admirably"— he paused, not knowing whether to call her "Hope," as from her wonderful naturalness he felt it would be appropriate to do, or whether to adopt the more polite phraseology of "Miss Wilkins." It really seemed a consideration of deep importance for the moment, but the pause was growing awkward, and he compromised—"Miss Hope," he said, "and your execution is really remarkable."

He waited for her to speak, but she also seemed waiting for him to continue.

"I saw a page of your sketching to-day for the first time, and it is in consequence of seeing it that I came to see you this evening."

She turned her face more toward him and a little up, but her eyes did not yet meet his.

"Came to see me!" she said, in a surprise of which her words and tone would have conveyed only the faintest idea to an unobservant person. But Mr. Brownell noted a touch of hoarseness in the limpid purity of her voice, and rightly attributed it to concealed emotion—an emotion quite new and inexplicable to Hope herself. What dreams had she been cherishing whose realization lay in the words of this noble looking stranger? None that she knew of; and yet the answer to her question stood revealed instantaneously. The very atoms of her being had been silently shaping themselves all through her life up to this point, and far beyond this—to a realm of indefinite and shadowy beauty to be revealed to her step by step as she should go on. He thought she was waiting for him to speak.

"Yes, I came to see you," he said; and then he told her substantially what he had told her father, and named the monthly amount she would receive if she consented to go and work for him—an amount so large in comparison with anything she had ever dreamed of that it almost took her breath away. It was twice as much as her hard-working father could earn, and yet he kept his large family on his earnings —kept them though in much privation, and refrained from going in debt.

"And poor pa works like a dog," she said.

It was easy to trace the current of her thought from this remark; and Mr. Brownell, with a touch of shrewdness inseparable from business men, smiled a little, saying to himself, as he went to his seat, "Let well enough alone—she'll go; that's the leaven that will work." Then he opened conversation with Mrs. Marvin and Mr. Wilkins in a brisk, lively tone, never once turning to glance again at Hope, who sat like a statue, unmindful of the talk, her eyes large and intense, her thoughts indistinguishable, being feelings rather than thoughts, while the leaven worked and worked.

Mr. Wilkins and Mrs. Marvin were as yet unaware that Mr. Brownell had made Hope an

offer that would probably affect her whole future, though Mr. Wilkins had reason to suppose that the offer would be made in time. But there was one in the room who had heard every word, and noted the full effect. And while Hope sat lost in dreams of the future, a pair of dark eyes looked upon her from the pillows—eyes holding in their dim shadows the awful despair of death. It must have been a half-hour she sat in perfect stillness before the beautiful picture her imagination was painting—the generous plans she was proposing for those she loved, the happy surprises she could bring her brothers and sisters; but at last, with a start and an irrepressible impulse, she turned to the bed—turned to meet the awful look of those dark eyes, to catch with both her hands the now outstretched hand of the crippled and suffering boy.

Her movement had been so sudden and impulsive as to cause the disarrangement of some light articles of furniture near the bed, thus producing a noise that attracted the attention of those who were sitting around the fire.

"I can't go," she said; "oh, I can't go." Her words were a groan. The whole family moved toward her.

"Oh, Stevey," she was saying, "I can't leave you—I can't leave you."

Then, when she saw her conduct was noted, she shrunk away to the foot of the bed, bending down upon it as if anxious to escape observation, but unable to control her emotion, and repeating, "I can't leave Stevey—I can't leave Stevey," uttering the words to those about her in a child-like tone of apology, whose purity and innocence touched every heart in the room.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Wilkins did what he could to soothe his daughter, and presently took her home, leaving Stephen to explain the situation to Mrs. Marvin.

Mr. Brownell was much surprised at this new revelation of Hope, and cast about in his mind for a suitable explanation. Could she be in love with that poor creature so evidently on the verge of the grave, he wondered. It seemed impossible. What then could have caused her emotion at the idea of separation from him? He reviewed each incident, every word she uttered; he acknowledged to himself a deep interest in her, and he wished to get at the bottom of the feelings that agitated her so. He found it impossible to gain his own consent to the idea of her being in love with him. He thought of the leading expression of her face, an expression betokening enlargement, sympathy, an expanded benevolence, and this seemed to give him a clue.

"The mother-feeling," he said, "is uppermost in all of 'em from the time they are born. See how they love dolls, especially after their arms and legs are broken off. The more you cripple 'em up the more tenderly they cling to 'em. I don't believe I know any more about them now than the day I was born. However, I don't think Hope is in love with 'Stevey,' as she calls him. Her manner was too open and frank for that. No, no—he is her playmate and friend. She has ministered to his wants so much since he was sick he is even more necessary to her than she to him. He is the engrossing object of her tender sympathy and loving, motherly commiseration. Why, bless the girl's heart—what a heart she has! She pities him and has that love for him that is born of pity. She would feel the same if he were a girl instead of a boy."

He went to see Hope a number of times, and found her usually at Dr. Marvin's, where he often followed her. He soon saw that his persuasions had no effect on her. She did not argue the point with him at all; but when pressed for a decision would shake her head a little as if unwilling to say "no" to him. He felt her delicacy on this point; he also felt that any undue pressure on his part would elicit a firm refusal. There was a vein of iron underlying the soft and unruffled surface of her character.

He was at Dr. Marvin's so much he came at last to know positively that no love relations existed between Hope and Stephen. He spent many an hour by the invalid's bedside, and began, first, to pity him, and then to love him.

"Here is a strange development," thought he; "a boy, who, if he were well and active, would be nothing but a strong, loving, sweet-natured girl, so far as character goes. But what a lovable creature he is!"

Then Mr. Brownell would pause in his thought, quite lost for expression. It was impossible to analyze the charm of Stephen's disposition, for he seemed to have been born without the selfish impulse; and with what fortitude he bore his awful suffering! Sometimes, after hours of extreme torture, he would turn his face to the wall and weep silently, but he never uttered a word of complaint. And the responsibility of his sister's family, that he had carried so long, was still on his shoulders, a constant weight that he could not put off. "Oh, to be tied down here," he thought, "and *want* in the house."

Unconsciously to himself, Mr. Brownell was coming into strong sympathy with all this family. Its cares were becoming his cares, its pleasures his pleasures. Several times he had shared their queer little incongruous dinners, in which the lack of dainties was made up by the excess of fun; even poor Stephen contributing his share of nonsense.

By slow degrees the feeling that Stephen *must not die* was taking possession of this kind-hearted man. His strong will arrayed itself against such a possibillity.

"What," thought he, "so much beauty and goodness to drop out of this world where it is so needed! No, never—*it must not be.*"

In the meantime, Stephen was using all his influence to pursuade Hope to go to New York with Mr. Brownell. He was made wretched by the thought that it was for him she was sacrificing so good a position. One day, he made his voice very steady—indeed, almost jocular in its tone—as he talked with her about it.

He thought it would take him only about three months longer to peg out, he said, at the rate he was traveling; and then a second-class funeral, and a record in the town paper of his manifold virtues, would wind up his affairs.

"And you see, Hope," he added, "it won't pay you to wait for the drop-curtain when you lose so much by it." Then, in a deeper voice, he said, "Let me persuade you to go. You are a strange girl if you refuse to listen to the injunction of a dying friend. Oh, Hope."

Hope turned toward him with a gesture almost of fierceness, as if it were in her thought to strike him; then she ran out of the room, and came again no more the whole day.

But Mr. Brownell came and stayed with him for hours. Mr. Brownell began to see—to feel, rather—why Hope would not leave him. He was growing into this condition himself. One day he asked Dr. Marvin the nature of his disease. He had been hurt when a child, the doctor said, and the wound had never properly healed. An abcess or some foreign growth had developed slowly, first causing him to lose the use of his leg, and afterward consuming his strength, gradually killing him.

"Could nothing be done for him?" Mr. Brownell asked.

"Had it been taken in time it might have been cured," the Doctor thought. "It is too late now."

Mr. Brownell looked at this little, limp doctor, and drew his own conclusions of him and his opinions.

"The Doctor's ideas on the state of society in the next world are probably as good as anybody's," reasoned he; "but he is too slack twisted physically to be able to hold physical facts. His medical knowledge I wouldn't give a fig for, though, to be sure, he may know it all for all I know; yet I'll not take his word in the case of this boy."

Then he broached his half developed plan to the Marvin family. He wanted to take Stephen to New York with him, where he could have him properly treated. There was a chance of his recovery. He could not find it in his conscience, he said, to abandon that chance. He should feel himself little better than a murderer if he did. He could not tell how it was the thought had taken such a hold on him, but it was there, and that was all he knew about it.

When Stephen heard of Mr. Brownell's proposition he gained new life instantly. His apathy vanished. His spirit grew strong enough to triumph over his miserable body for the time, and compel it to a certain amount of helpfulness. He was far too sick for this to last long, but the family looked upon it as an augury that he would get well. So the plans were all laid, and Mr. Brownell, and Hope and Stephen, were to start to New York on a fixed day.

Franky Wilkins was doing some thinking in these times. She was going to lose her girl. It was all right, so her head told her, but her head could not reason her heart down on the subject. Her laughter was infrequent now, and when she treated her family to its sound its tunefulness was tremulous and suggestive of tears. This peculiarity in it brought her husband into the secret place of her mother-life, and he found it an uncomfortable place indeed.

The children of the family were easily reconciled to the idea of Hope's going. She would send them things; she would come back again some time, and then it would all be so grand—they would have such a good time then. But Bill took the matter quite seriously. He wanted Mr. Brownell to take Sally instead of Hope. Sally was no account, he said, and anyhow he wanted Hope himself.

There was quite a little stir of preparation going on in the house. Mrs. Wilkins and Netty were busy sewing for Hope. The boys all went to school except Bill, and it fell upon him to do all the small errands in the family. Now, this state of affairs he resented, and he wailed until his life became a burden to him.

"I'm tired of work, ma," he often said.

His mother thought work was good for boys. "It would loosen up his skin and let him grow."

"I don't want to grow, ma," he informed her. "I want to be like Tom Thumb, and get money easy. I don't want to work, and I won't work, either. I'll kill myself first."

"Bless us and save us," laughed his mother. "It runs in the blood."

And then she told him how Hope tried to die, and was brought back to life with a switch.

"Yes," he said, "but Hope didn't know how. I'll die dead and fast. I'll make a sure enough die out of it, and then you'll feel awful bad 'cos you worked me so hard."

Scarcely a day passed without this threat in one form or another, and it became a standing joke among the brothers. Of an evening, on their return from school, they would profess great surprise at finding him alive.

"Ain't Bill dead yet?" was the standing question among them. Each morning their leave-taking was most affecting, as not expecting to see him again in the flesh, the dearth of tears on these occasions finding compensation in the endless "woo-hoo" they howled in unison.

This jocular way of treating the matter strengthened Bill's resolution, until a day came when he had been worked so terribly human nature could hold out no longer. He had brought in three baskets of chips, had set the chairs up to the table twice, and gone once to a neighbor's to borrow a sleeve-pattern.

"Durned if I'll stand this any longer," he said to himself as he sauntered into the parlor to be out of the way of work. "I ain't a goin' to let ma run this caravan any more. I'm tired of life; it don't pay. Ma says Hope tried to die and couldn't. I know she could a died just as nat'ral as life if ma'd only had gumption enough to let her alone. But ma's never haves any sense no how. Course Hope couldn't stay dead when they was a whippin' her. She's too gritty for that. Nobody'd stay dead and take a poundin'. Catch 'em at it! They'd get up and pitch in unless they was too awful, mis'ble dead, and then nobody wouldn't whip 'em. Now, then, I'm a goin' to die dead. I ain't got nothin' to live for. Ma ain't got no sense—she's a eejot. Sally's meaner than anybody—squack, squack, squack, if you just crook your finger at her, and run and tell ma—that's her. And there's them boys—durn 'em—boo-hoo, boo-hoo—good-bye, Bill; give my love to the divil when you die. I wish there was a sure enough divil, and he had every one of 'em. And there's Hope a goin' away, and Stevey; everybody I love a going off, and everybody I hate stayin' to home. That's just my luck. Durn things, anyhow. I'm a goin' to lay me down and die, and I mout as well do it now before ma wants any more chips. Won't she be 'sprized when she comes in and finds me dead. She'll feel awful bad, too—good on her head. She'll feel so bad that she'll just paw up the ground and make things howl all day and all night. Now, here goes this caravan for a a long journey"—stretches himself out on his back, and folds his hands on his breast; wonders if there really is a devil, and comes to a sitting posture instantly; decides that there nothing in it, "'cos if there was he'd a had ma long ago;" lies down again and composes himself to his last sleep; cranes his neck up and looks along the line of his body. "Durn that hole in my knee—it spoils the looks of the corpse; makes it undignant." Then he makes up his epitaph. "'Here lies William Henry Harrison Wilkins. He was the goodest little feller ever lived—only nobody didn't know it. He'd a made the smartest man in the world it he'd a lived, but his ma made him do things he didn't want to do till she killed him.' That'll make her squeak," said he; "that's the pizen that'll fetch her." Then his thoughts went back to the devil. "Guess I'd better pray a little to make it safe, anyhow"—rolls his eyes upward and launches out. "O Lord, I'm a dyin'; don't let the devil get me. I should a thought you'd a put a end to him long ago. Maybe you hev. If so, bully; if not, why then you can't do it too soon, 'cos you know nobody's safe with him a rummagin' round loose—not even me, and I'm the goodest little boy there is—— What's that?"

He had sprung to his feet with a very red face. The object of his excited exclamation was a dragon-fly—his special abhorrence. It had flown in through the open door, touched his little clasped hands a moment and fluttered against the window-pane.

"Now, I've got you just where I want you," said he. So he took a small leather sling out of his pocket and some shot, and began to fire at it. He had almost emptied his pocket of shot—his mouth rather, for it was in this convenient receptacle he deposited them—when the dragon-fly careered backward in mid-air, made a side swoop, almost touching his tormentor's head, and darted from the room. At this moment the sound of his mother's voice reached him. She was calling him by name.

"You can Oh Bill, and Oh Bill, till you're tired," said he, stretching himself once more upon the carpet and composing his limbs in death. "There ain't no Bill as I knows on, or won't be pretty soon. I'm as good as dead already."

He had scarcely assumed this position, however, when he started up in horror, shouting so lustily that he soon brought the family about him.

"I'm shooted!—I'm shooted!" he yelled, jumping up and down in intense excitement—"I'm shooted!—I'm shooted!"

His mother began to examine his body, tearing his clothes off in extreme consternation. At last it was apparent that there was no hurt on him, but still he roared, "I'm shooted!—I'm shooted!"

"You little dunce," said she; "there's nothing the matter with you."

"Oh, there is—there is," he cried. "I'm shooted; I swallered a shot."

And this was the outcome of his suicidal intention. He was so glad when he found himself safe that he brought in an immense pile of chips for his mother without being asked, and he gave Sally two of his handsomest marbles that same afternoon. To be sure, he took them from her the next day; but let us not mention it. The "goodest little boy" that lives cannot be good all the time. HELEN WILMANS.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LUCRETIA MOTT.

The Island of Nantucket, situated on the south-eastern coast of Massachusetts, was purchased from the Indians for thirty pounds and two old beaver hats by Thomas Macey. Whittier tells in his *Exile* that Macey sheltered an aged Quaker from the pursuit of the parson and sheriff, and for thus breaking the laws against banished Quakers was obliged himself to flee from the mainland of Massachusetts. He took up his abode on the Island of Nantucket, where neighbors gathered around him, and the place soon became brisk in fishery.

On this little island was born Lucretia Mott, on January 3, 1793, the same year that Madame Roland perished on the scaffold. But the babe might lie yet awhile as unconscious of human storms as of the storms of wind and wave about her island home. There were happy childhood days before her, when she should gather many a sea treasure, listen to the tales of the fishermen, and watch, maybe, the great spiders hanging in their webs about the wharves and in the fishy-smelling warehouses. Her childhood also was a useful one, for the father was often away on trading expeditions, and as the children grew old enough they were taught to aid their mother in keeping a small store.

Mrs. Mott's parents were in comfortable circumstances, and might easily have sent their children to a select school, as was the fashion with their neighbors; but the father was a Quaker, and decided to send his children to the common schools, thinking that the select schools tended to a feeling of caste. This act of her father Mrs. Mott remembered gratefully in after years, saying that it had given her a sympathy for the poor. Her education was completed in a Quaker school is Boston, where she taught for two years after her graduation in order that a younger sister might have the advantages she had herself enjoyed.

A sketch of her life, which she furnished to *Eminent Women of the Age*, a book written some years ago, best tells of her thoughtful youth. She says of herself:

"My sympathy was early enlisted for the poor slaves by the class-books used in our schools, and the picture of the slave-ship published by Clarkson."

She speaks of her interest in temperance and labor reforms, and of women she says:

"The unequal condition of women in society early impressed my mind. Learning while at school that the charge for the education of girls was the same as that for boys, and that when they became teachers women received but half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this was so apparent that I resolved to claim for my sex all that an impartial Creator had bestowed."

One who so soon called into question the usages of the society in which she lived could not avoid coming into collision with them later.

She became an ordained minister in the Society of Friends, and traveled in the Northern States and a few of the Southern, preaching against slavery and intemperance. Her interest was for the moral questions of the day rather than for dogmas, but when the schism occurred in the Quaker church she took her stand with the Hicksite, or Unitarian division.

Her separation from the body of the church cost her many of her oldest and most trusted friends; and even thirteen years afterward, when she went to England as a delegate to the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention," she was made to feel on one occasion the dislike with which the orthodox Quakers still regarded her. She made many friends among the cultured people of London, and among them the Duchess of Sutherland. The circumstance of which we speak occurred at a *fête* given to the American delegates by Samuel Gurnsey, brother of

Elizabeth Fry. This well known woman was an orthodox Quaker. She showed herself most cordial to all the delegates except Mrs. Mott, whom she took pains to avoid by passing into the house whenever Mrs. Mott came into the garden, and returning to the garden when Mrs. Mott happened to be in the house.

Mrs. Mott's nature was most free from bigotry. At her hearthstone all questions of the day might freely be discussed; and it was one of the lovable traits of her character that a limp feather, a dress in which a rent was exchanged for a pucker, could never hide from her appreciation any good quality the wearer might possess.

The next struggle of Mrs. Mott's life was in the anti-slavery cause; and as she had before fallen under the displeasure of the orthodox Quakers for opinion's sake, so she now seemed likely to be cast out from among the Hicksites for her work in the new reform. During the fugitive slave days her house was one of the principal stations of the underground railway, and for many years she refrained as far as possible from using anything produced by slave labor. In 1833, she joined with William Lloyd Garrison and others to form the first anti-slavery society. Public opinion was most bitter against the Abolitionists in the early days of the movement. A writer of that time, not an Abolitionist, declared that the circulation of a journal depended upon the abuse it heaped upon the Abolitionists. This abuse fell doubly upon the women engaged in the work. They were not only the hated Abolitionists, but women "out of their sphere." So exercised over it were the clergy of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, that they felt called upon to publicly rebuke "this most unwomanly proceeding." But neither a mob of arms or of tongues could daunt these women. In 1838, Mrs. Mott presided over a Woman's Anti-Slavery Convention in Philadelphia. The mob surged about the building, threatening every moment to overwhelm them. In spite of the commotion outside, and the shattering of window-panes, Mrs. Mott succeeded in holding the convention to its work, and brought it to a successful close. That night the hall was burned to the ground, with the connivance of the city authorities. Collyer relates an instance of her tact. One night when a mob was driving the Abolitionists out of a hall, and the moment was one of great peril, Mrs. Mott said to one of the unprotected women:

"Take this friend's arm; he will take care of thee through the crowd."

"And who will protect you, Lucretia?" said the woman.

"This man," she returned, touching the arm of one who was of the mob, "will see me safely through the crowd."

And rough, red-shirted ruffian as he was, there was an American gentleman beneath the rough exterior. He gave her his arm and carried her safely out, protecting her life like a good "white knight."

As before mentioned, Mrs. Mott was a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention held in London in 1840. The leaders of the anti-slavery cause in England had invited all the nations to send delegates to this convention; but when the American delegates arrived it was found that some of them were women, and the first three days of the convention were spent in discussing whether they should be allowed to take their seats. In England, Elizabeth Herrick's voice had been the first to cry, "Immediate Emancipation!" and Harriet Martineau had written against slavery, but still the eloquence of Wendell Phillips and others in behalf of women was unavailing, and their credentials were refused. William Lloyd Garrison arrived too late to take part in the discussion, and hearing what had happened to his countrywomen, he would not present his credentials, but sat a silent spectator of the proceedings. Henry B. Stanton was one of the delegates, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, then a bride, accompanied him. Thus, two able women—Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton—met for the first time. Long afterward Mrs. Stanton was asked what most impressed her in her London visit, and she answered, "Lucretia Mott."

They both felt the humiliation which had been meted out to women by this convention, and they decided that when they should reach home they would call a convention to discuss the social condition of women. Accordingly, in 1848 a convention was held at Seneca Falls, July 19th and 20th. The topics were the social, political, and religious position of women, and the most important step of the convention was its demand that suffrage be extended to women. The reform met with the contemptuous mirth of the nation, but earnest people are not to be turned aside by sneers. Year after year the woman suffragists have held conventions, talking to a few thoughtful, and many curious, people—their audiences usually being fringed by a number of rowdies, ready alike with boisterous applause and hisses. Slowly, but surely, however, the enfranchisement of women has come to be a question of the day, until, in 1876, the Republicans thought it of enough importance to give it a place in their Presidential platform for the centennial year. True, the question is

not yet popular, but still we think Mrs. Mott has died in sight of the "promised land" whither she sought to guide the womanhood of America. In Wyoming women have voted for some years. Governor Cornell, of New York, in his message for 1881, speaks cordially of the law passed last year by which women of that State were admitted to the school suffrage. In the State of Massachusetts women vote on school questions, and Governor Long, in his annual address, has just recommended that women shall receive the full franchise, a course which the poet Whittier cordially commends through the columns of the Boston *Advertiser*. Nor is this a question of our country alone. Both France and England are discussing the matter. Surely we have little need to feel faint-hearted when our cause commends itself to such men as Whittier, Herbert Spencer, Victor Hugo, and Dumas.

The last meeting over which Mrs. Mott presided was held at Philadelphia on the fourth of July, 1876. On that day, while the men were celebrating the hundredth birthday of the nation by reading sonorously from the Declaration of Independence that "taxation without representation is tyranny," the woman suffragists assembled in Dr. Furness's church, and held a meeting of protest. Mrs. Mott was then eighty-three years old, but in spite of the intense heat of the day she presided over the meeting for eight hours. It was in this summer that the writer met Mrs. Mott—a memory that is like a benediction. Her forehead was high and broad, the eyes kindly, and the features delicate. On her mother's side she was a kinswoman of Benjamin Franklin, to whom her face was thought to bear a likeness. Combe, the phrenologist, said that hers was the finest woman's head he had ever seen. She was small of stature, never in her life weighing over ninety pounds. At the protest meeting, some one in the audience said that Mrs. Mott could not be seen on the platform, and requested that she should sit in the high pulpit.

"Well, friends," said she, "I am not high-minded, but, like Zaccheus of old, 'who climbed the tree his Lord to see,' I am small of stature, and shall have to go up for thee to see me."

Although growing too old the last few years to be abroad, she still felt an interest in the doings of the busy world. We have heard Mrs. Stanton tell that one day Mrs. Mott had been reading a paper-money tract. Finally, she took off her spectacles, and, turning, said, in her measured way:

"Elizabeth, does thee understand this question?"

At Philadelphia, November 11th, 1880, Mrs. Mott closed her useful life, and passed without fear into the unknown. From ten o'clock until the hour of the funeral, one person after another stood for a moment beside the sleeper, and then passed on with noiseless footsteps. She was buried in a quiet Quaker grave-yard, where the unpretentious head-stones scarcely show above the green grass. It is said that a thousand people gathered about the open grave, there being a noticeable number of colored people in the throng. ELLEN C. SARGENT.

BLIGHTED.

"The sun hath seared the wings of my sweet boy."

You who have forgotten your own childhood—you from whose hearts have passed all sympathy with such childlike aspirations as make up the sum of our early years—read no further. For you this history of a few episodes in a brief young life will have neither point nor pathos. It is intended only for such as still remember the first feeble struggles and growing power of those inborn predilections that bud, long unsuspected for what they are, in some young hearts, sending forth strong, clinging roots, which quickly enwrap the whole inner nature, while through the outer crust of rough thwarting or careless disregard they stoutly fight their way, gradually springing into flourishing existence, and asserting their divine right to live no longer as simple predilections, but united and combined as the vocation of a lifetime.

I was returning home one afternoon many dollars richer than I had ever dared to dream of being but a few hours before. The flush and glow of success was upon me. I felt the happiest of men. All the weary past was forgotten—the lonely hours when I had toiled in quickly changing moods that alternated from dull despondency to brightening hope; the seemingly insurmountable obstacles which it had taken all my energy to battle with; the stinging disappointment of frequent failure in getting nearer the desired goal; the bitter sense of wrong

when my work was unjustly criticised, when my best efforts were unappreciated, misinterpreted. In the days gone by it had seemed to me that I had been chosen for the butt of fate. Now I felt that I had merely been serving the usual apprenticeship to art, and it was with a glorious sense of relief, as from an incubus, that I mentally threw off the yoke of servitude, and girded up my loins to stretch forward on the road to fame that lay seemingly so straight and smooth before me.

And what had created this revolution in my life? Only the sale of a picture. My last effort had appeared at the annual exhibition, had taken the second prize, and been purchased since for five hundred dollars.

Five hundred dollars! Ah, what a fortune it seemed, and what would I not do with it! In the first place, I should take my sister and her children to the sea-side. They needed a whiff of pure air, poor things, and Alice had been very good to me in the old time. How long, long ago that "old time" seemed, by the way! In the second place—

"Uncle Frank, Uncle Frank!" broke in a shrill young voice upon my reverie.

I was nearer home than I had thought, and my little six-year old nephew, Jamie, his sailor hat stuck on the back of his curly head, was bounding to meet me. His glad young heart was scarcely lighter than mine as I caught him up in my arms, and, laughing into his smiling face, said, merrily:

"Ah, Jamie, it is well to be bright and young like you, but it is a still finer thing to be a successful painter."

His face sobered quickly as I spoke. He clutched my hand tightly as I put him down, and trotted on beside me with a strangely serious air.

"You're a painter, ain't you, Uncle Frank? Mamma says so. Can everybody be a painter, too, if they like?"

"No, indeed," I answered, with considerable pride in my own superior gifts. "It takes a very smart man to make a painter."

"Doesn't little boys ever be painters?"

"Of course they are," I replied, thoughtlessly. "Why, I myself used to be always dabbling with paints when I was a boy. And some rather creditable things I did, too," I went on, musingly, "considering my tender years."

I was beginning to forget my small companion in thoughts of my first efforts with the brush, when I was brought back abruptly to the present—so abruptly, in fact, that I almost lost my balance. A pair of small arms thrown impetuously around my legs had brought me with such suddenness to a stand-still as nearly to destroy my equilibrium, while a childish voice, piteously imploring, sounded in my ears.

"Oh, Uncle Frank," it cried, "let me be a painter, too!"

"You a painter, you midget? I think your own little person would be better covered than the canvas. Let go, child. You should not do that in the street."

"I'll never, never, never let you go till you tell me I can be a painter. Please, Uncle Frank."

How big and bright his eyes looked in that small baby face, away down there by my knee.

"Please, oh, please, let me be a painter, Uncle Frank."

"What put such an idea into your head, child? Your mother would not thank me much if she thought I was responsible for it."

"My mamma won't care if *you* let me be a painter. She always says I must do jess what you tell me."

"Indeed! Then I tell you now, you young rascal, to loose those vice-like hands of yours and let me walk on."

My logic had no effect upon the boy.

"Will you let me be a painter, Uncle Frank? Please, oh, *please*, let me be a painter," pleaded pertinaciously this would-be artist.

He still held me prisoner, and I did not wish to risk hurting him by any great exertion of strength, while I was in far too good humor to effect my release by a show of anger.

"Perhaps you are not aware, my dear nephew, that a promise made under duress is not considered binding by a court of law."

The expression of utter blankness called into his face by this unintelligible remark lasted but a moment, for his mind quickly grasped the one word "promise," and turned it rapidly to account.

"You will promise to let me be a painter, Uncle Frank? If you promise, I'll let you go."

"Very well, then, Jamie, I promise. But remember," I added, with mock solemnity, "it is a promise made under duress."

And then, I was so light-hearted that evening, I enjoyed a good laugh at the boy's puzzled look.

Very reluctantly, as though doubting his own comprehension, he released my legs, and we walked on side by side.

"And you'll teach me to be a painter?" he queried, anxiously, as if not quite satisfied with the promise obtained.

"Well, perhaps I may some day, Jamie," I answered, wishing to please the boy by gratifying with this indefinite assurance what I considered a mere childish whim of the moment, at the same time that I postponed the fulfill-

ment of my promise until he should have had time to forget it. "But you must first learn to be a very good little boy. You must not tease poor Towser, nor chase the chickens, nor pull the flowers without leave, and you must go to bed every night at seven o'clock without begging your mother for another minute."

"You'll not teach me 'fore I does all that?" —very earnestly.

"No, not before you teach yourself to be a very, very good little boy."

The child gave a sigh—a most unchild-like sigh—and trotted on in silence. What a fine boy he was, to be sure. I had never noticed before what a good head and open brow he had. My sister Alice should be proud of her one son.

When we reached the house I had plenty to talk about to this sister of mine in regard to my plans for the future, and I thought no more of Jamie, who had run off to play. But at seven o'clock precisely in he walked, as solemnly as the proverbial judge, and said very seriously:

"Mamma, I's ready for bed now," and whispered in my ear as he clasped my neck tightly after the manner of affectionate youngsters, "Remember, Uncle Frank, I's going to be a painter—some day."

Alice was dumb with surprise. It had long been one of the innumerable petty troubles of her busy life to get her children early to bed, and here was the most rebellious of them grown suddenly docile. She could not understand it.

Early the next morning I was in my studio preparing a canvas for work, when I heard a clatter of little feet upon the stairs without, followed by a tap—a very small tap—low down upon my door.

"Come in," I said, and the door opened a very little, scarcely more than enough to admit a man's arm, I should think, and in slid sideways my small nephew, Jamie. "Hullo, young man! Some one to see me?" for the children never came near my den in the attic except to announce a visitor.

How bright the boy's face was as he came across the floor, holding himself as straight as a soldier, and there was not a vestige of sheepishness or timidity in his manner as he looked up in my face and said, with a little gasp of satisfaction:

"Now I's come to be a painter, Uncle Frank."

"Oh, you have, have you," I replied, in astonishment; "and pray who gave you permission, you young rogue, to come to uncle's room?"

"Why, you did," he said, reproachfully. "You said when I was a good boy, if I didn't tease Towser, or chase the chickens, or pull the flowers, and went to bed at seven o'clock, you'd teach me to be a painter. Las' night I went to bed at seven o'clock, and I'll never no more do nuffin naughty. I's a good boy now, Uncle Frank."

"So you expect me to put faith in a reform twelve hours old, do you? Ah, Jamie, unluckily for you experience forbids. My child, you must be good for a much longer time before I can teach you to paint. One day is not enough, nor two days, nor three, but a great, great many days."

His face fell as I spoke. He was sadly disappointed, poor little fellow, and I wished with all my heart that he were ten years older so that I should not have to refuse him. Children's troubles are so short-lived though, was my next thought, that perhaps it was better for him he was not any older; for now I came to consider it seriously it would never do to have another artist in the family. My sister, so practical in all her ideas, would be decidedly opposed to such a choice of a profession for her only son.

"How long then, Uncle Frank?" broke in a pitiful little voice upon my meditations. "Ten million thousand days?"

"Not quite so many as that, Jamie," I answered, smilingly.

"Three days?" with a sudden brightening of expression.

"Didn't I tell you you must wait longer than three days?"

"One week then, Uncle Frank? Oh, yes; one week is plenty, plenty long enough for me to learn to be good. Say one week, Uncle Frank, please."

With rosy mouth pursed, dimpled chin dropped, and pleading eyes looking up so prettily from under their long dark lashes, little Jamie was an irresistible petitioner.

"And do you really expect me to believe that you, the most mischievous boy in the square, could be good for one whole week?"

"You try me and see," drawing himself up proudly. "If I'm good for one week you'll teach me then, sure, Uncle Frank?"

"Let me see—one week." Before its expiration, I thought, he will have forgotten all about this new fancy. "Well, yes, Jamie. If your mother tells me that you have been a good little boy for one entire week, I will make a painter of you, if a painter *can* be made without being born one."

He was quite happy again.

"All right. You won't forget? I must go shell peas now—good-bye." And away he scampered, innocent little soul, his heart no doubt lighter than a feather.

Four days later my sister told me in confidence that she did not know what had come to Jamie—he was turning out an angel instead of a child. I had almost forgotten our compact, when her words brought it back to my remembrance, but some one called her away before I could mention it, and afterward I quite forget it again. By the end of the week my mood was changed. I found that the money I had received was not elastic enough to cover all that I had thought of doing with it. How it dwindled and dwindled when I came to portion it out! I was in my studio, feeling very blue over the impossibility of making it stretch as far as I wished it to, when I heard the quick halting step of a child who was making frantic efforts to advance rapidly, with the same foot always ahead, upon the stairs without.

"Hang it," I muttered, crossly. "Why can't Alice keep those infernal youngsters of hers in the nursery."

I must have looked rather forbidding, for the youthful ardor of little Jamie, who came tumbling noisily into the room, was suddenly checked when he caught sight of my face, and he paused abruptly in the middle of the room.

"What do you want?" I cried, angrily. "I can't be bothered to-day. Bundle out of this now—quick!"

"Please, Uncle Frank," he gasped, "you p-promised me. I's been good for one whole week, and now you—you—"

"Well, I what?"

"You are to teach me to be a painter."

"Painter be hanged!" Then, rather ashamed of my temper, I added, morosely, "You don't know what you're asking, child. You'd curse me all your life if I aided you to an existence like mine. Better quick death than slow torture. Just enough encouragement to be tantalizing—advancement at a snail's pace—hopes continually deferred—it is an enviable life, truly. Go away, boy, and don't bother me again with such nonsense."

I imagine the only intelligible words of my harangue were the last few, for when I uttered them his hands fell away from the apron he had been fingering, and his short upper lip quivered. But he turned away without a word and left the room.

I went on gloomily with my work for about half an hour, wholly unconscious of having done any wrong, and quite absorbed in my own morbid thoughts, when, as I moved toward the door to see the effect of a cloud I had put in, I fancied that I heard a strange noise outside. Again—a choking sound. I opened the door hurriedly and looked out. There, upon the top stair, crying as though his little heart would break, sat Jamie. My conscience gave a reproachful twinge. Poor baby—he was too young for sorrow. I picked him up, and tried to comfort him, but he would not be consoled. His tears still flowed, and his little frame quivered, while his sobbing cry was to be a painter, a painter—only a painter. It could do no harm, I thought, to humor the boy. He would soon tire of his fancy, like other children, if he did not possess the heaven-born spirit of genius.

I have always maintained, and now more stoutly than ever do I uphold the opinion, that a child should be humored, to a reasonable extent, in its choice of amusements. For what we of maturer mind may look upon as a mere pastime, is often to a child occupation as serious as the pursuits of riper years. And what in one instance is but the exhibition of a mimicry, common to extreme youth, of that which it sees done by others, may in another be the demand of embryo genius for such employment as nature wills shall be the vocation of after years. Now that I realized how seriously the boy felt, I could no longer conscientiously deny him that which he had so evidently set his heart upon; and what surer way to destroy the charm, thought I, if he were merely possessed of the desire of imitation, than by placing the brush at once in his fingers? So I got an old saucer, mixed some water-colors thereon, and gave him an old book full of wood-cuts to ornament to his liking. His tears were quickly dried. A few applications of a pair of dirty white apron-sleeves, a finishing sniffle or two, and he was smiling as brightly as ever. All that morning he sat by the window, daubing away at the wood-cuts, happier than most kings, and quieter than any mouse. For several successive days he came up to my room for his "painter-lesson," as he called it, and I soon began to feel lonely during the hours when my noiseless little pupil was not perched on the rickety chair by the small table in the window.

Poor little Jamie! It was not long before he got himself and me into disgrace with his mother, whom I had as yet failed to inform of her son's newly developed taste for art.

I was putting on my overcoat in the front hall one afternoon, when I heard from the parlor my sister's voice, loud and angry, followed by two or three sounding slaps.

"Hullo," thought I, "what's up now? Alice doesn't usually administer her punishments in there."

At that moment the door opened, and out came little Jamie, his small, dimpled fists being ground tight into his eyes. As a natural consequence he stumbled and fell headlong over the door-mat.

"What is the matter, Jamie?" I asked.

He picked himself up quickly, hung his head to hide his woeful scarlet face, and tried to dart past me. I caught his sleeve, but he struggled and twisted away, glided out of my hands, and was off like a flash, his baby mouth set as firmly as a grown man's, and not a sob escaping from his tortured little heart. Tortured with childish shame, deep sorrow, and keen apprehension I knew it to be, when Alice, putting her hot, angry face out of the door, called me into the parlor and stood pointing tragically at the piano-cover. Truly it *was* a trying sight, that ruined green cloth, spotted and streaked with yellow ochre. Nor had the piano itself escaped. Sticking closely to one polished corner was a cake of vermilion paint that had been taken surreptitiously from my box of colors. Poor Alice! This was a serious matter with people of our scanty means, and, indeed, the sight before us would have tried the patience of even the wealthiest of saints. Yet my sister did not blame the child, she said, half as much as she blamed me. It was I who had been the primary cause of the mischief. I had put it in his power to do the harm. Half his aprons and his best dress had likewise been destroyed, and not even to please me could she consent to his being allowed to spoil the balance of his very limited wardrobe, much less the few presentable articles of furniture we possessed. Then and there she forbade me to leave brush or paint again within his reach, and placed her veto at once upon any more "painter-lessons."

I was not sorry that afternoon to escape from the house. Not till the next morning did I see Jamie again. He came creeping up stairs and into my *sanctum*, looking so woeful and crest-fallen that I had scarcely the heart to tell him his lessons must cease. Scold him I could not. I remembered too well my own first attempt at frescoing the walls of my nursery, and the wounded pride that had kept me from crying when I was whipped for naughtiness instead of being praised, as I had fondly hoped, for industry. I took pity on the sorrowful little face, that grew yet more woe-begone when I told him he was still too young to paint pictures like his uncle—that he must wait till he was an older and a larger boy.

"But, Jamie," I added, "if I can get your mother's permission, and if you will promise to be very quiet and make no noise to disturb me, I will give you another kind of lesson. What do you say to that, young man?"

"I don't want 'nuther kind of lesson—I want painter-lesson," he answered, neither petulantly nor pleadingly, but in a mournfully pathetic tone of resignation.

"Uncle means another kind of painter-lesson."

"Oh!"

What a rapid change of expression in that tiny countenance.

"I can't let you touch any more paints, monkey, because your mother says I must not, but you may sit here and watch how I make pictures; and then, if you look at everything I do, you will be able to do the same yourself by and by."

There never was a happier child than Jamie was then. He laughed and jumped and danced, clapping his chubby hands in glee. He was wise enough to understand that he could not again be trusted to handle colors, and was quite satisfied to stand by my easel, hour after hour, day in and day out, watching with never tiring eye the progress of my work; and to this I overcame Alice's objections by representing that it kept him out of mischief and would do no injury to his clothes.

Very soon he fell into the habit of asking me every morning when he came into the room:

"Uncle Frank, how soon now do you think I'll be a painter?"

And the answer was invariably more encouraging than truthful:

"Very soon now, Jamie—very soon."

When he was going away he would purse up his mouth and say, proudly:

"I'll be a painter to-morrow."

Sometimes he would ask, "Don't you think so, Uncle Frank?" And I would reply, "Perhaps, Jamie, if you keep on being a good boy."

Once I briefly answered, "Yes," when I was thinking about something else, and after that he would never go away contented until I had assured him that I was quite certain to-morrow would see him a full-fledged artist. But, as he strangely enough seemed satisfied that "to-morrow" should remain in the future and never claimed its presence in *to-day*, I rejoiced in having discovered this effectual, yet, as I considered it, simple and harmless method of warding off childish importunities.

So a couple of months went by, and, having sold another painting, which had long hung neglected at a picture-dealer's, down town, I was preparing to start on a sketching tour of a few weeks, during which time my sister would be able at last to take her children to the seaside. About a week before we were all to leave town I was invited to join an excursion party upon the river. I rose early and did a little painting before breakfast. How hot the weather was getting. Time, indeed, that we were off to a cooler spot. I should find it excessively warm on the water, I feared. Had I a linen

waistcoat to wear? Yes. I remembered some that had lain in my drawer since the previous summer. I went to my bed-room to look them up; found them, slipped one on, congratulating myself the while upon its being so presentable. Placing the forefinger of the left hand in the top button-hole, I moved my thumb about in the approved fashion, searching for the corresponding button. Alas! where was it? Gone. That would not have mattered much though if the second and also the third button had not been absent. And what was my chagrin to find all the waistcoats in the same condition. I remember then that Alice had ripped off the buttons some time during the winter to use for another purpose, intending to replace them with new ones. This was the way in which she fulfilled her intentions and took care of my wardrobe.

Just then came Jamie tearing up the stairs, and shouting lustily to "Uncle Frank" that Mr. Turner had come for him, and was waiting outside in his buggy. The message flurried me, for there was no time to spare. I felt provoked beyond measure at my disappointment, for the heat, early as it was, had already begun to oppress me. So I pulled off the offending garment angrily, gathered it into a small lump, and, with an effort that would have carried a cricket-ball half a mile, sent it flying into the farthest corner of the room. The exertion naturally made me still hotter, and the warmer I grew the more ill tempered I became, till, I'm ashamed to confess, I worked myself into a passion that could find vent only in language of doubtful propriety. Jamie, in affright, slipped out of the door and ran away.

I was in the worst of tempers, when, on my way out, I looked into the parlor which Alice was dusting to demand of her what she meant by leaving my clothes in such a dilapidated condition.

"Oh, Frank, I have been so busy lately that I forgot all about them!" she said, regretfully. "Is it too late now—"

"Too late? Turner's been waiting half an hour already," I asserted, with trifling exaggeration.

"I'm very, very sorry, Frank. I'll see to them to-morrow, and you'll have them fresh and clean for your trip."

"Yes, to-morrow!" I growled. "Easy to get out of a tight place by help of to-morrow. Just as if we didn't all know that to-morrow never comes."

I turned hastily from the room. In the door-way stood Jamie looking up at me with eyes and mouth wide open, an expression on his wee face as though he had been suddenly soused in cold water. I pushed him roughly aside. Ah, that I had been less rough, that I had turned at the summons of his pleading voice, so full of earnestness, when I heard it behind me just before I passed out and slammed the hall-door—a door that his weak little hands could not open.

"Uncle Frank, Uncle Frank," he had cried. "Oh, wait a minute, one minute. To-morrow—"

I heard no more. Turner had gone across the street, a little higher up, to water his horse. I waited in the shade until the animal was satisfied and his master came back for me. As I jumped into the buggy, after a little delay to fasten a buckle of the harness, I chanced to look up at the house and saw little Jamie standing hatless upon the upper front porch, in the full glare of the fiery sun.

"Jamie," I called, "go into the house. It is too hot for you there without a hat. You'll get a sunstroke."

He looked down at me wistfully, but gave no answer.

"Your mother will be angry if you stay there. Go in like a good boy, or you will be ill to-morrow."

The child opened wide his big wise-looking eyes, and drew down the corners of his rosy mouth while he answered slowly:

"*We all know to-morrow never comes.*"

My friend Turner burst out laughing at the strange reply, and I laughed in concert—laughed, when my heart should have smote me. For, I only perceived in my nephew's lengthened, reproachful visage, in the parrot-like solemnity of his infant voice, that the tables were being finely turned upon me. I guessed nothing then of the grave meaning my thoughtless words had had for him, poor little fellow; detected nothing of reproach in his lisping, childish utterance.

"You will see if to-morrow doesn't come when you find yourself lying ill in bed, young man," I said, still laughing. "Do as I tell you. Go in this minute, child—" and away we drove.

"Your sister's youngster, I suppose," remarked my friend. "A fine boy. You must be proud of him."

Very proud of him I certainly was as I looked back, frowning authoritatively, though my crossness was now quite banished, and waving him into the house, just before Turner whipped up his horse and we were whirled round a corner into another street.

When I returned home late that night, there was weeping and wailing where I had left sunshine and happiness. A blow, sharp and fa-

tal, had fallen upon the sorrowing household. Unheralded in its approach, it had descended silently, mercilessly, in the full light of day. There had been none prepared to ward it off, no loving hand outstretched to turn it aside. It had come without presage and struck down its victim swiftly and surely. Jamie—sturdy, healthy little Jamie, who had been all life and spirits but a few hours before—Jamie, who had come bounding, strong and happy, into my room that morning, who had fled from my anger agile as a deer, who had looked after me with clear, bright, intelligent eyes, from the porch where he stood, upright and sound in body, beneath the treacherous, destroying sun—this little Jamie was dead.

Ay, dead! "The only son of his mother and she was a widow;" the tender sapling that was to have formed the stout staff which should support her old age, and he was taken from her.

Where I had seen him last they had found him later, shelterless beneath the fierce heat of the noonday sun, and when they brought him in he had staggered and fallen lifeless against his mother's knee, blighted by that cruel sun's hot rays. They led me to the room where he lay, so white—so still—as droops some fragile flower that has been ruthlessly plucked from its waving stalk, and now lies passive, still exquisitely fair, in the delicate beauty that will so soon have vanished. With woe unutterable, I looked upon the little figure, and, peeping from under the pillow where rested the curly head, I saw a crumpled paper. Mechanically I drew it forth. Only a newspaper cut—a group of Indians daubed with highly colored paints by a small white hand that would never hold a brush again—but it whispered to me of genius blighted in the bud. It disclosed to me the agony that young heart had suffered with its first disappointment. It revealed the weight of crushed hope that had fallen upon the boy's bright spirit when his immature mind began vaguely to realize the fact that his Uncle Frank—his oracle—had been deceiving him; had promised the fruits of a day that would never come. I bowed my head beside the sweet dead face and sobbed like a child in agony of spirit.

CONSTANCE MAUDE NEVILLE.

FOUR GERMAN SONGS.

I.—WINTER SONG.

From the German of Emil Ritterhaus.

There hangs a crafty ivy-vine
  Close-wrapped about a leafless tree.
She talks to him of spring-time dreams,
  When all his harms shall healèd be.

And if it come, the spring-time dream,
  The tree's lost blooming will it bring?
My Heart, thou art the naked tree,
  And ivy-vines the songs I sing!

II.—NIGHT GREETING.

From the German of Franz Kugler.

Before my window darkles
  The moonlight sad and wan;
The watch upon my little stand
  Unrestingly beats on.

There rings out through the silence
  A hasty footstep's beat,
Alone, and echoing backward,
  Along the empty street.

Their wings of dreams expanding,
My longings rise up free;
And, O my Life! in secret,
I dream me hence to thee.

III.—SONG.

From the German of Bernhard Endrulat.

Why look up to the heavens?
Ah cease, my heart, for see,
The stars fall from the heavens—
No joy falls thence for thee.

And comes the sun with morning,
So be it, day by day;
He shines and lights the others—
Thou must in shadow stay.

And many a fragrant flower
Unfolds, the light to see;
Love weaves them in a garland,
But Love thinks not of thee.

But hush! there comes an evening;
There waits a long, dumb line
Of cold beds, all made ready,
And one of them is thine.

IV.—IN THE BOAT.

From the German of Julius Sturm.

High above me the glory of stars,
My boat by the waves is shaken,
And would I might sleep in the silent night
And never again awaken!

O Life, how empty of joy thou art!
O Heart, how art thou betrayed!
And would that above me, asleep in the sea,
The loud waves, pitying, swayed.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

PESSIMISTIC PESTILENCE.

The world has been amused by the chromo, after Toby Rosenthal, of the boy bawling because a goose hisses at him. But it might be amused much more by a witty delineation (which I wish I could give) of the bawling pessimists who are made miserable by the hisses of their own disappointed vanity or superstitions of various kinds, and are loudly lamenting that the universe is on the high road to perdition.

These sham philosophers, ignorant of the ends as well as of the methods of the higher philosophy, belong to three main classes, the communistic, literary, and sacerdotal. The growth of the secular spirit, the accumulation of knowledge and experience, the spread of education, the increase of independent thought, the exaltation of reason over tradition and of self-respect over slavish humiliation, the contempt for asceticism, the admiration of prog-

ress in the past and confidence in it for the future, have contributed to weaken the influence of the ecclesiastical profession in human affairs, and the losers cry out that the grand collapse is at hand. Such complaints have been heard in all ages. Every large organization claims to be the advocate of the only course that will secure national prosperity, and measures the evil of its defeat by the magnitude and confidence of its own expectations. It imagines that the present is worse than the past, and the near past than the remote past, with the general conclusion that humanity has passed far beyond the best period of its existence, and is rapidly rushing through the final stages of decay to final extinction. It is not strange that the sacerdotal caste, now looking back with envy on the time when their predecessors ruled court and camp, literature and art, state as well as church, and sincerely believing themselves the exclusive representatives of the divine power which ought to be predominant in all departments of life, should imagine that they see proofs everywhere around them of rapid demoralization. Cyprian saw similar signs, as he thought, sixteen centuries ago, and wrote thus:

"Infants are born bald. Life, instead of reaching old age, begins with decrepitude. Population is diminishing; the soil lacks cultivators; there are few ships on the seas; the fields have become deserts. Morality has suffered a similar decline. There is no innocence, no justice, no friendship; even intelligence is decreasing. Such is the general tendency of nature. The rays of the setting sun are pale and cold; the moon is growing perceptibly smaller, and preparing to disappear; the trees which formerly refreshed us with their verdure and fruit are dying out; the springs which poured out large streams are drying up, and now yield only a few drops in a day. God made it a law of creation that whatever has a beginning must grow, decline, and die. . . . . We must not expect a diminution of the evils that now afflict the world. They will increase till the last judgment."

All communists are pessimists. If they should admit that the world is growing better, they would deprive themselves of an excuse for demanding the abolition or revolutionary reorganization of all political and social institutions. They tell us that material progress is impoverishing and degrading the mass of mankind, who will never obtain temporal salvation till they put the communistic agitators in power. These gentlemen are of course right, as well as sincere, in saying that they alone can save the country. Otherwise, they would not say so.

The literary pessimists are rhetoricians, whose power of expression far outruns their judgment, and who are disgusted by finding that the world refuses to make their nonsense the rule of its life. Rousseau first attracted attention in the literary world by his argument to prove that the savage leads a nobler and happier life than the civilized man. To a person familiar with the material facts, notwithstanding the brilliancy of its declamation, this essay is absolutely ludicrous in the multitude and magnitude of its errors.

Of the English literary pessimists, perhaps the greatest is Carlyle, a very chief of the canters, windbags, and unrealities, which he made it his claim and pretense to denounce. Within the limits of a peculiar style original to himself, he is a great rhetorician, and thousands of young men have imagined, while reading his striking words, that they had encountered great ideas. Like Ruskin he has a wonderful genius for words, and makes a great display of generous impulse, but lacks common sense; and though in matters of taste he may often be right, you can never put the least trust in his judgment. He knew little of polity or evidence, and never in his life made a comprehensive statement of the material facts which must be taken into consideration before a respectable opinion could be formed on an important question. Claptrap rhetoric is the chief feature of his argument. He imagined that England was much nobler and happier in the thirteenth than in the nineteenth century, and undertook to prove it by telling the story of an abbot who ruled over the convent of St. Edmunds in the reign of Henry II. The logical conclusion is as clear as it would be in the proposition, "I have the toothache, and therefore judgment day is at hand." *Past and Present*, which, as well as Carlyle's other books, and especially *Sartor Resartus*, I read with intense admiration in my beardless days, though I now turn from them with a feeling akin to nausea, contains the following pessimistic sentences:

"Many men eat finer cookery, drink dearer liquors. . . . . Are they better, beautifuler, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call happier? Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces on this God's earth? Do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them? Not so. Human faces gloom discordantly, disloyally, on one another. To whom then is this wealth of England, wealth? Who is it that it blesses? . . . . As yet none. . . . . A world now verging toward dissolution, reduced now to spasms and death throes."

Among the Germans Schopenhauer is the funniest pessimist. He luxuriated in misery. He claimed to be a philospher, and the world treated him with neglect. He denounced society, which laughed at him, and he grew furious.

The following is a translation of some of his lachrymose nonsense:

"Enjoyments are negative: that they give pleasure is a delusion which envy cherishes to make itself miserable. Pains, on the other hand, are felt positively, and, therefore, their absence is a measure of happiness. If the lack of tedium occurs with freedom from pain, the summit of good fortune has been attained; all the rest is chimera. . . . . It is the greatest absurdity to try to convert this scene of suffering into a place of delight, and to make joy instead of painlessness the object of ambition. He errs least who regards this world as a kind of hell and gives all his attention to the construction of a fire-proof room in it. The fool runs after the pleasures of life and is deluded; the wise man avoids the evil. . . . . If suffering is not the nearest and immediate purpose of our life, then our existence is the thing most contrary to purpose in the world. . . . . The most effective consolation in every suffering is to see others suffer still more, as we always can. . . . . We are like lambs frisking in the meadow while the butcher picks out those to be slaughtered before sunset."

I can imagine that, puffed up with an extravagant overestimate of his own talent, astonished at the refusal of the world to accept him as the greatest teacher, and embittered by the disappointment of his ambitious vanity, Schopenhauer wrote such stuff sincerely, but when he read over his own philippic, and polished its point, did he not have a feeling of satisfaction and even of enjoyment? Did he not think the world was lucky to have him to pronounce an anathema on it? To be logical, he ought to have denied the existence of any such words as enjoyment and happiness, or should have asserted that the definitions given to them are false. He should have said that laughing is a hypocritical movement of the muscles; that books (except perhaps his own) do not pay for perusal; that the poet has no pleasure in his pen, nor the painter in his brush, nor the philanthropist in his kindness.

Though many of the pessimists do not attempt to apply their ideas to the practical relations of life, they are really giving aid and comfort to the two great tendencies which assail and obstruct the growth of humanity. Mediævalism, hoping to reëstablish political ecclesiastical tyranny, on one side, and Communism with its crazy anarchy on the other, are the great enemies of Progress, which they agree to denounce as a failure, and must denounce before they can find an excuse for their own existence. Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Schopenhauer, and the literary dandies who represent machinery and dollar-worship as predominating and brutalizing features of our civilization, are the allies and confederates—in some cases the blind tools—of Nihilism and Ultramontanism. In his recent book advocating a communistic confiscation of all property in land, Henry George devotes half his space to the proposition that material progress impoverishes and degrades mankind; but instead of sustaining his historical averment by historical evidence, the only proof he has to offer is politico-economical theory. He might as well argue from his imagination that wheat can be cultivated with profit on clouds.

It is of vast importance that the pessimism now common in the writings of superficial thinkers, whose shallowness of thought contributes perhaps as much to their popularity with a certain class of readers as the polish of their style, should not be allowed to capture the judgment of the ignorant, foolish, and inexperienced. Folly is dangerous in the mass armed with votes. Literary grumblers become fellow-conspirators with the tramps, the political assassins, and the incendiaries. Shutting their eyes to the generally satisfactory circumstances of civilized life, and refusing to adapt themselves to the beneficent toils and economies needed for success, they demand idleness and extravagance as their natural rights, and if refused threaten a general overturn. They denounce as intolerable the progressive freedom which all the leading nations of christendom now enjoy. They have the utmost confidence that any possible change must be for the better. Such are the teachings of pessimism, and, if potent, they would be very dangerous and pernicious.

The prevalence of such errors must be partly charged to the defects of our historical literature, which has been a record of courts and camps almost exclusively. Our Grotes, Gibbons, Sismondis, Humes, and Martins have given us admirable stories of Greece, Rome, Italy, England, and France, and yet have not told us how the people lived. Industrial art, the main force of culture, the chief element of progress, the leading source of popular comfort, the indispensable basis of all the refined pleasures of high intellectuality, has been passed by as unworthy of notice. Some of the greatest heroes of popular progress are treated by our current literature with the completest neglect. Does the name of Henry Cort, or of J. B. Neilson, convey an idea to the intelligent readers who peruse this magazine? Probably not to one in five hundred. And yet the latter made a saving of fifty per cent. in the cost of producing cast-iron, and the former an equal saving in wrought-iron—improvements of inestimable value, destined to be recognized universally as two of the greatest blessings ever given to humanity.

It is impossible to justly estimate the present without comparing its domestic life, its industrial art, its securities of life and property—in short, the general condition of the mass of the people—with that in previous times; and the ordinary history furnishes us with very scanty material for comparisons. And such material is found with great difficulty. After having devoted much labor to the subject, I venture to assert that the more familiar the student shall become with the condition of the Greeks in 450 B. C., the Romans in 250 B. C. and 250 A. D., the Italians in 1000 and 1400 A. D., the French in 1550 and 1750, and the English in 1450 and 1800, as compared with the condition of the inhabitants of their countries now, the more he will be astonished at the vast changes for the better, and at the wonderful misrepresentation implied in the assertions that Progress is a failure and that the world is going to the bad.

JOHN S. HITTELL.

AN AGRA BAZAAR.

There are few more quaint or striking scenes than an Indian bazaar. Every nationality, dress, and feature has there its representative. The bold and haughty European, the mild, well featured Hindu, the eagle-eyed Mohammedan, the burly Afghan, the flat-nosed Tartar, and fair, delicate Persian, all busily parade the lanes, highways, and by-ways on business or pleasure bent.

It is seldom that the Agra bazaars are silent. Noise forever seems to have taken there its abode. Wranglings and vociferations of the buyer and seller echo loudly from each niche, and from the quaint upper windows of the houses can be faintly heard the twanging of many instruments, while ever and anon peer forth the faces of fair ones, who surreptitiously glance at the gay, thronging market-place, and exchange looks full of meaning with those of the opposite sex who are fortunate enough to catch their bright eyes. Walking is accompanied with difficulty, for no Indian bazaar road engineer ever dreamed of making a pathway. There is one single road, crowded with its heterogeneous masses. Animals and human beings, pony and bullock carts, are ever mingled in the most inextricable confusion, and the gazer is likely to be pronged by an impatient bullock or be run over by a speeding camel. Occasionally a lumbering elephant paces through the narrow streets, and scatters to the right or left the readily yielding crowd. Then may be seen a covered bullock cart, jealously curtained, while through certain slits can be distinguished the blue-black eye of some *houri* hastening to the trysting place, or, perhaps, the wife of some high-born Brahmin. Around this throng her faithful servitors, who are ever on the watch for such delinquency. Curiously clad are these men. Their head-dress, which, by the way, serves for most of their costume, is generally formed of long, bright colored strips of cotton cloth. This is bound jauntily round the head, and is called a turban. When a man wishes to appear to advantage, he, like the English artillery soldier, balances it with geometrical accuracy on one side of his head. His black beard is carefully parted in the middle, and the corners are twisted round his ear. His mustache is curled to a degree, and his lips are red from chewing the betel. In cold weather he wears a thickly wadded coat, strangely buttoned on one side. For instance, the Hindu buttons his jacket on the right, and the Mohammedan on the left breast. This garment is not of European manufacture, nor after European fashion. Its construction would puzzle any decent tailor in the United States, and would drive M. Worth frantic. But the "mild Hindu" cares not for fashion, and as his ancestors during the Flood wore a similar coat, he wears the same; and on identically the same principle, his nether garment is one huge sheet twisted around and between his limbs. From the knee downward his calf is bare, but for this he cares not a jot. Beauty of limb troubles not our Aryan friend. His shoe is a perfect symbol of art. The upper is generally a bright green, liberally bespattered with gold tinsel, with a pointed, up-turned toe. No more diabolical invention exists. The sole is thick, and clumsily attached to the upper. A grand creaking goes forth when he walks, and as the leather is badly tanned, the smell arising therefrom is unpleasant if within a mile's distance. But the native of India looks not upon the shoe as an article of use, but ornament. When he approaches a stream or muddy road he gravely sits down, pulls off his boots, and slings them over his shoulder. In his hand

he carries a huge staff, which he religiously abstains from using unless on unoffending animal or boy. This generally is the kind of man who follows about a caravan of *zenana* ladies. He is either a better-class retainer or poor relation. Usually he is not city bred, and his gaping, unconscious stare excites the witticisms of numerous gamins. To this he pays not the slightest heed.

Native houses present an indescribable scene. They are either of brick, stone, or mud. No wood is permitted in the city. They are extremely high, with flat roofs, and the private dwellings of the rich never have windows facing the main street, so that no lady fair can beguile her leisure hours by gazing on the crowd. Running along the sides of the houses are built rickety staircases. These are simply pieces of unhewn stone, loosely fitted into the wall, and at uneven distances. Climbing this is dangerous in the extreme, and many are the deaths caused by sudden slips. These lead to the roof, where at evening-prime the Hindu lords of creation sit, smoke, and eat the air. Either rich carpets are spread, and the company sit cross-legged, or *morahs*, chairs made from a peculiar reed, are placed at the disposal of the guests. But the genuine Hindu despises and dislikes such innovation. The ground, he argues, was made before chairs, and therefore God never intended us to sit on aught else but mother earth. The *hukahs*, or long pipe, is smoked gloomily for a while, till one starts a song or story. The rest listen attentively, and mark their approval by lengthened whiffs, accompanied with the exclamation, "God be praised." Thus they sit till late in the early morning. But we must hie to the busy street, and mark the panoramic change of scene and feature. Let us glance at the sweetmeat shop, so dear to the heart of every native.

Squatting in the center of piles of various delicacies is the vender. And curious are these sweets. Milky cream and coarse brown sugar are their chief ingredients. No attempt is made at decoration. In fact, the native would not appreciate anything which savored of delicacy. His cookery is always strong. Horrid garlic, greasy *ghi*, or clarified butter—condiments at which the European would sicken—are the *bonnes bouches* of their culinary efforts. The quantity of sweets a strong man consumes borders upon the marvelous. The reason is of easy account. A Hindu, by his religion, is forbidden to eat meat, and the most nourishing food he can then obtain is saccharine matter. A sweetmeat called *jellabi* is in high esteem. This is made in imitation of a hollow coil of rope, and filled with treacle. A mouthful to a tender stomach is provocative of cholera or biliousness for at least a month. But the English schoolboy has been known to compete with the Hindu in such gastronomic feat; for one boy has been known to eat, at a sitting, about twelve solid pounds. The doctors prophesied of him immediate death, but he smiled sickly and thought a draught of milk would set him right. In all great native feasts confectionary takes an important place. First, as the guests arrange themselves, is handed round in a silver tray the *attar*, a scent procured from the rose. This is rubbed into the clothes of the guests. Then follow the *pan* and betel. This is the nut of the areca pounded, and with lime inclosed in a large, green, succulent leaf. It is an appetizer, and eaten in the same manner as a European would drink, just before dinner, sherry and bitters. The taste is acid, but withal pleasant, and the lime brightly reddens the lips. This is greatly admired by the native. Then follow rice, sugar, and milk, and pound upon pound of the coarsest lollypops. Not a word is spoken during the feast. Each man is bent upon his meal, and those who wish to highly honor their host tie around their stomach, before sitting down, a tender thread. When this breaks the gentleman thinks he has satisfied his appetite. As when in olden times in Europe a lady thought she paid a compliment to her host when she said she had been so drunk as to forget how she reached home, so a native of a certain caste thinks he is courteous when he says the repast was so good as to cause severe indigestion. It is not an uncommon thing after a grand feast that at least two or three people die from over-gorging; and then another feast has to be given, at which, probably, some more die. Thus is Death's sickle not permitted to rust. A sweetmeat shop is a frequented place, not only by the younger members of the community, but by the sage and hoary. But nothing can be bought without wrangling. Though a man may buy one pound of the self-same article for ten years running, he would each time try to reduce the price, and the seller, knowing this peculiarity, invariably asks about double the real price.

But the crowd thickens, and loud vociferation is heard. Eager the questioning, "What is it?" "What is it?" resounds from all sides. The excitement is intense, and the angry shouts of men and the timid wail of women sound dolefully through the narrow street. The stranger, paralyzed, thinks a general mutiny has broken out. The fierce look of the big men is something terrible. The people flock round a native liquor shop, where stands a rascally native upbraiding the past and future female

generations of all Europeans. The cause is simple. An inebriated but gallant soldier has drunk his fill of native manufactured brandy, and also taken as many bottles as his pockets could hold. When asked for payment, he has broken a bottle over the shopman's head, and kicked the man for his supposed insult. The crowd and the injured make the way to barracks easy for the son of Mars, but when he is well out of hearing relieve their feelings with choice abuse. Often a little cluster of amused but grave natives attracts the traveler's notice. The most perfect decorum prevails. A question is now and then asked, and few whispers are here and there interchanged. In the center stands a European. His garments are of dingy black, his long black coat is rusty, and his huge cork hat indicates the missionary. A peculiar "chin beard" proclaims him from the United States, as also an utterly unanglicised pronunciation of Hindustani shows him to be an American. There he stands the picture of eloquence. A huge white umbrella overhead, green glasses, bible in hand, and gesticulatory demeanor, stands the Indian *padre*. The harangue of the man of peace is strangely combative. He promises to each of his heathen hearers a happy abode forever, if he but renounce Paganism; if obstinate, the torments of hell. He then draws an elaborate picture of the better social standing of Europeans, and of their better qualities he speaks lovingly. But the native is astute, and, though he has heard of and seen officers drunk, judges cruel and passionate, he agrees with the *padre*. This flatters that gentleman, while it amuses the "ignorant Hindu."

As the *padre* is preaching, a loud sounding trumpet blows, a silver conch clangs, and the crowd disperse to the various temples, and above is heard the voice of the *muezzin*, calling to prayer the Faithful. The streets, however, are still busy, and the sound of the buyer and seller is not hushed. Coming down the street are native maidens dressed in semi-European fashion. They walk jauntily, and are not embarrassed by any stare or unpleasant remark. Their petticoats are of gay material, and a huge sheet covers the head, leaving the face bare. They are Protestant converts, and are the lowest of the Hindu or Mohammedan nations.

But the monarch of all that he surveys is the Brahmin bull. At grain-stores he can be seen, eating as if all belonged to him. These creatures are the objects of reverential worship. Fat and well fed, they march the streets with a conscious air of dignity, and thrust aside those who interrupt their passage. They often visit the grain-store of a Mohammedan. It is well enough if the merchant be a Hindu, but should he be Moslem, he dare not, for fear of exciting the wrath of his coreligionists, drive off the intruding animal.

The Hindu is a peculiar animal, and his worship would be to any other nationality a curse. For instance, a gentleman, whose business took him into the warehouses of some native dealer, was told to pick his ground carefully, as it was there the merchant domiciled his household god, the cobra. A cobra, by the way, is the most dangerous snake in existence. His bite is fatal. A young snake possesses enough virus to kill twenty men. Imagine the brokers of San Francisco having to conduct sales under these terrible conditions. Imagine that the sacks or bales you inspected were the secret resting places of poisonous snakes. A cobra disturbed means death. But the worthy *gomastha* cared naught for that. He believed in snake gratitude—not in snake turpitude.

One of the most noticeable men in an Indian bazaar is the devotee. These are men who have consecrated their lives to a certain purpose, often as not to laziness. One will extend the right arm straight above his head till that limb withers and remains forever in that position. One will place his hand over his heart, and keep it there till the nails pierce the flesh. Others will promenade the streets all but nude. The paternal government, however, interferes with such practices and insists upon decency.

The idol-shops are worth a visit. There the religious Hindu disposes of his gods, and the greater the deity the worse the art; for he argues that no one pays for it as an ornament, but as a necessity. Consequently, he charges exorbitantly for the rank of the god, and not for workmanship.

But it is along by the river banks that the Hindu is seen to advantage. With the first rays of the morning's sun he hastens to the performance of his ablution and to devotion. With the fine muslin sheet gracefully thrown over his shoulders, he walks to the river and commences his religious rites. For "cleanliness is next to godliness" is the precept of every Hindu, and in fact forms part of his creed. With bright brass burnished vessel in hand, a coil of fine string, and, perhaps, some fine white sand, his bathing apparatus is complete. He then reverentially dips in the water, lathers himself with this peculiar mud, and rises clean and holy. After he has bathed, he washes his clothes and proceeds to prayer. With face turned toward the rising sun, or idol, he exhorts his god and his *genii* to protect him. He then pours out a libation to the deity

and walks round the image three times, muttering an incantation, for it must be understood that the Hindu has a trinity. After this he is free for the day, and walks with a clear conscious and a ready lie to his business.

Before the houses of the poor the preparation for the daily meal is in progress. A well washed platform and grinding-stone is set ready, and the lady of the house kneads on the stone the wheaten dough. A fire, made from cow's manure, is then lit, and the cake is baked. A little vegetable curry or sugar is the only seasoning, and this constitutes the Hindu's meal from year's end to year's end. The men rarely cook their own food. It is done by the women of their household; and while the lord of creation eats, his wife stands conveniently out of the way.

The lot of a woman in the East is but cheerless. The Hindu respects and cares more for his cow, horse, and ass, than he does for his helpmate. Never being permitted out of the four walls of her domicile, she is little better than a simpleton. Childish and fond of childish intrigues, she has no hand in the training of her children. Her husband places no confidence in her, and his love is shared by many. She is accustomed to hear fearful tales as to the doings of the strange white man—of his horrible appetite, of his tremendous strength, and of his imperious ways. Like all women, she has much curiosity; and if by any chance she pays a visit to a European house, or a European lady pays her a visit, her eager questions about her fair sister's social standing elicits from her expressions of wonder. Government closes on certain days to the European and male native the gardens and places of public resort, and we are glad to say that some, though very few, native gentlemen have so far overcome their superstitions as to take their wives and daughters on that pleasure trip. But a woman may live from youth to old age and never see the paving-stones of the street on which stands her house.

But night is setting in, and bright lights come flickering, one by one, into existence. The noise grows less as fewer carts rattle over the wretched pavements. But the shops are bright. Then come those who, after a hard day's toil, buy their common necessaries. And if the season of the year be warm, the men drag from their lairs their wooden beds and coolly proceed to sleep. Many throw themselves down on the bare ground, and try to forget in slumber the world and its many troubles. Frugal and hard-working, fond of his sons, ambitious of their well-being, never a drunkard, the Hindu might be copied to advantage by men belonging to nations that are called civilized. His cities, his manners, his dress, and his form of religion were exactly the same thousands of years ago—long before Harold died at Hastings, long before the Roman Republic was founded, long before the Grecians under Alexander penetrated to the banks of the Indus and there conquered Porus. The Indian bazaar has not a whit changed from that day; and, though India's rulers be Englishmen, the native bazaar will remain the same, and be ever dear to the heart of every native, be he Hindu or Mohammedan, as an excellent place for gossip, for smoking and chatting, and for displaying the glories of gorgeous dress. Though no ladies promenade the streets arrayed in silk and velvet, a common Indian bazaar is as interesting, from its quaintness, as is Kearny Street for the bright happy faces of our ladies of San Francisco.

JNO. H. GILMOUR.

THE VIEW FROM MONTE DIABLO.

There were four in our party. We left the city by the half past eight o'clock boat, and by ten we were well beyond Oakland. Through little villages, close by farm houses nestled among the Alameda hills, across picturesque ravines and valleys, we hurried along, and by the middle of the afternoon we were in the valley of San Ramon. Who has not seen the valley of San Ramon has not seen one of the most beautiful spots in California. Long and narrow, bordered by the Contra Costa Ridge and the Diablo Divide, its surface is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and its gay parterre of wild flowers contrasts strangely with the barren hills beyond. Towering above and beyond to the east is Diablo, standing out like some giant sentinel in the foreground, lording it nobly over the brown hills of the Coast Range, and presenting a magnificently long outline against the sky, like some mighty vestibule leading up to the altar of the Most High. How it cheated us as to distance! We seemed to look

at the mountain through a transparent medium which reflected only its image, and the gigantic crests folded themselves up in veils of mist, and, like the Arab, stole silently away at our approach.

At Walnut Creek we turned east, drove rapidly, by way of Alamo, to Danville, and then changed our course directly toward the mountain. A ride through a Californian valley, on a sunny afternoon, will show a profusion of rural beauties scarcely elsewhere surpassed. The heat of the sun is tempered by cooling breezes from the ocean, the fields and meadows are vocal with the songs of the lark, and the surrounding hills show more varied tints than the pictures of the best artists. Park-like groves of oaks with masses of intensely dark green foliage, mixed with sycamores, willows, and other trees, fringe the rapid-flowing streams, and wild flowers, blooming in blue and gold, scent the air with a delightful fragrance. Huge birds, hovering aloft, send their shadows across the landscape like tiny clouds, and the waters of placid pools and lakes flash, like shields of silver, in the sunlight. Goethe tells us that on being presented with a basket of fruit he was in such raptures at the sight of the loveliness of form and hue which it presented, he could not persuade himself "to pluck off a single berry, or to remove a single peach or fig;" so he who beholds a Californian valley, when Nature is in one of her most brilliant and suggestive moods, will see such a symmetrical union of sloping and gentle surface, of tender tints, accurate perspective and artistic color, that scarcely a tree or shade could be omitted without marring the whole. It is a painting, in the great picture gallery of nature, whose beauty cannot be adequately translated; it is a feast of scenery endowed with the Creator's art.

By half past four we were at the Railroad Ranch, at the foot of Diablo, but yet a good five miles from the summit. Here we saw one of the best private race-tracks in the State, and the magnificent residence, surrounded by gravel walks and flower beds, and shaded by great trees, seemed a fit introduction to the great spectacle which we were to witness beyond. We wanted to reach the summit before sunset, and up we started with all the speed our already wearied horses could command. The road was steep, narrow, and seldom traveled. Thickets of greasewood and chaparral hemmed us in on every side, huge rocks were poised overhead, and gulches and *cañons* yawned precipitously underneath. It was the wild desolation of the mountain succeeding the luxuriant vegetation of the valley we had just left, while above it all was a sky just taking on the deep red tints of sunset splendor, and challenging the intellect of mankind to mimic the magnificence with which the world was about to be adorned. We had come prepared to spend the night upon the summit, but our horses being wearied, on our arrival at the hotel, we concluded that a cheerful shelter was better than the fierce winds we should encounter farther up, and accordingly we found ourselves comfortable for the night.

It was one of those wild summer nights which are read about in books, but seldom experienced in the world. The wind blew fiercely from every point of the compass, and as it whistled about the doors, and through the cracks and crannies of the walls, it sounded strangely weird, like the solemn requiem masses which travelers hear in the old cathedrals of Europe, or like the music of Ossian, "pleasant, but mournful to the soul." Never before were Shelley's lines so forcibly recalled:

"Listen, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine.
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain, dim and gray.
* * * * * *
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm."

Down through the great drifting clouds of fog the stars sometimes shone, while the beacon-lights on the bay and ocean flashed in the darkness like jewels in the crown of night. Just as visitors to Rome will sometimes stand amid the ruins of the Colosseum at midnight, when the dim specters of other days are called up with a strangely impressive force, and when the Eternal City becomes more eloquently the monument of past glory and greatness, so a night view from Diablo, when the wind howls, and the fog drifts, and the stars shine, and the world below seems annihilated from time and space, arouses in the spectator an intense feeling of terror and awe, and brings him into a closer connection with the Creator and his works.

We wanted to see the sun rise from the summit, and cold and spiritless we left the hotel at five in the morning. It was a good two miles and a half from the place of starting, and by the time we had reached our destination, and had built a huge fire, the great spectacle was even ready to commence. The two mountain chains of the Pacific Coast in grandeur and

sublimity surpass in many respects the Appalachians and the Alps. Their course, in general parallel to the coast line, gives to the topography of California a grand simplicity, and, interlocking on the north and south, the great Sacramento-San Joaquin basin is included between, the luxuriant vegetation of this section contrasting strangely with the wild desolation of the mountains by which it is surrounded. The Monte Diablo range, which is but a spur of the lesser of the main chains, extends in a south-easterly direction from the Straits of Carquinez and San Pablo Bay, and is bounded on the west by the bay of San Francisco and the valley of Santa Clara, and on the east by the San Joaquin plains. The Monte Diablo peak upon which we stood rises in isolated grandeur from the surrounding valleys, and is about six miles long by one and a half in width. The main peak is separated from that on the north by a narrow ridge a little more than a mile in length, and the shape of the whole is that of an irregular crescent, the concave side being turned to the north-east. The aborigines, according to the legend related by Professor Whitney and other writers, called the great mountain Kah Woo Koom, or the mighty mountain, the Spaniards called it Sierra de los Gorgones, while the present name, really belonging to a hill seven miles to the north, is accounted for by the above mentioned author substantially as follows: About 1815, or sixty-six years ago, a party of Spanish soldiers went from the Presidio near San Francisco to chastise the Indians of the Coast Range. In the fight which occurred, several Spaniards having been killed, the remainder repaired to a little hill, and there prepared to defend themselves against their enemies. At night the sentry, half asleep, fancying he saw a spectral figure of colossal proportions flying through the air toward the hill where his comrades were sleeping, and terrified at the approach, cried out, "El diablo, el diablo!" The Spaniards, more afraid of the devil than the Indians, fled from the spot, and the mountain was afterward known as Monte Diablo.

Shortly after our arrival upon the summit the mist of the earlier morn in a measure disappeared, and faint streaks shooting out behind the Sierra betokened the rising of the sun. There are objects in nature, as there are occasions, which must inevitably strike the traveler with impressions that are indelible, and which become landmarks in the retrospect of personal romance; so as the spectator stands at early morn upon the summit of Diablo, and, looking off into the unfloored chambers of mid-air, sees the great plains of California sinking away like huge landscapes into the bosom of the earth, and the entire world resplendent under the influence of the rising sun, then it is that his personality is lost in the universe about him, and he is conscious of that great and sublime nature which awes and uplifts like the presence of God himself. As we turned in silent admiration toward the east,

> "... a great globe
> Of burning gold, flashing insufferably,
> And warming all the scene with ardent ray,
> Heaves into view above the mountain's line,
> Darts golden arrows through the dusky aisles
> Of thickly columned cedar, pine, and fir,
> Transmutes the common dust to shining haze,
> Licks up the rising mists with tongues of flame,
> Gilds the 'pale streams with heavenly alchemy,'
> And down the shaggy slope, for scores of miles,
> Pours forth a cataract of tremulous light
> That floods the valley at its rolling base,
> Making the arid plain a zone of tropic heat."

Then was the time, as Starr King once wrote, for the miracle of Joshua, for some artist-priest like Turner to bid the sun stand still, that such gorgeousness might be a garniture of more than a few rapid moments upon the cloud-flecked pavilion of the air. About us and beyond us the Coast Range was stretched out from Mount Hamilton to St. Helena and the far regions of the north, and a score of peaks flashed back a miniature sunrise from their hoary crests and sides. Some of these were bare and treeless; some were of a delicate *mauve* color above the timber line; some were light and airy like the fabled palaces of ancient story; some were round and full like the Pantheon at Rome; some, like Tamalpais, held banks of mist in their hollows like fleecy clouds; some were like the

> ". . . great world's altar stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God;"

some were castellated; some took the form of gnomes and demons; some showed more spires and pinnacles than the marble structure at Milan. It was the Coast Range in full perspective; it was not beauty, but sublimity; it was not power, nor order, nor color, but awe and majesty; it was not man, but God, who was above and before us.

Looking directly west from the summit we could see the ocean stretching afar in billowy swells until sky and water seemed to join, and the huge breakers lashing the long white beach as if the eternal war on earth had been declared. Like a silvery thread between the bay and ocean was the Golden Gate, its bold rocky cliffs on one side and the tall mountain on the other, showing a feast of color not less intense

than the view to the east, and the deep, bright heavens overcasting the waters with a baptism of splendor seldom known upon Como or Lucerne. To the left of the Golden Gate was the long and gaunt peninsula upon which the city stands, and the houses, covering more hills than Rome itself can boast, were overshadowed by a softening haze, which enhanced the charm like the gauzy veils which women wear. Telegraph and Russian Hills, the blue ridge of San Bruno on the south, with the villa-crowned and serpentine cliffs between, stood out like landmarks on the western horizon, and beyond

> ". . . the sky bent round
> The awful dome of a most mighty temple,
> Built by omnipotent hands for nothing less
> Than infinite worship."

In front of us, in full length and perspective, was the bay of San Francisco, the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin pouring in at its upper end, its two arms of San Pablo and Suisun joined by the narrow band of Carquinez, and its waters flashing in the sunlight like a sheet of molten metal. There were before us ships of almost every nation and clime—some anchored, with sails furled; some, with sails spread, passing in and out to sea; tugs appearing like children's toy boats; steamers, ferry-boats, yachts, and crafts innumerable were there, and commerce and the handiwork of man hightened and rendered more glorious the splendor which nature afforded.

From our distant hight we could see Alcatraz bristling with its fortifications like some Gibraltar or Ehrenbreitstein at the harbor; Angel Island, with its cone-like top rising like a mound of velvet abruptly from the water; Goat Island, and the other smaller islands, with their rocky bluffs and crowns of chapparal standing out in bold relief, and reflecting their charms in the surrounding depths like a beauty in the bath. On every side of us valleys followed each other in quick succession. Amador, San Ramon, and Walnut Creek showed an unbroken line of luxuriant vegetation at our feet, while the bordering mountains, changing their color as the sun ascended higher, were but one broad field of glittering and tremulous brightness. Napa, long and narrow, rich in verdure, and with a sky fading through varied tints, led up to St. Helena like a prelude to a sacred service, while other valleys faded off in the distance like some fairy landscape of ancient story. There were valleys with level and valleys with sloping surfaces; some like a lawn, relieved by clumps of oaks, like an old English park; some separated by abrupt and treeless ridges, others blending or divided by gentler elevations. There were valleys like those of Italy and the shores of the Mediterranean. Some were fertile and lovely, set like gems in the mountains; others led up to Diablo, just as the heart soared above Nature to Nature's God. It was, as Avery expressed it, the Madonna of a religion without dogma, whose creed is written only in the hieroglyphics of beauty, sung only in the triple language of voice, color, and sound.

The view seemed to grow apace as we gazed. The sense was bewildered at the mighty prospect around. Forty thousand square miles of land was tossed into a tempest. Chaos, wild and fearful, reigned supreme. Towns, with church spires and shady streets, stood out picturesquely to view; passes among the Coast Range were flanked with peaks from one to two thousand feet in hight; rivers narrowed in the distance like silver threads on the horizon; wild wagon-roads led up the *cañons*, into whose depths the sun never penetrated; inner ridges were covered with grain, which rolled its surface in rippling light and shade under every breeze; lakes glared and sparkled like "the eyes of the landscape in the countenance of the world;" precipitous cliffs and splintered crags and *débris* of past ages rose high aloft in their awful grandeur—the whole a magnificent bouquet of scenery on the earth, with a high carnival of light in the heavens. It is related of Sydney Smith that he once looked upon a small picture of an eminent artist in company with an enthusiastic connoisseur:

"Immense breadth of light and shade, sir, in this picture," said the artist.

"Yes," said the wit, greatly to the critic's disgust, "about half an inch."

What a vast prospect in comparison as the eye turned to the east from the summit of Diablo! There we beheld the great heart of California, stretching from the north-east to south-west, nearly three hundred and fifty miles in length, and the entire region was spread out before us like a map. It was the great Sacramento-San Joaquin grain producing section of the world; and as the two mighty rivers, flanked with highly cultivated fields and fringed with trees of intensely colored foliage, appeared at intervals to the sight, their waters, set in green, flashed like diamonds set in emeralds. Over a part of this great region hung a huge mass of fog, forming a wall, through which the rays of the rising sun could not penetrate, and above which the distant snow-clad mountains appeared like icebergs in the midst of a frozen ocean.

Beyond the plains, and crowning the view to the east, was the Sierra, rising in its majesty like the terraces of the Rhine, its peaks following in quick sucession as if sky and earth

were dove-tailed together, and its four hundred miles or more of granite battlements,

> "... rearing their sunny capes,
> Like heavenly Alps with cities on their slope,
> Built amid glaciers."

It was the western terminus of the backbone of the continent which was before us in all its wild and solemn grandeur, and as the eye fell upon peak after peak, rivaling Mount Blanc and the Jungfrau in glory and splendor, each presented a front of "etherial softness, like a vast shadow projected against the heavens, or like a curtain let down from the Infinite." The sun rose higher and higher toward the zenith, and a flood of golden light was changed into that of softer hue. Mountains, bristling with towers, and jagged with turrets, and crowned with domes, glowed as if heated by internal fires, while the clouds sailing aloft, arrayed in their cloaks of azure and caps of gold, reflected back statues in nature far grander than those sculptured by Phidias or Praxiteles, and landscapes more glorious than those painted by Ruysdæl or Claude. There may be other views, like that of the Alps from the Rigi Kulm, which will show loftier mountains and more fantastic shapes, Yosemite may show more frightful chasms and more god-like power, but in a combination of that which is soft and picturesque with that which is wild and sublime, in the extent and color and glory of the spectacle, the view from Monte Diablo is not surpassed elsewhere in the world. A. R. WHITEHILL.

NOTE BOOK.

IT IS STATED UPON GOOD AUTHORITY that the San Francisco High School will this year send more students to Harvard than to the University of California. In the natural course of things the majority should be overwhelmingly the other way. San Francisco is the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and should be the great source of supply for the home institution. It has come to a bad pass if the University cannot hold its own on its own ground. And it is not alone Harvard for which the young men of California are fitting themselves. Yale and Princeton also hold examinations here this summer, and between the three the best minds in our schools will be diverted to Eastern colleges. California has a population of nearly nine hundred thousand. From this source and from Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and Arizona, the University should gather in at least a thousand students. But in place of this number the total roll of the four classes is one hundred and sixty-nine, not all of whom are in actual attendance. In addition there are some occasional students, special students, and students at large, bringing the nominal attendance up to two hundred and forty-five. This is a decrease from the attendance of former years. Many primary schools in a single ward make a better showing. Now, no sensible person wants to harm the University. It is closely connected with all that is best in our intellectual and material progress. But the lack of activity at present displayed is distressing to its best friends. The Regents owe it to the public to put some man at the head of the University who shall bring to his work both energy and enthusiasm, who shall be a scholar of respectable attainments, but, above all, who shall possess executive and administrative capacity in a high degree. If it be necessary to bring a man from the East, as most probably it will be, no time should be lost. It is senseless to say that the general demand for reform in this matter is prompted by enmity to the University or to any person. If it were opposition to the University it would not take the form of demand for an extension of the influence and activity of that institution. Nor is it opposition to any person. As a matter of fact, a feeling of delicacy and consideration has prompted silence until the lethargy seems to have become settled. It is not a question for personal motives, either for or against. It does not make the slightest difference who it is that is President so long as he has the executive capacity to build up the institution to its true greatness. Unfortunately that is not the case at present.

THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS as United States Minister to the republican court of Switzerland is a graceful compliment to American letters. No appointments have ever been more fruitful than those which have been conferred upon the class known to politicians as "literary fellows." Hawthorne's stay abroad gave the world *The Marble Faun*. Irving lingered around the Alhambra, and pictured it in his matchless diction. Lowell at the court of St. James, Motley at the Netherlands, Bancroft, Bayard Taylor, and White in Germany, have shed luster upon our foreign service that a generation of ex-Congressmen and "statesmen" had failed to impart. To Mr. Howells's previous sojourn abroad as United States Consul at Venice may be traced some of his most charming works—notably, *Italian Journeys*, *Venetian Life*, and *A Foregone Conclusion*. The appointment of literary men as foreign representatives insures not only a higher degree of respect to the service, but, as a general thing, a more efficient discharge of the duties of the office. And even if these things are equal, the world is largely the gainer if an occasional result is the production of such works as those which have been mentioned.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

CORALS AND CORAL-MAKERS.

Much interest has, for a long time, been attached to corals and their formation, but it is only quite recently that we have been accustomed to hear these wonderful productions spoken of without the qualifying adjective "mysterious." Many fanciful ideas have been put forth in regard to the mysterious "coral-workers," as they have been called, and numerous writers have discoursed most poetically upon the wonderful structures which have been "built up" beneath the sea by the united "labors" of these curious insects. How many a traveler has

> " . . . wandered where the dreamy palm
> Murmured above the sleeping wave,
> And through the waters, clear and calm,
> Looked down into the coral cave,"

and beheld with wonder and admiration the beautiful and diversified forms there displayed. The forms and hues exhibited by the different varieties of coral are almost endless, and often rival in outline and color the most gorgeous flower gardens. One writer very correctly remarks: "There is scarcely a form of vegetation, either trunk, branch, leaf, flower, or fern, moss, lichen, or fungus, that is not imitated with striking exactness by these wonderful animals of the sea." From such remarkable resemblance to plants, living organisms of this class were formerly regarded as vegetable forms, and later as partaking of the nature of both plants and animals. Indeed, it is only quite recently that any very general and correct information in regard to corals and the way in which they are built up has been spread before the public. Until within a few years many otherwise well informed persons have supposed that coral builders were mechanical builders; that coral forms were constructed for tenements in a manner much as bees build up their honey cells, and that in these tenements the builders swarmed like ants in a hillock. But science, as in many other departments of modern research, has fully penetrated into the mysteries of coral insects and coral-building, and can now tell us all about it. It tells us that the coral insect, or polyp, does not "build" at all. It simply *aggregates*. It is only when the insect dies, withers, and its perishable part disappears that we see the substance which we call coral. The polyp first comes into existence fixed to some stationary nucleus, lives its short life, with no other occupation than feeding and growing, and when it dies leaves its bones as a base upon which its successor may fasten and fatten, and so on until the skeleton remains of innumerable myriads of these insects aggregate into vast reefs and mountains beneath the sea. Often in the process of time these masses of coral, by natural forces, are raised above the surface until they form large islands or extensive regions of sea-coast. The skeleton which the polyp leaves is not a shell like the cast-off covering of a mollusk, but a genuine skeleton as of bones. It is no more difficult of comprehension that a polyp should form an internal structure of stone (carbonate of lime) than that quadrupeds should form a similar structure of bones (chiefly phosphate of lime) to strengthen their bodies, or mollusks cover themselves with shells (carbonate of lime) to protect their boneless bodies. In either case it is simply an animal secretion from the aliment which is taken into the system for nourishment. This power of secretion is entirely independent of either the will or instinct of the animal itself, and is one of the most common things inherent in all living tissues. Coral is, therefore, no more the result of the handiwork of an insect than are the bones of a man the result of his handiwork. All the fine-spun theories and poetic ideas which have been given to the world about the "labors" of the "coral-builders" fade away before the light of scientific investigation. There is neither "toil" nor "skill" connected with their existence. Neither do the coral cells form the "dwellings" or "sepulchers" of the "builders." They are simply aggregations of bones —nothing more, nothing less. The organisms which thus result in coral formations consist of four quite different classes: (1.) Polyps—the most numerous and important of coral-forming animals. (2.) Hydroids—which form the very common corals known as millepores. (3.) Bryozoans—the lowest tribe of mollusks, which produce the finest and most delicate corals, generally branching and moss-like, but sometimes in broad plates and thin incrustations. (4.) Nullipores—which are true algæ, or sea-weeds, and do not belong to the animal kingdom at all, but form thick or thin stony (lime) incrustations over dead corals, or coral rock, but without cells. There is a variety of this class of coral which is known as corallines, the secretions of which contain only small proportions of lime, the balance being made up of plant tissue. The different varieties of nullipores grow so abundantly on some coasts that when broken up they accumulate along the shore and finally aggregate into quite thick calcareous deposits. In the earlier age of the world—the limestone period—the bryozoans, or third species named, were much more numerous than latterly, and so abounded in broad plates, or masses over the sea-bottom, that many beds of limestone are half composed of them. Most corals have a hardness a little above that of common limestone or marble. The ringing sound given out by the coral when struck, higher in tone than the sound from a blow upon limestone, indicates this superior hardness.

CURIOUS FACTS IN REGARD TO FISHES.

Mr. E. T. Sacks sends some notes to *Nature* from Batavia, in which he refers to what he calls "a very interesting, if not remarkable, discovery." A short time previous, while on the Island of Billiton, some two hundred miles from Batavia, he found a fresh-water fish which produces its young *living from its mouth*. He conducted his observations very carefully with living specimens and with closed doors. He states with much positiveness that "the eggs are hatched in the lower portion of the head of the fish, and are projected alive out at the mouth, and from nowhere else." In order

to set the matter fully at rest before the scientific world, Mr. Sacks had secured a number of living specimens, which he proposed to send to Dr. Günther for confirmation of his own observations. It may be remarked, in this connection, that much interest is now being taken by scientists in regard to the habits, instincts, and emotions of fishes. Naturalists have generally accepted Cuvier's view, that the existence of fishes is a silent, emotionless, and joyless one, but recent observations tend to show that many fishes emit vocal sounds, and that they are susceptible of special emotions, particularly such as regard for their young, attachment between the sexes, and for locality. Among monogamous fishes there is often seen decided evidence of watchfulness over their young, in which the males not infrequently act an important part. Among nest-building fishes the male often prepares the nest. Among some who do not build nests the eggs are carried about in the cheek-hollows of the male. Cases have been noticed where male fishes have remained in the same spot in the river from which the female had been taken. A case is noted where, after a pair had been separated, both appeared miserable and seemed nigh unto death, but on being united again both became happy. In fish battles it is sometimes noticed that the conquerer assumes brilliant hues, while the defeated one sneaks off with faded colors, the change evidently being brought about by emotional feelings. There are certain classes of fish that are capable of a kind of organization for acting in concert for common defense or to attack a common enemy. The remarkable success which has of late attended the breeding of fish has shown that as a matter of economy an acre of good water is worth more to a farmer than the same area of the best arable land. This subject, in all its bearings, is one that deserves even more attention than it has hitherto received.

BURIED CITIES.

Valuable information of much historic and general interest is being brought to light by the progress of work undertaken to uncover the sites of ancient cities which have been long buried beneath the *débris* resulting from volcanic or other more or less rapid action of natural forces. Volumes have been written detailing important discoveries among the ruins of such buried cities in the Euphrates Valley, in ancient Phœnicia, and on the peninsulas of Greece and Italy. Our readers are also familiar with the expedition which has recently been sent out from New York to uncover some Mexican Pompeiis, from which important results are expected. At the Prehistoric Congress which lately met at Lisbon an interesting report was read in regard to some discoveries recently made among the ruins of an ancient Portuguese city, which is supposed to have been of Celtic origin. The city must have been quite extensive. Massive circular walls, streets, squares, large architectural monuments, and many dwellings have already been unearthed, which, for more than twenty centuries, have been buried deep below accumulated *débris*, soil, and rich vegetation. The explorers among these ruins are fast laying open to the world the habitations of ancient people, among which quite a primitive state of civilization must have existed, but one whose architecture, plastic ornamentations, sculptured monuments, and profuse inscriptions point to a somewhat advanced state of art and industry, and recall in many of their characteristics the civilization and religious ceremonies of India and China. The question naturally arises, Is it possible that the tribes who built this and other neighboring cities, whose ruins are known to exist, emigrated originally from central or eastern Asia, passed westward through all the intermediate nations of western Asia and eastern Europe, until they arrived at the impassable barrier of the broad Atlantic before they finally settled down to build new and permanent homes?

JAPANESE SKILL AND DESIGN.

A writer, who appears to be quite well posted in regard to decorators and artisans in Japan, says that artists and workmen there utterly discard the happy-go-lucky or rule-of-thumb method in their work. Before being received as proficients or masters of their work they have to undergo a thorough training in the art or skill which they propose to adopt as their calling. Books of instruction, with elaborate and progressive lessons, are placed before the learners by experienced and competent instructors. From the first strokes to the finished drawing everything is done in the most thorough manner, and for each class or style of design there are many elaborately illustrated works of reference to be found in circulating libraries, which are numerous and free to all. It may not be generally known that the new, quaint, and popular designs on illuminated title pages, on business cards, on fancy handbills, and even on our ordinary signboards, are mostly borrowed from the Japanese.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ILIOS. The City and Country of the Trojans. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

As our readers already know, Dr. Schliemann is in some sense a Californian; and we, his fellow-citizens, may well feel a special interest in this great work on ancient Troy. The subject is one made forever memorable and fascinating by the Homeric poems. The ignorance of ages has rendered its problems difficult. The zeal and success of this new explorer have thrown a flood of light on many questions of greater or less importance.

It will reward any young man to borrow this book, or to hire it at a round price, for the sake of Dr. Schliemann's autobiography. Here is another instance of the all-conquering power of pluck and patience. A poor and enthusiastic boy pushed his business chances in such a way as to win an early competence. He learned new languages by persevering study in hours snatched

from a clerk's hard work. No obstacle discouraged him. His energies were not scattered, but directed toward a single object in life, early chosen and passionately pursued. As we read Dr. Schliemann's achievements we feel that he is no exceptional genius, but a man like thousands of others—only these others lack his resolute and tireless persistence.

Dr. Schliemann first "prospected" for ancient Troy in 1868, and fixed on Hissarlik as the probable site. In 1870, he made preliminary excavations. Work was prosecuted during portions of the three following years; and the remarkable discoveries then made were published in 1874, in a work entitled *Troy and Its Remains*. During three following years the explorer was at work in other interesting fields, notably at Mycenæ. In 1878 and 1879, excavations were again made in the Troad. The present ample volume gives us the matured conclusions of Dr. Schliemann, and many appendices from other hands. Professor Virchow contributes two of these, as also a preface. Two are by Professor Brugsch-Bey, one by Professor Mahaffy, and one by Professor Sayce. The work is well provided with maps and diagrams, and has an extraordinary number of representations of objects of ancient art dug out of this one little site. The book is dedicated to Premier Gladstone.

Many classes of readers will be interested in this splendid volume. As a picture book, it has something to attract juvenile eyes. Lovers of pottery will find curious vases, cups, jugs, and seals. Jewel-fanciers will study the rich ornaments of gold and silver. Implements of stone and bronze call for scientific adjustment in the series of "ages." Archæologists have a whole new field for investigation and comparison. Students of ancient and modern geography will dwell on the questions of locality. Ethnologists will seek light on the relations of the people of the Troad—not only to the Greek races, but also to the Phrygians, the Lydians, the Assyrians, and even the Egyptians. Lovers of Homer will catch eagerly at the evidence that there was a Troy, and that the *Iliad* is not all a mythology.

Dr. Schliemann believes that the *Iliad* describes a real Ilium, and that he has found its site. All critics agree that the contest of the Greeks and the Trojans was not described by an eye-witness. If the account in the *Iliad* be received as a veritable history, it is still a history of long past generations. But it is not a history. The *Iliad* is prehistoric to us: the Trojan war must have been prehistoric to the *Iliad* author. So the poet's description of Troy could not be scientifically exact. No such poet is held to minute accuracy. The bard of the *Iliad* doubtless saw the Troad of his day, and depicted its main features in his immortal poem. But there was no Schliemann to dig underneath the surface, to say how many cities lay in perpendicular alignment, or to what extent the seaward flowing streams had changed their channels. So the "Scæan gate" of the *Iliad* might not be found by using the poet's divining rod; the house of Priam might be inaccurately described. What Dr. Schliemann contends for is that on the whole the Troy of the poem has its counterpart in one of the buried cities at Hissarlik. Rich treasures lay covered there. There are abundant evidences of such a civilization as the story of Troy presupposes. It is most probable that in this corner of Asia Minor, on the borders of Europe, different races should have come in collision, and that the supreme Greeks should here have won a decided victory, and have helped to decide the type of eastern European and western Asiatic civilization. In later days there was an almost greater Greece on the coast of Asia Minor. The Troad corner could hardly have escaped the early conflicts of adjacent and restless races. This book, by the way, in its incursions into Egyptology, gives additional countenance to Professor Curtius's brilliant theory of the early Ionian migration—a very early Greece east of the Ægean.

Dr. Schliemann found at Hissarlik distinct remains of seven different cities, the lowest from forty-five to fifty-two and a half feet below the surface. The stratum of the next city is twelve feet in thickness. Then, at the depth of twenty-three to thirty-three feet, are the remains of a burnt city which he identifies with the Homeric Ilios. This third city is, of course, the one of special interest, and that which is most fully described. In the seventh and uppermost city—the historic Ilium of the Greeks—were found many interesting remains, including sculptures, coins, and inscriptions. That Hissarlik marks the true site of the ancient Ilium our author has not the slightest doubt. Grote and others decided thus before Schliemann's discoveries. Lenormant, Gladstone, Sayce, and Philip Smith are among the many whom Schliemann has convinced. But many distinguished names are on the other side—mostly in favor of Bounarbashi. We can only say that Dr. Schliemann makes out a very good case. We wish he had more book-making skill, so that he might have put his discoveries in a more compact and systematic form. But we will not criticise a man who has done so much, and has done it so well. We are glad that he happened to be in California when it became a State, and so was enrolled as our fellow-citizen. If he and his enthusiastic Greek wife were to visit us now, we think they would find that we know of the Scamander as well as of the Sacramento, and that Homer is more to us than our poets of the lariat and the mining camp.

WASHINGTON SQUARE. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Mr. James's new book belongs eminently to the small class of works of art whose execution is well nigh perfect, and whose design is a blunder. The blunder of design in *Washington Square* is that of handling tragedy by the dispassionate, realistic method. A more completely tragic history (if we may be allowed to use the adjective with regard to a calamity wrought out by purely psychologic methods, and devoid of external incidents) could hardly be conceived than this of Catherine Sloper. The author has started, like a spiritualized Zola, with the assumption that the legitimate subject-matter of tragedy is the infliction of suffering on a human being. He has, therefore, created with a marvelous skill and delicacy, with an all but infallible accuracy both of analytic and constructive power, a character endowed with the utmost receptivity to pain and the least resources or defenses against it; has subjected her to precisely those experiences holding the utmost possibilities of pain to the temperament in question, and has filled in even minor details with an almost complete avoidance of any alleviation. All this is most excellently done. Mr. James is not usually at his best in portraiture. He analyzes too much—overloads with detail, and obscures the broad lines that impress our memories. But in "Catherine Sloper" he has given us a fine portrait, all the finer because it is in the very extreme of the "low-toned"

method. The artists are few indeed who can paint character in neutral colors, and Mr. James has not merely painted "Catherine" in neutral colors. He has, with a fine artistic feeling for quietude, put her against as neutral a background as possible. He has hardly allowed to her whole history a single outwardly dramatic moment. The drama consists solely of her own mental experience, and affects no one else especially, not even her supposed lover, while this drama remains to the end unexpressed by speech, action, or even look, except in the merest fragments. So far as the skillful description of the way in which such a girl was made the victim of life goes, Mr. James has left little to be asked. Nothing could round out the quiet desolation of her fate more perfectly than the summary of her life ten, fifteen, twenty years after her brief romance :

"From her own point of view, the great facts of her career were that Morris Townsend had trifled with her affections, and that her father had broken its spring. Nothing could ever alter these facts. They were always there, like her name, her age, her plain face. Nothing could ever undo the wrong or cure the pain that Morris had inflicted on her, and nothing could ever make her feel toward her father as she felt in her younger years. There was something dead in her life, and her duty was to try and fill the void."

No delicate touch is omitted that could highten the tragedy (always assuming that tragedy means intensity and completeness of misfortune). "Catherine's" perfect blamelessness, not only in action, but in the most subtile refinements of spirit and motive, and the fact that the hardest part of her misfortune, if not the whole, was the logical result of her very blamelessness, is an element in her fate that, while true enough to nature, verges on the intolerable.

Now, we repeat, with all these elements of tragedy at hand, and all most finely managed, Mr. James has not written anything in the least resembling a tragedy. He would, no doubt, repudiate with horror the idea of ever doing such a thing. A dignified quietude, a masterly dispassionateness, and a matter-of-fact realism, are qualities without which he would find it as impossible to appear in print as he would find it to appear in the street without his coat and shoes. And these qualities we, for our part, should be utterly unwilling to lose from his writings. But he ought not to try, under their bonds, to treat of such things as love at its utmost depth, crushed hearts, spoiled lives. Not that he makes himself ridiculous, as if he were playing Hamlet in an immaculate shirt-bosom and studs. His taste is too perfect for that. On the contrary, he makes the very mention of love and heart-break in a passionate way seem ridiculous. It is more as if some accomplished psychologist, who knew the details about Hamlet, sat down and told us in smooth tones and with a genuine scientific interest all that the royal Dane had suffered ; told it so well and appreciatively that we realized perfectly all that was distressing in the story, and yet were not lifted above the painfulness of it by any passion of sympathy or any tragic fervor.

The result is that *Washington Square* is painful reading, and leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. One is inclined to look for a volume of Mark Twain after laying *Washington Square* down, to take the taste out. It is quite as if Mr. James, with the most admirable skill, had performed a difficult vivisection for us to witness. If we are psychologists enough to appreciate the skill, and not sensitive to pain (in others , our admiration is unmixed ; otherwise, we feel that the piercing of live flesh in cold blood is bad art, and only justifiable when some beneficent end is to be gained. If young men were to be made less unscrupulous, old ladies less silly, clever fathers more sympathetic, and loving girls more shrewd by this book, it would be worth while to make the reader uncomfortable ; but we need hardly say that it is not calculated to have any such effect. The breaking of hearts, again, in Turgeneff, Shakspere, and George Eliot, is more analogous to the cutting of flesh and shedding of blood in warfare than in vivisection. No matter how true to life the psychology, how close the realism, there is always the passion and fervor, the sound of trumpets, and the great onward movement of something irresistible. The author is always in a subjective attitude (without necessarily quitting the objective); there is always a certain fitness and necessity in the result that warrant a "piling up" of suffering to any hight in such tragedies as "Prometheus" or "Œdipus" or "Lear." In Mr. James's other books that "turn out badly"—*The American* and *Daisy Miller*—there is such a necessity in the very nature of things for the result, and the result itself, though sad enough, falls so far short of intolerableness, and is so lightly sketched, that we accept it as the right thing. Nevertheless, in general Mr. James's exceeding cleverness is of too unemotional a character to be employed on pain and misfortune. Mr. Howells, whose cleverness is as great, and of a warmer and richer quality, sets a wise example in the avoidance of tragedy.

Mr. James is strongest, in all his books, in "clever talk." He sometimes slips into the habit of making all his characters talk with equal cleverness and similar diction. In *Washington Square* the cleverness is distributed to the right people, though it must be remarked that the three clever ones—the Doctor, Mrs. Almond, and Morris Townsend—say bright things of a precisely similar cast, and turn their epigrams in just the same way, and it may be further added that it is remarkably similar to the way in which the distinctively clever people in all Mr. James's other books turn their epigrams. Nevertheless, the individualities in *Washington Square* are all clear. The book is brief and sketchy enough to have all its characters drawn more or less in outline, and Mr. James can always make a consistent and clear sketch of character. It is elaborate portraits that he obscures. The book is in charming English, crammed with keen and discriminating observation of society and of human nature, thoroughly original, and is pervaded by the author's own refined good taste and educated intelligence, and, for these reasons, is good reading, and earns the comment so often made on Mr. James's books, "Whether it is, on the whole, a success or not, I like to read it, it's so cleverly written."

BEN-HUR. A Tale of the Christ. By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

The success of *The Fair God* has induced General Wallace, politician, lawyer, soldier, and now author, to try again. This time the scene is laid, not in ancient Mexico, but in Judea, in the time of Herod. The hero is a prince of the house of Hur, one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most honorable families in Israel.

While yet a boy, he has the misfortune to dislodge a tile from the roof of his father's palace, which strikes, in falling, the commander of a passing troop of Roman

soldiers. For this the palace is confiscated, his mother and sister are thrown into a dungeon, and he himself is sentenced to the galleys for life. His manly bearing as a galley-slave attracts the attention of Arrius, the tribune and captain of the Roman fleet, whose life Ben-Hur afterward saves in a battle with pirates in the Ægean Sea. Arrius then adopts Ben-Hur, makes him a Roman citizen, and leaves him heir to his immense estates. But his heart is with his native land. He becomes celebrated at Rome for his skill in martial exercises and for feats of arms. His secret purpose is to one day turn this to account in an effort to free Jerusalem from the Roman yoke. He goes to Antioch, then the second city of the Roman world. There he finds that Simonides, formerly a slave of the house of Hur, has become one of the merchant princes of the earth. Simonides admits his bondage and his stewardship, and offers to turn over his vast estates to the rightful heir of his former master. This sacrifice is not accepted, but they are united in a common hatred of Rome, and together they lay plans and consecrate their fortunes to the deliverance of Israel from the second bondage.

About this time Ben-Hur happens to meet at the Fount of Castalia, in Antioch, Balthasar, an Egyptian, who proves to be one of the three *magi* who had followed the star of Bethlehem, and had seen, a quarter of a century before, the infant Jesus in the manger. Balthasar's story inflames the mind of Ben-Hur. He resolves to go at once to Jerusalem and seek out the Messiah. While arranging his departure he triumphs over his enemy, Messala, a haughty patrician, in a chariot race, on which the whole fortune of Messala had been staked. The description of this event is very spirited. Here also he falls in love with Esther, the daughter of Simonides, and thus becomes the object of the jealous rage of the beautiful daughter of Balthasar, who loves him.

The last scene, like the first, opens at Jerusalem. Thither Ben-Hur has gone, full of hope and confidence, in search of the Great Captain who should set Israel free, and, having found him, to enlist under his all conquering banner, and with the sword drive the Roman legions from Judea. The portrayal of the meeting with the Nazarene, and the bitter disappointment of Ben-Hur, is the admirable feature of the book, and redeems other points not so excellent—the improbability of many of the incidents of the story, and the overcrowding of the pages with characters and digressions, which might well be spared.

Ben-Hur had as his rightful inheritance the traditions and prophecies of his religion and his race—a race which had watched for ages for the coming of the Messiah almost as earnestly as Prometheus looked for the coming of his deliverer. At the time of Christ nothing remained of the glory of Israel but the memories of the past and this great hope of the future.

The Jews were ground down and oppressed by Roman despots and tax-gatherers; the temple had been despoiled and their altars desecrated. How natural, then, that their imagination should clothe the promised Redeemer in armor, and place in his hand the sword of David, from whose Royal House he was to come! How natural that they should think of him as a resistless conquerer, who should free Israel from the Roman yoke and bring forth from its hiding place "the Ark of the Covenant!" It is not suprising, viewed in this light, that "the Prince of Peace," "the Man of Sorrows," whose message was peace on earth and good will to men, should have been mocked and reviled, and at last crucified between two thieves. Ben-Hur became a witness of the later scenes in the life of Christ, and of the final tragedy on Mount Calvary, events which the author has had the good taste to describe in almost the language of the Evangelists; and it must be said that he has been careful to put no words in the mouth of the Savior which have not the warrant of Holy Writ.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. From his unpublished journals and correspondence. By W. G. Blaikie, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

The purpose of this volume is well stated in the preface—to make the world better acquainted with the character of Livingstone. His public exploits, his wonderful discoveries and researches in that *terra incognita*, Central Africa, are known and appreciated in every civilized country of the globe. But with the man himself, with his purposes and plans, with his unwavering determination and indomitable courage, with his life-long service of that Master whom he had early chosen and consistently followed, little has been known before the publication of the volume under consideration.

The leading idea of Livingstone, as shown by his biographer, was his thoroughness. Whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might. He was not only missionary and explorer—he was physician, surgeon, botanist, geologist, geographer, and astronomer; and all these things he did well. The Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope said of him that his observations were marvels of accuracy and exactitude. At one time we find him building a house, at another commanding a steamer, again instructing the natives in the science of irrigation, and all to the greater glory of God, as well as to the amelioration of the physical condition and surroundings of those among whom he had cast his lot.

The sixth sense, as it is sometimes called—common sense—was possessed in a high degree by Livingstone. To certain ones of his Missionary Board who complained of the few conversions following his labors, he pithily and forcibly explained that the first step toward christianizing was civilizing; that no man could raise beautiful flowers from wild land until the ground was first cleared and prepared for the seed. He saw, as those in England could not, that the gospel of Christ, first pure, then peaceable, could not effect a lodgment in the hearts of men whose first article of faith was to kill and eat their enemies, or, under some conditions, their friends, among whom life and liberty had no sacredness and little value, and where the curse of curses, the slave-trade, was in a flourishing state, and that, too, accompanied by such horrors as are sickening in their details. What greater or more Christ-like work, then, could Livingstone have done than to devote his life to the destruction of this infamous traffic in human bodies and souls? And yet we find him censured by those wise in their own conceit because he did not found churches and Sunday-schools, large in numbers and zealous in attendance, among a race steeped in superstition and idolatry.

Dr. Blaikie has done his work well and faithfully. He has wisely preferred to let Livingstone for the most part reveal his own character and ideas, and has only added the finishing touches to the *monumentum ære perennius* which David Livingstone has constructed for

himself wherever a love of human freedom exists, and a pure devotion to down-trodden humanity, a life of tireless exertion and self-sacrifice, and a pure, exalted, and Christian heroism, are known and appreciated.

PASTORAL DAYS; or, Memories of a New England Year. By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

It will seem but a short time to some of those who read this notice since "annuals" and "gift books" were the most advanced specimens of the typographer's art. Possibly no better evidence of the progress made in the way of book-making could be obtained than that afforded by the contrast of one of those same works, now so long gone out of vogue, with such a volume as this one lying before us.

The "Pastoral Days" are divided into "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," representing respectively, in the text and designs, Nature's awakening, consummation, waning, and sleep. To say that the engravings in this book are chaste and elegant would convey only a very general impression of some of the most exquisite work which any artist has given to the American public. They are admirably subordinated and harmonized to the plan of the book, and yet each in itself is individual, unique, and complete. In the softer, more hazy, and delicate delineations of Nature's moods, Mr. Gibson is particularly happy. But, in addition to being an artist of high merit, Mr. Gibson is possessed of a felicitous literary style, and *Pastoral Days* in that respect is different from those volumes where the text is intended as nothing more than a running explanation of the plates. The matter of Mr. Gibson's book is admirable. It brings back to one scenes long forgotten, the earlier and happier days of life.

Without intending to draw invidious distinctions as to previous publications, it is impossible to avoid saying that a more exquisite volume has never been issued from an American press.

THE CALIPH HAROUN ALRASCHID AND SARACEN CIVILIZATION. By E. H. Palmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

So far as Mr. Palmer's book purports to relate to Saracen civilization it is somewhat disappointing. There is little or no light thrown upon the subject except such as comes indirectly from the consideration of other themes. But as a personal history of the great Commander of the Faithful the book is full of interest and instruction. The idea which nine persons out of ten entertain concerning Haroun Alraschid is derived from *The Arabian Nights*, and is that of a benevolent sovereign visiting his subjects in disguise and performing no end of good deeds. History unfortunately does not justify this view of the great Caliph. There can be little doubt that he was one of the most arbitrary, luxurious, and fickle rulers that ever misgoverned an unfortunate people. That his dominion extended over so great an area was due largely to the wise and vigilant statesmanship of the Barmek family, commonly called the Barmecides. Of these Yahya was Grand Vizier, and his two sons, El Fadhl and Jaafer (usually spelled Jaffar), were his ministerial associates. Upon the Barmecides Haroun lavished his favors without stint. Jaafer was his especial favorite, and the Caliph could not bear to be absent from him. Haroun was equally attached to his own sister, and in order that he might enjoy the constant society of both favorites without violation of court etiquette he had them married, with the understanding that the union should be one in name only. It is supposed that it was Haroun's discovery of the fact that children had been born of this marriage which led to the downfall of the Barmecides. How sudden and how great was this fall may be imagined from the fact mentioned by El Amraniy, the historian, that a certain person, happening to go into the office of the treasury, saw the following item on the ledger: "For a dress of honor and decorations for Jaafer, son of Yahya, 400,000 gold dinars," about $1,000,000. A few days after he saw on the same ledger the entry: "Naphtha and shavings for burning the body of Jaafer, son of Yahya, 10 kirats," a kirat being about one twenty-fourth of a dinar. Jaafer, by all accounts, was a lovable character, and the fall of the Barmecides greatly weakened Haroun's hold upon his empire. Those who, through *The Arabian Nights*, are interested in the story of Haroun Alraschid and the unfortunate Barmek family, as well as those who are interested in the peculiar customs of those early Moslem years, will find Mr. Palmer's book full of instruction and entertainment. But readers must prepare for the shock of having another illusion dispelled, for Mr. Palmer pronounces the story of "The Forty Thieves," as well as that of "Aladdin," in *The Arabian Nights*, to have been interpolated, neither being found in the original Arabic.

WOMANHOOD. Lectures on Woman's Work in the World. By R. Heber Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

This volume consists of a series of essays upon woman and her work in the world. Upon such a subject it is impossible to avoid being trite at times. Mr. Newton does not attempt to make woman dissatisfied by pointing out alleged indignities under which she is laboring. He rather assumes that her mission is a noble one, and that it rests with her to find her happiness in using her influence and doing her work to the best advantage. "Advanced thinkers" would no doubt pronounce this work a trifle "goody-goody." But persons who are "in advance" of their fellow-creatures must not expect that the majority will agree with them in this or indeed other respects.

A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. A. Fyffe. Vol. I. From the outbreak of the Revolutionary war in 1792 to the accession of Louis XVIII. in 1814. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

The last few years have been particularly fruitful in histories of the current century, several of them being of marked ability. Green and McCarthy have now been followed by Mr. Fyffe, who summarizes the history of Europe from 1792 to 1814 in the volume before us. The second volume, soon to be published, will bring the reader down to the year 1848; the third down to the present time. These recent historical publications have gone far to demolish the theory that a contemporary history must perforce be more imperfect or more partisan than one written at a later epoch. All great his-

tories, fortunately or unfortunately, have been more or less partisan in regard to the important events. Eminent personages in one history have been paragons of goodness; in another, monsters of iniquity. Mr. Fyffe has avoided, so far as possible, exaggeration in the direction either of praise or blame. His estimates are fair and candid.

In compressing the history of a century within the limits of three volumes, rejection is a more important process than selection. To know what is really important is one of the first attributes of a historian, and to this title, judging from the volume before us, Mr. Fyffe may prefer a just claim.

BENJAMIN PEIRCE. A Memorial Collection. By Moses King. Cambridge, Mass. 1881.

This little memorial pamphlet on the great mathematician and astronomer is made up chiefly of the eulogies pronounced upon him in pulpit and press about the time of his death. It contains also the exquisite poem written in honor of the deceased scientist by Dr. O. W. Holmes. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Professor Peirce.

THIRTY YEARS. Being Poems, new and old. By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

That the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, will always be better known by her prose writings than by her poetry may be safely assumed. But, for all that, these poems are not without a certain quiet power, as well as purity, which will commend them to many. The pervading tone is a trustful one—a restful, abiding faith in ultimate truth, goodness, and mercy. Many of them are religious verses, full of faith and hope. They are certainly not great poems, but they are far above mediocrity, and the purity of their sentiment will leave men and women better for their perusal.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS SALON. Published under the direction of F. G. Dumas, authorized and approved by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. London: British and Foreign Artists' Association. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1880.

CATALOGUE ILLUSTRE DE L'EXPOSITION HISTORIQUE DE L'ART BELGE ET DU MUSEE MODERNE DE BRUXELLES (1830–1880.) New York: J. W. Bouton. 1880.

THE CAUSE OF COLOR AMONG RACES, AND THE EVOLUTION OF PHYSICAL BEAUTY. By William Sharpe, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

BORDER STATES OF MEXICO. A complete guide for travelers and emigrants. By Leonidas Hamilton. San Francisco: Bacon & Co. 1881.

A VILLAGE COMMUNE. A Story. By "Ouida." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

MOTHER MOLLY. By Frances Mary Peard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

DRAMA AND STAGE.

THE PAST MONTH has not been an encouraging one either to the manager or the theater-goer. There has been a complete surrender to sensationalism, without any very satisfactory results. A round of gallery plays, of the class denominated "strong," has been produced only to increase the managerial debt and a long suffering public's distrust. On the one hand we hear, "The times are hard," "The people are too poor;" on the other, "It's too bad; but there's really nothing worth going to see." Here is a difference of opinion, and one which managers would do well to study. In this city there is a theater-going population of twenty thousand souls. Many towns throughout the Union, whose total population, all told, does not exceed this figure, give regular support to a theater. In fact, in a small place intelligent management is a necessity—a condition of existence. And here the theater has survived only through the indulgence of a public who have been in the past peculiarly hospitable to dramatic art. We feel it perfectly useless to expect of the men to whose lot it has fallen to manage theaters that they should do so from any high-art stand-point. We have long ago given that up. But we have a right to expect ordinary business sagacity, and that the managers of San Francisco have not displayed. Though in many respects the most prosaic of mortals, they have managed their theaters at least on a highly emotional plan. Their managerial life has been a series of blind experiments. Conducting their business on no fixed principles, they cannot have faith in themselves, and, having no faith in themselves, they naturally lose faith in their public. An amusing feature of this is that they feel injured if an increased outlay does not immediately bring in increased receipts. They have omitted from their calculations one important element that enters into all commercial transactions, and to which things theatrical are no exception—credit. They have cried "wolf" too often. The people will not come. Managers complain that, owing to the geographical isolation of San Francisco, they are cut off from the country element that does so much to fill metropolitan theaters. It does not probably occur to them that this is not an unmixed evil. As we are not in any theatrical circuit, Eastern managers will readily part with their novelties at nominal prices. Moreover, they have only to wait for the success of a play in London, Paris, or New York, and they are partially insured against failure at the start. A good company and some enterprise would make the

rest secure. And, above all, the theaters should not, as in the past month, be subordinated wholly to the public taste. The public, on the contrary, should be brought to look up to the theater for a standard and rule of criticism.

THE ADVENT OF MISS ROGERS as a star (heaven save the mark!) occasioned a new programme at the Baldwin, which was inaugurated by Mr. A. C. Gunter's play of *Two Nights in Rome*. *Miss Multon*, *Daniel Rochat*, *The American Lady*, and *The Baffled Beauty* are to follow. We are informed by the management that, owing to the limited engagement of Miss Rogers, each of these plays is restricted to a week's run. Now, a week is not sufficient for the adequate rehearsal of a play. We are not prepared to say that any amount of rehearsal could save *The American Lady* and *The Baffled Beauty*. But *Daniel Rochat* is a gem, and deserves better treatment. As for Mr. Gunter's play, it has been so much discussed and criticised already that what we have to say may seem almost trite. *Two Nights in Rome* possesses a delusive strength, which comes from its situations. In fact, it is a play of situations. The incidents are selected not to illustrate the dominant idea, if it can be said to have a dominant idea, but to keep up a certain factitious, unnatural interest. Morever, these very situations are deliberately imported from two undeniably strong plays—*Forget Me Not* and *Diplomacy*. But they have suffered in the carriage. This simple recipe for writing a good play—*viz.*, borrowing from successful plays—would seem discouraging to those who have only their own brains to draw from, were it not for the fact that this offense carries with it its own punishment. Every situation has its appropriate surroundings, which are necessary to its full effect. This is nowhere more clear than in the play in question. The situation of Count Orloff in the great trio scene in *Diplomacy* is truly pathetic. For if Orloff had known that the woman whom he felt had betrayed him was his friend's wife, not only would he have been silent, but with perfect propriety; whereas, in the same situation in *Two Nights in Rome*, Herr Franz, as he is strangely styled, has the sympathy of the audience against him in his refusal to answer when put to the question, for, unpleasant as it is to tell a man that he has another wife living, it is plainly his duty to do so. To settle any doubt as to where Mr. Gunter got this situation, it is only necessary to refer to the similarity between Herr Franz's leave-taking of Gerald and Count Orloff's of Dora. In both cases they give a complicated route of travel. Of course, in Orloff's case it was very important to the action that this route should be emphasized, because Dora's knowledge of it was the damning circumstance in the chain of evidence against her. Moreover, it was quite natural that Orloff, a proscribed fugitive returning to the land of his proscription under the surveillance of Russian spies, should explain the route by which he would elude their vigilance. But why Herr Franz, bound on almost a pleasure trip, and quite safe from anybody's interference, should give the audience the benefit of every projected step in a proposed route of travel, the development of Mr. Gunter's story did not show. Even the very actors caught the spirit of *Diplomacy* in Mr. Gunter's lines. And it was not their fault that what was intensity in one became bathos in the other. The plagiarisms from *Forget Me Not* were even more outrageous, not only in the central idea in the dressing of the heroine, but in the very "business." We are sorry that Mr. Gunter, who does unquestionably possess dramatic instincts, should exhibit such literary laziness in borrowing from others instead of relying upon his own powers.

OUTCROPPINGS.

THE DELIGHT OF MELANCHOLY.

From the German of Goethe.

Restrain not,
Restrain not
The tears of unhappy love.
To one through half-shed tears
How empty, how dead, the world appears!
Restrain not,
Restrain not
The tears of unhappy love.

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

ISLAND PHANTOMS.

Among the great number of islands on the coast of Maine, there are very many, which, though beautiful and delightfully located, are as yet unknown to those who seek the rest and quiet during the hot months not found in those places open to the general public, where dress, dancing, and the hubbub of coming and going disturb the mental as well as the physical comfort of the seeker. These little emeralds of the sea are inhabited by the hardy, homely, honest men and women whose livelihood is gained from the waters, which, in a measure, isolate them from the rest of the world. Their cottages have carpetless floors and rude furniture for the most part, but are models of neatness. These rugged, quaint-phrased people are hospitable, and earnest, whether it be in the pursuit of their hard and dangerous vocation, or in telling the stranger some curious legend connected with their island homes. On one of these islands, and among these people, a summer's vacation, which I shall long remember, was passed. I roamed at will, took refreshing naps when the cool breezes and ceaseless lapping of the waves lulled me to sleep, and once met with an adventure, the memory of which is still as vivid as the wild scene of which it was a part.

I wandered one afternoon to a point which formed a miniature cape on one side of the island, and, seated high up on the rocks, became entranced in watching a gathering storm. "Old Mother" Davis, in whose neat little cottage I had been sojourning for a few weeks, had told me, in her own homely, but expressive way, of the terrible fury of the tempests which sometimes visited

the locality. I knew that the storm would soon come, but I was so infatuated with watching the terrible grandeur of the scene that I could no more move than the paralytic can run from the flames burning the house over his head. I drank in a strange, weird music from the trooping waves as they dashed against the sharp, jagged rocks far below me. I saw in the distance specks of the white sails of vessels, watched clouds of white sea-gulls as they tirelessly circled about, saw the sky growing blacker than the darkness of despair, felt the wind growing stronger, knew that both danger and discomfort attended my remaining, but resolved to stay. The gulls soon began to disappear, the sullen roar of the sea became almost deafening, the muttering thunder grew nearer, zigzag flashes of lightning grew more and more lurid, and the wind, now a giant in its fury, compelled me to sit with my back against a rock to prevent being overblown. The rain which began to fall soon drenched me to the very bone, but the gigantic fury of the storm now prevented me from moving without risk of injury, and I sat watching, listening, and shivering. To me, the rolling boom of the thunder, the blinding flashes of lightning, the deep, hoarse roar of the sea, suggested the storming of some strong fortress at night. The sensation I experienced was grand, terrible, uncomfortable.

I had sat perhaps an hour in the midst of this strange, wild scene of fury, when I was startled at hearing a hoarse voice, which sounded above the raging storm, shouting, "Ahoy! Ahoy!" at brief intervals, the wind bearing back the words as if they wished to mock the strength of him who uttered them. Once again I heard the stentorian shout, and thinking I might be the object of it, was about to return it, when a prolonged flash came, and I saw on the rocks below a stalwart man, dressed in the ever present "oil-skins" which constitute so important a part of the fisherman's outfit. He stood at an angle, so that I saw beneath the old "sou'-wester," which was tightly buttoned under his chin, a deep-furrowed, weather-beaten face, partly covered by a close-cropped, iron-gray beard, and which bore a look of mingled defiance of the storm and anxiety for something out on the seething waters. Several times that sonorous shout met and fairly pierced the driving tempest. I did not answer his "hail," but to this day can assign no reason for my silence.

It was after one of these prolonged shouts that I saw approaching a light boat, her tiny sail and jib down, and driven madly on by the storm toward the very spot where stood the author of that shout which had so startled me. The flashes of lightning had now become almost continuous, the peals of thunder echoed and re-echoed till my ears ached, the water rushed higher up the rocks and threw its salt spray in my face—still I remained inactive. Soon I saw again the frail boat, in which was a supple youth vainly trying to steer, and clinging to the mast in a crouching attitude a girl, whose face, blanched with terror, I could see was as beautiful as an artist's ideal. Now I saw the old man walk out, firmly maintaining his footing, till the waves fairly broke over his shoulders. I saw his brawny hands outstretched to grasp the bow of the boat driven so madly toward those cruel rocks. I saw him seize it. It seemed to pause an instant; then the lightning, in a chain-like flash, seemed to touch the tiny mast, the girl fell backward, the old man was overborne; it was dark a moment, there was a shriek, a grinding of the little boat on the rocks, and all was over.

Though I saw all this, it was enacted while I was clambering down the rocks, and when I reached the spot where the old man had stood I forgot my lacerated hands, bruises, and torn clothes; but nothing of the boat or the three victims of the storm was to be seen. I stood horror-stricken, but only for an instant; for I saw the body of the girl borne toward me on the crest of a terrible wave, which brought it to my feet. Instantly I seized the long hair, and braced myself, that I might hold fast till the water for an instant receded, when I could remove it to the rocks above. The foamy waters rushed back; then came a sheet of flame, a terrific crash, and I stood petrified with fear, grasping only a handful of slimy sedge-grass, while far out on the waves I heard again that piercing shriek of despair.

How long I stood I never shall know, but I was finally roused from my lethargy of indefinable fear by seeing borne toward me the body of the old man, and on a wave beyond it the dim outline of another form. Again shaking off my fear, I prepared to make a sure grasp and rescue the body of at least one of the victims of the wrathful storm. At my very feet came the body. I even heard the dull thud produced as it was thrown against the rock on which I stood. I seized with all my frenzied power upon the strong oil-skin jacket which he had on. Then I felt the waters receding. With great difficulty I kept my feet, and held firmly to the coat. A flash of lightning came. I saw far out on the waves three bodies, and stood there holding in my grasp a monstrous kelp-leaf. Again that awful shriek rang in my ears. Trembling now with a terrible dread, I stood rooted to the spot. Soon I felt, rather than saw, that again one of those bodies had been thrown against my feet. Mechanically I seized some part of the clothing on it, and started to clamber up the rough rocks. A flash and a crash! I held, alas, only an old piece of rotten canvas. Yet again came that shriek, and I saw three bodies tossed by waves a hundred yards from where I stood. I sat down on a jutting rock.

The storm was passing far off to the north when I roused myself, clambered up the slippery rocks, and, dripping wet, hastily started for "Mother" Davis's cottage. The good, kind old soul first laughed, then curiously shook her head when I told her where I had been during the tempest. She hurried me away to change my clothes, and on my return had ready for me one of her nice, warm suppers. We were silent during the meal, and now, though years have passed since and she is quietly sleeping in the little burial-lot of the island, I can see the strange, far-off look that was in her eyes. After the evening work was done, and she was seated by the little table with her knitting, I told her of my strange experience, and she told me in her quaint way the following story:

Fifteen years before there came to the island a silent, gray haired, gray bearded man, who purchased and fitted up luxuriously a fisherman's cottage and lot. Soon after, he brought to his new home a beautiful boy and a wild-eyed little fairy of a girl, and these three constituted, with a negro woman, who cared for the house, the family. The children always addressed the taciturn man as father, and the old colored woman as "Massa Cap'n," while among the islanders he was known as "Skipper" Ring, except when they spoke with him, and then he was called Captain Ring. Over the children he exercised a stern care, but for all his apparent harshness he was as tender as a woman with them. As they grew up in the free air of the island

they became more and more beloved of all. Yet no inhabitant ever saw the inside of the cottage after the family took up their abode there, nor could anything be learned from either the children or the otherwise garrulous colored woman, as to their previous history, or where they came from, and gradually all curiosity died out. One day, a day which all who dwelt on the island will never forget, the boy and girl, who were inseparable companions, took the light sail-boat which the old "skipper" used and started to sail round the island. During their absence there came up a terrific tempest, such as I had watched. Some of the people saw old "Skipper" Ring in his "bad-weather rig" going to the shore where he kept his boat. They thought no more about it at the time, but next day it was recalled to them in a sad way. When the morning came, his house was not to be seen. The little community soon gathered about the spot. Only a heap of smoldering ruins remained, amid which they found a few bones, which they gathered up as the only remains of the four who had lived so quietly and mysteriously among them. These were buried next day, and all speculation as to the cause of the fire, which had destroyed life and home, led to one opinion—lightning. It was late the next afternoon, when the simple people were again thrown into a great excitement by a breathless fisherman, who told them that on the point he had found three dead bodies, horribly mangled, and the splintered remains of a boat. Again, the community was gathered to witness the evidence, painful, horrible evidence, of death. Thrown far up on the rocks they found the body of the girl, the features marred only by a blue stripe from the top of the head, continuing, as was afterward discovered, the entire length of the body. This mark and the condition of the corpse showed that one death was by a stroke of lightning. The bodies of the "Skipper" and the boy were horribly cut and broken. They were all taken away and afterward buried, but nothing upon their persons, or that could be discovered about the ruins of their home, ever added anything to the knowledge these simple islanders had of them.

Every time one of these north-east storms comes up, the islanders say the scene I had witnessed is reënacted. I have no doubt that my own theory—that the house was struck by lightning, which killed the old negro woman, and burned it up just at dark, and at the same time with the death of old "Skipper" and the children, as I saw it in phantom form fifteen years later—is the correct one. As to who the people were, or their antecedents, I have no theory. A. E. MEIG.

PLAN OF A NOVEL.

It is amusing to notice such a statement as this, gravely made by a critic: "This novel is out of the common plan, and hence is refreshing. It is a too generally followed idea that a novel is not a novel unless it deals with the inception, trials, and final happy termination of love. The book before us takes up the life-history of its principal characters at the real beginning of life—marriage. Dating from that epoch, life settles into reality—the reality of constant affection, or bitter disappointment; human nature deepens and broadens; the sterner stuff of which men and women are made shows itself; hope is enlivened; ambition receives an impetus; thought is deeper, application more sure, and purpose stronger; greater and better things are accomplished. It is time that novelists should understand these things, and act upon them."

There are not many critics who fail to fall into this error. They lose sight of the fact that the most successful novels have been those which followed the old plan. There is reason for this success, and philosophy in it. With the exception of critics, scientists, and philosophers, who are supposed to occupy the highest plane of intelligence; and the most ignorant and uncultivated, who occupy the lowest plane; the former suppressing sentiment and tender feelings by habit and force of mind, as being superfluous and obstructive, and the latter having never experienced any cultivation and elevation of such feelings—besides these two classes are the mass, the heart, the core of the people. There is a strong undercurrent of romance and sentiment in these persons. It was developed in childhood at the mother's knee by prayer; by the touching story of Christ, or the mysterious beginning of creation; by nursery rhymes and songs; by fairy tales and *The Arabian Nights*. It was latent, and was cultivated; and the cares of life were insufficient to suppress it. Furthermore, the unmarried of this great class constitute the mass of novel-readers. Their tenderer feelings have suffered no depression from business troubles and anxieties. They love, and love envelops them in a halo of romance. They sympathize with lovers. People are naturally match-makers. Nothing is more natural.

Such persons look upon marriage as the most important epoch in life, and doubtless they are right. In a literary composition the most important thing is climax. Reasoning is of two kinds—*a priori* and *a posteriori*. The one leads up to a climax, and the other from it. But logic is cold-blooded, mathematical, and comes entirely without the pale of the subject in hand. It is the lever of science, and the lamp of philosophy. It has no kinship with romance, and cannot be brought to bear on story-writing. The most important epoch in life is the climax—marriage. From youth to marriage, that is the *ultimatum;* and whatever may be the aim of subsequent life, it can never have the tenderness, and fervor, and opening up of better and purer thoughts that courtship brings.

The novel, then, which has for its plan love, courtship, obstacles, and a final happy wedding, is the plan that appeals to the great human heart. W. C. M.

A LITTLE LIFE.

Lowly there bendeth
A waxen-white lily,
Deep hid in the grass;
Perfume it sendeth
On night-air so stilly
To lovers that pass.

Honey it holdeth
In sun-brightened hour
For vagrant wild bees;
Beauty enfoldeth
This dainty white flower
O'ershadowed by trees.

Blessings it giveth
And hints of meek duty—
It cheereth alway.
Silent it liveth
In perfect, sweet beauty—
Then passeth away.

JEAN BARRY.

DOMINUS REGNAT.

MISERERE NOSTRI, DEUS.

Daily we toil, and go our labored way;
And daily with sore pain and weariness,
And sad distress,
We turn us to the heavens dull and gray,
And moan, and pray,
And cry, with lifted hands, our bitter cry.
And then
We turn us back again,
Hopeless,
In pain,
Scared by the leaden sky, that answers not,
And moan, "Hath God forgot?"

The bitter cry
Dieth within our throats, and silently
We take again the weight of toil and strife
Upon us; and the day,
The woesome day, the day with sorrow rife,
Wears slowly by.

And when the darkness falls,
Through all the lonely watches of the night
We pray the morning light
May hasten; for the fear
Of loneliness is on us, and the drear,
Still midnight, with a hushed and bated breath,
Whispers of pain and death—
Whispers of them who lie
Where the sable raven calls,
And the cease and end of life.

DIXIT INSIPIENS.

And then we sicken,
And the place that knew us knoweth us no more.

And then we die.
And the stranger passing by
Heareth the voice of mourning in our door,
And seeth the sable garments, and the tears,
And seeth, mayhap, a grief that hath no tears,
But turneth stricken.
And the scoffer crieth from the street, "Aha!
Death is the end of all—of all—aha!
He trusted, and his trust was vain;
He trusted, and the reed again
Is broken,
Is broken.
To eat, and drink, and have no care is best,
And the dance and jocund jest,
And the wine-cup and the song.
Deus non est.
Lo, as the beasts we die,
Or the grain of buried corn!
And the grave is strong and deep.
We drink to the grim old grave—
To the yawning, hungry grave;
To the grave and endless sleep.
Death is the end of all—of all—aha!"

RESURGAM.

Is it as naught that the waving grain
Beareth and giveth at last of its fruitage?
Is it in vain that the dews and rain
Have fed it, and all the summer days
With tender eye hath the oving sun
Smiled, as a mother anear her babe—
Smiled and looked with fruitful gaze
Upon the earth? And lo!
A wonder the corn-fields know;
And the husbandman cometh forth from the village
And reapeth, and eateth, and is made glad:
Is it in vain?
Nay, it is not in vain!

And death?
Nay! not for the reaper's sickle,
Nor for the gleaner, nor the threshing floor,
Groweth the corn that, full and overripe,
Bendeth to earth. For this it lived and grew—
For this—that, dying, it might anew
Give life and strength; and evermore,
Upon the earth,
Should death and birth
Be not as a thing of chance and fickle.
No! not in vain
Liveth and dieth the grain.
When falleth the golden corn
It liveth again, new-born

JUBILATE DEO.

Gloria, gloria in excelsis!
The scoffer is confounded!
We know that not in vain,
Amid our pain,
We lifted up our voices; and our tears,
Through all the bitter years,
Were wasted not. Again,
Dawn of a mighty gladness draweth nigh.
At last, at last, we cry,
Triumphant through the years,
Oh!
Gloria, gloria in excelsis!
Lo!
Unto earth
A hope hath birth,
And the peace of God and pity of His kiss.

Cantet mundus!
Jubilet profundus!
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus!
Te Deum laudamus!
Jubilate, jubilate Deo!

"Domine, refugium factus es nobis, a generatione in generationem.
Prinsquam montes fierent, aut formareter terra et orbis: a sæculo et usque in sæculum, tu es Deus."

J. P. WIDNEY.

A LETTER FROM SIAM.

The following extract from a letter recently received from a well known citizen of San Francisco, now making a trip around the world, gives a glimpse of a curious and interesting country:

BANGKOK, SIAM, January 1, 1881.

On the 29th of December, at 8 P. M., our ship *Dale*, six and a half days from Hongkong, dropped anchor at the head of the Gulf of Siam, near the mouth of the Bangkok, or Me-nam River. The next morning, at 6:30, four of us Americans looked out of the port-holes

at the banks of the river. The first object which greeted me from this land of the lotus was a *wat*, or temple, with its satellite *prachidees* (kind of pagoda) and *sälās*, or disembarking canopies. The tallest *prachidee* was ornamented by red bands or rings. The *wat* had a green, yellow-bordered tile roof, with the convex roof-combs. All was white, set in the water as on an invisible isle, a hundred feet from shore and sixty feet away. Beyond this the mangoes limited the water, and above the green clustered mango rose the cocoa-nut and *areca*, or betel-nut palm. A half mile away down the river a high stern canoe, paddled by a dusky pair, followed the line of the river, approaching the silent *wat*. A romantic introduction to a land around whose very name my boyhood fancy had clustered thoughts of Oriental splendor and a dreamy Arcadian existence.

As we steamed up the broad, placid river, we passed the palm-leaf huts and villages of the natives, and the *klongs*, or creeks, whose still waters could be traced a few hundred feet beneath the overhanging boughs of the tropical trees. At the mouths of some of these *klongs*, which are the highways of most of Siam, were congregated scores of canoes filled with all kinds of tropical fruits. And these markets afforded us a fair glimpse of the common people of Siam. Like all barbarous and Oriental nations, these people fancy striking colors. Their national costume is the *pah nung*, a three-foot band of cloth wound around the waist, the ends twisted together in front, and then turned between the legs and tucked within the waist at the back, forming a sort of pantaloon reaching just below the knees. The women also usually wear a *pah home*, an eighteen-inch strip of cloth wound around over one shoulder and under the other arm, the end thrown over the left shoulder. The women of the wealthier class also wear a white bodice, shoes, and stockings. The dress of the market people was of scarlet, crimson, green, brown, and yellow, and many of them wore immense palm-leaf hats, flat-topped and basin or pan-shaped. Here and there we caught glimpses of immense paddy fields extending into the far, level distance, rimmed by the ever present palm and mango. Orange orchards and banana yards, mangosteens and betel orchards, vary the interest in tropical landscape. Here and there are streamers of red and of white floating at the end of a bamboo tied to a tree-top, and through the openings in the foliage we catch glimpses of the *wats* below. At the river bank the landing to each *wat*, or temple, is a canopy with seats, called *sälä*, and occasionally shaved priests, in their long yellow robes, are seated in the *säläs*, laughing and chatting the happy morning away. At about 10 A. M. our vessel cast anchor, and we were told we were in Bangkok. An hour later we landed at our hotel, on the river's bank. A few hundred low, sharp-gabled houses on the water, extending a mile or two up and down the river, was all we could see, except a dozen or two of Italian houses in large lots under extensive foliage—the homes of the foreigners. We met Colonel Sickels, ex-United States Consul, who kindly offered to show us the sights of Bangkok, and invited us to visit some of the officials with him when he should pay his farewell visit prior to his departure for the United States.

After *tiffin*, which we enjoyed (the first good meal for a week), we took *gharries* with Colonel Sickels, and drove a mile and a half up the broad, well paved street into the walled city, and, after a short delay, we were admitted to the palace (the same where Grant was entertained) of the second and favorite full brother of the King. The Prince received and greeted us cordially, inquired our impressions of Siam, whence we came, of the weather and our good fortune to have come at this time, of his trip to India with the King, his impressions, and so forth. He could understand some English, but spoke through an interpreter. He offered cigars and tea, and, after fifteen minutes' stay, we shook hand and bade him good-bye. We drove thence to the royal palace. As Mr. Sickels had paid his farewell visit to the King, he thought it improper to call again; so we wandered around the palace grounds. These are about thirty acres, inclosed by walls, and containing the old and new palaces, barracks, a museum building, the temple of the sapphire god, four most handsome monumental buildings erected to the dead king of this reigning dynasty, the building used as a receptacle of the royal crown and heirlooms, the *hoa tamma sangwet* (sacred resting place), where royal bodies await the time of cremation after death, houses for slaves, and stables for the royal elephants, etc.

We inspected nearly all these buildings, and lingered among these places for some time, expecting the opportunity of seeing the King. Finally, a bugle sounded, three hundred soldiers fell into line and guarded the approaches to the road to be passed by the King, the royal band played the national air, and shortly after fifty yellow-robed priests came marching down the way, a dozen attendants, the chair, or rather seat, on the golden platform of the King, borne by four men on their shoulders. A white, large umbrella was raised by an attendant or two over the King. Two of his children sat on the platform. Attendants surrounded the platform; the royal gold tea-pot and betel-box were borne by slaves; thirty or forty princes followed the King's car on foot, many having their tea-pots and betel-boxes borne by slaves. Priests closed the rear. The procession disappeared in the temple of the sapphire god for a half hour. We awaited its return, and found a place only a few feet from where the King would pass. When the King came out, and as he passed us, he recognized and politely saluted Mr. Sickels, so we had a good view of his face. He is a good looking, small young man, of about thirty, who sits erect and looks a king. He is greatly respected by all people here; has made innovations on the customs of his people, adopted some foreign improvements, and yet has retained all distinctive of Siamese usage. He was on his way to inspect the magnificent building wherein his deceased favorite wife and child are to be cremated next March. This Queen fell overboard with her child from a barge, or yacht, on the way to the inland palace. None of the attendants dared to rescue them, although they could easily have done so, from religious scruples on the divinity of her person, and so they were drowned. Their bodies are deposited in two immense gold urns in the *hoa tamma sangwet* above referred to, and which we viewed with much interest, both an account of the strangeness of their use and their purpose, and the great wealth of gold, silver, and precious stones, of which they were composed and adorned. Yellow-robed and begemmed priests chant their doleful, monotonous prayers day and night, and impart their blessings to the silver ribbon which leads from the incense pedestal of the urns to their tops, day and night. Indeed, this was a regal resting place, and with knowledge of its purpose, its silence, save as broken by the priests' chant, and the black, pendent drapery which circled the walls, broken

here and there by K and S (King's Sorrow), touched the heart of the beholder with such sadness as the genuine mourning for the dead always stirs.

Yesterday, with our guide, Colonel Sickels, and a Mr. Bradley, an American in Siam Government employment, we visited two of the great *wats* of Bangkok, Wat Chang and Wat Poh, both of which are built in the Siamese style of architecture, both original and handsome. In the latter is the reclining gilt Buddha, one hundred and sixty feet long, by which our distinguished, but ambitious, fellow-citizen, General Grant, said he was "impressed." An immense four-sided building, whose walls are painted in scenes illustrating the events of Buddha's (Gautama) life, surrounds this figure of Buddha in Nirvana. I must confess that I was "impressed" by the size of this figure, but there is comparatively little to command one's sense of awe in any reclining figure.

Down the river by a four-*chow* (oared) boat, past the hundreds of houses floating on heaped bamboo rafts, past the betel and chunam boats and hundreds of the chewers of betel and chunam (tumeric) with their hideous black teeth, to our eighty-degree hotel. A. R.

IDA.

She sauntered through the perfumed air,
  Her bonnet dangling from its strings;
The sunlight, gleaming on her hair,
  Seemed like the gold of angels' wings.

As down the dewy path she tripped
  No fresh-blown daisy nodding there,
Or meadow-lily, iris-tipped,
  Was half so sweet or half so fair.

Oh, she was pure as is the chaste,
  Sweet breath of morning, as it creeps
From Night's cold arms, that have embraced
  And borne it o'er his icy steeps.

A maiden in the bloom or youth,
  A type of purity and worth;
The living synonym of truth,
  The sweetest thing that treads the earth!

The breezes fanned her as she went,
  Played hide-and-seek among her curls;
To her pale cheeks a color lent
  That blended roses with her pearls.

The wild-flowers crushed beneath her feet
  With subtile fragrance filled the air,
And, dying, deluged her with sweet
  Delicious scents, divinely rare.

But this—ah, this—was years ago,
  And now no more the path she haunts;
She died as flowers do ere they blow,
  A bud of hope, despoiled by chance.

ALVAH PENDLETON.

DOG STORIES.

"Speakin' of dogs," remarked an up-country Assemblyman as he dexterously hit a mangy yellow dog between the eyes with an enormous quid of exhausted tobacco, his hearers the meanwhile drawing closer to the stove; "speakin' of dogs, thet was a purty good yarn, Jake; but I reckin none o' you fellers down hyar 'roun' Sacramenty hez hearn the only genu*wine* up an' up, out an' out, vertical grain, tongue-an'-groove dog yarn thet I'm about to motion from the file fer immedi*ate* action."

"Open yer head-gate, Cunnel, an' let's hev it," begged a lobbyist from across the mountains.

"The wust of it is," resumed the Colonel, "that it's gospel truth."

The lobbyist looked faint, and a low moan went up from a weak-eyed little man, who cast a despairing look upon the bar-keeper.

"Yes, sir—gospel truth."

Then he mused a moment, and came slowly to his feet.

"Mr. Speaker—ah, gentlemen, I should hev said. We public men, yer know—habit, an' all thet sort o' thing," said the Colonel, waving his hand as if to dispel the momentary embarrassment caused by the mental lapse, after which he proceeded:

"Well, I tuck the Horn fer it, an' when I struck Frisco I didn't lose much time in settin' my compass fer the mountings fer to dig gold. Went alone. Been about a week out when night overtook me in the mountings. I was lost—lost bad. Ever been lost in the mountings? No? Well, you feel lost all over—clar through an' through. I was a ridin' a good *bronco*, an' the moon was a shinin'. Purty soon I see a dog. He was kind o' yaller like, an' I see he looked lean and starved.

"'Well,' sez I to myself, feelin' mighty good over it, ez I wanted to reach a camp and tackle some grub, bein' ez how I hadn't teched a mouthful since mornin'—'well,' says I, 'I'll foller this dog, an' he'll take me home with him.'

"I called to him, an' whistled, but he kind o' slunk back, an' looked at me queer. I started towards him. He just scampered off a little ways, an' when I stopped he stopped. But I kep' up the lick. I follered him. He would run a little ways ahead, an' then stop an' look at me. I kep' on. I hed made up my min' to foller thet dog, an' I did foller him. Stuck to him all night. About daybreak he kicked up his heels an' give me the dirty shake. Left me to starve in the mountings. Well, I lost all faith in dogs. I struck a camp about noon, all knocked up. When I got straightened out I tol' the boys the racket the dog hed played on me. One of 'em looked kind o' knowin', an' axed me to describe the animule, which I done. Which the boys then laughed an' yelled in a way I didn't like.

"'Why, you dern fool,' said one old chap, 'that warn't no dog.'

"'What was it?' sez I.

"He tol' me."

"Well, what was it?" asked the little man with weak eyes, intensely interested.

"Coyote."

A painful silence followed this sad disclosure. It was finally broken by the weak-eyed little man, who said:

"Reminds me of what happened right here in this town about ten years ago. I was in the fishing business then. I had several lines across the river. One day I baited a line with fresh meat. That line carried about forty hooks—big ones. I had just got it baited, and left it a laying on the ground till I got the boat. As soon as my back was turned a mangy cur gobbled one of them baited hooks. The hook took a liking to him and wouldn't leave him. When the dog see he was caught he raised a healthy old howl, and of course that fetched every dog in that neighborhood. The

hooked dog started on a dead run, a dragging the line after him. Then another dog, seeing all that fine meat a going to destruction, surrounded one piece with his individual carcass. The hook froze on to him. Then the other dogs snailed on to the bait until there was forty dogs on that line. Then the circus commenced. Every dog had his own private inclinations as to the place he wanted to visit next. Such a tearing and fighting has never been approached in modern times. They fell on to each other, and bit and tore. At last they took up the street at a furious rate, knocking people down, tripping on the line, rolling themselves over and over, and being dragged by the other dogs. Pretty soon the citizens were aroused by the infernal clatter; the Legislature took a recess, thinking the levee had busted. The whole town turned out with clubs, pistols, and shotguns, and finally killed the dogs—not to mention two or three policemen, and three or four assemblymen."

The silence on this occasion was so depressing that the Colonel, with badly shattered nerves, looked meekly around upon the assemblage, and faintly asked:

"What'll yer take, gentlemen?"

A RURAL RHYMER DARES FATE.

O Spring!
I sing.
And perhaps some o' you editorial fellows don't like this sort of thing;
But I do, and I'm going on with the racket, if it kills me, by jing.
You talk about kicking Spring poets down stairs,
And, where police are plenty, you put on airs;
But I dare you to come out along the flowery mead,
Where no stars of interruption can illuminate the deed,
Where you can have a chance, if your valor's true, to show it
By a rough-and-tumble tussel with a simple rural poet.
I shame myself, however,
That I offer you the chance,
I am forty times too clever
To a duelist of France—
Of those popping desperadoes
Who go to fight with toys,
And return, unhurt bravadoes,
Like a tournament of boys.

O Spring, sweet season of the frog,
The toad, and eke the pollywog!
Season of grass and garden sauce,
How should we suffer in thy loss—
Thy eternal loss! Ah, we would die.
The scurvy would assail us one by one.
We couldn't escape it—ah, no need to try—
We would be everlastingly undone.
Come, then, sweet Spring,
Kick Winter from your lap,
And hear me sing,
And watch me swing
My storm-worn, tattered cap
Among the early blowing of the blooms;
For never maid was fairer
In a season brighter, rarer,
Than thou art, pretty maiden,
With thy bosom blossom laden
In odor of the orchard when it booms.

There, now, dern your miserable skin,
If you don't like that, come out, put up—
I mean your hands. Don't fall back on chin.
Come out with a gun—a Gatling or a Krupp;
But come out far enough so you can't halloo,
"Police! Police!"
To come and arrest a fellow
And "keep the peace." G.

A STRANGE INDICTMENT.

It is not unfrequently the case that lawyers are better informed in law and in the Latin and Greek languages than in plain old-fashioned English. Having become acquainted with legal terms, they use them indiscriminately, frequently in profound ignorance of the subtile meaning of such terms. Sometimes they make glaring blunders in the use of simple and familiar expressions. One law firm has printed blanks for deeds, commencing thus:

"THIS INDENTURE, made the . . . . day of . . . , in the year A. D. one thousand," etc.

It can only be inferred that they are ignorant of the meaning of the abbreviatons, "A. D."

The district attorney of an interior county has filed an information of murder, from which the foilowing remarkable extract is taken:

". . . . That the said A. B. did willfully, maliciously, and with malice aforethought, assault the person of the said X. Y. with a deadly weapon, to wit, a knife, and then and there did willfully, maliciously, and with malice aforethought, cut and stab said X. Y., and then and there did inflict upon X. Y. one mortal wound, of which wound the said X. Y. did die contrary to the force and effect of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the People of the State of California."

It would seem that it is an abnormally sensitive people which takes affront at a man for dying.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS AND STORIES.

Under the above head *The Harvard Register* for February has the following:

'Tis thirty years since, and more, too. The story ran through the newspapers at the time—but perhaps it may be new to your readers, and so I will venture to give it, as I was "there."

Samuel M. Felton (1834) was the leader of the party, which comprised, among others, C. C. Felton (1827), John B. Felton (1847), Thomas Hill (1843), Arnold Guyot, Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Peirce (1829), and Alexander Agassiz (1855), then a boy not knowing a word of English, and armed with a muslin bag on the end of a pole, to catch butterflies—with which, boy as he was, he was quite well acquainted.

While we waited at South Acton for an express train, Agassiz saw a butterfly, and, having no net himself, called, "Alexe, vite! beau papillon!" and the game was soon bagged. A moment afterward S. M. Felton kicked over a large chip, and saw a huge beetle under it. Thinking it might be valuable, he called to the boy, "Alexe, beau papillon!" When he came up, his merry laugh at finding a beetle called a fine butterfly was infectious, and none laughed more heartily than the one who had audaciously ventured on the misnomer. From that moment, "un beau papillon" was the watchward of the party, and every living thing which we thought Agassiz could possibly like to take to his "toad factory on the Charles," as his incipient museum was called, was named, in as good French as we could master, a fine butterfly.

We came to Bethlehem, N. H., and in going up a long hill, approaching from Littleton, we all got out

and walked except C. C. Felton, who remained with the driver, on the box. As we walked up the hill, running here and there, sweeping with the muslin net, turning over logs and stones, pouncing on frogs, etc., the driver said to Professor Felton:

"Who are these men you have with you?"

"Oh," replied he, "they are a set of naturalists from an institution near Boston."

In the stage was a man not of our party. He walked solemnly up the hill in front of us. He had preserved from his entrance into the stage, a dozen miles back, a profound silence and a very austere countenance, mingled with melancholy. Suddenly he was observed to take off his hat, make various frantic swoops therewith, and finally, as the butterfly rose over a clump of tall alders, he sprang high in the air after it, making a last desperate swoop with his hat, and screaming, for the first time, the watchward, "Beau papillon!" at the top of his lungs and top of his compass. At that moment the down stage met ours, and as they passed they both stopped an instant. The other driver gazed down the hill in astonishment, and said:

"What sort of a lively freight have you there?"

Our driver, leaning over, answered in a loud, confidential whisper:

"They are a set of naturals from the asylum near Boston. Their keeper just told me so."

The next day Peirce and Agassiz were together on the shores of Echo Lake. The latter had borrowed his boy's net, and was interested to catch a particular species of dragon-fly. The two friends had separated a few paces, when Peirce saw one of the coveted dragon-flies, and, in his eagerness to have it secured, called it by the name which he had heard it called in his boyhood:

"Here, Agassiz, quick! Here's one of those devil's-needles."

At that moment he became aware that the melancholy man of the day before was close behind him. The austere man, as if to rebuke Peirce for using a word bordering, in his mind, on profanity, asked in the most solemn and deliberate manner:

"Sir, can you tell me the proper botanical designation of that insect?"

And, for the rest of the time that our party was together, we could not say "proper name" or "real name." The fascinating absurdity of "botanical designation" was applied to every kind of subject and object.

MORE ABOUT CRITICISM.

Nature is self-accommodating to surroundings. In localities where severe storms and winds abound, the trees are gnarled, knotty, and strong. If by chance, a tree of tall and slender growth finds its way into such a locality, it is destroyed before it arrives at maturity. It is unnecessary to elaborate on this proposition. Evidence establishes it. It is an accepted fact. Among men there is the operation of the principle: no man can successfully prosecute an undertaking for which he is not in some manner qualified.

A writer who has not in his nature that self-consciousness of power that places him above and beyond the discouraging effect upon him of adverse criticism, was not intended for a writer, for the simple reason that he lacks independence and self-reliance. If a young writer drops his pen on account of adverse criticism, he has done the wisest thing in his power. Conviction is bravery—the bravery of right. No battle was ever fought without opposition. It is nerve and power that win the victory. Frequently it is a persistent renewal of the attack after repeated defeats. Writers are, in a certain sense, leaders. A leader, without the requisite qualities of a commander, deserves to be thrust aside for one of better nerve. The theory of demand and supply is the theory of nature. The theory of supply and demand is subordinate, changeful, and political. It is the latter theory under which the young writer proceeds, for his work is political. When his popularity becomes established, the former theory operates. He sustains the latter; whereas the former sustains him. To bear a thing requires more nerve than to be borne by a thing.

Furthermore, that writer who prefers the silence of critics to their condemnation places himself in a humiliating attitude. It is a self-consciousness of lack of power. It is the number of sales a writer's authorship effects that establishes his popularity. F.

THE CONTENTED FARMER.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre, cheerily singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the King. "I am not so rich; I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the King.

"Eight groschen," said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the King. "Can you get along with this?"

"Get along and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled, and said: "Well, if I must tell you. Two groschen for myself and wife; and with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery I cannot solve," replied the King.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help, I help them. This is my debt, toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may learn something good, and receive a Christian instruction. This will come handy when I and I my wife get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep. This I give for the Lord's sake."

The King, well pleased with his answer, said:

"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the King.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming:

"The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

There is no subject more deserving of judicious consideration, and which challenges, in a higher degree, fair and impartial treatment, than one growing out of those rules and regulations which govern nations in their intercourse with each other, or out of those principles which guide a single nation or people in its own development.

We are never more susceptible to the influence of prejudice or bias than when considering a great question in which our own country is interested, and of which, as with the one before us, she has been the originator and most conspicuous advocate.

When we recall, for instance, the Declaration of Independence, or any other monument of liberty and progress, we instinctively feel a thrill of exultation which, unless guarded against, unconsciously incapacitates us, to some extent, for that serene temper necessary to the just appreciation of the subject.

Sir James Mackintosh rose to the highest reach of this desirable mental condition, and indicated in glowing words the broad and elevated ground upon which inquirers after truth in such matters should place themselves. In closing his introduction to a course of lectures delivered at Lincoln's Inn Hall, on the law of nature and of nations, he said:

"I know not whether a philosopher ought to confess that, in his inquiries after truth, he is biased by any consideration, even the love of virtue; but I, who conceive that a real philosopher ought to regard truth itself chiefly on account of its subserviency to the happiness of mankind, am not ashamed to confess that I shall feel a great consolation, at the conclusion of these lectures, if, by a wide survey and exact examination of the conditions and relations of human nature, I shall have confirmed but one individual in the conviction that justice is the permanent interest of all men and of all commonwealths. To discover one new link of that eternal chain by which the Author of the Universe has bound together the happiness and the duty of his creatures, and indissolubly fastened their interests to each other, would fill my heart with more pleasure than all the fame with which the most ingenious paradox ever crowned the most ingenious sophist."

Aside from the bias referred to, the importance of this subject is also worthy of preliminary remark. Our position among the nations of the earth is no longer, if it ever was, an isolated one. Our rapidly increasing population and the prodigious development of our resources render us, as a nation, more and more conspicuous. Twenty years ago we had thirty millions of inhabitants; now we number fifty millions. Twenty years hence the present population may be doubled. Probably before that time not only the Monroe Doctrine, but other tenets peculiar to our system, will have been not merely announced, but asserted with vigor and effect. Principles and doctrines essential to us, which, in the soil of theory, have attained luxuriant growth, may in the near future be put to the severest practical test.

In the councils of the world we are destined to have a voice, while we are bound by every

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sentiment of national honor and pride to teach and encourage by our example the rising republics of the western continent.

We cannot, without humiliating retrogression, shirk the duty of maintaining, with that dignity and resolution becoming a great commonwealth, our position as the first of the republics of the New World, and one of the first among the nations of the earth.

In order to appreciate still further this subject and its growing importance, an allusion to the intellectual and moral conditions of America, in certain respects, may not be unprofitable. These have always been propitious for the growth and development of ideas. Even the discovery of America was the result of an idea rationally conceived and tenaciously adhered to in spite of contradiction and ridicule. Here also ideas, uprooted as noxious in the Old World, have been freely planted and cultivated. Nearly every colony, from Massachusetts Bay to Georgia, brought its peculiar idea of civil or religious liberty, or both, which it came here to develop and enjoy. The names of Oglethorpe, Lord Baltimore, William Penn, and others, are significant of those ideas. But the greatest of these was that of liberty and equality expressed on that memorable occasion, when, for the first time, the object of the "civil body politic" was announced as "to enact, constitute, and frame such *just* and *equal laws*, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony." This was the first written constitution of government in human history, and the corner-stone of the American Republic.

These ideas, thus planted, have at last found their highest expression in the Declaration of Independence, the Monroe Doctrine, and the Thirteenth Amendment.

There is a material distinction between the civilizations of Europe and America which it is important in this connection also to consider. In some respects they are alike, in others radically different. Both have access to the same fountains of knowledge. They profess the same religion, and study the same philosophies. We find in our system no objection to adopting and assimilating whatever excellence in literature, whatever advancement in science, whatever refinement or polish, European society may produce. But we have no sympathy, and never can have, with the harsh principles of government, or rather of mastery over the governed, which sustain the monarchies of Europe, which infringe the rights and check the progress of mankind. All those doctrines were left in the Old World by the settlers of the New, and every attempt by the mother countries to introduce them here has met with resistance and final defeat. Any idea of liberty planted in Europe is at once repressed by the weight of those doctrines of government which are established to strengthen certain dynasties and tighten the fetters of mankind. In the New World the influences are the reverse. Hence, America, by her example and her hospitality to the oppressed of other nations, has done more to relieve and succor the world in one century than Europe has done in a millennium. While it is not just to say that Europe makes no progress toward popular government, it must be conceded that European advancement in that respect is almost fatally impeded. It resembles the imperceptible movement of the glacier, while that of America is like the rapid river. America, therefore, is the true field to which the world must resort for the cultivation of those ideas of government which give the governed their choice as to who shall wield the governing power and assure them the greatest security consistent with the least restraint. The duty, therefore, of preserving those influences uncontaminated is peculiarly cast upon America.

With these preliminary observations we approach the subject under consideration. It naturally divides itself into three parts:

First. *The origin and history of the Monroe Doctrine.*

Secondly. *The principles it involves.*

Thirdly. *Is it applicable to the Isthmian Canal?*

FIRST.—*The origin and history.*

The Monroe Doctrine was first formally enunciated in 1823, when Spain sought, through the Holy Alliance, to resubjugate her rebellious American colonies. Previous to that time, in the year 1815, a league had been formed at Laybach by the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, called the "Holy Alliance"—a name given it by Alexander of Russia. Its ostensible object was to regulate the relations of the States of Christendom by the principles of Christian charity, but its covert and real purpose was to preserve the power and influence of existing dynasties. Most of the other European powers acceded to it, and the treaty was formally published in the *Frankfurt Journal*, February 2, 1816.

The doctrines avowed in this treaty were that the high contracting parties had the right to interfere in the concerns of another State, and reform its government in order to prevent the effect of its bad example. By this bad example was meant the example of free govern-

ment, or, as expressed by Mr. Lincoln at Gettysburg, "*government by the people, of the people, and for the people.*"

In the fall of 1822, the allied powers held a Congress at Verona on the principles previously laid down at Laybach. The great consideration was the condition of Spain, that country being then under the government of the Cortes. The question was whether Ferdinand should be reinstated in all his authority by the intervention of armed force. Russia, Prussia, France, and Austria were inclined to that measure, but England dissented and protested.

That course was, however, finally agreed upon, and it was further determined "to undertake an effective crusade for the suppression, throughout Europe and her dependencies in America, of what those styling themselves the friends of order regarded as a recrudesence of the destructive revolutionary ideas of 1789." Austria agreed to prosecute the work in Italy, and France the work in Spain.

The armies of Austria were therefore marched into Italy to put down the liberal movement in Piedmont and Naples. In the spring of 1823, a French army was sent into Spain. It was hailed with rejoicing by the priests and lower classes, and its success was complete. The popular government was overthrown, and Ferdinand rëestablished in all his power.

These invasions were undertaken and executed precisely on the doctrines which the allied monarchs had before proclaimed at Laybach.

As those doctrines were not limited to the continent of Europe, Ferdinand, as soon as he was completely reinstated, invited the coöperation of his allies in regard to South America. In the month of December, 1823, a formal invitation was addressed by Spain to the courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, to attend a conference at Paris, to aid in reconciling to the mother country the revolted colonies in Spanish America, after the manner so successful in Spain.

The King of Spain, in his correspondence with the members of the Holy Alliance, argued as might have been expected. He cited the doctrines of Laybach. He pointed out the pernicious example of the United States, and reminded them that their success in Spain had paved the way for similar successes on this side of the Atlantic.

Great efforts were made to seduce England into this project, and offers were even conveyed to the Court of St. James of an eventual coöperation of the Continental powers with Great Britain to first curb, and then crush, the rising power of those revolted British colonies in the west, which, as the United States of America, had already extended their dominion far beyond the limits recognized by the treaties of 1783, and which were making serious inroads throughout the world upon the mercantile predominance of Great Britain.

The policy of England in this matter was dictated by a two-fold motive. George Canning was then the English Foreign Secretary, and virtually the head of the Government. While he shared the alarm of the extreme tories, caused by the agitation of Parliamentary reform, and regarded the democratic institutions of America with extreme aversion, he could not close his eyes to the fact that in the liberated countries of Spanish America England had found a market from which she had long been shut by the jealousy of Spain.

The commercial importance to England of the independence of Spanish America was alone sufficient to throw the whole British influence against the reëstablishment in the Western Hemisphere of that exclusive policy under which, for three centuries, Spain had closed the ports of either ocean against the traffic of the world, from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn.

England was also at this time virtually eliminated as a constitutional monarchy of Europe, and had less than her former influence among European nations. Mr. Canning was therefore desirous not only of retaining England's commercial advantages which flowed from opening the ports of the South American States, but also of regaining her former position in the councils of Europe. He believed he saw the opportunity for compassing those objects in the growing importance of American affairs; that, by skillful diplomacy, he could decoy the United States into an alliance with England, and, thus aided, dictate regarding the future of the Western World.

England therefore declined the invitation to attend the congress at Paris, and again dissented from the project of the Continental powers. Not only this, but she took a decided course against them. Early in October, Mr. Canning advised the French Minister in London that England would regard any foreign intervention, by force or by menace, in the disputes between Spain and the colonies, as a motive for recognizing the latter without delay. He also at this juncture, to accomplish his end with America, imparted to the American Minister information of so much of what was going on between his Government and those of St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna as he thought would awaken the fears of the Ameri-

can people, and urged him to promote some such demonstration as would give the Continental powers reason to expect active opposition from the United States in the execution of their designs upon Mexico, New Granada, and the other Spanish-American States.

Mr. Canning put the question to the American Minister with consummate adroitness, and in such words as he thought would touch and rouse the American pride. He said, "Are the great political and commercial interests which hang upon the destinies of the New World to be canvassed and adjusted in Europe without the coöperation or even the knowledge of the United States?" Of course, he expected that the American Government, piqued by such an interrogatory, and emboldened by the proffered friendship of England, would reply with some announcement regarding the great political and commercial interests that hung upon the destinies of the New World which would commit her to an alliance with England. It was in anticipation of this expected response from the American Government that Mr. Canning made his remarkable boast in the House of Commons that he had called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. He fondly believed that the United States would become a subservient ally to England in asserting European supremacy in the affairs of the New World.

In order to ascertain the real principle which actuated the United States in this affair, it must also be borne in mind that Mexico regarded her with unfriendliness, on account of the acquisition of Florida and Louisiana, and the feeling and attitude of Mexico were not such as to engender cordial regard for her by the United States. There had been nothing in the immediate past, nor was there anything in the apparent immediate future, of the Spanish-American States to prepossess the United States in favor of a policy intended to develop the power of those countries. But it concerned her vastly that the commerce of those States should not again be monopolized by Spain, for American goods and the American flag were then more widely known, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts of Spanish-America, than they are to-day. It concerned the United States still more deeply to prevent the transfer to the New World of the mighty struggle between the arbitrary and the popular systems of government by which Europe had so long been convulsed; and, indeed, it concerned her most vitally that the growth of republican principles in America should not be menaced, that their extension over the American continent should not be checked.

Such was the posture of affairs thrust at this time upon the consideration of American statesmen, and which evoked that celebrated pronunciamento known as the Monroe Doctrine. It was not only an interesting event in England, but a momentous one in American history. The questions were whether republican or monarchical doctrines should triumph in America, whether courage or pusillanimity should prevail. It was a crisis which demanded patriotism, an undaunted courage, and a deep insight into the workings of those principles which promote or retard the progress of the world.

It is a curious and most interesting circumstance in the history of our Government that in every time of danger the instrument of rescue has appeared. When a constitution was needed, a Hamilton was present to devise one, and recommend it with unanswerable argument. When it required expounding, a Marshall stood ready for the task. When it was attacked by false interpretation, a Webster sprung forth and defended it, with the combined weapons of logic and passion. So in this particular exigency the interests of America were in the hands of a man adequate to the occasion.

The President, Mr. Monroe, was an extreme partisan, and, therefore, a man of contracted views. He possessed that quality of mind which perceives minute things with clearness and adheres to narrow convictions with tenacity, but fails to appreciate the broader principles that mark a free and progressive nation. He did not rise to the altitude of the statesman.

But, happily for the destiny of this republic and the best interests of mankind, the Secretary of State, Mr. John Quincy Adams, saw in the issue of these events not only the impairment of American commerce—from a war to protect which the nation had but recently emerged, the reëstablishment of Spanish domination in the Spanish-American States, the intermeddling of European powers in the concerns of America, but a serious, if not a fatal, menace to republican institutions in the New World. Nor was he ambitious of making his country a subaltern to England, but he aimed to strengthen her independence and exalt her to a higher position among the nations of the earth. He also fully appreciated the incompatibility of European influence in the New World with the growth and development of those ideas of government of which his own country was the leading illustration. It was with obvious reference to England's lust of conquest and interposition in the affairs of the New World that he induced the President, in his message of December 2, 1823, touching the Anglo-Russian questions of

our north-western boundary, to pronounce that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they had assumed and maintained, were henceforth not to be considered as future subjects for colonization by any European power.

The President then, in the same message, of course under the inspiration of Mr. Adams, states, in cool and measured terms, the differences between the political system of the allied powers in Europe, and that of the United States, and sets forth the attitude of the United States in clear and unmistakable language.

He says: "We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments which have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great considerations and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition, for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

This wise and patriotic announcement was quite at variance with what Mr. Canning had so confidently hoped for. No exception being made in the declaration of any European power, he was given distinctly to understand, not only that the United States would not permit "the political and commercial interests which hung upon the destinies of the New World to be canvassed and adjusted in Europe without the coöperation or even the knowledge of the United States," but that any attempt at "canvassing and adjusting" those interests at any European capital, not excepting London, would be regarded as proof of unfriendly feeling toward the United States.

The doctrine, thus announced, was worthy of a great statesman and a great nation. It met with spontaneous and hearty approval from all Americans. There was one univeral feeling of pride and satisfaction over the high ground taken by the Government, which at once raised it from a subordinate position to one of rank, independence, and authority, and promised to make the United States the arbiter of the destinies of the western world. There was one glow of exultation that much had been done for civil liberty, and in the hope and belief that the principles of free government had become firmly intrenched in America, and would eventually, like the grain of mustard seed, overspread the continent. But this feeling was not confined to the United States. England felt that the young nation of the West was worthy of its ancestry. The declaration was received in the House of Commons, not merely with commendation, but rejoicing. Mr. Canning, though disappointed and chagrined by the frustration of his plans, acted with wisdom and magnanimity. He expressed his entire concurrence in the sentiments and opinions of the American President; and his distinguished competitor in that body, less restrained by official decorum, and more at liberty to give utterance to the feelings of the occasion, declared that no event had ever created greater joy, enthusiasm, and gratitude among all the freemen of Europe; that he felt pride in being connected by blood and language with the people of the United States; that the policy, disclosed by the message, became a great, a free, and an independent nation; and that he hoped his own country would be prevented by no mean pride, or paltry jealousy, from following so noble and glorious an example.

Three years afterward, Mr. Webster, in his speech, in the House of Representatives, on the Panama Mission, adverting to this declaration, said:

> "Sir, I look upon the message of December, 1823, as forming a bright page in our history. I will neither help to erase it, nor tear it out. Nor shall it be, by any act of mine, blurred or blotted. It did honor to the sagacity of the government; and I will not diminish that honor, It elevated the hopes and gratified the patriotism of the people. Over those hopes I will not bring a mildew, nor will I put that gratified patriotism to shame."

The result of this announcement of the Monroe Doctrine was most propitious for the prosperity of the United States, and for the cause of popular government. It gave American commerce an impulse which it never before felt, and made it secure in every sea. The Holy Alliance did not undertake to reconcile the Spanish-American States to the mother country. The United States did not become the *protégé* of England, but sprung to the importance of a leading nation. No European power has since sought to impair the American system, except once, when an unprincipled sovereign, under the pretext of a debt, taking advantage of the occasion, imposed upon Mexico, by armed force, a foreign prince at a time when the United States was groaning under the burden and anguish of civil war, and when all she

could do in vindication of the principle was to utter an indignant protest. No effort has since been made, by any European power, to check the growth of republican institutions on this continent, or to extend to the Western Hemisphere that system which is generally known in the Old World as the International Law of Europe.

The United States has for nearly sixty years maintained the position she then assumed, with but one deviation—the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. This was a direct and inexcusable departure from the Monroe Doctrine. It occupies one of the most humiliating pages in our history, one which we cannot read without a blush. It was denounced by President Buchanan as "fraught with misunderstanding and mischief from the beginning," and has often been stigmatized as the relinquishment of a principle. With this exception, the policy of the United States on this question has been firm, consistent, and dignified.

SECONDLY.—From this sketch of the rise and progress of the Monroe Doctrine we readily perceive the principles it involves. It will not be necessary to analyze it exhaustively, but it will suffice to explore it to such an extent as will aid in treating the third division of the subject—*viz.*, its effect upon the Isthmian Canal.

It is manifest, from the language in which the doctrine was promulgated, as well as from the attitude assumed and since maintained by the United States, from the recession of the Holy Alliance from its proposition regarding America, and the abandonment by Europe of all attempt to regulate the destinies of any American State, with the exception already noted, that the Monroe Doctrine was a denial of, and a protest against, the doctrines of Laybach—namely, that it, the Holy Alliance, had a right to interfere in the concerns of another State, although apprehending no disturbance or danger from that State, and reform its government, in order to prevent the effect of its bad example. Or, to state the difference more clearly: The doctrine of Laybach favored monarchical government throughout both hemispheres, to be maintained by the sword, if necessary, and the supremacy of the Old World in the affairs of the New. The Monroe Doctrine contended that monarchical government should be confined to the Old World, and that the New World should be, in every respect, free to develop its own forms of government, and exempt from the domination and disturbances of the Old.

But further: The declaration says, among other things, "we should consider any attempt on the part of European nations to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as *dangerous to our peace and safety*." Thus it is clear that the Monroe Doctrine involves—

First—The principle of self-preservation—a principle common to all nations and individuals, founded in the deepest instincts of human nature. It is this alone which obtains in European councils. The principle upon which European powers interfere with the concerns of each other, and upon which a congress of deputies from all is convoked to settle the disputes of any two, is merely that of self-preservation. Their object, whatever the pretext, is not to ameliorate or encourage struggling humanity, but to prevent one nation from gaining some ascendancy over another, to soothe national jealousies, and preserve the equipoise of Europe.

The instances are rare, if they exist at all, where European diplomatists, in adjusting European complications, have been actuated by any sentiment above that of selfishness.

But the Monroe Doctrine contains all this and more. It implies higher and nobler aspirations. It not only has in view the integrity of the nation, its security against foreign encroachment, and its commercial prosperity, but it avows, and insists upon, something for mankind; namely, the supremacy on this continent of popular government; that America shall remain a sanctuary for the development of that institution.

But, inspecting the subject still further, we perceive that it involves one of the most useful and cherished principles of American government—the principle of self-government in local affairs enlarged to those of the New World. Instead of applying it minutely, as, for instance, to a township or city organization, it is extended to the entire system of a continent. As the obscurest township in Massachusetts insists that, since she understands her individual needs and wishes better than the city of Boston, the latter shall have no voice in her local administration; and as, to rise higher, the commonwealth of Massachusetts says to the other States, that, since she comprehends her wants and aspirations better than her neighboring States or the Federal Government, she will choose her own officers and make and execute her own laws—so, on the same principle, the United States proclaims to the world that, as the American Continent comprehends its necessities and requirements, its own disputes and complications, more clearly than the rest of the world, it will supply those necessities, comply with those requirements, settle those disputes, and adjust those complications after

its own methods and under the direction of its own principles.

This idea, as already remarked, is exclusively American. There is none which Americans understand better, whose beneficence in the business of government they prize more highly, or to which they adhere more tenaciously. They will relinquish it only with the severance of the last ties which bind them together as a nation. It is this which makes the American States, to use the beautiful simile of the poet Montgomery,

"Distinct, as the billows; yet one, as the sea."

And, as is frequently the case, that which is cherished here as an essential, in Europe is condemned as a heresy.

The European policy concentrates all the authority in a few hands; the American distributes it among those upon whom it is to be exercised. The former is the product of a dark and feudal age, the latter of an enlightened and free people.

When the United States, therefore, referring to the "governments which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence she has, on great considerations and on just principles, acknowledged," announces to the world that she would not view any interposition by any European power for the purpose of oppressing them, *or controlling in any other manner* their destiny, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward her, she merely affirms, in the highest sense, and with a firmness becoming a great nation, the same principles which permeate the entire American system, from the Federal Government to the New England township.

The Monroe Doctrine, then, besides being a protest against the doctrines of Laybach, involves three distinct principles:

(1.) That of self-preservation, common to all nations.

(2.) The reservation of the American continent for republican government.

(3.) That the American system shall be regulated exclusively by American governments.

It is not assumed that this is a thorough analysis of the Monroe Doctrine, but it may serve to indicate the duty incumbent upon the United States at the present juncture.

THIRDLY.—Is the Monroe Doctrine applicable to a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama?

That such a canal will be constructed, and in the near future, there can be no doubt. Commerce requires it. The progress of the age demands it. Statesmen are giving it their greatest consideration. Even the poet, if we give credence to a fugitive publication, predicted it in language as fervid as his song. Fifty-four years ago the poet Goethe, at Weimar, was thus reported in the diary of his young *protégé*, Eckerman:

February 21, 1827.—Dined with Goethe. He spoke much and with admiration of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Colombia he had begun to read, and whose views as to the project of making a passage through the Isthmus of Panama appeared to have a particular interest for him.

"Humboldt," said Goethe, "has, with a great knowledge of his subject, given other points where, by making use of some streams which flow into the Gulf of Mexico, the end may be, perhaps, better attained than at Panama. All this is reserved for the future and for an enterprising spirit. So much, however, is certain, that if they succeed in cutting such a canal that ships of any burden and size can be navigated through it from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, innumerable benefits would result to the whole human race, civilized and uncivilized.

"But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such a work into their hands. It may be foreseen that this young nation, with its decided predilection to the West, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where Nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant ships and men-of-war, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable, and expensive voyage round Cape Horn. I therefore repeat that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, and I am certain that they will do it.

"Would that I might live to see it!—but I shall not. I should like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And thirdly, and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works! It would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose."

Assuming, therefore, that such a canal will be built, any discussion as to its feasibility, and all speculation as to the choice of routes, are, so far as the object of this essay is concerned, "from the purpose." The question is, What position should the United States at this juncture assume?

It has been recently said, by a contributor to the *Southern Law Review*, to show the inap-

plicability of the Monroe Doctrine to an interoceanic canal, that the circumstances which evoked the Monroe Doctrine are totally unlike those of the present time—that those were warlike, and these are peaceful. Granted; but is it therefrom deducible that the principle is wrong or not suited to the present conditions.

A principle or rule of policy of government may be applicable in peace as well as in war. By applying it in time of peace war may be averted.

It is contended also that an interoceanic canal will be a commercial enterprise, and can have no political significance.

It will undoubtedly be vastly in the interest of commerce, but the conclusion sought to be drawn is not sound. On the contrary, it will be of immense political importance. That the greatest political questions frequently arise from commercial interests is too well known to admit discussion. That such issues, thus arising, are often submitted to the arbitrament of war, is equally certain.

But it is demonstrable, from a slight examination of the nature of this project, that it comes within the principles of the Monroe Doctrine.

The magnitude of the enterprise, the vast capital employed, and its immense revenues, will render it one of the most important commercial institutions in the world. Its facilities for commerce will be enjoyed by all maritime nations. It is, therefore, destined to be a most important factor in the system of the New World. Hence, even under the most favorable circumstances, it will lead to complications.

The entire ownership of the canal by American citizens will tend to lessen those complications, while its ownership, or any interest in it, by Europeans, will deepen those complications. Such ownership will give European powers not merely a pretext, but the right, to "canvass and adjust the great political and commercial interests which hang upon the destinies of the New World." The management of so great an agent of commerce must, either directly or indirectly, affect the destiny of every nation on the American continent. Suppose the United States had any considerable interest in the Suez Canal, would she not demand to be heard in the settlement of the "Eastern question" and of other questions which will grow out of it?

It is, therefore, obvious that anything less than entire ownership of the canal by citizens of the United States, or at least exclusive control of it by the Government of the United States, under treaties with those countries whose citizens may desire to participate in the enterprise, will eventuate in an "interposition in the affairs of those governments which have declared their independence and maintained it," if not "for the purpose of oppressing them," at least for that of "*controlling their destiny*."

Such are the consequences which the Monroe Doctrine was intended to prevent. Even a partial ownership by Europeans in such a canal, unaccompanied by such absolute control, will be a direct violation of that doctrine.

But ownership to any considerable extent will further result in the maintenance of an armed force to protect it. We would then see the repulsive spectacle of an armed foreign force stationed on American soil. Not only this, but it would be a palpable violation of two essential principles of the Monroe Doctrine, which declares that republican principles shall dominate America, and says, in plain words, "that with respect to those governments whose independence we have recognized, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of . . . . controlling in any manner their destiny in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

The establishment of a foreign armament on the American continent so near us, or in American waters, would be a violation of the principle of self-preservation—one of the essential elements of the Monroe Doctrine. It would be a constant menace to our own peace and safety.

It is conclusive, therefore, that any proprietary interest in European citizens in a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, without the stipulated control of it by the United States, or any conjunction of circumstances which might impair that control, will result in the violation of our most essential and sacred principles.

Therefore, the question now propounded to the American people is whether they will relinquish those principles, ignore the past, reject its inspiration, and rescind their former policy. In the light of the firm attitude taken by Mr. Adams, at a time when a combination of the most powerful nations of Europe threatened the overthrow of popular government on this continent, and the courageous conduct of Mr. Seward in refusing to recognize the government of Maximilian, thereby incurring the risk of offending one of the most powerful nations on the earth at a time when our own country was struggling for its existence, we cannot now, in time of peace, with every energy and resource of the country unemployed, wielding an influence more potent than armies or navies, recede from the high ground taken by those statesmen in such perilous times without the most abject self-stultification.

There is but one course for the United States to pursue. Assuming the indispensability of the canal, she must construct it by the enterprise of her own citizens and with their money. She must then control and protect it with her own influence, and, if necessary, by her own guns. By so doing she will keep pace with the progress of the age, she will facilitate national intercourse, and supply the needs of commerce. At the same time, she will discharge a duty, peculiarly incumbent upon her, as the foremost republic of the globe, of seeing "*that government by the people, of the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.*"

JOHN C. HALL.

THE POETRY OF THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

It may be truthfully said that the positiveness of certain excellences in an author sometimes acts disadvantageously as regards a just and even estimate of his general literary value. Whatever special trait of originality or power preponderates over other less remarkable gifts not seldom dulls our critical sense to the existence of these same less prominent attributes. We admire a certain novelty of pattern, so to speak, and do not reflect that the groundwork on which this pattern is wrought would possibly win our deep admiration were it the characteristic of some other less brilliantly adorned texture. The passionate lyric fire of Shelley, for example, is widely conceded to be his most striking element of strength; the somber depth of Coleridge's imagination is usually considered its most admirable quality; while the soft ethereality of Wordsworth, the turgid, yet beautiful, disdain of Byron, the caustic wit of Pope, the virile morality of Dryden, are all ideas indissolubly linked with these names, stamping each with the world's particular verdict upon the genius of its possessor. The truth of such verdicts it would be idle, at this late hour, to gainsay. The sole point urged at present is that they may sometimes blind us to the recognition of other charms and graces, perhaps equally solid, in not so conspicuous a degree.

Outside of his own country, at least, it would seem as if Théophile Gautier had not been fairly judged—the exquisite art, which is everywhere so manifest in his poetry, having blinded criticism to a proper appreciation of his genuine spirituality, depth, fire, and tenderness. Not long ago a prominent American review published a very brilliantly written discussion of his works, in which, however, some of his more ardent admirers may have been somewhat shocked to find it stated that the whole spirit of his peculiar genius was to be found in the following line from one of his sonnets, descriptive of a porcelain flower-pot:

"Orné de dragons bleus et de bizarres fleurs."

Undoubtedly a passionate love of words, merely for their own sakes, and a tendency to use them as some colorist of most luxurious taste would use his warmer pigments, always gave a very distinctive impulse to Gautier's genius. In this respect he bore a decided resemblance to our English Keats, who looked at things in much the same way, and with no broader vision than Gautier at his best. Keats could find in as remote a poetic ancestor as Spenser excuse for his rich voluptuous tintings, even if it must be conceded by his truest lovers that he did not always use his resources with the best assimilative tact. Gautier, on the other hand, was a determined revolutionist in the field of letters. He had, in a certain sense, no ancestry, although from the first he possessed a few stanch supporters. He was a kind of colonel in a small body of literary rebels, over whom Victor Hugo held the undisputed position of general-in-chief. The French romantic movement, as it is called, in which a sort of intellectual barricade suddenly was thrown up against all established forms both of drama and poem, is too well known to deserve more than passing mention at the present time. It will be remembered that Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, Dumas, Balzac, and certain others of less originality, were the leaders of this singular revolt. Gautier was always an ardent follower and a devout admirer of Victor Hugo, whom he unquestionably believed the greatest poet of modern times. Among his prose writings he gives an account of his first visit to one whose genius he sincerely revered. The intense trepidation from which he suffered represents the young author in rather a creditably modest light when we consider the weight of his subsequent achievements. He was not only willing, but glad, to accept the gracious patronage of Hugo, his humility partaking somewhat of the same spirit which the young Charles Baudelaire afterward manifested toward Gautier himself, when dedicating to the now well

recognized author of *La Comédie de la Mort* his own extremely remarkable volume. It is related of Gautier that his early ambitions were all in the direction of becoming a great painter, and that, while a young man, he would pass hours among the famed galleries of Paris, thrilled with delight by certain pictures and statues. But, although the best theories of painting soon held no secrets from him, he at length discovered that fine executive skill was never to rank among his attainments. "Décidément, se dit Gautier (according to one of his biographers, Eugène de Mirecourt), la peinture est plus facile avec la plume qu'avec le pinceau." He accordingly took to writing verses, and in 1828 presented himself before the illustrious Sainte-Beuve, requesting permission to read that gentleman a poetic composition of his own, entitled *La Tête de Mort*. The somberness of the title pleased Sainte-Beuve rather ill. He doubtless expected a work of much crudity and slight power. Gautier had only read a few lines, however, when the famous critic admiringly stopped him. "It is not in studying the rhythms of Lamartine," exclaimed Sainte-Beuve, "that you have grown able to write verses like these. You must have been reading Clément Marot, Saint-Gelais, and Ronsard." "Yes," replied Gautier, "but I have also read and studied Baïf, Desportes, Passerat, Bertaut, Duperron, and Malherbe." In this answer of the youthful poet, Sainte-Beuve at once discovered the explanation of Gautier's extraordinary metrical freshness. When he had finished reading his poem he found the critic in mild ecstasies. "Voila de la poésie substantielle," declared Sainte-Beuve. "Je trouve un homme qui sculpte dans le granit et non dans la fumée. Demain je vous présente chez Victor Hugo."

On the following day the introduction in reality took place. Gautier himself describes this interview as a mixture of intense delight and painful embarrassment. He calls Hugo "le Jupiter romantique," and compares himself in the presence of one whom he so reverently respected to Henri Heine before Goethe. "Like Heine," he says, "I was embarrassed enough to ask whether plums were not good to quench one's thirst on the way from Jena to Weimar." Hugo received the young poet with marked kindness, and their subsequent friendship dated from that hour. Being possessed of immense personal strength, Gautier chose to exert it in his friend's behalf on that famous night when the struggle took place at the Théâtre Français between romanticists and classicists over the production of Hugo's *Hernani*. It has been stated on excellent authority that during this struggle Gautier fought for the romantic school with a muscular vehemence that must have told rather disastrously upon numerous adversaries.

From the earliest period of his poetical career Gautier was an eager student of the dictionary. It was his ambition to make almost a new language in which to write his poems. Old words, long ago fallen into disuse, he excavated from forgotten burial-places. He searched with keen diligence for all sorts of strange and most striking adjectives. Turns of phrase, too, that had long ago passed out of fashion, he rescued from their neglect. He was an archæologist, a stylish, a fearless, and determined innovator. Occasionally he created audacious neologisms, many of which are to this day, both in his prose and poetry, regarded with severity by a certain class of readers. It is said, indeed, that he possessed not less than fifty dictionaries, each of a special character, from those of the painter and sculptor to those of the carpenter and mason. These he is said constantly to have studied, and no doubt many of them were of great service to him in his assiduous construction of *feuilletons* for the press of Paris. But, although he was a voluminous writer in several different species of prose, it is the object of the present article to deal with his poetry alone.

In 1830, during the month of July, Gautier's first volume of poems appeared. De Mirecourt speaks of this event as a *mauvaise chance*, and adds, referring to the well known revolution of this date, that political occurrences exclusively occupied the public mind, and that the praises of Gautier's friends lost themselves amid the widely prevailing clamor of public excitement.

A year later, however, *Albertus* appeared. This poem, which now heads the large collected edition of Gautier's poems published as recently as 1870, is one of extraordinary power, possessing a rich quaintness that was in many respects a prophecy of finer similar work to come. It lacks the admirable art that was so conspicuous in its author a few years later, and its fantastic element sometimes becomes rather unpleasant extravagance; but no one can read *Albertus* without being impressed by its glowing picturesqueness and its delightful mediæval coloring. The first scene opens within the garret of a sorceress. Midnight sounds; it is the hour of weird conjurations, and the sorceress, an old, decrepit, and hideous creature, transforms herself, thanks to her magic power, into a marvelous young beauty. She also changes her black cat into an elegant cavalier. Her escort conducts her to a magnificent ball which is then taking place at the residence of the Landgrave of Gotha. The sorceress, whose name is Véronique, turns the heads of all the

German princes and potentates who flock about her. She intoxicates them with her beauty and charming grace.

"Une brise á propos faisait onder ses franges,
Les plumes palpitaient ainsi que des oiseaux
Qui vont prendre l'essor et qui battent des ailes;
Une invisible main soutenait ses dentelles
Et se jouait dans leurs réseaux."

Véronique disdains all the gallants who besiege her with devotions. She desires to gain the soul of Albertus, a young painter devoted to his art. Albertus at first regards her with indifference, but afterward falls under the power of her deadly charms. A passion of the warmest sort completely sways Albertus, whose good angel now deserts him.

But another bell at length sounds. It tells the hour at which the second transformation of Véronique is to take place. She once more becomes, in the presence of her lover, the frightful crone which we have already seen her. Véronique now conducts Albertus, who is incapable of freeing himself from her clutch, to the Witches' Sabbath. In the descriptions which here ensue the more weird and grotesque parts of Gautier's imagination are seen with almost amazing effectiveness.

In the midst of appalling, demoniac diversions, Albertus, himself a most unwilling participant, pronounces the name of God, a circumstance producing the effect of instantly banishing the whole frightful pageant. The strange, grim humor of the poem is shown forcibly in this same passage, descriptive of how the Devil sneezed and Albertus treated the fact with polite recognition:

"Le Diable éternua. Pour un nez fashionable
L'odeur de l'assemblée était insupportable.
Dieu vous bénisse, dit Albertus poliment.
A peine eut-il lâché le saint nom que fantômes,
Sorcières et sorciers, monstres follets et gnomes
Tout disparut en l'air comme un enchantement."

The poem really ends with the following words, although two stanzas of elegant drollery succeed them. Albertus now feels

". . . des griffes acérées,
Des dent qui se prolongeaient dans ses chairs lacérées,
Il cria; mais son cri ne fut point entendu. . . . .
Et des contadini le matin, près de Rome,
Sur la voie Appia trouvèrent un corps d'homme,
Les reins cassés, le col tordu."

Some readers might condemn *Albertus* for being mere polished trifling and wholly without *raison d'être*. Trifling it undoubtedly is, but of a character that makes us, for the time at least, in love with such delicious foolery. The poem is disfigured by several atrociously impure stanzas, and it must be added, in justice to Gautier, that this passage is the sole notable instance of real grossness throughout all his poetical writings; however recklessly he may have tilted against the proprieties in *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and other prose works, his poetry, with the single exception just mentioned, is uniformly free from mere lewdness. One might say of *Albertus* that it is a peculiarly Gothic poem; its humorous touches make us think of the heads grinning amid the dark sculpture of Notre Dame; the local coloring is one of intense German romanticism; the machinery is a kind of sardonic burlesque upon that of *Faust* and other mediævally tinged poems; and then, too, these brilliant comic flashes that relieve the somber imaginativeness of the work, are not, in their effect upon the reader, unlike bright-stained windows illuminating some interior of dusky cloister and solemn chancel.

It would not seem strange if we saw in the poems of Gautier a certain amount of lawless abandonment as a kind of natural reaction against the classic exactitude of older models. On the contrary, however, we find in him, besides his few pet mannerisms and neologisms, only the most careful art, the most patient and nice elaboration. Merely artistic, however, it is unfair to call him. He has been accused of looking only at the surface of things, and wholly neglecting their essence, but his exquisite poems on nature, which he calls *Paysages*, might alone refute such a charge as this. If he deals with all the variable beauties of landscape as a painter might deal with them, we must admit that these beauties are treated after the fashion of no ordinary painter, but one in whom technical skill blends with the rarest poetic insight. The prose of Gautier may often be hard and cold as a pre-Raphaelite picture of the most pitiless school; but his verses seldom possess such drawbacks to enjoyment.

It needs but a slight familiarity with English poetry to know that the majority of our own poets are at their maximum of tediousness when they make nature the sole subject of any work. This fault has not been avoided, either, by French singers; but in the case of Gautier, it might almost be said that he never touches any purely natural theme without throwing around it an atmosphere of the most delicate and irresistible fascination.

Sometimes his love of charming details may be said to carry him away, but even then he gives us an enrapturing list of items and shows himself a kind of inspired cataloguist. Wit-

ness, for example, the following lovely bit from another group of his poems called *Intérieurs:*

"Quand je vais poursuivant mes courses poétiques,
Je m'arrête surtout aux vieux châteaux gothiques;
J'aime leurs toits d'ardoise aux reflets bleus et gris,
Aux faîtes couronnés d'arbustes rabougris,
Leurs pignons anguleux, leurs tourelles aiguës,
Dans les réseaux de plomb leurs vitres exiguës,
Légendes des vieux temps où les preux et les saints
Se groupent sous l'ogive en fantasques dessins.
Paré de souvenirs d'amour et de féerie,
Le brillant moyen âge et la chevalerie."

What artist has ever made us acquainted with the stateliness, solemnity, and quaintness of old French architecture as do these few lines, full of such marvelously vivid touches?

Perhaps one of Gautier's most remarkable gifts can be found in his power to bring before us pictures that abound in local color. His passion for the East is constantly evident in his poetry, and his extraordinary familiarity with Oriental life and customs makes many of his poems glow like the costly *cachemires* and carpets of which he sings. The indolent splendors of the harem are his especial delight, but all phases of Eastern civilization seem to have had a supreme charm for him.

For the blending of Gautier's intellectuality and spirituality with his striking picturesqueness of style, we must look to such poems as *La Chanson de Mignon, Notre Dame, Magdalena,* and (probably the most praiseworthy of his sustained works) *La Comédie de la Mort.* These achievements may be said literally to abound in proof that their author, if not the greatest, is perhaps one of the truest poets which modern times have produced. The pathos of *La Chanson de Mignon* is sometimes intense, and its vein of exquisitely real sentiment cannot be denied. *Notre Dame* is a marvel of elegance and descriptive force. In these lines we have a piece of mere word-management (viewing it only from that stand-point) which is almost unsurpassed in all French literature, and which certainly eclipses those somewhat similar passages in Tennyson's *Palace of Art:*

"La nef épanouie, entre ses côtes minces
Semble un crabe géant faisant mouvoir ses pinces,
Un araignée énorme ainsi que des réseaux
Jetant au front des tours, au flanc noir des murailles,
En fils aériens, en délicates mailles,
Ses tulles de granit, ses dentelles d'arceaux."

Magdalena is a poem that throbs with feeling. English readers may not be wholly pleased, in many cases, with the suggestion of the closing lines, but it must be conceded that they are expressed with a wonderful delicacy and skill. Perhaps both the main idea and its treatment are too "peculiarly French," as the phrase goes, even to bear a downright English explanation; but undoubtedly, if any future poet be capable of translating Gautier into our own tongue, it will be well for him to exclude the superb audacities of *Magdalena.* They are radically untranslatable.

La Comédie de la Mort is Gautier's longest and most ambitious poem. It is divided into several portions, all of which discuss the gloomy and unanswerable problems of why the human race has been born and of what worth is the brief life enjoyed by mankind. Gautier's philosophy is that of bitter skepticism. The poem is evidently written by one who distrusts humanity, believes in nothing, and has become permeated with moral and mental weariness. This attitude has, especially among French writers, grown so extremely usual during the past few years that its assumption now partakes most drearily of commonplace, not to say vulgarity. The *Comédie de la Mort,* however, may be said to harp upon a worn-out theme with truly magnificent effect. If beauty was Gautier's only God, he certainly knew how to worship her grandly, and this last named poem, it is no exaggeration to state, absolutely teems with superb *tours des forces* of poetry. From first to last the mingled loveliness and ascerbity of the poem maintains one even current of strength; every page is crowded with quotable lines; every line is a model, one might almost say, of incomparable finish. Whether the poem will interest future ages it is hard to tell, but it has certainly the most brilliant reasons for delighting and astonishing this.

A volume of poems, entitled *Émaux et Camées,* was published by Gautier in 1866. These are his final poems, and, though possessed of strong beauties, cannot rank with the larger preceding volume. Their sole fault is that they are indeed enamels and cameos; they have the hardness and coldness of both. No one but Gautier (if we expect the all accomplished Victor Hugo) could have written them. They are triumphs of art, but their fault is probably that the art is often too conscious of its own faultless excellence. Gautier has reined in his Pegasus with such a controlling grip, his seat in the saddle is so undeniably sure, he has won from his steed such irreproachable obedience, that we are almost inclined to cavil at this very perfection of mastery. Still, this kind of judgment is doubtless self-confessed hypercriticism. Let us select a single specimen from the *Émaux et Camées,* one of its briefest songs, though perhaps by no means its best. I have made a translation of this song, which I now submit to the

reader's indulgence, with a due sense of its short-comings:

ANACREONTIC.

O poet! do not fright my love
By ardor's too impassioned flame,
Until it flies, a timid dove,
And leaves me bathed in rosy shame.

The bird that through the garden sings
Before the least vague sound will flit;
My passion that is dowered with wings
Will vanish if you follow it.

Mute as a marble Hermes cold,
Below the arbor linger here,
And from his bower you shall behold
The bird descending, freed from fear.

Soon shall your brows beside them feel,
While airy waftures charm the sense,
A fluttering of soft wings that reel
In white aerial turbulence.

And on your shoulder, tamely meek,
The dove at last will perch in bliss,
And quaff with his pink balmy beak
The dizzying rapture of your kiss.

Time has yet to pass an ultimate verdict upon the poetical genius of Théophile Gautier. Much of his elaborate delicacy of finish may be lost upon future readers, but even after such inevitable change there will doubtless be left a residue of surpassing worth—a monument of such beauty and strength that time will not readily allow it to perish.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER IX.

The sun was sinking rapidly from sight when our party landed at a little settlement on the eastern bank of the river just below its confluence with that famous tributary, the *Rio de los Americanos*. This town, surveyed only eleven months before, and having not more than one hundred and fifty inhabitants, including those residing at the Fort, on April first of the year under review, had increased in size very rapidly during the summer months; and now, with its irregular canvas and wood architecture, presented the appearance of a prosperous settlement. The land in every direction lay level as a floor; and the embryo city certainly possessed the advantage of possibility of unlimited extension. Various crafts were beating their way by it up into the American Fork, leading toward the Fort; while, moored directly in front of it, the old *Senator* was proudly resting for her return trip to San Francisco on the morrow.

"And this," exclaimed Blair, "is Sacramento, the majestic center from which branch glittering paths to the gold-beds and the realization of the fortune-seeker's dreams!"

"Yes, sir, we are here," roared Dr. Durgin; and plunging frantically about, like a whale on dry land, in pursuance of half a dozen distinct orders given by his good lady in one and the same breath, he repeated the words with increased emphasis; finally bursting into one of his thunder-clap laughs, which must have been heard from one end of the settlement to the other.

"I believe the Doctor would laugh at a funeral," said the lady, anxious for the fate of her boxes and bundles, "if he did not know that his practice would be injured by the proceeding."

"I've been at funerals, Mrs. Durgin," spoke James, breaking in upon the gentle censure of the good wife, "where no man could have manufactured the faintest smile."

"My worthy cousin," said Blair, "is subject to most lugubrious moods, and once started upon this subject he will fill your ears with a more mournful tale than any to which you have ever listened."

A suspicious sound attracted the attention of Mrs. Durgin at this moment, and turning her eyes in the direction of the sound, she discovered that her hilarious husband had dropped her satchel, scattering its contents in the muddy street.

"Oh, my poor—"

She did not finish the sentence; but, from the very fact that she could not pronounce the name of the valuable, or valuables, so ill used, much commiseration was immediately bestowed upon her by all the party with the exception of him that was responsible for the accident. This gentleman, having found another excellent opportunity to vent his immense flow of geniality in laughter, had seized it and was doing his reputation full justice.

"Never mind, Madeline," he shouted, "you can sleep in mine."

It was too bad; but the bride did not suffer more than James Swilling. That modest boy instantly grew a half-head taller than his natural elevation of six feet, and gazed into the far distance in an opposite direction from the scene of the mishap, urging his defective vision toward the remote Sierra.

"Where *is* the Fort anyway?" he asked.

Poor James! He meant well, but his strained attitude, and untimely inquiry only added to the ludicrousness of the occasion. Restraint was no longer possible; Ensign, Blair, and the embarrassed lady herself, now joined in with the Doctor, and the uproar became general. As the party were about recovering themselves, a smart-stepping negro approached and inquired: "What's de fun?"

"The fun is," answered Blair, "that we can't find the Fort."

"De Fort, massa? Dis nigger can't see de pint ob de hilaritiousness; but de Fort is way ober dar."

"Well, how are we going to get to it?" asked Ensign, with greater sternness than was to be expected from so docile and delicate looking a man.

"Please, sah," replied the wily darky, as if, instead of having a carefully digested plan, he were the recipient of an instantaneous revelation, "I s'pose I might fetch you out in dat cart what you see across de street."

"What is the distance?" asked Ensign.

"It am 'bout a mile, sah."

"Sure it is that far?" hallooed the Doctor.

"Sure as dar is wool on de crown of dis old anti-bellum."

"Wool on de crown of your old what?"

"My cerebelligerency. You jes ax any anastromatist what dat means, an' he'll know it has referencuation to de head."

"See here, sir," interrupted Ensign, " what will be your charges should we hire you to drive us to the Fort?"

"Lem me see," replied the cunning rascal. He had counted them all thrice over before appearing to their view. "One lady and four gemmen. Well, sah, I'se gwine to put de price widin de reach of de most horror-stricken. I would be efficiently renumerated wid five dollars—"

" It is a bargain," spoke Blair, knowing that was a low figure for California.

"Yes, sah, it's cheap, an' I'll take you out in quick time, too. Ye see, it's mighty bad place here in de town; heap o' sickness. De Lord am visitin' dis people for der compilation of his commandments. I b'lieves in 'ligion."

With this introduction of his gift of language and pious inclinations, the sprightly negro brought up the great wagon drawn by four mules, and, taking in the party and their baggage, began an exceedingly deliberate movement eastward.

As our pilgrims to the shrine of Mammon crept into one of the main streets of the hamlet by the river, they heard merriest music echoed from an adjacent street running parallel with the one they were on.

"What is that fiddling and piping we hear?" asked the Doctor.

" Dat am de glorification of 'Round Tent,'" responded the driver.

"Church, I suppose you mean," returned the Doctor, ready, by this time, for another side-wrenching laugh.

"Call it church, if you ain't partic'lar in weighin' your words. De priv'lege is yourn. Mighty sight o' preachin', no doubt, twixt de sweat-cloth and *monte* what dey hab dar."

"It is some dreadful gambling house, I know," spoke Madame Durgin. "Now, Doctor, for pity's sake, don't explode."

"I thought you said you were going to hurry us through," continued the snubbed physician, looking out on to the plains specked with groups of cattle and low, wide-topped trees.

"I b'lieve I did probablize suffin o' dat natur'; but I sees I mistookified de ambition ob de mules."

"Why, don't you know the character of your own team?"

"Please, sah, dis string o' brutes ben't my property."

"Well, you drive 'em every day, don't you?"

"Bless my soul, dis is de fust crack o' de black snake ebber I had at 'em."

"What do you mean?"

"Golly, I means what I says. I'se specificous in my language. *I borrowed dis team for de occasion.*"

At this announcement, the fleshy, red-haired, red-faced physician resigned his post of inquisitor for fear something would yet come out that would cause him to again forget himself, and possibly be productive of further damage to the person or possessions of the idol of his affections. The loquacious African, however, was not to be deterred from publishing his trick; and, in his own hifalutin manner, continued the disclosure:

"Ye see," he went on, letting the mules take their own way, "it wasn't among the propossibilities dat a professional driver could undertake dis vast job wid his own riggin'. I nebber see dis rig o' beasts afore in my born days. Dat's why I could work so cheap. De gemmen what owns dis coach is playin' cards, and there ain't no sense in good healthy mules standin'

to a stump all de arternoon, doin' noffin. Besides, dis am a free country—what's mine is yours, and what's yours is mine. When I gits back wid dis turn-out, why I'll splain the distress o' de circumstancibilities, and de boss will be satisfied. If he exemplifies any discordament," added the new-made muleteer, with a grin of evident composure, "why we'll enjoy a little walk-around, dat's all."

Ensign, who could not brook the use of the least deception, felt like tipping the black joker out of the wagon; but he was doing them a service, and providing the party (particularly the Doctor) with merriment, so he was allowed to discourse until, with the assistance of kind fortune, he had brought his charge safely to their stopping-place.

Sutter's Fort, as it rose to the view of our travelers, was a fortress of *adobe* walls, in the shape of a parallelogram. These walls were five hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide, and fifteen feet high. Through these were cut port-holes; while at their corners stood short towers mounted with cannon. Within these outer walls were others of similar construction connected with the former by a roof; the space between, which had been previously used as a place of storage, being now occupied by stores rented to merchants at sixty thousand dollars a year, in the aggregate. In the center of the grounds stood a comfortable dwelling, built for a citadel and officers' headquarters, at present the Captain's residence. Situated on a hill, at the base of which a creek ran by to join the waters of the American Fork, Sutter's Fort, thus constructed, presented an aspect truly formidable; though, at this time, its warlike mien had yielded to the milder appearance of a place of thriving trade. The voice of the guns had grown silent amid the noise and bustle of business. Boatmen were tugging and swearing on the launches delivering their cargoes down on the river; teamsters were cursing equally loud, as they urged their overloaded teams to the various trading houses within the Fort's inclosure; while scores of men, mounted on mustangs or hastening hither and thither on foot, completed the scene of general activity. It was now the close of day, but the many duties begun in the morning were not all performed. Even at this late hour, the *ig*noble red man and his still more indifferent squaw were the only visible objects of indolence.

Sutter's Fort! To remember it as it was, and to look upon it as it is in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-one! It would seem as if the ghosts of its flourishing past ought to haunt it with such persistence as to make the very swine and goats tremble that now root among and scramble over its pitiable ruins.

While search was being made for the hospitable proprietor of this thriving trading post, Blair, who had become much interested in their guide as a character-study, took occasion to make certain inquiries of him as he rewarded him for his services.

"I'se seventy-five years old, sah, and my name is Mose," responded the darky. "I'se a cook by profession, and been in California but 'bout six months. Come from ole Virginy wid massa, an' he made me a free man de bery instantaneousness we set heel down on dis soil."

Blair would undoubtedly have learned much more of Mose's history had not the narrator suddenly discovered that he had a sterner duty to perform. A strapping Indian strode carelessly up and stood nearer Mose and his listener than the sensitive African considered polite or proper.

"What you lookin' at?" demanded Mose.

The red man made no response. Quick as a trained pugilist in the supple days of his youth, Mose bent his woolly head like a stag about to do battle, and, dashing forward, at one leap struck the inoffensive child of the wood in the pit of his stomach, sending him sprawling, breathless, on the ground.

"I'll instructate you better than to 'sult an American citizen," said Mose; and, wishing the party "good ebenin'," he mounted his wagon, and allowed the mules to make their way back to the place whence they had been "borrowed."

Chapter X.

"Yes," said the tall, well favored host, of military mien, "yes, Mr. Blair, I know who you are, and am glad to see you. Marshall put me on the lookout. He took quite a notion to you. No knowing what for; he is a queer fellow, and independent in his likings."

"My friends here, Captain," responded Blair, "I have made bold to bring along; but all of us do not propose to throw ourselves upon your hospitality. If you can accommodate the Doctor and his wife, the rest of us will camp outside."

"Nonsense," replied the hearty Captain, advancing toward Mrs. Durgin. "Of course, this bit of preciousness shall have first chance at all the good things to be found; but I reckon a plate of pork and beans to stay the appetite, and, at least, a good soft redwood board to sleep on, may be procured for each one remain-

ing. It would give me great pleasure to do the becoming thing by you, friends," he continued, leading the way into his own private quarters; "but the truth is, not only my house is full, but nearly every nook and corner of all these stores and sheds you see is crowded with bales, boxes, and barrels. How the stuff got here is not much of a mystery, as you will see when to-morrow's teaming begins. I wonder that there is not more confusion than there actually is."

His guests being introduced to his wife and daughter (two amiable and interesting French ladies, who were unfortunately obliged to be absent during the evening), the Captain excused himself and requested Dr. Durgin to accompany him.

"It is my time to make a visit to the hospitals, Doctor," said he, "and I thought perhaps you would find something to interest you in such an excursion."

"I certainly should," replied the benevolent physician.

"Now," said Mrs. Durgin, after they had gone out, "the Doctor has sallied forth with a full determination to laugh some poor, disease-stricken fellow back to health—or into his grave, I can't say which."

"Are you not rather severe, madam, upon your husband's bursts of good nature?" spoke Ensign, who sat in a corner looking almost as much like a girl as the bride herself.

"If I am it is his own fault. Why should one roar in order to convince himself and others that he is temporarily happy?"

"The necessities of our organisms diverge widely. It is lordly in the lion to roar. He would belie his nature and demean his race did he vent his joy or anger in the puny squeal of the mouse."

"Lawyers, lawyers!" returned the lady, raising her little hands in simulation of despair. "I have been argued out of a score of veritable truths already since we left San Francisco this morning. At this rate, I shan't have a particle of sense left by the time we reach the mines."

"When one can supply the place of soundness of mind with gold filling, its loss is lightly felt," responded Ensign, with provoking composure.

"Mr. Blair," said the lady, looking archly up into his face, "am I to be persecuted with all this logic and philosophy simply because I object to my husband's fairly braying when he is pleased?"

"Mr. Ensign," replied Blair, "I know did not intend to harass you; but the fact is, so close a student of German metaphysics—"

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the bride, settling back in her chair. "That very word alone throws me into a state of complete bewilderment. Whenever I find it in a book I skip the next twenty pages, and if it occurs a second time I drop the book, never to take it up again."

"I fear," spoke Ensign, "that your dislike of the word has prevented you from a thorough understanding of the glorious science of——"

"Oh, pray don't repeat the dreadful name,' interrupted the fair one. "I have given you warning what it would do to me, and the Doc tor is not here, you know. Think of it, Mr. Blair: those that follow up this unmentionable study eat opium! Yes, every man of them. Poor Coleridge! I nearly cried my eyes out when I learned the wicked habits of thought he contracted in Germany."

"But we were discussing the subject of laughter, not of tears," said the handsome Bostonian. "Sometimes I find that nothing but a hearty laugh will relieve me from a very uncomfortable state of mind."

"*You* may laugh as much as you please, Mr. Blair," replied the other, a very soft light beaming in her large blue eyes. "I have not the slightest fault to find with *your* conduct except your persistent refusal to let me have my romance of the dusky braves and their wild, untutored maidens."

"It was far from my purpose to interfere with your privileges in that direction. Really I must beg your pardon if I was guilty of so reprehensible behavior."

Blair was handsome. He knew it, and he knew, too, that there was the magnetism in his presence that is very dangerous to susceptible, pretty young women, whether they be still the lawful possessor of their own hearts and attendant charms, or whether, as in this instance, they have intrusted them to the keeping of another. Though he sought no conquests, be it repeated that Blair was well aware of his ability to effect them. Consequently, indifferent as was his bearing toward the bride, the prudent reader may convict him of censurable carelessness of conduct. However this may be, the events of this story must be recorded as they actually occurred, and each and every character must accept the consequences. Perhaps Blair will improve as we follow him further.

"I grant you full and free forgiveness," responded Mrs. Durgin to the Bostonian's humble suit for continuance of grace in her innocent regard. "But you must remember that one cannot be romantic alone and unaided. You refused to help me—that was all my charge."

Blair now became, for some reason, suddenly conscious of the absence of James, and, with

the skill of which he was master, managed to make his escape from the room without suspicion on the part of the lady as to the true cause of his departure.

It was now dusk when Blair began his necessitated search for his lost comrade. He passed the woolen factory, the pisco distillery, walked slowly round the blacksmith shop and the building where the wheelwrights worked, and finally brought up at the guard-house. Nothing was to be found of James. At last, discerning a group of human forms under a tree a short distance away, he proceeded thither, and, much to his gratification and amusement, found the wanderer calmly seated among a band of admiring Indians.

"What, James," greeted Blair; "a twilight flirtation with the tawny belles of the forest so soon?"

"Cousin," answered the other, "that miserable Mose dealt this native here a most cruel blow. I believe if I had not administered a drop from my vial he would have gone without ceremony to follow the chase in the happy hunting ground."

"'By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues—
The hunter and the deer a shade,'"

repeated Blair, in solemn tones, casting his eyes over the swarthy group crouching in silence before him.

"There would have been no poetry in the proceeding to this poor creature," returned James, patting the injured redskin upon his blanketed shoulders. "The worst of it is he can't understand a syllable of English, and I had great difficulty in getting him to take the medicine."

"James," said Blair, conducting the young philanthropist toward the Fort, "if you continue to manifest so frequent symptoms of mental derangement I shall be obliged to lodge you in the guard-house and proceed to the mines minus your company."

"Why, was there anything crazy in trying to lessen the suffering of a fellow-creature? Is a man to be left to ache and groan it out just because he has the misfortune to be an Indian?"

"You'd better discuss such matters with the Doctor's wife—that is, for the present. Before many days you will discover certain phases of the red men's gratitude for white men's favors of which you now seem to be ignorant."

"That is unchristian, Cousin Mortimer. We are to do good whether we be rewarded with good or with evil in return."

"Sound morals, no doubt; but what conceivable aid think you a drop from that vial would bring to a creature that had been struck in the abdomen with a sledge-hammer?"

"Perhaps it didn't bring him much relief after all my pains," answered James, in a subdued voice; "but upon my word I cannot see that there was any harm in attempting to succor a human creature in distress."

"James," said Blair, giving his cousin a good-natured shake, "I am anxiously looking forward to the time when you will enjoy twenty-four consecutive hours of what the doctors term a 'lucid interval.'"

Having escorted the Yankee boys back into the presence of Mrs. Durgin and the metaphysician, let us follow for a few moments Captain Sutter and the uproarious physician.

"The thousands that have poured in here during the summer," the Captain is saying, "travelers by sea *via* Cape Horn and the Isthmus, from the Pacific Islands and the seaports of Asia, augmented by the thousands of famished emigrants that dragged their way across the plains—all these reached our valley city, with systems impaired not only, but frequently wasting in advanced stages of disease. Since August, Sacramento has been nothing more nor less than an ill managed hospital. The rains, setting in the first of last month, made matters worse than they would otherwise have been. Hundreds have died from exposure that might have survived under proper treatment. Several of us have sought to resist the progress of the various disorders, but the majority of the people have been astonishingly indifferent. Numbers of families have forsaken one another in the hour of need, without the least compunction of conscience. Mad in the pursuit of gold, they have outraged the prime decencies of civilized life. Let me give you an instance: An old man, having first given his two sons money to purchase passage to California, followed them by way of the Horn. When he reached here, after a long journey of great suffering, he was in the last stages of a loathsome and fatal disorder. Can you believe that those two sons left their dying father to perish alone on the banks of a slough? Well, sir, they did it; and he perished without even the consolation that his already decomposing body would be honored with a covering of earth. What with scurvy and miasmatic affections, particularly low and virulent types of fever, we have had a serious season. Many of the places occupied by the sick have afforded almost as poor shelter from the sun as from the rains; and the charges for the miserable privilege of staying in them have been so enormous as to put them out of the

reach of the majority. Men without a dollar cannot afford from sixteen to fifty dollars a day for hospital services. Our doctors, too, have demanded exorbitant fees—sixteen to thirty-two dollars a visit."

Dr. Durgin, although a loud laugher, was a capable physician, and a man of generous disposition. He was boisterous, but possessed of many noble qualities. The above doleful narration of the Captain threw him into a more thoughtful mood than any in which the reader has before found him. He passed from bed to bed among the sufferers lying in the two hospitals within the bastions of the Fort, making many useful hints, which the kind Captain was glad to obtain.

"This is not my business, Doctor, you understand," continued the latter as the two bent their steps toward the house. "I really have nothing to do with the management of the hospitals, but I like to know what is going on on my own premises, especially when the transaction involves the comfort of helpless fellow-beings. The Odd Fellows (God bless them!), though imperfectly organized as yet, have done much toward the amelioration of suffering; and I cannot omit to mention the services of a certain young woman—a sweet little mystery—that has, from time to time, appeared among us. She has, I believe, effected more permanent cures than any of our physicians."

"You surprise me, indeed," exclaimed his listener.

"'The Gazelle,' as the miners call her, has astonished us all. She appears to have no friends or acquaintances in the country—that is, with whom she associates. She stays but a short time in a place, and, wherever she is, is seldom seen, except when engaged in some work of mercy, or, I am sorry to say, on great occasions, at the tables of the gamblers."

"Strange enough," said the Doctor. "I can not exactly reconcile the apparent inconsistency of her conduct. Has she studied medicine, think you?"

"She must have a knowledge of many of the essentials of practice, for the reason that she meets with success. She is fairly idolized by all classes. Probably not one in fifty to whom she has rendered invaluable service has caught a glimpse of her features. She always wears a heavy veil."

"You must tell this story to my wife, Captain. She will not rest until she has ferreted out the young lady not only, but her entire ancestry for several generations."

"Yes, yes, that reminds me. We are consuming too much time out here by ourselves. But let me give you one point more," said the gallant and brave pioneer. "I once had the pleasure of looking squarely and fairly into the face of this indescribable creature, and I declare to you, upon my honor as a soldier, that there is none fairer among the daughters of men."

"Good!" exclaimed the physician. "That is as it should be. The story is perfect, and my wife must have it the first moment that you are at leisure and will condescend to bestow the favor."

The host and his guest were now at headquarters, and the two came in upon the remainder of the company as a strong fresh breeze enters an apartment too long closed.

"Now, my little lady," spoke the Captain, approaching Mrs. Durgin, who had just recovered from the last sentence of quiet intricacy launched against her from the lips of the metaphysician—"now it is time for you and the other friends to partake of some good, substantial food. Have these young men done the honors as they should during my own and your husband's absence?"

"Not as perfectly, I am bound to say, as our worthy host would have acquitted himself," returned the other, with a bewitching smile directed toward Ensign, but intended for Blair.

"Bravo!" cried the hero. "That's right—stand up for the old Captain."

A brief season of sharp firing here ensued between the rebuked young men and the bride, when the Captain, as became a gallant military officer, commanded a retreat to the dining-room, himself bringing up the rear, with the object of his protection leaning upon his arm.

"I have a bit of news for you, friends," he began, after having served bountiful rations all round. "To-morrow night the citizens are going to come as near as possible to having what is known in civilized countries as a Grand Ball. They have given me a special invitation, and I am going to take my visitors with me."

"But my party dress, Doctor!" exclaimed Madame Durgin. "I told you that we ought not to have stored it in San Francisco."

"Dress!" shouted the Captain. "Bless your heart, the most unpretending outfit will be welcome. The desire is to see a few women. What they wear is of slight importance. Orders have gone out that every white woman within a radius of fifty miles must be in attendance. No excuse short of sickness or death of near relatives."

"I shall act in accordance with your wishes, Captain," said Mrs. Durgin, with another smile bestowed in the opposite direction from where it belonged, "at whatever risk of criticism, or of personal inconvenience."

"There are those garments, dear, that met with the accident down at the landing. Perhaps those ——"

The Doctor could not finish his sentence without foregoing one of his long-neglected laughs. So he dropped it (having, however, given as much of it as was necessary), and yielded to an unrestrained indulgence of his favorite pastime. The uproar was catching, and soon became general. In this happy mood we will leave our party until the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

The gentleman of our party were stirring early in the morning. The scene in the camping-ground outside the fort inspired them with fresh zeal and courage. They there beheld several companies making final preparations to start for the long-talked-of mines. Breakfast was already over, and they were hastily saddling their horses or hitching them to the great wagons heavily loaded with provisions and the necessary implements for the coming work. Many had been at the mines during the summer months, and were now on a visit to the Fort for the purpose of renewing their exhausted supplies. It was not the busy season, for the early rains had somewhat checked the general rush to the diggings. Nevertheless, there still remained many that were determined to secure at least a small fortune before the winter should compel them to desist from labor. As the caravan at last moved slowly away, it was not without difficulty that those behind could refrain from following. It looked to them as if the little army that had taken its leave was in a short time to seize upon certain indefinite but rich possessions that they would fain fall heir to themselves.

"Fie on our party!" cried James Swilling. "We ought to be on the road to the diggings. There is one English chap in that first company that will be as rich as a king inside of three days."

"Be patient, James," spoke Blair. "Here is a band of your copper-colored friends that may need you for a day or two yet. See the beseeching countenance of the old squaw next the tree," continued the speaker, directing the philanthropist's attention to a neighboring group of Indians. "She seems to take no notice of the gaudy-hued handkerchiefs and scarlet blankets that the braves are inspecting with apparent delight. I warrant she has dug her share of the gold that has been bartered for them; consequently her indifference argues distemper of mind or body. Go to her, benevolent, pharmaceutical youth, and, vial in hand, minister to her comfort."

James stood still, sharpening his wits for a retort; but, as was sometimes the case with him, he delayed a little too long. An approaching cart that, in his self-absorption and amid the general bustle, he did not notice, struck him with one of its shafts, seriously disturbing his equilibrium, and inflicting a by no means contemptible bruise.

"Keep courage, my good fellow," shouted Dr. Durgin, who witnessed the accident with commendable subjugation of his risibilities; "I'll have you all right in a few minutes."

"I'm not much hurt," replied the sufferer, rubbing his side in an attitude resembling a gymnast preparing to turn what is known among professionals as a "cart-wheel."

"That was not the legitimate effect of my banter, Jimmy," said Blair, hastening to conciliate his injured relative.

"I forgive you, cousin," answered James; and without further delay he hobbled away with the Doctor, while Blair and Ensign continued upon their round of inspection.

The Indians, in their various styles of dress, ranging from the covering of a single rag to respectable cotton shirts and trowsers obtained at a stupendous price, were perhaps the greatest novelty. Next to them the Oregon trappers, clothed in buffalo hides, were the wildest and most striking in appearance. But the sharp-nosed Yankee traders, attired in loose blue frocks, with broad-brimmed straw hats upon their heads, were, after all, the chief curiosity. The trades they drove for the bags of dust, handed in by purchasers to be exchanged for dollars, were simply amazing. One would buy the dust and lumps of ore at his own estimate; then send the buyer to his partner, who would take the dollars again in exchange for miners' tools or provisions. It required a startling number of dollars at these stores to buy a moderate supply of breadstuff, brandy, or tobacco. When one considers the class of men with whom Captain Sutter had to deal in the superintendence of his trading-post and great farm, sixteen hundred acres of which was under cultivation, it is not surprising that he should style himself "the busiest man in the world." Every few days a number of his most important laborers would threaten to throw up their occupation and start for the mines. Only an increase of wages and a double supply of pisco and whisky could reverse this purpose. The Indians were not the source of the Swiss soldier's care and anxiety. For eight or ten years he had held the red man in subjection with comparative ease. The Indians had dug the ditches

in his wheat-fields and made the bricks for his fort. It was the after-coming white man that proved uncontrollable, and darker days were in store for the distinguished pioneer because of him than he now dreamed of.

Blair and Ensign, having made the best of their opportunity at breakfast, obtained from the Captain much valuable information as to the proper outfit for the mines. He was not to be found again, in all probability, till afternoon; so the two, having consulted with the Doctor and his patient, who proved to be rapidly improving, went to town to effect such purchases as could not be made at the Fort.

Busy scenes, very like those they had left in San Francisco, now met their eyes. Front Street was another Broadway wharf on a smaller scale. The river bank was lined with vessels used for the purpose of storing vast accumulations of merchandise. Lumber was scarce, and brought from half a dollar to a dollar and a half per foot, thus causing enormous rents for every building that contained wood in its composition.

Teaming and packing the goods and effects of the immigrants to the mines was yielding a princely revenue to many, while others were earning from a dollar and a half an hour to sixteen dollars a day building houses, making rockers, butchering, making bread, or engaged in other less eminent employments. The same grand scale of prices adopted in San Francisco was also here adhered to with equal uniformity.

Ensign and Blair solaced themselves with cigars at fifty cents apiece, while making their tour of inspection. Liquor, at a dollar a glass, they abstained from on principles of economy as well as of abstinence. An astonishing amount of gold, through one channel and another, was constantly changing hands, but nowhere else with the rapidity to be observed at the gaming tables. Our friends witnessed a minister of the gospel, a physician, and two lawyers absorbed in the grand test game of poker, the "ante" being no less than one hundred dollars. The "Round Tent" vied in corrupt splendor with the famous El Dorado down on the bay. While within its wicked inclosure, who should enter and salute Blair with profound suavity but Mose, the teamster-cook. His politeness compelled him to raise his hat—in doing which he revealed an ugly gash at the top of his forehead.

"Ye see, sah," said Mose, by way of apology, "the gem'men what owned the mules got disrespec'ful. I remonstratized wid 'im, but he wouldn't hear me. Eventually I skipped at him, when he dodged, and was the means o' my upsetting a new post wid de crown o' my head. Dat's all, sah, 'bout dat. But, ye see, when I'd got my hand in I pitched into another feller for de sake of gittin' eben wid de fust; and de consequenciousness of de whole matter am dat dis nigger is discharged."

"Well, Mose," said Blair, "how would you like to accompany me as my servant to the mines?"

"Fust rate," replied Mose, rolling up his eyes, "provided the and-so-forth would be satisfaxtory to us bofe."

"You come out to the Fort early this evening, and I guess we can make terms."

"I'll be dar," was the response; and the next moment the belligerent darky was standing, arms akimbo, back of the clergyman's chair, watching with the eye of a connoisseur the progress of the game."

"We shall want him, Ensign," said Blair; and the two retired to complete their purchases. The party was already well provided with strong and durable outer clothing, flannel underwear, and high water-proof boots; so that their list of articles bought at this time, ran as follows:

Rocker	$50.00
Four spades	11.00
Three pickaxes	36.00
Two pans	8.00
Total	$105.00

"By the time we have paid for our groceries, tent, cooking utensils, horses, and saddles," said Ensign, running his eye over these figures, "my opinion is that we shall need all the gold that can be found for the purpose of replenishing our treasury."

"Very true, but I propose a good ready, at whatever expense," replied Blair. "The experience will be hard enough, even if we take the precaution to provide every reasonable convenience. I doubt if I should have the courage to start as ill equipped, broken down in body, and as nearly penniless as the thousands of poor devils do that pass through here weekly. I mean to keep my health, though I sink what money I have with me, and am debarred even the fortune of replacing actual expenditures."

"My sentiments, exactly," responded Ensign. "And do you know it is time we were getting back? The Doctor has had time to annihilate the Fort with one of his explosions; and your ward, James, I doubt not, has met with some new and disastrous adventure."

"You have not forgotten the lady who is so interested in mental speculation, I trust."

"No, indeed. Nor have the Captain's wife and daughter. If she has not afforded them some new glimpses of life in America, my judgment miscarries."

"She ought to have married a man that could train her," said Blair, moving toward a poster tacked up in front of the Horse Market.

"The girl is well enough, but her mother advised her to join hands with the wrong partner. And the deuce of a mistake it ever is. Here, what is this?" and he began to read:

"*Proclamation to the People of Sacramento City, by order of the President and Council.*"

"That sounds grand enough for New York or Boston. Guess it will pay to peruse the whole document."

"On the 1st day of August, 1849, we were elected Councilmen of this city, and our powers or duties were not defined. On the 13th of September following, we presented to you a charter for your consideration, which you have seen fit to reject by a majority of 146 votes. Since then we have been unable to determine what the good people desire us to do; and being republicans in principles, and having every confidence in the ability of the people to govern themselves, we again request the residents of Sacramento City to meet at the St. Louis Exchange, at 7½ o'clock, on Wednesday evening, October 10th, 1849, then and there to declare what they wish the City Council to do. If you wish us to act under the Mexican laws now in force, however inapplicable they may be to our condition, then we must do the best we can; if you have objections to particular features of the charter, then strike out the objectionable features, and insert such as you desire. The health and safety of our city demand immediate action on your part; for in our primitive condition, and in the absence of legislative authority, we can, in fact, be of no service to you without your confidence and consent."

"I'm sure that's fair," remarked the lawyer, taking a long breath.

"If the *monte* boys had not played thunder at the polls, ye would not have been after readin' that same," shouted a fellow that passed at the moment, leading a mule carrying an immense pack.

"How so, my friend?" returned Ensign; but the informant moved on, declining explanation.

"I don't wonder that the 'boys' frown upon the advent of law and order," said Blair. "One must admit that there is a charm about this free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky life, where every man is for himself and responsible to nobody. But it can't last. Man, left to himself, proves the most unruly animal in creation. No, my gay, thoughtless, reckless fellows, you must soon feel the stern grasp of the law, and its hold will not thereafter be loosed."

Upon the return of our friends to the Fort, the Captain met them, attired in undress uniform.

"Ho!" he cried, "what luck? Now let an old-timer see what you have done."

The list was shown him, at which he laughed good-naturedly, saying:

"You must learn as you go. It would have been better to have made your own rocker, but with you a few dollars are neither here nor there. The pick and spade are the main tools. I am going to present you with some excellent sheath-knives and horns for crevicing. Everything that I promised is in readiness, and one very valuable addition."

"Yes, sir," exclaimed James, striding up in time to catch the speaker's last words; "and I have had a glorious old talk with him."

"Has my friend been dipping into the pisco vats, Captain?" asked Blair, by way of apology for James's unintentional rudeness.

The fact is the boy was excited beyond control. "Uncle Lish," the "valuable addition," had been telling him his trapper's yarns about gold, Indian-fighting, and bear-catching, until his listener's head was set fairly whirling.

"The boy is perfectly excusable," returned the Captain, "for Elijah Harrington is a very interesting talker. Unlike many men, however, he acts full as well as he talks. He has promised me that he will accompany you for moderate wages, and serve you both as hunter and guide. But come—I see Mrs. Durgin is beckoning. I promised her that I would repeat the story of the gold discovery for the benefit of herself and party. It will be the thousandth, and, I was going to say, the last time. Were it not that so many ridiculous forgeries have been published, I don't know that I could be persuaded, even by a lady, to again give the true version. Let us make haste. I have only an hour to spare, and to-night, you know, comes the grand dissipation of the season."

In a few moments the stalwart pioneer was seated among a group of admiring hearers, and, after a happy tribute paid to the persuasive power of women over the sternest soldier, with a final affectionate glance at his wife and daughter, he began his story.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

RUBY-THROAT.

Emerald-plumèd, ruby-throated,
Flashing like a fairy star
Where the humid, dew-becoated,
Sun-illumèd blossoms are—
See the fleet humming-bird!
Hark to his humming, heard
Loud as the whirr of a fairy-king's car!
Sightliest, sprightliest, lightest, and brightest one,
Child of the summer sun,
Shining afar!

Here and there, near and far,
Like a red shooting-star;
Back and forth, south and north,
Now to east, now to west,
Flames little Ruby-breast!
Jasmine is swinging, stirred
As thou dost by her float,
Green-plumaged fire-coat,
Little swift-winging bird!

Sweet is the merry note
Of the wild singing-bird,
Echoing wildly the greenwood amid;
Glad is the cheery note
Of the upspringing bird,
Leaving the copse where her nestlings are hid;
Yet the blithe-ringing note
Does not so merry come
As the soft fairy hum
Where thou dost winging float—
As the low humming heard
From the swift-coming bird!

Brave little humming-bird!
Every eye blesses thee;
Sunlight caresses thee;
Forest and field are the fairer for thee.
Blooms, at thy coming stirred,
Bend on each brittle stem,
Nod to the little gem,
Bow to the humming-bird, frolic and free.
Now around the woodbine hovering,
Now the morning-glory covering,
Now the honeysuckle sipping,
Now the sweet clemàtis tipping,
Now into the blue-bell dipping;
Hither, thither, flashing, bright'ning,
Like a streak of emerald lightning;
Round the box, the milk-white phlox;
Round the fragrant four-o'-clocks;
O'er the crimson quamoclit,
Lightly dost thou wheel and flit;
Into each tubèd throat
Dives little Ruby-throat.

Bright-glowing airy thing,
Light-going fairy thing,
Not the grand lyre-bird
Rivals thee, splendid one!—
Fairy-attended one,
Green-coated fire-bird!

Shiniest fragile one,
Tiniest agile one,
Falcon and eagle tremble before thee!
Dim is the regal peacock and lory;
And the pheasant iridescent
Pales before the gleam and glory
Of thy jewel-change incessant,
When the sun is streaming o'er thee!

Ruby-throat peerless,
Fragile, but fearless,
Shimmering, glimmering, vanishing, coming;
Brave little sunny-coat,
Dive in the honey-throat
Of the white lily-cup held for thy plumbing!

Starry birds of Paradise,
Shining like their native skies,
Splendid as the sun that smiles
On their spice-embowered isles,
They must yield the palm to thee,
Flying blossom, jewel-bee!
Thou art the one bird
Surpassing the sun-bird;
Vainly the bird-fly has copied thy wing;
Let the gay butterfly
Airily flutter by—
Brighter art thou than the blossoms of spring!

Light-floating brilliant one,
What is the name for thee?
Flower-bird, jewel-bee,
All are too tame for thee!
Plumage-vermilioned one,
Sunny-bred, honey-fed, flower-pavilioned one,
What is the name for thee?

Hear the soft humming,
Like a sylph's drumming!
Pinions so airy-light,
Waving in fairy flight,
Rich as a butterfly, swift as a bee;
Floating so airily,
Flitting so fairily,
Flashing so starrily over the lea!
Nigher and nigher float,
Wheeling and hovering,
Gay little rover-king,
Coming and going on thy wings lyrical;
Glancing and glowing, beautiful Fire-throat!
Summer's sweet loverling,
Bright little miracle!

L. H. BARTRAM.

IS THE JURY SYSTEM A FAILURE?

Among the most singular of the customs of old England which accompanied the emigrants from that country to the wilds of America was that of trial by jury. The origin of the custom is traced certainly to an uncultivated ancestry, and to rude and barbarous ages; but whether this method of settling disputes was germane to the Saxon polity, or was imported by the Normans, and by them derived from more ancient and still more uncivilized peoples, is a question not likely ever to be settled; nor is it a question of any importance in the discussion of the present value of the jury system. It is here the established law of the land, preserved by both Federal and State constitutions, and regulated by laws of Congress and Legislatures. We are to deal with it as we find it. The past history of its development may illustrate in some degree the arguments of its advocates or enemies, and when well authenticated may become in some of its phases itself an argument.

In the American history of the system we find a curious, and in some respects an instructive event. In the Constitution of the United States, as originally submitted and adopted, there is no guarantee of the right of trial by jury *in civil cases*. The absence of such guarantee was one of the many grounds or pretenses upon which the opponents of that instrument urged its defeat and rejection. The necessities of the times led to the adoption of the Constitution, but the prejudices of the people were so strongly enlisted on the side of jury trials that this objection to it had great weight. The Constitution carefully provided for juries in *criminal* cases, and its omission to do so in civil cases can hardly be supposed an oversight. It was an omission *ex industria*. Yet in the hot discussions which occurred during the suspense, which followed the promulgation of the Constitution and preceded its final acceptance, no one of its defenders had the temerity to uphold that omission on the ground of its inherent propriety. And when the Constitution was finally adopted, a large number of the States which voted in its favor recommended at the same time an amendment to supply the omission, and, in accordance with that recommendation, an additional article was, in 1791, engrafted on that instrument, declaring that

"In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved."

It is thus noticeable that trial by jury in *civil cases* is one of the rights of a citizen under the Constitution of the United States—not by the voice of the statesmen who framed that instrument, but by force of popular clamor.

The right of trial by jury has been and is the subject of more undiscriminating panegyric than any other of our laws or customs. It is not at all difficult to find eulogies of the system, and it is not at all easy to find arguments in its favor which at all justify the encomiums lavished upon it. The searcher for such arguments is apt to have an unsatisfactory excursion through the realms of literature, to find at last that the discussions of the subject, *pro* and *con*, are buried for the most part in forgotten pages of unindexed magazines, or have floated out to the sea of oblivion in company with countless thousands of pamphlets derelict and abandoned. Yet some of the eminent gentlemen who have been believers in the system have left on record their reasons for the faith that was in them.

Lord Loughborough said, in 1770:

"In all our legal system there is nothing that can boast a preference to the institution of juries. The plan is great, noble, and comprehensive, and well worthy of its royal founder. Judges may err, judges may be corrupt, their minds may be warped by interest, passion, and prejudice, but a jury is not liable to the same misleading influences. Twelve men of the vicinage, chosen as they are, can have no bias, no motive to show favor or malice to either party. They must find a verdict according to evidence and conscience." (7 *Lives of Lord Chancellors*, p. 277.)

Lord Camden said, in 1792:

"The jury are the people of England: the judges are independent men? Be it so. But are they totally beyond the possibility of corruption from the crown? Is it impossible to show them favor in any way whatever? The truth is, they may possibly be corrupted. *Juries never can.*" (7 *Lives of Lord Chancellors*, p. 399.)

Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to the Abbé Arnond, in July, 1789, says:

"We think in America that it is necessary to introduce the people into every department of government, so far as they are capable of exercising it, and that is the only way to insure a long continued and honest administration of its powers. . . . . They are not qualified to judge questions of law, but they are very capable of judging of questions of fact. In the form of juries, therefore, they determine all matters of fact, leaving to the permanent judges to decide the law resulting from

those facts. But we all know that permanent judges acquire an *esprit de corps;* that, being known, they are liable to be tempted by bribery; that they are misled by favor, by relationship, by a spirit of party, by a devotion to the executive or legislative power; that it is better to leave a cause to the decision of *cross and pile* than to that of a judge biased on one side, and that the opinion of twelve honest jurymen gives still a better hope of right than cross and pile does. *It is in the power, therefore, of juries, if they think permanent judges are under any bias whatever in any cause, to take on themselves to judge the law as well as the fact. They never exercise this power but when they suspect partiality in the judges, and by the exercise of this power they have been the firmest bulwarks* of English liberty." (3 *Jeff. Works*, p. 81.)

Men of less eminence have advanced other arguments in support of the system, and the positions of the various advocates of that system may be summarized under the following general formulæ:

(1.) The jury system is of great antiquity. It descended to us from time immemorial. Its age entitles it to reverence.

(2.) Facts must be tried by a jury, or by a judge, or judges. The habit of deciding facts and the continual investigation of facts result in peculiarities of mind which disqualify a man from correctly deciding facts. Therefore, the more unaccustomed men are to passing on evidence, the better qualified they are to determine facts from evidence.

(3.) Juries are certainly honest, and judges may be corrupt.

(4.) The jury may take the law in their own hands, and by their verdicts entirely disregard the law as given to them by the court, and may thus nullify laws which in their estimation are impolitic and unjust, and by so doing become great conservators of liberty.

(5.) The jury system is a sort of common school of law and polity, wherein the jurors, and through them others, receive an education.

These being the reasons assigned by its defenders why trial by jury should be preserved, let us examine them *seriatim:*

FIRST.—*As to the antiquity of the system.*

This is an iconoclastic age, and peculiarly an iconoclastic nation. The argument of antiquity has much greater weight on the other side of the Atlantic than with us. But, were it otherwise, in this country and particularly in this State, it is impossible to find any historical facts in support of the antiquity of the jury system *as we now know it.* Our present jury system, while doubtless evolved from precedent systems bearing the same name, is not beautified by clinging ivies of ancient planting, and is not hallowed with the veneration due to an extreme age following a well spent youth.

Our jury system is a plant of exceedingly modern growth. While produced from ancient seeds, the plant we now know by that name presents variations from its ancestor so great that no unskilled observer could trace any resemblance between the two.

Jury trial as exhibited to us by the earliest records of English courts was a trial by *witnesses.* The jury was drawn from the vicinage because the neighbors of the parties would probably know of the transactions, and could therefore be the better judges of the facts. We still adhere to the rule of trial by jury from the vicinage, and have abolished all reason for it by providing that any juror who knows, or has heard, or has read, of the facts upon which he is called to pass, and has an opinion thereon, is thereby rendered incompetent to serve.

In these days of many newspapers and widespread discussion of public and private affairs, our "jury of the vicinage" in all cases involving matters of public interest means twelve men chosen from the least intelligent portion of the community—men either unable to read or incompetent to comprehend.

It is only within comparatively modern times that the doctrine that juries were to decide according to the evidence became a fixed principle in law. That point was reached only after many centuries and by changes so gradual as to be almost imperceptible to any one generation. In 1596, Lord Bacon, in his maxims of the law, alludes to the fact "that a jury may take knowledge of matters not within the evidence . . . . but are not compellable to supply the defect of evidence out of their own knowledge, though it be in their liberty to do so." Still later, in 1670, the Court of Common Pleas in England charged a jury that they were directed to find for the plaintiff unless they knew payment was made *of their own knowledge.* (Bushnell's case, 4 Vaughn, 135).

It is impossible to fix any precise date when the ancient theory and practice of jury trials in this respect became entirely obsolete. But it was certainly long after the year 1700. From the earliest times to the present the system has been subject to changes, wrought by varying customs and positive statutes. Burke mentions forty-three acts of Parliament modifying the jury system from 1215 to 1756.

In this country and in this State the alterations in the law of trial by jury have been numerous and marked. It is safe to say that in the United States to-day there is no general custom or law on the subject which merits the term of "system." In this State trials by jury in a State court and in a United States court are proceedings so fundamentally differing that

they can scarcely be classed under the same head. In the latter the judge may review the evidence, classify it, comment upon the credibility or incredibility of particular portions thereof, and may, if he choose, direct the jury to find one way or another upon the evidence before them. A unanimous verdict alone can there be received.

The modern defenders of a jury system lay great stress upon the fact that there is no such thing as trial by jury, but that the trial is by judge and jury, and that the court, by its comments on evidence and intimations of opinion, will always keep the jury within due bounds. But in California we have changed all that. In our Constitution of 1849 we declared that

"Judges shall not charge juries with respect to matters of fact, but may state the testimony and declare the law."

The section is reënacted in the Constitution of 1879. Under it no judge dare attempt to state the evidence lest from his manner of statement his opinion might possibly be discerned. Under it an unlimited and irresponsible power is conferred upon juries utterly foreign to any present or past theory or practice in the nation from which we derive the system, and which materially changes the character and nature of that instrument of so-called *justice*.

In only one respect has the system of jury trial preserved any semblance of consistency during its exercise from those remote times during which historical truth is lost in obscurity, and that is in the requirement of unanimity for a verdict. That requirement is in California finally abolished; and at the present day trial by jury bears so little resemblance to its ancestor of the same name that it can hardly be deemed legitimate progeny.

As it exists to-day it most certainly has no claims for veneration on account of any previous existence, and, as to its ancestry, can claim no greater exemption from condemnation than could a larcenous son of an honest clergyman—not even so great a claim, because it is at least open to doubt whether the jury system can claim even an honest ancestry.

SECOND.—*As to the argument that juries are more likely to decide honestly than judges.*

No facts can be adduced in support of that argument. In truth, the argument from experience is all the other way. It is not a question of mere theory, but of fact. The equity and admiralty systems of law have stood for centuries side by side with the common law practice, have developed with it, and not infrequently contested with it questions of jurisdiction. Cases in equity and admiralty involve most intricate and important questions of fact, and the amounts involved in equity suits are, on the average, very much larger than those in actions at law, and in admiralty cases will average quite as large. But a search for a respectable advocate for the introduction of a jury system in those courts would be absolutely in vain. There is no such advocate. From a remote period equity and admiralty judges have passed on questions of fact coming before them, and I have yet to learn that it has ever even been contended that the introduction of a jury would add to the efficacy of either of those courts.

THIRD.—That a judge, by the habit of deciding upon evidence, becomes incompetent to do so, is said to be a paradox. Mr. Forsyth, in his defense of the system of trial by jury, says:

"Although it may sound paradoxical, it is true, that the habitual and constant exercise of such an office tends to unfit a man for its due discharge."—(*Forsyth*, p. 443.)

We cannot confess the paradox, because we deny the truth of the assertion. When it shall be held as an admitted principle in law and logic that a carpenter in the habit of judging of the length of boards becomes by his habit incapable of giving a correct judgment upon the subject; that a physician who has for a lifetime devoted himself to the diagnosis of diseases becomes thereby incompetent to render a correct diagnosis; that an adjuster of losses in an insurance company is by his experience rendered incapable of making a correct adjustment; that a veterinary surgeon is by the fact of his skill incompetent to pass correct judgment on the ailments of a horse; that a professional accountant is by his learning rendered incompetent to pass upon a disputed set of books; that a lifetime's experience of a seaman in battling the winds and waves renders him less competent than a committee of lubbers to decide upon a question of seamanship; that in a search for historical truth among masses of contradictory contemporary evidence the labors of a foreman of an ordinary petit jury is apt to surpass in value the investigations of a Gibbon, a Macaulay, or a Froude—when these matters are settled as we have intimated, and not before, will we be willing even seriously to discuss the proposition that a judge whose business it is, and for years has been (and this proposition is aimed only at experienced judges), to study witnesses and weigh testimony, is less capable, or is not *more* capable, of estimating it at its true value than a man or number of men who,

however skillful in their respective vocations, or respectable in character, assume for the first time the duty of arriving at conclusions of fact from testimony.

The only excuse we have for noticing this argument is that it has been very seriously advanced and elaborately argued by the advocates of trial by jury.

FOURTH.—The next argument is that juries are certainly honest and judges *may be corrupt.*

The first proposition of this argument is sturdily advanced by men who should, and do, know its utter falsity. There never was a time when it was even a general presumption that honesty or impartiality was a common ingredient in the verdict of a jury. One of the earliest cases on record of jury trial is an amusing commentary upon this claim. It occurred in the reign of Henry II., in the latter half of the twelfth century. It was a dispute between the inhabitants of Wallingford and the Abbot of Abingdon, respecting the right to a market, and was referred to a jury of the county, who brought in a verdict in favor of the abbot; but it being represented to the king that some of the jurors were *retainers of the abbey* he granted one of the first new trials on record, and ordered a new jury summoned from three different localities. The result was a hung jury—the jurors being divided into *three* parties, each favoring a different right of market. The king finally decided the case himself on the testimony of the Earl of Leicester. The question of fact was a very simple one—whether, within their memory, a right of market had been exercised at a certain place. And yet we see that even in those primitive times of virtue, jurors were capable of deciding a case as their individual interests dictated. That the general character of juries has greatly improved since those days can hardly be seriously asserted. This subject of the comparative honesty of juries and judges I shall allude to hereafter.

FIFTH.—The next proposition is that the jury may take the law in their own hands, disregard the rulings of unjust judges, and, by their verdict, nullify obnoxious laws.

The fact is undoubted; as is also the fact that they may, by their verdicts, nullify the most just, equitable, and salutary laws, and disregard the rulings of the most upright judges. This is the argument of a demagogue, and finds appropriate place in the writings of Thomas Jefferson.

Under our system of government, Congress and the various State Legislatures are made the sole judges of the justice, wisdom, and policy of any law. Respect for law is one of the main foundations of our popular institutions. No law can be respected the enforcement of which depends on popular prejudice or local animosities. No law-making power can be respected if the execution of the laws can be, and is in practice, nullified by the exercise of any agency whatever. The fact that juries have it in their power to thus abrogate the laws, is an argument against their existence; the fact that they sometimes do exercise that power is in itself an appeal for the abolition of the power to do so. If juries generally exercised that privilege, we would find ourselves in the position of having a different set of laws for every differing constituency—nay, in the same constituency, and the same court, and before the same jury, what would be law in a controversy between A and B, would not be law in a controversy between C and D. If it were a fact, as Jefferson gratuitously observes, that juries never exercise this power without good reason, the inherent vice of the system would not be cured, or even ameliorated. If the existence of our laws is to depend upon the opinion of juries as to their justice, or as to the probity of the judge who administers the laws, anarchy or despotism is an inevitable final result.

The final argument, much dwelt upon by De Tocqueville, and other theorists, is that the jury system is an efficient educator of the people. If that were true, and there is very little, if any, truth in it, it is no argument in favor of the system. Judicial processes and proceedings have for their sole end the attainment of truth and justice. If a jury trial is a means adequate to that end, that fact is a sufficient vindication of its existence. If it is conducive to untruth and injustice, that is a sufficient reason why it should be abolished. If it were, in fact, a public educator, and at the same time not adapted to the attainment of the ends for which courts are established, it would be too expensive and unequal a system of education for a free people. We have common schools and colleges for educational purposes. For their support, the people are, in theory at least, equally taxed, and the burden is, for the most part, cheerfully borne. But the educational influences of a jury are exercised at the expense of some one individual or corporation. When an individual loses a large amount of property by a false or stupid verdict, it is poor consolation to know that the court, to which he resorted for justice, is a great educator of the people, and that the very verdict under which he groans, was the result of an elementary course of legal education, which would fit the same

jurymen to form a more correct judgment in the future. He might well object that he was compelled to pay more than his fair share of the expenses of popular education.

But, in fact, the argument is hostile to that common sense which regulates human affairs out of courts. The most strenuous advocate of the educational advantages of the jury system would find no inducement for the employment of a blacksmith to fill a decayed tooth in the argument that by such employment he would help to educate the blacksmith to fill some one else's tooth. No ship-master employs a landlubber to command his vessel with a view to educating him to his business. If the end to be attained is the building of a house, the opening of a mine, the making out of an abstract of title, or the examination thereof, the adjustment of an insurance loss, the building of a sewer, or the digging of a ditch, the employment of men unskilled in those matters to effect the desired end with a view to popular or individual education would be considered so erratic an exercise of the right of the individual to make a fool of himself as to qualify the employer for a residence at Stockton. Skill in all occupations, from the highest to the humblest, is the result of labor. The greater the skill required, the greater the labor to acquire it. As has been wittily said, "Inexperienced jurors do not, like students of medicine, practice first upon the dead subject, but may have the duty on his first essay of amputating a living suitor's character, or removing his purse to his opponent's pocket."

And yet it is gravely advanced and argued *in extenso* that ignorant men should be allowed to sit in judgment upon intricate questions of mingled law and fact, relative to business whose nature, and scope, and rules are to them as unintelligible as a chapter in Sanscrit or the computations of Leverrier, because, forsooth, the system is a means of popular education.

It would not be an advantage either to the cause of justice or of education to add the functions of courts to those of public schools. To detract from the efficiency of courts of justice with a view to incidental advantages to the cause of education, is an idea worthy of the man who invented roast-pig, and burned a house every time he wanted one. The objects and methods of schools and courts are separate and distinct. Any attempt to confound or combine them must work injury to both.

It is urged on behalf of trial by jury that in times past juries have been conservators of political liberty, or in the inspired words of the Fourth of July orators that the system is the "palladium of liberty." If the fact were in accord with the assertion it would be an argument in favor of the system only in a certain class of cases—where the government is prosecuting the individual for a political offense.

The argument that a jury may take the law in their own hands, and acquit a man indicted for a political libel of which he is undoubtedly guilty, and thereby, in some undefined way, become the conservators of popular liberty, is not easily construed into a reason why a question arising between dry-goods merchants, in the course of their dealings, should be submitted for decision to twelve impartial gentlemen, whose life-long energies have been devoted to other pursuits; or why it is essential to the preservation of a free government that a citizen who has stolen a horse shall be exempt from punishment until twelve other citizens, who may, or may not, have stolen horses in their time, unanimously decide that the particular horse named was stolen by the particular citizen indicted. In either case, the judge on the bench is fairly presumable to be more learned and skillful in the investigation of the question of fact involved than any average of twelve men taken from their various and diverse vocations. The judge has time to consider and reflect; the jury, if they are impartial and honest, consider their service a grievance, and are in haste to return to their legitimate business. If ever so desirous to do exact justice, the nature of their enforced servitude forbids proper attention and investigation. The merchant juror whose note is falling due, the contractor whose workmen may be shirking a job, the laborer who may be losing a chance of continuous employment, the clerk whose slender salary may be cut down, or who may be discharged by reason of his absence from his duties, the stock speculator whose margins may be in danger, are necessarily thinking more of their own troubles and perplexities than of those of the strangers whose disputes they are unwillingly called upon to decide.

It has been confessed by even the warmest advocates of the jury system that if it were something entirely new, a proposition to summon twelve men indiscriminately from the community—men skilled in measuring tape, making horse-shoes, shoveling sand, driving horses, manufacturing cotton, iron, or other material, good men and honest men in their various walks in life—to sit in judgment on disputes as to business and transactions with which they were entirely unfamiliar, and, without any experience in weighing testimony, to sift the one kernel of truth from the bushel of chaff and contradiction which makes up the mass of human testimony, it would be considered gro-

tesquely absurd. On the face of it the theory of the system *is* undeniably absurd. We must find something then in the advantages which follow its practice to warrant a decision in favor of its continuance. In civil cases the propriety of a jury system is much more extensively doubted and questioned than in criminal cases. In fact, both in England and in this country, the jury system, as applicable to civil cases, has been much modified. In England, the salutary control of courts over juries, by in a manner advising or directing their verdict, is still retained, but in a large class of cases juries may be dispensed with by consent of both parties, and, as a matter of fact, in the county courts in England they usually are dispensed with. In this country a jury may always, by consent of parties, be dispensed with in civil cases, and in practice not twenty per cent. of cases which might be tried by jury are in fact so tried.

In this State we have made a long step toward their entire abolition, in the way of what the logicians call a *reductio ad absurdum*. It is an indisputable fact that among the best juries but a very small proportion of jurors are fitted by education, business knowledge and habits, mental peculiarities and sound common sense, to pass upon the questions submitted to them; twenty-five per cent. of such men in any average jury would be a very large proportion. We have abolished the requirement of unanimity, and substituted for it a three-fourths verdict. In other words, we have provided by law that the large average of three competent men on a jury shall have no voice in the verdict; that the men best qualified to judge shall not be allowed to sit in judgment. There is ground for sanguine hopes that the practical effects of this system will prepare the public mind for the entire abolition of juries in civil cases. Already it is beginning to be observed that when a majority verdict is rendered in the courts the only men on the jury whom any business men would accept as arbitrators are usually in the minority.

The objections to a jury in civil cases are so numerous and so apparently convincing that it is strange that it still retains so tenacious a hold on life. They may be summed up as follows:

A jury not only is apt to be, but almost invariably is, ignorant of the business out of which the controversy in question arose; it is unskilled in determining questions of fact or weighing matters of evidence; it is liable to be misled by clap-trap arguments of counsel, and to give controlling weight to unimportant facts. No individual responsibility attaches to the verdict. Each juror is one of many, and shields himself behind the skirts of a majority. The jury is always in a hurry to get through, and cannot and does not devote the requisite time to the investigation of the cases before them. Most cases of importance involve an intricate mixture of law and fact, and while the jury is supposed to receive the law from the court, it is a fact that in an important case, where the charge of the court is necessarily elaborate, the jury receive so much law at once that they retire to their deliberations with a very imperfect idea of any of it. They are in a good deal the same position as a lawyer would be, if, after receiving a half-hour's lecture on the principles of mechanism, he was put into a room and required to designate the proper method of repair of some complicated piece of machinery.

The condition of the jury under such circumstances was portrayed by the poet Dryden, two centuries ago, in the following lines:

> "The man who laughed but once—to see an ass
> Mumbling to make the gross-grained thistles pass—
> Might laugh again to see a jury chaw
> The prickles of unpalatable law."

A jury gives no reasons for its verdict. In cases depending upon distinct facts, or independent chains of facts, it is impossible to ascertain whether there ever was an agreement among the jurors. A unanimous verdict may be rendered by a jury not at all in harmony in their views of the facts.

Suppose action is brought upon a policy of fire insurance. The defenses are:

(1.) Arson by the insured.

(2.) A fraudulent representation of the situation of the building.

(3.) Insured did not own the premises.

Each one of these defenses would be good. Four of the jury may believe in the first and disbelieve all others. A second four may believe the second defense only. A third four accept only the last defense. In such a case there would be a unanimous verdict for the defendant, while in fact no five of the jurymen were convinced of the truth of any one defense.

Again, suppose a suit is brought on a promissory note, and the defense is that it is a forgery. The execution of the note is attempted to be proven to the jury by three distinct classes of testimony:

(1.) A witness swears he saw it executed.

(2.) Experts swear it is a genuine signature.

(3.) A witness swears he heard defendant say he executed it.

Either of these lines of evidence, if it satisfies a jury of the fact, is sufficient to warrant a verdict. One-third of the jury believe in the first

class of evidence and reject the others altogether. One-third are convinced solely by the second class of evidence; and one-third entirely disagree with their associates, and think the third class of evidence is such as to entitle plaintiff to recover. There is a unanimous verdict for plaintiff, and not even a majority of the jury agree upon any one point in the case.

A jury is more liable than a judge to be influenced by passion, prejudice, self-interest, class jealousies, local or political considerations, and national or party antipathies. This article is already too long to multiply illustrations. They will readily occur to every observer of the workings of the system. This truth is recognized in part by the law of almost every State in the Union, and the power is given to judges to set aside the verdicts of juries, when it is *proven* that such verdicts were rendered under the influence of passion or prejudice. But many things as to which there can be no moral doubt are incapable of legal proof.

We have heretofore considered the question on the basis of the supposition of an *honest* jury. But is that a reliable basis for the discussion of the present jury system? That there was a time in California when it was not, let the events of 1856 bear witness. In the good old times of Shakspere it was by no means even a presumption that juries were honest. That unrivaled portrayer of human character and events notices the peculiarities of juries:

> "The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
> May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
> Guiltier than him they try."

The danger of having a thief or two on the jury has by no means diminished with the progress of civilization. Jury duty with us is unpopular and oppressive. Many a man summoned on a jury will stretch his conscience to find an excuse to be relieved, who would not, even if interested, deviate an iota from the truth in order to be *retained* on a jury.

Many years ago, seated in the old County Court-room, we overheard a conversation. The Court was impaneling a jury in a petty criminal case. Our next neighbor whispered to a gentleman sitting near him:

"What is this case? What is it all about? Tell me quick!"

"Well," was the answer, "this fellow is indicted for burglarizing the house of a man by the name of Smith in the Western Addition. He——"

The conversation was interrupted by a call for the querist to take his seat in the jury-box. In answer to questions of counsel, he stated he had heard of the case, had talked about it, and had an unqualified opinion as to its merits. Of course, he was excused, and went about his business rejoicing. Who that has observed the impanelment of juries in our courts doubts that our friend of the County Court has many imitators?

But it is certain that no man will testify falsely in order to be *retained* as a juror in a case as to which he is impartial, and it is equally certain that hired and bribed jurors will testify falsely in order to be so retained. The result is that the system affords facilities for obtaining corrupt verdicts by those who are willing and able to pay the price. The facility for corruption tends to produce corruption among jurors and suitors. Let it be once understood that verdicts are a matter of merchandise, he who seeks a verdict will deal in the market. If the time shall come that when men go into court to seek justice they find that justice must be purchased, there will be no lack of buyers. We deplore the fact, but it is incontrovertible. It is a matter of common, general, and current belief that verdicts of juries in important cases, civil and criminal, have been influenced by monetary considerations. Some extraordinary verdicts which have been rendered are inexplicable on any other theory.

The abolition of jury trial in civil cases is only a matter of time. The sooner it comes about the better. The judge of a court is presumably a man learned in the law. The results of our popular elections sometimes make the presumption a violent one. But a judge, ignorant of law, is at least as capable of dealing with facts as a jury equally ignorant, and in time he learns his business, while the juror attends only to the business of other people, and never learns it. But ignorant judges are an exception, while incompetent jurors are the rule. The least qualified of judges is less dangerous as an arbiter of facts than the same man would be in the jury-box. As a juror, he may take the law and facts in his own hands, and make such indiscriminate slaughter of the case that there will not be enough left of it to appear at that other day of judgment in the Supreme Court. But as a judge he can render no general verdict. He must file his findings of law and fact which will usually disclose any glaring error in his decision, and which puts it in a proper shape to be reviewed. That a man whose sole daily business it is to observe witnesses, take note of their demeanor, draw conclusions from testimony, and render judgment accordingly, should be better qualified than a tyro to perform that duty, is self-evident That he is better qualified is manifest by the

further fact that there is no feeling against the opinions of judges on facts, although they decide four cases where juries do one, while there is a wide-spread distrust and antagonism to the verdicts of juries.

As to the argument that judges may be corrupted, we do not deny the possibility. We fear that even in these United States there have been judges who have been corrupted. But a corrupt judge is the natural product of a vicious constituency. The men who elect him to and try to keep him in office are the very ones who would form the "honest" juries on which the advocates of the system would have us rely for justice. But in this country the character of our judiciary is a reason for just pride. It is a fact that a venal judge is very rarely heard of, and such a one is quickly retired to the obscurity of private life. Not even his constituency can long maintain him on a polluted bench; and even such a judge, acting in the blare of publicity thrown upon him by the press, with an individual responsibility for his demeanor, and with the review of an appellate court threatening him in the future, is more likely to render exact justice than a jury of the electors from whom he sprung.

The *esprit de corps* which Jefferson anathematizes is calculated to preserve in judges a moral dignity and uprightness of conduct and purity of action which exalts the office, and which, in many cases, is an exaltation of the moral character of him who holds the office.

Finally, as to the usefulness of juries in *criminal* cases; and we now come to a consideration of their claims to be conservators of liberty, palladiums of that boon, etc.

The claim is this: that in times past, in controversies between the English Government and individuals, juries have found verdicts against the Government and in favor of the individuals, upon political questions involving in some way the liberty of the subject, and thus became conservators of public liberty.

Their claim in this respect is very much exaggerated, and is founded on surprisingly few facts. As a general thing, juries have been pliant and submissive tools of government, and almost invariably so when the government was popular or strong. In the history of England, up to the accession of the house of Stuart, there were very few instances of acquittal by jury upon political accusations. During the troubled reigns of the Stuarts there were several such instances, but not sufficient in number to give character to jury trials. Even under that dynasty, far from being conservators of public liberty, they were, for the most part, abject tools of the crown, and rendered verdicts of guilty upon indictments for political offenses almost as a matter of course, and often, if not usually, with small regard to evidence or justice. During those periods when, according to the eulogists of juries, they became palladiums of liberty, the records of history fail to substantiate the claim. The Catholic victims of the Oates conspiracy, from 1678 to 1680, found no defenders of their liberties and lives in the juries of their country, although the nature of the testimony against them called loudly for a vigorous vindication. The Protestant victims of the Rye House plot were in 1683 equally unable to convince a jury of their countrymen of their innocence. Although history has since vindicated their names, their lives were sacrificed by verdicts of juries. In 1685, Jeffries, of infamous memory, had no difficulty in procuring pliant juries to render verdicts on which in a single circuit three hundred and twenty men were hanged and eight hundred and forty-one transported and condemned to perpetual slavery for alleged participation in the Monmouth rebellion.

The memorable trial of the Seven Bishops for seditious libel took place in 1688, and the verdict of the jury in that case is glorified as a conspicuous instance of the value of the system in the conservation of liberty. If as to that trial the claim fails, it cannot be bolstered up by any other. That verdict was one of the culminating events, in the struggle between the King on one side and Parliament and people on the other, which led to the final establishment of constitutional liberty in England. Momentous results followed the verdict, but the verdict was in itself an effect produced by antecedent causes. In itself it is not an argument in favor of the jury system, and no such argument can be legitimately drawn from it. It was a time of wild political and religious excitement. The nation was inflamed to madness, and was on the verge of revolution. "It was," says Macaulay, "the first and last occasion on which two feelings of tremendous potency—two feelings which have generally been opposed to each other, and either of which when strongly excited has sufficed to convulse the State—were united in perfect harmony. Those feelings were love of the Church and love of freedom." The approaching trial had been the subject of hot and acrimonious discussion. In all the land of England and Scotland the people were intensely interested and excited. The court-room was crowded with partisans of the prisoners, who cowed the judges, jeered the representatives of the crown, and applauded every incident favorable to the defense. A

dense concourse of numberless thousands, clamorous for an acquittal, filled the streets and surrounded the hall of justice. The prosecution was weak, and labored, and imbued with dire forebodings. The defense was bold, skillful, sagacious, and vigorous. The judges were divided in opinion, and two of the four charged in favor of an acquittal.

Under such circumstances, and under such tremendous outside pressure, it would have been wonderful indeed if a jury had dared to resist the popular demand. But such was the influence of an unpopular sovereign on a tottering throne that three of the jury at first voted for a conviction. Their verdict does not entitle that jury to the proud appellation of champions of freedom. It is not by floating with an irresistible current that such honorable titles are achieved. It is safe to say that under such pressure the clamors of the multitude, whether they demand the release of Barabbas or the Son of Man, will usually prevail. If the multitude decide in favor of the saint and against the sinner, the credit is to them and not to a jury that records their opinions.

There *have* been juries that have deserved some of the encomiums lavished upon the jury in the Bishops' case. The trial of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, in the first year of the reign of Queen Mary, presented an example of such a one. Unsupported by popular clamor, pressed hard by the judges on the bench, liable to pains and penalties, which they braved and duly suffered, they dared to find a verdict against the crown. But that verdict is one of the bright exceptions that only proves the rule of subserviency of juries. In the reigns of the Georges there were some few refusals to convict of political libels, and the jury took the law into their own hands, which in the case of the Bishops they did not do. But the gain to the cause of liberty by reason of an acquittal in violation of law is exceedingly problematical. The contempt for law, which is the result of such verdicts, is more dangerous to freedom than the enforcement of the most unjust law. In England and the United States the people make the laws. Bad laws should be repealed, not nullified by juries.

In England, two and three centuries ago, judges who received their appointments from the crown, and looked solely to the crown for preferment, were doubtless in political cases more or less partisan on the bench—some of them outrageously and indecently so. It was in the power of juries to render good service in the cause of justice, and in strict accordance with law, by giving the verdicts on evidence only. But they had not the moral stamina to do so.

In this country political prosecutions are a thing of the past. They became obsolete when the most tremendous rebellion the world ever knew was quelled and no man was put on his trial for treason. Our judges are not to be influenced by either State or Federal Governments. The United States judges are appointed for life, and outlive the administrations which appoint them and even the political parties to which they have belonged. From the Government they have nothing to hope or fear. Their interest and their ambition is confined to the conscientious discharge of their duty.

Our State judges are obliged to apply at stated periods of time to the people for reëlection. Their best hope of succeeding themselves is to obtain the confidence of the people by an upright administration of their high office. No blow at popular liberty is at all likely to be struck by any judge, either Federal or State. With us the jury system cannot be a palladium of Liberty. If that goddess is ever attacked in this country it will not be through the courts.

The verdicts of juries in criminal cases have become the disgrace of our age and country. They daily bring the administration of the law into disrepute and contempt. It would be for the advancement of civilization, would tend to secure the benefits of good government to all, and would promote the administration of justice, if juries were utterly abolished. To borbow the epigrammatic words of a recent essayist:

"The jury is the clown of the law. It is constantly inventing new and ingenious tricks for the evasion of duty. It is the patron of the joke called 'temporary insanity,' and the author of numberless other jests of a like character. It is a never failing source of amusement to all except its victims. There is nothing certain about it but its uncertainty. It has been sneered at, and satirized, and lampooned, and caricatured. Judges have snubbed it, and legal wits like Curran have riddled it with sarcasm in open court. Yet a mistaken conservatism suffers it to continue its blundering way unchallenged."

E. W. McGRAW.

GOOD-FOR-NAUGHT.

CHAPTER III.

The time came when Mr. Brownell was to start to New York with Hope and Stephen. There was evidently an effort at self-control throughout the family when it came to saying good-bye. It seemed a preconcerted thing that no emotion should appear on the surface. One unexpected event occurred, however, that broke Hope's heart for many a long day. Bill had been hiding away, apparently sulky, but really in a bitter struggle with grief. When the stage came to the door, he rushed out from some hiding-place and climbed in it. No persuasion could get him out. He was going with Hope, he said. He clung to the sides with the grip of death when they attempted to remove him forcibly; and when at last he was lifted out, and Hope, quite overcome by tears, had climbed to her place and fallen all a limp heap in her seat, a last glance as she was whirled away showed her the little, loving brother freed from the restraint of his father's arms and wildly following them on foot.

It was no easy task to capture the young man and bring him back. But the grief of children, though bitter, is brief, and long before Hope's tears were dry, and before that whisper in her heart, "Oh, poor little thing! oh, poor little thing!" had ceased its plaint, Bill had forgotten all the troubles of this mundane sphere, and was playing a game of "keeps" with Johnny Miller, with luck on his side, and making the biggest run of the season.

There were intervals, however, in the weeks following, when he would lament her absence in roars of grief that were audible a half mile away. These outbursts were all brought about by some persecution from the different members of his family. Perhaps it was his mother who had offended him, or his father. His feelings were very sensitive on the subject of chips. Perhaps one of his brothers had outwitted him in a trade or had conquered him in a fight. Whatever may have been the occasion, he would then mingle his anger with his grief for Hope, and threaten to run off and go to her.

One day he found by comparing notes with Johnny Miller, a cub of his own age, that he also suffered untold agonies from the cruelty of parents and elder brothers and sisters. So the two youngsters proposed to run off together. Sally overheard their plans, and rushed in dismay to her mother with the startling news. Mrs. Wilkins laughed, and threw no obstacles in their way. This was a new view of the case, and Sally began to think it might be a nice thing for her to run away, too.

When the boys were ready to go, Bill slipped into the house, watching his mother furtively while he wrapped up a few of his clothes, together with some bread and meat. Little Sally followed him everywhere with great interest. It is a noticeable fact that if a little girl has a brother just older than herself she regards him as the greatest of living men. No influence from any one else can weaken her confidence in him. So it was, as Sally watched her wonderful brother, she became convinced that running away was a great performance, and the one thing desirable above all other things; so she informed him that she was "doin' to wun off, too."

"Lawful sakes! *You!*" said he, contemptuously, straightening himself up and looking like a prince of the blood in this young lady's eyes. "Why, *you're* a baby. You ain't got sense enough to take care of yourself yet."

Sally was deeply abashed by this announcement, but rallied a little presently, and asked, meekly:

"Tant 'oo take tare of me, Bill?"

This was putting a new face on the matter. Bill thought perhaps he could. So Sally began to pack up her wardrobe. She went to the dirty-clothes basket, and got one of Nettie's aprons and a dish-towel. These she pinned together in one of the most demoralized bundles ever seen. She exhausted the pin-cushion in disposing of its stray ends, and even then the result was extremely shaky and uncertain, besides being so "stickery" she was afraid to touch it. Mrs. Wilkins found this bundle the next day at the wood-pile, and with a laugh, the sound of which ought to have cured the most confirmed dyspeptic, she brought it in and put it on the mantel-piece for exhibition.

When the two babies had joined the other baby waiting outside, there arose a dispute about the propriety of taking Sally. Johnny Miller told Bill quite plainly that he didn't propose working to help support her.

"Yes," said Bill, "but don't you see she'll help us more'n all the dogs and the pigs throw-

ed in. She'll be better'n a Shetland pony. She can dance, and sing a song, and make two speeches, and she's just the thing we want for our circus. Should think you'd have gumption enough to see that for yourself. 'Sides that, she's the prettiest little girl in the world—'most as pretty as Hope."

Johnny seemed to be doubtful of Sally's accomplishments, so Bill proposed to put her through her paces and show him what she could do. Sally by this time began to see that she was going to star it in a traveling circus, and became wildly elated. She sang her song in such a joyous, caroling, sweet little voice she really would have brought down the house in the best theater in the world. But, as it often happens with superlative genius, her pearls were cast before swine. Johnny gave a sniff of contempt.

"Her can't talk plain," he said; "her's nothin' but a baby."

The tears came into her eyes, but Bill ordered her peremptorily to "dry up and cut loose in a dance." So she brushed her tears away, and, beginning a little tune, she kept step to it very accurately, beating time by clapping her hands together. This was so pretty and graceful that even Johnny applauded. Then Bill ordered her to "come on with her speeches." The first of these was from *Mother Goose*. The emphasis with which she delivered it is quite inimitable, and only a feeble attempt at its expression can be conveyed on paper. She stepped out before her audience with her curly head well up and her whole bearing proud as a peacock; then she began with her exquisite baby lisp, not to be rendered in type:

> "Hokey, pokey, hanky panky,
> I'm the Queen of Swinky Swanky,
> *And* I'm pretty well, I thank 'ee."

At the last word she swept them a courtesy, like a real queen, and retired modestly backward, waiting for another call.

Johnny did not approve of the speech. The same criticism with which he condemned the song was in force here. But the dance was "bully," he said; so he thought they would take her. Then they revealed their plans. They had three dogs and a pig and Sally, and were starting out for a "show." They were going to work their way to New York, where they intended to stop and live with Hope in a gold house with diamond windows, and have all the fine things they wanted, and go riding every day on Shetland ponies.

It was now getting on toward the middle of the afternoon, and they declared themselves ready to start. At this juncture, Mrs. Wilkins, who had been watching them from behind a blind, and enjoying their performances very much, sent Nettie to them with an invitation to remain to dinner.

But "no," they did not care for dinner. They had plenty with them, and when that gave out they would have a "show," and buy more.

"Ah, yes," said Nettie, "but we are going to have *pie*, and ma's got a cake with *raisins* in it as big as your thumb. How's that for high?"

Bill's eyes dilated.

"That's way up," he said.

So they held a consultation, and decided to wait until after dinner. As they sat on the wood-pile pending that pleasant event, the time seemed interminable to them; and it *was* a very long hour indeed before they were called in.

After dinner, the sun was actually going out of sight behind the tall mountain in the west, and they held another consultation about starting; the result of which was that they would camp out in a broken-down wagon on the edge of town, while Sally remained in the house that night, where they would call for her in the morning and take an early start. They had a long walk to the wagon, and when they got there found to their evident surprise that there were no sleeping accommodations in it. This put them to thinking. Finally, they stole an old horse-blanket from a convenient barn in the neighborhood. Then they thought of their three dogs and one pig tied up with bale-rope clear out on the other side of the village, and it came into their heads that these "stock actors" might possibly be hungry. The next thing in order was to feed them. They had almost reached the place where they had left them, when they found out they had brought no food. Here was an emergency. They were almost discouraged. It was getting dark. They were beginning in a dumb way to realize something of the total depravity of inanimate things. Finally, as it must be done, they retraced their steps to get the bread and meat out of their bundles.

"This is 'most lightnin', Bill," said Johnny. "Now, what are we to do for grub till we get a start?"

"I can get more at ma's," said Bill.

"It's a goin' to be a devil of a trip this is," said Johnny. "I'm nearly tired to death now."

But they trudged on, and got their provisions and returned with them to the spot where their hungry dependants were stationed. Here they were surprised and disgusted to find the dogs had all gone. The renegades had not had the charity, however, to liberate their cousin in bonds, for he was still there, sitting back on his tether with the obstinacy of a—of a pig. He was very ill-natured, but did not refuse the sol-

ace of bread and meat. He ate up all they had, and even then eyed them ungratefully and reproachfully.

By this time it was quite dark, and they had a good half-mile to travel back to the wagon. They now took each other by the hand for protection, and scampered rapidly away.

They did not undress that night; and, so strong is the force of habit, they did not know how to go to bed without undressing, especially as they had no bed to go to. Even after they were in bed they could not sleep, but lay staring in the dark for many hours, as they supposed.

The time in reality was not nearly so long as they imagined. They were nervous and restless—preternaturally alive to every sound that moved the leaves and every sigh of the night-wind. But after a while, as they listened in this state of intensity, they heard an unmistakable groan under the wagon. With a simultaneous movement they popped the blanket over their heads, where they had to hold it by main force, so great was the capillary attraction that impelled it upward; and then they heard another groan. This time it was plainer. It came up through the cracks in the bottom of their bed-room, and the blanket above them gave them an idea that they were bottled in with this ghastly horror.

This could not be endured for an instant; and so, with another simultaneous impulse—or, to avoid needless repetition, let us say with two impulses that were Siamese twins in their kinship—they sprung over the side of the wagon and ran for their lives. There was no holding hands now. It was "every fellow for himself, and devil take the hindmost." Bill was ahead. Johnny's roars were unheeded, and gradually died out in the distance. He said afterward that one of his legs was scared so bad it went back on him, and left him nothing to travel with but the other one and his head, with a little help from his two hands. Bill reached home, where he found the family still up. His appearance among them was decidedly tumultuous.

He took his seat quietly, however, and to the questions, "What you been doin', Bill?" "What makes you look so pale, Bill?" he answered but one word:

"Nothin'."

The next morning, when Sally opened those blue forget-me-nots, her sweet eyes, she screamed lustily for that mighty man, her owner and proprietor, and when he came informed him that she was ready to start; and great was her wonder when he told her to shut up, and not bother him about such nonsense any more.

CHAPTER IV.

Hope's first letter after reaching New York was to Bill. It was written in easy words, with printed letters, so that, with some assistance, he was soon able to read it himself. After this, letters came frequently to various members of the family and to Mrs. Marvin.

Stephen had stood the first part of the trip well, but had quite failed on the latter part, and did not rally in the least after they reached home. His mother, Mrs. Whitehall, soon came to him, and was with him day and night. Hope was necessarily away from him a good deal, though she often took her drawing materials to his room and worked where he could watch her. At last it seemed that all the life he had was embodied in her, and her absence left him dead, or so nearly dead as to be incapable of either speech or motion. He was now under the care of a physician who had no hope of his life, and whose only effort was to deaden his pain with morphine.

At last, Hope was aroused to a sense of his condition by coming unexpectedly upon Mrs. Whitehall at a moment when she was in utter despair for the life of her boy; and this emotion on the part of his mother filled her with surprise and dismay. She had never believed that Stephen could die until the day he mentioned it to her in connection with her leaving him to go with Mr. Brownell. After that, her fears had been allayed by the decision to take him to New York. But now it was evident she had the worst to anticipate. She went to her room all in a tremble. There she passed many moments without any conscious thought, except "if Stevey died it would kill her." She had never stood face to face with strong emotion before, nor did she recognize its strength now.

"If Stevey dies, it will kill me."

She did not speak these words. They spoke themselves from her inner being to her outer consciousness. They had been enscrolled in the layers of her organism; they had shaped or modified the atoms of her body, and now they stood revealed to her thought. There was no feeling that shaped itself into a confession of love for him; there was no question of his loving her; neither was there a single retrospective glance to see if the past contained anything that threw its light upon the present moment. There was nothing but those few words standing as the exponent of her life—its perfect aggregation, the one strong, yet simple, summing up of herself:

"*If Stevey dies, it will kill me.*"

She passed the evening by his bedside in a daze, and when she went to her own room she

was far above the possibility of sleep. Sleep is a negative condition, and Hope, unknown to herself, was in a state so absolutely positive that Stephen, whose life-springs she held embodied, appeared better for the time. The next day as she was taking some of her work to the foreman's office, she passed a doctor's sign that had often attracted her attention by the beauty and taste of its modest design. Without stopping to consider she went in, traced him to his rooms, and stood in his presence. He was a young man, with eyes of intelligence and beautiful repose. She told him about Stephen, and asked him to come and see him. He set a time to do so, and kept his appointment, never questioning the young girl's authority in the matter, taking it for granted that the preliminaries had been adjusted before the family had sent for him—nor did he ever know better; for Hope reached home before he got there and wrote a note discharging the physician in attendance, and afterward, on the arrival of the young gentleman, went with him to Stephen's room.

It was several days before Dr. Morrel made up his mind with regard to the case. At first there seemed to be no hope—Stephen was so low, and his recuperative power so apparently gone. Presently he found he had much of this to charge to the use of the morphine, with which they had deadened his pain and almost killed him. The first thing he did was to try and break him of the morphine habit. In this attempt his system would immediately show whether it still possessed the power of recuperation. He began to lessen the doses, and found that he could live and bear it. This was so far hopeful, but his suffering increased as the morphine decreased, and it seemed a stand-off between the two situations.

Dr. Morrel had made up his mind to operate on his leg. There could never be any permanent improvement while that tumor remained. The operation was more than dangerous while his patient was so weak, and to build up his constitution under the circumstances was impossible; but it was the one chance. This he told the family, who, in a modified way, told it to Stephen.

"Then there is still hope," said Stephen, who had evidently given up the idea of recovery.

He was not afraid, he told them—he wanted it done right away; and yet, as the time approached, every fiber of his enfeebled system shrank from the thought in horror. Hope, who now entered consciously into his feelings, shared this horror, and by sharing it (she being strong) uplifted him to the extent at least of keeping life in him. When the day came, and Dr. Morrel and his two assistants had arrived, it was decided that he could not take chloroform or any other anæsthetic agent without the almost certain prospect of death. Hope was wild when she heard this, but Stephen, in sheer desperation, anxious only to have it over as soon as possible, told them to proceed. It was decided to have Mr. Brownell in the room, while Hope and Mrs. Whitehall were excluded. They were in the parlor just below Stephen's room. Dr. Morrel, before going up-stairs, at the last moment had pointed to the clock.

"In less than a half hour," he said, "it will be over, and he will be comfortable. You will probably suffer more than he does, and you can surely bear it just a half hour."

Mrs. Whitehall sat in a large chair, apparently numb, and Hope walked the floor. Both ladies watched the clock. The minutes were hours; but at last fifteen were gone, and everything above was still as death. They began to hope that it was over, when there was a cry in Stephen's room; at first low, but increasing in volume and hoarseness to a sound perfectly unearthly in horror, and breaking at length into a succession of short exhausted screams—that last protest of overtaxed nature that resembles nothing on earth so much as the harsh barking of a dog.

Mrs. Whitehall sunk all limp and nerveless into the depth of her chair. Hope made one bound from where she stood and flew up-stairs like a winged creature. She went through the door of the invalid's room as if she had been a spirit, and bolts were as nothing to her. She only saw an agonized face and two great eyes in which the tortured soul was poised for its outward leap into eternity. Stephen lifted himself toward her as she dropped on her knees beside him. Their arms clasped each other, their faces met. The surgeon paused a moment, and then went on with the operation—went on to its conclusion. When the knee was bandaged, and every one began to feel the sense of relief that follows intense excitement, Mr. Brownell moved toward Hope, and would have lifted her up, but she slipped through his arms to the floor. They carried the unconscious girl to her room, when it was her turn to be the chief object of anxiety for the next hour. At her first symptom of returning life they carried the news to Stephen.

"Thank God!—thank God!"

These were all the words he could speak, but he pressed his hands upon his eyes, and through fast-coming tears he saw her again as he had seen her when she came flying toward him with outstretched arms like an angel of deliverance—a veritable angel of deliverance he

would ever believe, piecing out his waning life with her own strong vitality, and banishing his pain with the invincible energy of her mighty love.

And now followed days of happy convalescence with Hope, and Mrs. Whitehall, and Mr. Brownell—sometimes one, and sometimes all three, about him. Hope still brought her drawing materials to his room, and worked there for hours each day; and Stephen watched her with his bright, happy eyes, seeming never to desire an object of greater interest. Once when he was just aroused from a light sleep, he tried to tell her some of his thoughts.

"Often when I am lying here so peacefully, looking at you," he said, "it seems to me that I have died and gone to heaven—and you, too, Hope, dear. The world is made over new to me now."

"Suppose you had gone to heaven, Stevey, wouldn't that have been better?"

"Not to me," he said. "This is my home now, my school, my workshop, where I want to go through with my apprenticeship. I don't want to leave this world until I have earned my diploma here. I feel as if I could tackle the whole course, and not wish to lop off or dodge a single study. And then you are here, Hope, and likely to remain as long as any of us? Why shouldn't I prefer this world?"

Weeks passed. Stephen recovered rapidly. He could go about his room, even bearing some weight on the lame leg. Dr. Morrel said it would ultimately be as strong as the other. When he was well enough to travel, his mother took him home, and many months passed before Hope saw him again.

At Mr. Brownell's suggestion, the handsome, cozy library was turned into the common workroom, where he wrote and made occasional drawings, and where Hope worked out her endless fancies to his entire satisfaction. In finding an outlet for her inspirations, Hope had also found a certain happiness of which no vicissitude in life could ever deprive her. Love, that heaven or hell of a woman's existence, might come or go—it could never leave her quite shipwrecked while the love of her art remained. Added to this, she had her mother's sunshiny disposition, and her mother's laugh. She was dangerously attractive to Mr. Brownell without her resemblance to Mrs. Wilkins, whom he considered the most superb-natured woman he ever saw. Always as they sat together, and there was silence between them, as there often was for hours each day, the nature of their pursuits being very engrossing, in his thought he was warning himself against falling in love with her.

"Thirty years older than she is," he would think. "Is it possible she should ever love me in return? And even if such a thing were possible, could a marriage with her prove anything but disastrous to both of us?"

And then he considered her temperament and disposition, both so admirable as to dispel his doubt.

"A disparity of years is no great obstacle where there is a similarity of tastes and pursuits."

Again, he reflected on her probable fate if he should withdraw himself from her entirely.

"She will marry some man who may make her wretched," he said. "There is almost every chance that she will do so."

But he turned from this view of the case, feeling his argument to be one-sided and unfair.

"If I could just hear from the opposing counsel," he thought.

It was in vain to attempt a dismissal of the matter; it pursued its endless round through his head over and over, his fancy spinning an unbroken web of her, crossed and recrossed—the tissue gradually thickening to a filmy veil that wrapped its folds about him until he was blind and helpless in its power.

And Hope knew it, though no word had been spoken, and a vague unhappiness began to pervade her. Sitting in his presence, yet apart from him, the atmosphere of his one thought permeated the entire room; it became a part of her breath, she could not evade it. It made her weak, tremulous, sick. Her soul confessed its bonds of life-long gratitude to this man. She had no thought of ignoring them. The thoughts of Stephen, so long cherished, began to be a condemnation to her; each of his letters an accusation from her conscience.

So other months passed until the day fixed for Stephen's return. He had written to Mr. Brownell many letters full of undying gratitude and affection, and was coming back to work for the man he loved better than all the men on earth. Hope and Mr. Brownell were in the library waiting for him; Mr. Brownell with pleasurable anticipation, Hope in a tumult of contending emotions; neither of them prepared for the revelation of magnificent beauty that presently stood before them in the shape of Stephen. Mr. Brownell greeted him with affectionate cordiality, Hope with impenetrable reserve and a flicker of pain in her raised eyes. And yet those eyes, filmy with tears, he held as if spellbound. To her enthused ideality, artist that she was, he seemed a young Apollo, roseate as the dawn, crowned with the beams of morning. The months had given him hight and breadth, and the flesh tint of perfect health.

There was no crutch now, and not even the shadow of lameness. The grace of strength crowned every movement. His eyes, once unnaturally large and pathetic, like those of some tortured animal, were soft and bright, and full of love and content; and time had set the finishing seal of manhood on the upper lip in a silken line of sunny dark hair. For many moments, Hope, forgetful of the spell that bound her apart from him upon whom she looked with such glowing admiration, yielded to the swelling love of her undisciplined heart, and then her consciousness recalled her with a reactionary wave of sickening pain that left her cheeks white as the lilies on the window-ledge behind her.

And so gratitude—noble attribute of noble natures—was in this instance becoming the murderer of that nobler and mightier god, who in his divine mission was born to be the ruler of all things.

When Hope went to her room that night, after hours spent in the intoxication of Stephen's presence, a sort of frenzy took possession of her. It was far in the night before her thoughts were sufficiently calm for the action of her reason; and then not until her pillow was wet with tears could she put herself and her own mad desires so far away as to see the claims of others.

"But for him," she said, meaning Mr. Brownell, "noble creature that he is, my beautiful boy would have been in his grave long ago. And now must all his goodness and generosity react on him, to separate him from me, whom he loves with a love that places his very life almost at my disposal. And I! Oh, I should feel proud and happy, as I am surely honored, by the love and confidence of such a man. And yet—God help me! After all, it is Stevey for whom I suffer more than myself."

Then her thoughts went back to his last letter: "To tear you from my heart would be to unravel the stitches in which Time has knit me."

"These are his very words," she said.

And then something spoke to her, the voice of the tempter, saying:

"Suppose Stevey had remained a cripple, and yet with sufficient strength to drag through years of existence, would you have married Mr. Brownell?"

"No," she said. "No; I would have married Stevey."

"But suppose," continued the voice, "Mr. Brownell had brought him here, and had lavished money and time and affection on him all the same, but with a different result, would not your obligations and Stevey's have been as great as now?"

"Yes, yes," said Hope; "but I would have married Stevey."

"And ignored the undying gratitude you owe your benefactor?"

"I would have ignored it," she said. "More; I would have spurned its claims and trampled them in the dust, even at the risk of blotting my soul out of existence. I would have married Stevey."

"Then why don't you marry him now?"

She waited some moments before an answer came to this question, and then the thought shaped itself slowly: "In the case supposed, a sacrifice had to be made; it was Mr. Brownell or Stevey. I could not sacrifice Stevey with the odds against him. Now they are against Mr. Brownell, and Stevey must go."

"But you also must be sacrificed; it is two against one. Moreover, it is two young lives with many years to fill with bitterness and regret. Is that strict justice?"

No answer.

"Would you call it justice if you were deciding it for other parties?"

"I could never decide it correctly for others."

"Why?"

"Because I could not enter into the claims of gratitude in any case not my own; and not knowing their weight, I would not know how to balance them."

"And in your own case," said the voice, "you sacrifice yourself and Stevey to liquidate this claim. Don't you see that this is not justice, but generosity? And generosity is as far from justice on one side as selfishness is on the other. Go to Mr. Brownell, and tell him your perplexities."

"No, never!" she cried, starting up in bed, her thoughts groping blindly for the right path out of this dilemma.

"Why," she said presently, "no one *can* pay a debt of gratitude. It is something that comes outside the sphere of justice. Generosity must be met and counterparted by generosity, and so my instincts were right after all." And then her thoughts ran on: "I am not to be considered at all," she said; "only Stevey—he will get over it. Oh, yes, he will get over it, pray God! He ought to marry a queen, young splendor that he is, and—and— O my God! keep me from thinking—or, rather, let me have but one thought: Mr. Brownell, my dear, dear, dear husband that is to be."

She turned on her face; she pressed the pillow over her eyes and ears, as if by shutting the outer senses she could stop her thoughts as well. And so the dismal night wore away.

How it came about no one can tell: there was a cloud between Stephen and Hope. Ste-

phen now filled an important position in Mr. Brownell's trust and confidence. His circumstances justified him in thinking of the realization of his dreams. He could afford to marry the girl who had been literally his life for four years. But something had come over Hope. She was no longer the calm, strong, loving creature of his trust and faith; she was quite altered now; she seemed impulsive and inconsistent, often cold and often repentant, then cold again instantly.

At last he got the clue. It reached him through some inadvertent words on the part of the housekeeper, an old lady afflicted with overfluency of speech, who occasionally gave utterance to startling truths without knowing it. Then the thing opened to him like a revelation, and he wondered how it had been possible to breathe the air of that house so pregnant with Mr. Brownell's secret thought and not know it. Then he felt Hope's hapless condition, and entered into it.

To go away from there—to get board elsewhere—was his first thought. This he did, making such explanation to his benefactor as he deemed proper. And yet it seemed impossible to detach himself from the place entirely. Mr. Brownell was coming across him every day, and had a way of taking him by the arm and walking him around to his home without asking his consent. And so he still met Hope frequently, and these meetings were maddening to both.

"I must go still farther," he said to himself at last. "I'll go to California. My home shall be with my sister. Her family shall be my family. She needs me more than any one, and if there is happiness for me anywhere in this world I'll find it with her."

So he fixed a day for his departure.

He had no expectation of seeing Hope alone, even for one moment, before he left, though he deeply desired to do so; and fate, generous sometimes, favored him on this point without any effort of his.

It was the night before his departure. Hope was resolved not to say good-bye to him. As it grew late, she left the room in order to avoid it. In her own chamber she could not rest a moment, however. She stepped into the hall, resolved to seek the outer air. At the lower end of this hall there was a door opening on an upper balcony at the back of the building. Here the calm night confronted her. The majesty of the heavens quieted her. The repose of the God-mind was manifest. Its works and its peacefulness sent her a message of rest. All that was good within her responded to this message, and the aroma of her soul ascended—an unspoken prayer.

Presently the door through which she had reached the balcony opened and shut, and Stephen was beside her. He had no thought of finding her there. He was leaving the house, and before going had yielded to an impulse to visit the spot where he had spent so many happy hours of his convalescence with her. And the girl was before him; but neither spoke for a moment. His first words seemed like a reproach:

"And you would not say good-bye, Hope, when you know it is forever!"

The word "forever" struck her like a blow. She had never felt its force before. She actually staggered, and would have fallen.

"Sit in this window-ledge," he said, leading her farther on. "There, now, you can talk to me about it, or would you rather not?"

"Oh, Stevey, it can do no good."

"But surely you must love him. Think how good and noble he is."

"I never cease for one moment to think of it," she said. "I should be lost if I did."

"You will be happy after a while, Hope."

"Oh, Stevey, I can't think it. Can you realize that you will be happy?"

"If I knew you were happy I would ask nothing else. Control yourself, and give me the assurance before we part that you will *try* to be happy at least."

"What can I do?" she cried; "what can I do?' She was breaking down utterly. "How can I be happy in marrying Mr. Brownell and loving you? Haven't I loved you always—since I was a child? Have I ever had a thought of any one else? You and your dear sister I hoped to be with always. Why, Stevey, it was like parting with half of my soul to part with her, and now I must lose you, too."

Her sobs were convulsive. Presently she mastered her voice.

"Go, Stevey," she said. It seemed from her intonation that her only hope of self-control lay in these words. "Go, Stevey—go now. I am not sorry you came to me; I am not sorry to show you all there is in my heart. You will remember always that I loved you, and the remembrance will comfort you as the thought of your love will comfort me. But do not stay any longer. I will be true and faithful to our benefactor. I will give my life to make him happy. There, now, don't say good-bye, Stevey, but go."

His arm supported her as she sat in the window, and without another word he touched her trembling lips with his and rose to his feet. When he reached the door he turned to look again. Better for him had he gone his way without that backward glance. The image of her shrinking, grief-laden form, bowed to the

ground in abject despair, never left his mind, sleeping or waking, for many a weary day and night. And so he went his way.

The next day Hope and Mr. Brownell sat together at work as usual. No trace of the emotion that had rent her young heart the night before was visible. Her cheeks were somewhat wanting in color, and her eyes, though heavy, were bent upon her work, and therefore unobserved.

There was a new element pervading the atmosphere of the room. Hope felt it, and knew what was coming. All these last months of Mr. Brownell's life, so filled with thoughts of Hope, had been evolving toward a climax that might never have been reached but for Stephen's departure. He had loved both of these young people with his whole heart. He had never known that there was anything but the love of brother and sister between them. It is true the thought that it might be had been often before him. He never forgot Hope's passionate exclamation at the prospect of parting with Stephen on that first night of his seeing her:

"I can't leave Stevey, I can't leave Stevey!"

He had reasoned this down at the time, and that, too, independent of any personal consideration. Indeed, he had afterward himself so loved the boy that the time came when he used the same words—practically, at least—and did not leave him. And again, on the day Dr. Morrel performed the surgical operation, how she had burst the barred door and flown toward him with an intensity of purpose perfectly irresistible! But then he had been at no loss to account for her impetuosity. At the moment that agonized scream filled the air he felt that he would give his very life to purchase ease for the boy, and he neither wondered at her sympathy nor its exhibition. That which caused him wonder was that after all Hope's interest in him and affection for him during his sickness, she should care so little for him when he got well. He felt almost certain that Stephen loved her, and he thought it probable that this unrequited love had driven him from the State. But how was it that Hope could not love him? There was no one in the world worthy of her if Stephen was not, and surely there had never been a more lovable creature born. In all his thoughts on this subject he only tangled himself more and more, and in the end was fain to go to thinking of something else.

That something else was only Hope again in a different relation. He thought of her in her relation to his own happiness. She had never given him a token of love—not one. He had builded an altar for her in his heart, but he had no reason to believe that her love would ever be enshrined within it. Perhaps she was cold—given up to her art, with no thought of love about her. It was said that women of genius were hybridized creatures, destitute of the love element. He almost hoped this was so. On no other theory could he justify himself in laying claim to her. To be sure, it was a theory that operated against him, too; but then he argued that the North Pole with her was better than the Tropics with another.

He was resolved on one thing: now that the coast was clear, he would speak frankly about his love, and give her a chance to refuse him.

And this was the new element that pervaded the library atmosphere after Stephen left for California. Hope knew what was coming. She neither sought to hasten or retard the *dénoûment*, but bided her time in gentle sweetness and sorrowful content.

It was on the evening of the ninth day after Stephen left that Mr. Brownell detained her in the drawing-room later than usual. She had been thinking:

"Stevey is at home to-night. He is with his sweet sister, whom he loves so dearly. Little Jack is climbing over his lap, and they are all happy, I know."

She was so glad to think of Stephen as being happy her eyes were bright and her step buoyant beyond her usual habit. Filled with these thoughts, the hour for retiring came, and she arose to leave the room; but Mr. Brownell, with quite a new and beautiful look in his deep-set gray eyes, put out his hand toward her. It was with something almost like impetuosity that she approached him and knelt on the cushion by his chair; then she put her arms about him, and laid her innocent cheek on his breast.

"Hope," he said; "why, Hope, do you mean it, my child? Is it possible you have seen my love for you all these months? Are you crying, Hope?"

"No," she said, raising her face that he might see.

"And have I really worn my heart on my sleeve, so that every one in the house could see how I loved you?"

She was laughing now—actually laughing; a little hysterical laugh, that trembled over a fountain of tears.

"I saw it," she said.

"And you loved me? Oh, Hope, don't answer that question. My precious child, think this all over, and if you can indeed come to my arms with some degree of pleasure and content, you will make me happier than I ever expected to be."

As she rose from the cushion he rose with her, holding her hand. He looked at the taper-

ing, beautiful hand, with its dimples and its wax-like finish, and then he met her eyes. How gladly he would have raised that busy little hand to his lips, but a strange feeling of reticence withheld him. He more than feared that her love was not what it should be, and that out of their positions some compulsion, not yet understood by him, had arisen to send her to his arms. He had never thought of this before. The thought came—an unbidden guest in his first delicious moment of close contact with her; and as he pondered it, still looking at the delicate hand he clasped, he raised his eyes to her face again, and relinquished it with a sigh. Hope wondered at his conduct. The charming delicacy, the gentle reticence, the modest self-assertion, the manly bearing, proclaimed his true character. Hope was not versed in the ways of the world, nor was she competent to judge men in the aggregate, but she gauged the man before her without a doubt. His nobleness filled her with grateful warmth. Her eyes were beautifully kind and affectionate as they rested upon him; and then she put her hands on his shoulders, and raised her lips to his face with an innocence altogether angelic.

"Bless your little heart," he said; "bless your little heart," and he clasped her in a tender embrace.

It has been said that the noble impulses of women rarely crystallize into principles. Without attempting to disprove this libel in its general application, it must be admitted that Hope had undertaken a duty that seemed likely to crush her. As the days sped on, she became apathetic. She no longer worked with pleased alacrity. Her thought-life was silent, her inspirations were dead. Her drawings were characterless and uncertain. She liked Mr. Brownell, and even sought his presence—sought it, alas, as a refuge from herself.

When I say she had given herself away, I mean it literally. She had given herself, and that gift was obliteration to her. She received nothing in exchange. It is true Mr. Brownell wasted the best love of his nature on her—*wasted* it, indeed. There was nothing within her that opened to receive it. She could not appropriate it, no matter how much she might desire to do so. Therefore, in giving herself away, she tore herself from love and became naught. Love is life, and she had divorced herself from life.

And still the days sped onward—dead days to Hope, but full of sweet content to Mr. Brownell. The new glow in his heart had wrought its bloom in his face. His eyes were soft and luminous, and his voice full of tenderness. Hope's conduct, such as it was, awakened no lasting doubt within him. In his self-depreciation he wondered how she could love him, but he accepted the fact with thankfulness, almost with humility. And so the time set for the marriage approached. Day after day slipped down the thread of time and dropped into the silent past; and at last but twenty-four hours stood between Hope and that other dreadful hour, when she should take the false vow that would bind her to a loveless marriage. Up to this point her apathy had deepened continually. She had lost the power of thought, and was drifting—drifting to the verge of some cataract it seemed to her, and its roar was beginning to deafen her. A vague, yet awful, fright was struggling for the mastery of her benumbed faculties. At last the chaos of her soul was pierced by one ray of light, and by that ray she saw Stephen standing, an impenetrable barrier, between her and Mr. Brownell. Her wedding garments were spread out in her room, and the sight of them made her wild.

"My God! my God!" she cried, with clasped hands raised wildly above her head, "what shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?"

Her dressmaker was with her, surprised, beyond everything, at the outburst of this calm, self-contained girl.

"What ails you, Miss Hope?" she asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"Everything is wrong," cried Hope, her arms thrown out distractedly, her eyes uplifted in an awful despair; and so she stood transfixed like a statue, until an awful pallor crept over her face, neck, and hands, and she fell on the floor like one stricken with sudden death.

A terrified scream from the dressmaker brought the whole family to the room. Mr. Brownell was frightened, and quite beside himself with anxiety. But there was one present—the old, kind-hearted, motherly housekeeper—who was calmness itself amid the excitement.

"Better death," she thought, "than an unloved marriage."

There was no death for Hope, however. She soon opened her eyes; her intelligence cleared, and the old condition returned with a feeling of incomparable heart-sickness. She saw the eyes of the housekeeper fixed upon her with an expression she recognized. It was as if her own mother looked at her. Then all that day she clung to this kind, loving woman, and not for a moment would she willingly bear her absence. There was no conversation between them—nothing but a deeply understood sympathy. There were no confidences, and no need of any.

It will be remembered that on the night Stephen found Hope in the balcony, in the mo-

ment her form yielded to a temporary faintness as the word "forever" had been spoken, she found rest in a window near by. Now, it was summer weather, and the window was open; and moreover, just inside the window, sat the housekeeper, in the soft night air, dreaming dreams such as lonely women dream to the last hour of their dim old lives. And lo! as she dreamed, her vision was reproduced to her in the words of those young things who were breaking their hearts from a sense of gratitude to another; and when at last they went away in grief, they left an added grief in her sympathetic breast.

From the very first this dear old woman had loved Hope, but after this it was worship more than love she felt for her.

"Poor child," she would say, pausing in the midst of her duties—"poor, poor child!" But never once had it occurred to her that she had either the power or the right to use her knowledge of the facts to save Hope from the misery she was bringing on herself.

This night, however, as she sat by Hope's bedside, and a stillness crept over the house, she questioned herself whether she had not better avert this sacrifice—not only for Hope's sake, but out of her love for Mr. Brownell as well.

"The truth is always best," was her conclusion. "No action founded on an error can be correct. Such things produce complications and snarls without end. Oh, dear, it was my duty to have told him long ago."

Then she went down to the library where Mr. Brownell was sitting. Once in the room with him, her heart misgave her. She felt light-headed, and when he spoke, asking her to sit down, his voice sounded far off and unnatural.

"What is it, Mrs. Hildreth?" he asked. "Is Hope worse?"

"No, no, no—not that," she said; "it is not that. Hope is sleeping quietly. God send she may have many nights of such quiet sleep."

"It's the sleep of exhaustion, Mrs. Hildreth. She will be well to-morrow, I am sure; and yet you seem to be uneasy. Is there anything seriously wrong with her?"

"No—not with her body."

"With her mind, then? There is nothing the matter with her mind. What *could* be the matter with her mind, Mrs. Hildreth?"

There was no answer. Mrs. Hildreth's thoughts were struggling for some form of expression that would convey her meaning without pain. It was as if she sought to disguise a corpse in some covering less horrible than a winding-sheet: her mind was in a state in which words flew away, refusing to serve her purpose.

"Tell me," he said, "what can be the matter with Hope."

But she only turned her eyes, filled with pain, slowly and solemnly upon him, and spoke no word. There was but one word she could command, and that word would pierce him like a knife. He went to her, taking her hand.

"My good friend," he said; "my dear, true friend, tell me what you have on your mind. If it concerns Hope I have a right to know it. She will be my wife to-morrow. Tell me in one word what ails her."

"One word. Ah, me!" she was thinking, "it is many words I need." And still only the one word came to her, and she dared not speak it.

"Tell me," he said "tell me." His manner was impatient now. "I must know. Tell me what is the matter with Hope."

She tried to turn her eyes from his face, hoping in this way to escape the compulsion of using that one word, and to gain time to frame a sentence. But the undaunted firmness of his look held her fast; she could do nothing but obey.

"Tell me," he was repeating; "tell me what ails Hope."

"*Stephen.*"

The word did strike him like a blow, because, for the moment, it carried absolute conviction with it. But he rallied.

"Is that so?" he questioned. "Oh, can that be? I think you are mistaken. I can prove to your satisfaction that you are mistaken. Look here, why did Stephen leave but for Hope's coolness? I tell you it was her inability to respond to his love that drove him away."

"Did Hope tell you that? asked Mrs. Hildreth, hoping sincerely that she had done so, and deciding in that moment to refrain from any further meddling, if the girl whom she so pitied had shown herself capable of falsehood. It was not yet too late; she was not actually committed. "Did Hope tell you that?"

"No," he admitted with apparent reluctance; "she told me nothing. It was my inference, but what could be more plausible?"

His eyes had regained their confidence now, and again she wavered in her resolution to tell him. "It is not too late to back out yet," she thought; but, like the writing on the wall, came once more the vision of the pale, sleeping young face, up-stairs, with all the despair its calm surface covered. Then she rose to her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Brownell," she said, "what I am going to tell you I know to be true, and may the Lord help you! I have no right to keep it from you. You *must* know it. If Hope were your child, would you forgive one who with-

held some knowledge that might save her a life of misery? Tell me, would you?"

"No," he said, "neither for my own daughter, nor the daughter of any man; such criminality is not easily forgiven."

"Then I must tell you the truth, and how I know it."

And she did tell him. And when she had finished he did not speak, but looked steadily before him with such a gentle, pathetic look in his face, she could hardly bear it. She remembered to have seen that same look, years before, when wife and children were taken from him. It had been habitual in the time of those long past trials. She had rejoiced when all trace of it passed away; and now it had come again. Would it remain, she wondered.

"Have I done wrong in telling you?" she asked.

"No," he said, "but I wish you had told me sooner. You had better go back to Hope, now."

In the morning, when Mrs. Hildreth came again to the library, she found Mr. Brownell still there. He had not been in bed all night.

"Is Hope awake?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Have you told her anything?"

"Not yet."

"Then don't say a word to her now—nor ever. Take what measures you please to let it be known that there will be no wedding here to-day; and tell Hope so, and let her come to me when she chooses."

And this was all the world saw of the strong man's disappointment.

Hope met him at breakfast, wondering. Unconsciously to herself, there was relief in her face, and he saw it. He stifled his pain, and kissed her with a smile.

"What does it mean?" she asked, clinging to him.

"It means that I have changed my mind about getting married at present," he answered, "and possibly forever. I have considered this matter deeply, Hope; you are too young a woman to be my wife. Be my daughter, rather; let us content ourselves with that relation. Whatever slight disappointment there may be on either side will soon wear off, and our true relations will easily adjust themselves."

Hope felt her reprieve in these words; and his acting was so perfect she was completely deceived. "'Whatever *slight* disappointment there may be on *either* side.' Did he indeed care so little, then? Well, thank God, thank God!" The fervor of her whole soul went into these words. And then, being of that complicated and "gyrotwistive" sex whose rapid transits of feeling have puzzled mankind even from the beginning, she came down from her thanksgiving, and went off on a side issue.

"But Mr. Brownell," she cried, "there's the wedding dress, you know."

"Save it," he said, "it will do for a ball dress when you go back to Diamond Spring City. Won't it astonish the natives in your Californian home?"

"In my Californian home," she repeated in wild elation. "Oh, what makes you mention that?"

"Hope," he said, "your roses have been fading for some time. You must go home and recuperate."

And then they sat down to breakfast, and he, at least, went through the motions of eating.

HELEN WILMANS.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CORONATION.

A Poet's fancies rise and throng—
Then works he patiently and long,
And gives the world a goodly Song;

And men applaud and clap their hands,
And send the Song through many lands—
But who the Poet understands?

While nations shout, he sits apart,
Crying, in weariness of heart,
"Alas! the limits of my Art!"

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

CALIFORNIA UNDER THE FRIARS.

From 1769, when the first white settlement was made at San Diego, until 1835, when the property of the missions was subjected to the control of the civil or secular authorities by the decree of "secularization," California was under the dominion more or less qualified of the friars or brothers of the Order of St. Francis. Until after the American conquest, the Jesuits never had any establishments within the territory now covered by our State; but for nearly a hundred years they had been at work among the savages of the peninsula of Lower California, when in June, 1767, they were surprised by the decree sent secretly to all parts of the Spanish Empire that, without warning or delay, without individual accusation, without a hearing, without a judicial sentence, and without compensation, they should all be arrested and banished. Their expulsion from the viceroyalty of New Spain, as Mexico was then called, was accompanied by an instruction that the Franciscans should take charge of the missions in Lower California.

Soon afterward reports were received that Great Britain (which had recently issued with great triumph from the Seven Years' war, and, besides conquering Hindostan and Canada, had secured her commercial and naval supremacy) was preparing to send an exploring expedition to the Pacific; and, as the English had already planted great colonies on the Atlantic shore of North America, fears were entertained that they might seize part of the Pacific side of the continent. The Spanish Cabinet thought that the cheapest method of averting the danger was to occupy the most desirable country in advance. Before Cook sailed on his first voyage, orders were issued to Junipero Serra, the head of the Franciscans in Lower California, to plant additional missions, as soon as convenient, near the harbors at San Diego and Monterey, and at such other immediate points as he should consider most suitable. Friars, soldiers, ships, and supplies were furnished to enable him to comply, and he gladly undertook the task imposed on him. He started without delay, and encountered no serious obstacle. The country was open, the soil was fertile, the climate was the most genial he had found anywhere, the Indians met the strangers in a friendly manner, and, though stupid, they seemed to be not unfit for conversion.

At the end of the first five years, five missions had been established, and the average distance from each to its nearest neighbor by the traveled trails was about one hundred and twenty miles. As there were only two friars together, and usually thousands of Indians in the vicinity, some of them disposed to steal, and even to murder, ten soldiers were stationed at each mission to serve as guards, messengers, and herdsmen.

These soldiers were under the superior command of a "governor," even if he had no higher rank in the army than that of a captain, but his governorship did not raise him beyond the control of the president of the missions. These were the chief objects of governmental care, the military department being considered as a mere auxiliary and subordinate. Such few controversies as arose between the friars and the governors resulted from the maltreatment of the Indians by the soldiers, and if referred to the Viceroy were always decided in favor of the friars, who, however, were generally moderate in their demands and conciliating in their conduct.

So long as the Spanish dominion was maintained, all the missionaries were natives of Spain or of the Spanish islands in the Mediterranean. Most of them had reached middle life before coming to California, and, so far as we can learn from their writings and the books of others, all were sincerely devout, humble, and ascetic men. Serra himself made a near approach to the ideal of Franciscan perfection, and he found, or at least publicly expressed, no cause of serious complaint against any of his companions. The military officers made no charges against the missionaries except mistakes of policy in governing the Indians; and Vancouver and La Pérouse, who landed on our coast in the latter part of the last century, while criticising the management of the missions, had nothing to say against the character of the missionaries. The first notable scandals about the conduct of ecclesiastics in California arose after the authority of Spain had been overthrown, and natives of Mexico, who had assumed the habit without adopting the ascetic spirit of St. Francis, succeeded their brethren of the Old World, who had left the country or died.

In 1774, orders were issued for the establishment of two towns or *pueblos* in California, and

the results were San José, founded in 1777 by fourteen families, and Los Angeles, founded in 1781 by twelve families, most of the adult male settlers in each case being men who had come to the territory as soldiers, and who were still under obligation to render military service whenever they might be summoned to resume their arms. These towns were separated from each other by a distance of four hundred miles along the traveled road, and each was known in its own region as *el pueblo*, or "the town;" and San José was generally designated by that title by all the Spanish-speaking population north of Gilroy as late as 1852. The law may have recognized the existence of *pueblos* at Yerba Buena or Sonoma, but common speech did not.

The judgment shown in the selection of the sites of the Spanish *pueblos* has been approved by time. San José and Los Angeles are now the largest two cities in California south of San Francisco Bay, and also the largest in the State not situated on the edge of navigable water. Both are remarkably beautiful places—garden cities, centers of horticultural skill and activity.

These were the only towns that Spain founded in California; nor did she make much effort to increase their population. She did not survey the unoccupied lands and throw them open to settlement. She did not invite immigration from foreign countries, nor aid any large number of Mexicans to cross the Colorado Desert from Sonora. She did not adopt any plan of civilian colonization. She offered no prizes in California to the industrious or ambitious. She did nothing to advertise the attractions or make known the resources of the country. One town was built fifty miles from the anchorage of San Francisco, and the other one hundred miles from San Diego. The two magnificent bays of the coast were avoided, thus proving that the sites were not selected for their commercial advantages. The situations had no fitness for military strongholds. It is evident that the main objects of the Spanish Government in establishing these *pueblos* were to obtain a small indigenous population, Spanish in sympathy, and partly Spanish in blood, to produce soldiers for the missions and *presidios* (fortifications) at the sea-ports, and to plant the germs of a future Spanish-American province.

After the recognition of Mexican independence in California, the last and most northern mission was founded at Sonoma, making the twenty-first in number. The entire list, with some abbreviation, may be designated thus, commencing at the south: Diego, Rey, Capistrano, Gabriel, Fernando, Buenaventura, Barbara, Inez, Purissima, Obispo, Miguel, Antonio, Soledad, Carlos, Bautista, Cruz, Clara, José, Francisco, Rafael, and Solano. These missions, about 1830, had 20,000 Indians, 210,000 neat cattle, 150,000 sheep, and 30,000 horses, and in average years harvested about 100,000 bushels of grain, including wheat, maize, barley, beans, and peas.

The missions prospered till 1810 when the Mexican revolution broke out. Then the power of Spain in California was crippled, never to recover. The appropriations were not paid promptly, and the friars, unable to supply their convents with the customary, but simple, food and clothing without an annual contribution from the government treasury, lost their zeal. They disliked the Mexican people, and hated the revolution. Discord arose between the military and ecclesiastical departments; the Indians and soldiers became insubordinate; tillage was neglected; the cattle were slaughtered improvidently, and some of the converts fled to the mountains. Two or three times the subsidies were paid for periods of several years, and the statistics show an increase of the herds and converts at some of the missions, but the discipline never was restored, and the decay that began with the outbreak of the revolution increased till the final dissolution.

The project of secularizing the missions, first proposed in Spain while Joseph Napoleon was on the throne, was agitated by the Mexicans soon after they achieved their independence. They considered it a first step toward a rapid development of California. They imagined that the adoption of a government republican in name would give to their country a growth as rapid and marvelous as that of "The Colossus of the North," as they styled the United States. One of their first legislative acts was a colonization law, but this could not be enforced in California until the land had been taken from the friars, for they owned nearly everything, as guardians of the Indians. The discussion of the secularization scheme, and the certainty that it would be adopted at no very distant time, had a demoralizing influence on the missions, and when the officers of the law arrived with their commissions to take charge of the property, little was found. The native Californians of Spanish descent in the vicinity had helped themselves to the calves and colts which were a large part of the wealth of the ecclesiastical institutions. The distribution of cattle, agricultural implements, and land to the Indian converts was a sham. Little was given, and that little was either of no marketable value, or was soon wasted. In a few years the white men owned everything, and the Indians nothing. The red men, left without restraint

or guidance, generally abandoned the custom of tilling the ground; and many, migrating to the mountains or interior valleys, where they could be far from the whites, relapsed into complete savagism.

The Franciscans were about as successful in educating the Indians as the Jesuits had been previously in the peninsula, and as the Protestants have been in our State under the American dominion. But the civilization of the red men was a mere varnish. There is not one well educated Indian family in California or Lower California; not one village or rural neighborhood where an Indian population lives comfortably in civilized style. Whether the failure of the red men to learn the industrial arts of Europe, and his rapid disappearance when in contact with the Anglo-American, are results of congenital mental deficiency or of defective methods of instruction, is a question that allows plausible argument on either side, and I shall not attempt to discuss, much less decide it, in this paper. We have conclusive evidence that the Indians have been dying out ever since 1769, so that their disappearance since the discovery of gold is only a continuation, under accelerating influences, of changes that were observed, and perhaps commenced, soon after the standard of the Cross was first permanently planted at San Diego.

Such is a brief account of the dominion of the Franciscan friars in California. A few *adobe* buildings, and some trees and musty records, are the chief results preserved to our day of their arduous and self-sacrificing labors. Though many thousand manuscript pages written by the friars, including much from the earliest years, have been preserved and are accessible to students, the materials for a history of the missions are scanty. The Franciscans of California were not men of high learning or acute observation. Their letters and records are generally devoted to mere matters of dull routine. They left no good description of the country, of the Indian manners and customs, or of their system of ruling the neophytes. Only one of their number, Francisco Palou, aspired to authorship; and his life of Serra, and his notes *(Noticias)* of the exploration and first settlement of the Territory, are decidedly inferior in literary art, as well as in fullness of information, to the works of Alfred Robinson, R. H. Dana, Commodore Wilkes, Duflot de Mofras, and Alexander Forbes, most of them travelers who had spent only brief periods in California before the American conquest.

JOHN S. HITTELL.

THE TEACHERS AT FARWELL.

Miss Bruce walked down one of the four dusty streets, dustily shaded by midsummer locust trees, that made up the town of Farwell. The sun-bonneted children across the street had no hesitation in shaping their comments on the unknown lady in gray linen according to the theory that she was the new teacher: Miss Bruce was always recognized as a teacher at the first glance. She had the worn face, the anxious expression, the constrained manners of an experienced lady teacher. She had taught school, however, but three years, and was only twenty years old; but since she had spent those three years in abject terror of school-children, parents, trustees, and principals, she passed for twenty-five. Miss Bruce never could keep a school in decent order, and was helpless before any ordinary boy; nevertheless, by one of those complete divorces between fact and theory not uncommon in the public mind, she had somehow stumbled into the reputation of being a most efficient disciplinarian, and, so much more potent is reputation than reality, she had kept it. "Get a name for rising early, and you may lie abed till noon." When she came to Farwell, some one who had known her before had summed her up by saying to Mr. Farwell:

"A regular old maid—no acquisition to your society. But she can manage any school."

The school-yard gate yawned open, and Miss Bruce entered it in full sympathy with the spirit of the Dantean inscription, and walked across the white, hard-trodden yard. A group of boys, falling back a little from her path, greeted her with a chorus of perfectly gratuitous yelling and jeering.

She had not taught school three years without learning what such a salutation meant. She looked at the impish group with dismay that amounted to a positive sense of physical illness, and thought, "A bad principal! I'm in for it now." She even conceived the possibility of retreating and throwing up her position; but, with a consciousness of necessity upon her, she walked on across the barren yard. The dead and seedy mallows in the corners looked very

dead indeed; the whitish August sky stooped over a stretch of dusty cottages, and mown fields, and a road edged with blue-gums in the ghastly color of their second year's growth; the school-house, new-painted, with a main building for the principal and a little wing for the assistant, confronted her as uninvitingly as a dentist's chair.

She found Mr. Farwell in the entry before her, standing against a background of tin pails and girls' straw hats. Mr. Farwell was the leading trustee. There was a stranger with him—a good-looking, youngish man, with pleasant brown eyes.

"This is rather a surprise to you, Miss Bruce," Mr. Farwell said.

He used the bland tone that Miss Bruce associated with the first day of school, as if trustees were polite spiders, ushering her into their parlors.

"I had a telegram this very morning, after breakfast, saying that Mr. Drake, whom you have met, and whom we liked so much, isn't coming back. I see by the paper that the stock he's been in is up, and I presume he's made a good deal, and that's why he deserts us. I went to hunt up the other trustees, and at Martin's I found his wife's cousin, just out from the East, and thinks of teaching a year or two. So we engaged him on the spot, and here he is. Mr. Graham, this is Miss Bruce. He's new to the business, Miss Bruce; so you, being a veteran, must put him up to the tricks of the trade."

Miss Bruce took it entirely as a matter of course that she should be the one presented. She acknowledged the introduction with her usual stiff shyness, and Mr. Farwell departed to preside over a special meeting of his Grange, which was, at that time, acting under a deep sense of responsibility about the affairs of the State University. After the function of the higher education had been settled satisfactorily and the meeting dissolved, he reverted to the lower education, and remarked informally to his neighbors:

"We've got a teacher now that's going to manage those boys. You should have seen the look she gave the Riley and Carter boys, and the rest of that set, when they hollered at her as she came into the yard."

But when Miss Bruce and her principal had walked into the little, ill lighted assistant's room, where the crowded desks, the table, and blackboards, and charts, had a familiarly depressing effect, Mr. Graham said:

"Was the regretted Mr. Drake a friend of yours, Miss Bruce!"

Miss Bruce had taken off her hat and hung it on a chalky nail by the blackboard. She sat down now, behind the chalk-boxes, the big Webster, and the bell, that were ranged on the table.

"No, sir," she said, respectfully; "I didn't know him."

Mr. Graham looked down into her face with the gentleness of manner acquired in a society where women are protected and petted and deferred to. Miss Bruce's "sir," and her apparent consciousness of subordination, struck him as rather pathetic, and somewhat emphasized his manner.

"Then I may say what I think about his training of his pupils. If you can only overlook it for a few days, you sha'n't be annoyed by any more impertinence in a school-yard where I have authority. I should be sorry not to protect a lady who teaches with me better than our predecessor seems to have done."

Protection was quite out of the line of Kate Bruce's experience. She looked up quickly, and met a reinforcing kindliness of eyes and lips. The tone and look were no more than the every-day experience of some women; but it was actually the first time Kate Bruce had been looked at or spoken to in just that way, and there sprung to her face in response, through all her fixed expression of anxious reserve, a quick appeal—as if she had cried, "Ah, yes, *do* be good to me!" Mr. Graham continued to look at her, with a deepening sense of pathos. His mental comment on this self-reliant and efficient assistant of his was, "Poor child!"—and his intentions for the coming term responded exactly to her unspoken appeal.

School-teaching was no such dreadful matter after all, Miss Bruce found, when there is an authoritative kindness between one and all the bugbears. Week after week, and month after month, in the intimate intercourse of a work that isolated them together—there could be but one result. Kate Bruce wanted from the bottom of her heart to be taken care of, and Mr. Graham took care of her. She had all her life known none but people who were neither wise, nor witty, nor well bred, and Mr. Graham was all three. It was as inevitable as that two and two should come to four that she should find in him the Lord's intention in making mankind illustrated. In time, his unvarying gentleness and sympathy won her out of her frightened stiffness into a pretty openness. When the last boy had recited his deficient lesson and gone shame-facedly away, or the last becrimped girl had exhausted her excuses for lingering, Kate would slip into Mr. Graham's school-room, and he would come and sit on one of the desks and she in the pupil's vacant seat behind it; and as she laughed, and color-

ed, and chatted, at once shyly and confidingly, admired his jokes immensely, and accepted his advice implicitly, the five extra years dropped away from her, and she looked both young and pretty. But it was for Graham alone. Except with him she was faded, dull, and twenty-five.

To Geoffrey Graham it was a very different matter. He had not come to his thirty-second year without knowing many women prettier, wittier, and in every way more charming than Kate Bruce. Nevertheless, to hold the power to create for yourself out of an uninteresting, fading school-mistress a pretty, bright young girl, and to be the one person in the world who does hold it, is fascinating; and Graham's intention to be very kind to his assistant kept his conscience so clear that he let the fascination carry him pretty far—so far, indeed, that the ready village gossip decided, before the end of the year, that "it was a match."

"Funny taste," Mr. Farwell said. "Miss Bruce was cut out for an old maid. Pity for a likely young man like Graham to pick that sort of a woman. I can't make out what he sees in her."

But Mrs. Farwell liked the match. She responded rather warmly:

"She's a dear, good girl, if she is old-maidish and not pretty. I hope she *will* get a good husband, and I know she'll make a good wife. She isn't exactly bright company, but I'm real fond of her."

Middle-aged and old women always liked Kate on close acquaintance; and, as she boarded with Mrs. Farwell, there had been opportunity enough for such acquaintance.

But the school-year came to an end, and the engagement between the teachers was still only a matter of inference. The last day of the session passed, and the children were dismissed for two months. Graham walked home with Kate, and sat down with her on Mr. Farwell's broad stone door-step. The summer afternoon winds had begun to blow, and a big cherry tree by the step rustled steadily and showed its heavy dark-red clusters. The gravel walk, bordered with shrubs, bent before it reached the gate, so the low-drooping apple, plum, and pear trees that stretched away from the walk on either side hid the street from view; but the children scattered along it made their sense of freedom exultantly audible.

Graham sat looking at Kate, as he often did, in a way that seemed to imply that he was thinking a good many things about her that he did not expect her to understand. When she met his eyes, however, his look became less observant and more definitely friendly.

"Are you going to stay here all vacation?" he said.

"Yes, I suppose so." Kate's voice was not quite steady, for she was having the new experience of a melancholy side to the close of a school-term.

Graham continued to look at her musingly.

"I have a little piece of business to see to up country. A friend of mine East wants me to go and talk to a man in Shasta about some information he can give in an important will case. It will only take two weeks or so at most if I don't find him readily." He paused, with a certain indecision of manner. Then he said, with an air of making up his mind as he spoke: "Then I shall come back and spend the rest of the vacation in Farwell. And so your address will be Farwell any time in the next two weeks?"

He rose, and she rose, too, and they stood a few minutes without speaking. Then he said, with a slightly artificial accent:

"Good-bye, then, for a week or two. I shall take the early train to-morrow."

He took her hand in both his, without waiting for her to hold it out. She raised her eyes to his with the most undisguised intensity of expression. He made a little movement, then stopped himself, and laid down the hand he held with an especially gentle motion, said again "Good-bye," and turned away almost simultaneously with her hardly audible answer.

As soon as he had turned the bend in the path Kate went to her upper window and watched him walk up the street, past the schoolhouse, till the street became a road stretching far away, between the two lines of bluish eucalyptus, toward the foot-hills. About a quarter of a mile up the road he passed in among Mr. Martin's orchard trees and disappeared. She was crying a little, but she rather enjoyed doing so, and her mind was much occupied with the suggestion conveyed by that question about her address.

But Graham was in a much less comfortable frame of mind, and one that would have much surprised her if she could have seen into it. As she watched him along the road, he was saying to himself, with a sudden reaction of alarm:

"Good heavens, I've been going confoundedly far!"

And the next morning, during the monotony of the railroad trip, he went uncomfortably enough over the whole affair.

"How did I ever let that little girl get such a hold on me?" he meditated. "Why, it is incredible."

He returned to that "incredible" afresh at every period of his thoughts. It was incom-

prehensible to him how this insignificant little school-mistress, ignorant according to his standards, utterly without social prestige, as she was, could move him as other women had not. There was Kittie Bradford, who read a dozen Greek dramas with him one summer, and Isabel Halyburton, who carried in her blue eyes and little dimpled hands more social potency than any dozen other women, and Caryl Fairfax, who showed in every motion that her blood had been brought to perfection by a sort of straining through the veins of innumerable high-bred ancestors—and at this point Graham flushed darkly. What of Kate Bruce's ancestors and antecedents? He had never asked her any questions about them, nor had she offered any information. It did not follow that because Graham had a cousin who had married Mr. Martin of Farwell, he was himself at all like Mr. Martin. He had himself regarded the connection with some amusement, as one of the incongruities that will creep into American families. His own antecedents were of a sort that made the probable commonness of Kate's something intolerably annoying to him. There was no disguising the fact that he had somehow let her become so much to him that if she had come out of such a past as he should wish his wife's past to be, he would have asked her to marry him without hesitation.

"So, there's the question," he thought. "Shall I follow my fancy, and woo a woman who, delicate as she seems, may show in time traces of all sorts of vulgar early influences—or shall I throw up the whole thing like a sensible man?"

Nevertheless, he fulfilled his tacit promise, and wrote to her a few days after reaching Shasta, and allowed himself, in writing, an undertone of tenderness that produced afterward in himself another reaction of alarm and inclination to be shy of Miss Bruce.

Meanwhile, Kate began to wonder if he might not write twice, and went very punctually to the post-office. The office was in a grocery, hardware, dry-goods, and general store, and there were always men gossiping there. One day, as Kate asked for her mail, two strangers stood leaning over the counter, renewing acquaintance with the clerk. The taller one straightened up and stared at Kate as she received her mail at the farther end of the counter.

"By George, do you know who that is, Joe?" he asked, speaking just low enough to escape Kate's ear.

The other man stared too.

"Rose Hever, by thunder!" he exclaimed with much emphasis.

"Rose Hever, that's sure!" the tall man repeated.

The clerk had returned to his place in time to catch the point of what was said.

"No, you're out there, Banting," he said. "That's the school-teacher, Miss Bruce. Been here a year; seems to be engaged to the principal—clever fellow, name Graham."

The two strangers glanced sympathetically at each other.

"Now, if that ain't Rose Hever all over!" Banting exclaimed; and then went on, explanatorily, "Not much 'Miss' about *her*—been a married woman this five years."

He turned for corroboration to his less voluble companion, who answered the look by saying:

"Heard long ago, up at Stockton, that she was down country somewhere, sailing under another name. Oh, that's the girl. Somebody had ought to tell that fellow she's engaged to before he gets himself into a scrape."

All the men in the store were gathered around. It was much more interesting that Miss Bruce should be some one else than that she should be Miss Bruce. Into the circle walked Mr. Farwell.

"Hear that, Farwell?" the clerk called, eager to be the first to tell; and in a minute the story was repeated to him, Banting adding, in a sort of postscript:

"Oh, I knew her well. Up at Stockton, five years ago, she married a fellow by the name of Wilkinson—she was Rose Hever then; and in about eight months she ran off with a quack doctor. Then the doctor left her in a month or two; so then we heard she got a certificate, some four years ago, under another name, and went to teaching. Wilkinson himself don't know where she is; but there's never been a divorce, for I know the man well—been his commission merchant for years—and Joe, here, raised ducks with old Hever. I've seen her with her husband often. She looks older now, of course. How old is she?"

"She was twenty-five when we engaged her," Mr. Farwell said, positively; "she must be twenty-six now."

He had set her down at that age in his mind, and could not have been more certain about it if he had been her father.

"Old Hever told me Rose was twenty-one when she married—that's five years ago," said "Joe."

One of the larger school-boys contributed his item: "Miss Bruce's certificate is dated four years ago. I saw it in the report in the school library."

"Rough on Graham," two or three said.

Mr. Farwell looked intensely out of temper. He prided himself on his selection of teachers.

"She's an excellent teacher," he said. He had two distinct methods of diction, one when he spoke as an officer, and one when he spoke as a man, and he used his official diction now. "But of course this unfits her for our school. Her husband should be communicated with."

"He's just gone East—I don't know whereabouts—and the Hevers have moved to Oregon somewhere."

Mr. Farwell turned away.

"I will speak with the other trustees," he said.

When the other trustees were found, Mr. Martin was ready enough to be outraged at the position into which his wife's cousin was put.

"We always thought Goeffrey was throwing himself away on that old maid," he said. "We never could see what he saw in her; but it seems he's just been roped in. Such women know how to go to work. I'll write to him, sure as a gun, by the very next mail."

Kate knew very soon that something was wrong. Her pupils met her with an insolent manner, every one spoke to her with constraint.

"There is some dissatisfaction; I am going to lose my position," she thought, using the words that have become a mournful formula in school-teaching ranks. Her courage had all gone with Graham, and trustees and parents and school-children were again terrible. But, most alarming of all, the allotted two weeks had passed, and Graham had neither returned nor sent her any explanation of his absence.

The two weeks had become three before any one "spoke to her;" for vacation time cost nothing, and Mr. Farwell was trying to get his wife to do the speaking. But Mrs. Farwell steadily refused.

"You'll have to speak to her yourself. I won't have anything to do with it. I suppose she can't keep on in the school after being talked about so; but it's my belief that if the poor girl did run away from her husband there was more to it than we know and she had good reason. Maybe she's told Mr. Graham all about it."

So Mr. Farwell at last called Miss Bruce into the parlor, sat down opposite her, prefaced his business with something about disagreeable duty, and told her the trouble.

"You must see, Miss Bruce," he ended, "that even if the story is not true, as we all hope, still, what *we* have to think of is the good of the school, and you could hardly teach here successfully now. You must see how people would feel."

Kate simply sat looking at him in a way that suggested she had not presence of mind enough to make things a little less unpleasant by looking away. He waited a few moments, looking uncomfortable as he sat bolt upright with folded arms. Since she offered no denial, he was not quite insensitive enough to ask:

"Is it true? Of course, if you can disprove it——" he said. "There must be a great many people who knew you five years ago."

She did not answer at once; then she said, not indifferently, but still with a manner as if she thought what she was saying of no great importance:

"We lived in a mining town. My father taught me. When he died I went away and taught school. The mine failed, and every one is scattered, I don't know where."

"That is bad," Mr. Farwell said, coldly, and looked at the toe of his boot. After a pause he said, "May I ask your age?"

"Twenty-one," said Kate, indifferently.

His face hardened, and he gave her a look of disgust. She was not looking at him, but she turned her head in a moment, and faced him with a certain intense expectancy of expression, but without speaking. He was reflecting that delicacy was wasted on such a woman.

"Martin has written to Mr. Graham, of course," he said, in his hardest tones.

She kept her eyes on him for an appreciable time; then she rose and went to the window.

"How long since?" she asked. Her voice sounded thin and unnatural.

"Nearly two weeks."

She did not turn. Mr. Farwell rose.

"You will send in your resignation, then?"

"Yes, sir."

It was a somewhat awkward interview to close. He hesitated, then said stiffly,

"Then I will say good-day."

"Good-day," she said, without turning.

She did not move till she heard his steps on the gravel outside, then she went up to her room and locked the door. She threw herself down on the floor, and lay on her face, her clasped hands lying limply, thrown above her head. She did not cry; what was the use in crying? She only lay still till the room flushed a little with the sunset reflected from the east, and then darkened, and the brown dress and thin white hands on the red carpet grew indistinguishable. Mrs. Farwell, at the door, begged her to come to dinner, and had no answer. The room grew darker, and then the moon rose, and a great patch of white light overspread the prostrate girl; there were shadows of leaves on her hair from the cherry tree by the stone step. Nellie Farwell came and sat on the step to recite a Scripture lesson to her father, for Mr. Farwell was a religious man, the sole

Elder of the little Presbyterian Church; her clear childish voice came up to Kate.

"*For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. . . . . O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted! behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.*"

She did not know it very well, and kept repeating it.

"*O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted! behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.*"

Kate rose up from the floor, drew her curtain, bathed her eyes and lighted her lamp. After all, what was there to despair over? Was it not the natural resource in trouble to appeal to Mr. Graham and have everything straightened? She knew his address; *she* could write as well as Mr. Martin.

"MR. GRAHAM:—They say that I am some one else—a woman that was married and ran away. And I can't prove that I am not. I shall have to go away from here. But *you* won't believe it, will you? You have always been so good to me; you won't leave me now? Forgive me if I oughtn't to write this—it is because you are so kind, and I need help so much.

"KATE BRUCE."

She thought she had made an irresistibly strong appeal; it was the first great transgression of her habitual reticence and shyness that she had ever made. And it was so impossible to regard Graham as anything but a source of all good, that she met people's looks, after mailing her little note, with a triumphant consciousness of a secret resource.

Four days was ample time for an answer; but none came. She was fairly ill with suspense every time the mail came in. One week passed, and two weeks, and no letter.

"Miss Bruce looks ten years older since that story came out," people said. Indeed they did not find her very agreeable to look at, for she went about in dead silence, without the least effort to disguise the expression of her face, and let her eyes and lips wear as wild and strained a look as if she were under a surgeon's knife. She was not so much willing that others should see her feelings, as absolutely indifferent to the existence, almost unaware of the existence, of any one in the world except Mr. Graham; she stared at the pssser-by with the same open blankness of misery as at the chairs and table in her room. She left the Farwells, and went to the little hotel, where she was under no obligation to be civil to any one. There she cowered in her room from morning to night, and waited vaguely for Graham's return. One evening some one spoke her name close under her window.

"What can be Miss Bruce's, or Mrs. Wilkinson's, idea in staying in Farwell?"

It was Mr. Martin's voice that answered.

"Why, she's waiting for Geoffrey Graham, of course; but he knows all about her now, to my knowledge, and he won't come back as long as she's here. I've let him know she's hanging round, and I shall let him know when she goes."

They passed on in the twilight; they had not known it was her window they were near. Inside the room, Kate sprung up from her chair, and threw up her arms with an abandon that solitude and a culmination of feeling will betray the most undemonstrative people into. She felt so overwhelmingly hurt that she hardly knew if it was in mind or body. She paced the room half the night. It was evident enough that she must go; but where? To the bottom of the bay? She played with that idea. The name she would leave behind was a matter of perfect indifference to her. What had a girl to do with self-respect who had written such a letter and had it depised? She pictured that woman meeting Mr. Graham some time, when she herself had been years dead, and then he would know that it was not she, and he would be sorry for her. But she knew very well that she would never voluntarily leave the world while he was in it. Somehow, Nellie Farwell's Bible lesson was repeating itself in her head to the time of her pacing feet—over and over—"*O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted!—tossed with tempest and not comforted!—behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.*"

The next afternoon Kate was ready to leave Farwell. It was so nearly time for school to open, that she was seized with a dread of their coming to ask her to go that Mr. Graham might come back, and she hurried to be away before they should come; but, just as she locked her trunk, Song's soft step came along the passage, and his rap sounded at the door. She opened to the clean, white drilling-apron and smiling face.

"Oh, Mi' Bluce, one man wan' see you—in him parlor."

Well, it did not matter much after all. She walked down the narrow passage and into the stuffy little parlor—all in dark gray, with thin cheeks and drawn lips, and great purple hollows under her eyes. She looked like an invalid thirty-five years old. She came languidly into the room, and did not raise her eyes. Some one turned around from the window and

stepped quickly forward—some one with kind brown eyes and both hands extended.

"Did you think I had settled in Shasta? Such a time as I have had chasing that man through post-officeless wilds and trackless mountains! I found him among the Indians in Modoc County."

He must have deliberately ignored her appearance, for it was impossible not to notice it. But when, instead of answering, she shrunk back and stared at him wildly, it was impossible to pretend not to notice it. He dropped his air of not knowing that anything was the matter, and came close to her. He took her two hands in his, very softly, and held them.

"I did not dream I should be gone so long," he said, giving the words an intonation that implied that there was a great deal of meaning in them somehow. Kate stood passive for nearly a minute, and kept her eyes on his, while the rigidity of her face slowly relaxed. Suddenly coloring painfully, she pulled away her hands.

"Have you heard?" she said, almost in a whisper.

He looked straight into her eyes and smiled.

"I heard something at the station that made me come straight to find you," he said. "I always knew you needed somebody to take care of you, and I'm surer than ever now."

She looked at him in a bewildered way.

"But—Mr. Martin wrote."

"I've been out of reach of post-offices. His letters will bring up at the dead-letter office."

She stood and thought it over a moment; and then she suddenly broke down, and sank into a chair, trembling and sobbing.

"Oh, I thought you believed it, I thought you believed it!" she cried, "You didn't come—and I wrote to you. I couldn't bear it."

"You wrote," he cried, regretfully, "about this? And I was away off in the mountains!"

He came closer to her, and, as she rose instinctively, he took her in his arms. "You poor little girl," he said; "*you poor little girl!*"

She clung to him tightly, and drew a long breath. He stood and looked down at her a few moments.

"Child, I will tell you the truth," he said. "I could not make up my mind—I had not made it up when I got off the train to-day. But when the men there came to me with their foolish story, the thought of my little girl wandering round in this cruel world without me, and being abused, came over me so intolerably that I knew there was nothing I should ever care for so much as the right to take care of her always."

Kate looked up at him in awe.

"Then, if it hadn't been for this——"

He laughed and kissed her.

"Who knows? As to the Stockton woman, and the question if you be you, don't waste another thought on that. It will be straightened out quickly enough. You can't get along without me, can you?"

There was a little noise at the door, and Song stood there with dust-pan and broom.

"Oh, Mi' Bluce. I gue' now you go 'way, le' me sweep," he said.

Servants were not well trained in Farwell.

Graham laughed, and he drew Kate's arm through his, keeping her hand. They walked out together, and stood on the door-step. Westward, across miles of yellow stubble-field, the rim of bay showed white in the afternoon sun, and the mountains beyond were almost hidden in a thin, warm haze. Nellie Farwell came by, with her hands full of red roses. Kate reached out her hand, and put it detainingly on the child's shoulder.

"Nellie," she said, "can you repeat for Mr. Graham the Bible lesson you had several weeks ago, about '*O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted!*'"

Nellie fixed her round eyes on Mr. Graham, and recited the rhythmical prophecy in her uncomprehending, ten-year-old voice, and went on homeward to ask her mother what it all meant.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

TWELVE DAYS ON A MEXICAN HIGHWAY.—I.

Of all the ports on the western coast of the Republic of Mexico that of Acapulco is probably best known to travelers. This is due not so much to its commercial importance or local attractions as to its geographical position. Situated directly on the line of communication between San Francisco and the Isthmus, it has long been used by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company as a coaling station. Ships of war make it convenient to drop in and out, and sailing crafts of all descriptions find no snugger little port on the western main. Backed up by a fine country, as yet undeveloped, and possessing a harbor unsurpassed for beauty and secur-

ity, the future of Acapulco is as certain as the advancement of civilization and modern enterprise among the Mexican people. This certainty is made surer, if possible, by the fact that Acapulco has a healthy climate. Being in a low latitude, it is warm, but the deadly fevers which devastate the gulf coast of the Republic are here unknown, and life is easy and enjoyable. A railroad is already pointing this way from the heart of the country, and not many years will go by before the dreamy, sleepy Acapulco of the past will be gone forever. Of the thousands of travelers who have visited this port during the past thirty years the greater portion of them have remained but a few hours. Their recollections are confined to a glimpse of land-locked water, fringed with cocoa-nut and palm, and steep blue mountains in the background. They remember a ramble on shore, a maze of leaf-thatched huts, queer people, and strange sights—and then the sharp whistle of the impatient steamer, and the vision vanishes. Many an adventurous youth has doubtless looked wistfully back from the steamer's deck, and wondered what lay beyond those blue mountains—what strange people, what dark forests and wide rivers; and as he felt himself borne farther away, and saw the land grow dim and sink into the sea behind him, the mystery deepened into romance. I would not dispel the charm; but if the wistful youth with a longing for adventure in his soul and Mexico in his eye will accompany the writer a little way on his wanderings in this strange land, he may learn somewhat of the pathway before venturing upon it.

In the month of September, 1874, I was a passenger on board the steamer *Montana* bound from San Francisco to Panama. My traveling companion was a young Mexican student, an old schoolmate of mine. He had spent seven years in the schools of Oakland and Berkeley, and was now returning, after this long absence, to his native land. Fearing that he might object to publicity in this connection, I will call him Marion, after one of his favorite heroes. It was at his instigation that I had undertaken the adventure. He was full of hope and enthusiasm, and so certain was he that a fortune awaited us in the land of Anahuac that I imbibed his spirit and did not doubt. Our immediate destination was Acapulco; our ultimate goal was the City of Mexico. The objects we had in view were vague and undefined. This gave us no uneasiness, however. We were going somewhere. The heyday flush of youth was upon us, and no thought of the morrow brought care or anxiety. On the passage down we made the acquaintance of several persons who were going over the same road we proposed to take, and it was agreed that we should travel in company. Among these was a German adventurer, a Mexican poet, and a Philadelphia merchant. The latter was off on his summer vacation. He had purchased his ticket in San Francisco for the round trip to New York, but decided a t the last moment to leave the steamer at Acapulco and accompany us overland to the capital. On reaching Acapulco our party was increased by the addition of a number of native merchants who were journeying toward the interior; so that our caravan, when ready to start, consisted of about a dozen persons, including the muleteers, or *arrieros*. The communication between this port and the interior is by pack-animal alone. Such a thing as a wagon road is not encountered until reaching the city of Cuernavaca, fifty miles distant from the capital. The remaining two hundred and fifty miles know no other road than a rough mountain trail, washed out by rushing torrents and overhung in many places by dense tropical vegetation. There was a time when Acapulco was connected with the City of Mexico by a royal road. We discovered patches of it here and there in the mountains, and were often surprised to come upon the remains of a bridge or broken archway in the most unexpected and abandoned places. The old road must have cost immense labor and time in its construction, for it was solidly paved the whole distance. Sections of it would occasionally be found intact for fifty or a hundred yards, where the streams and the land-slides had not struck it, and it looked like a city street. This road was never designed, however, for wheeled vehicles, as is indicated by its grading. It was an imperious road, which never turned out of its way for an obstacle. If a mountain stood in its track, it went square over it, regardless of the angle, and the modern habit of beating tamely around in search of an easy incline was entirely beneath its dignity. Plebeian roads might squirm about and try to let themselves down easily, but this was the royal highway of the King of Spain. Along its rocky way his royal mules went groaning to the sea, laden with silver for the royal *galleon* which sailed yearly from the port of Acapulco. Why should such a road turn out for a mountain? But pride must sooner or later have a fall. With the overthrow of the colonial government came strife and internal discord. The road was neglected, no repairs were attempted, and the elements have almost obliterated it.

Travelers bound inland from Acapulco generally wait until a company, or caravan, is formed, as the journey is thus made pleasanter and

safer. The wily bandit still haunts the mountain passes and dark ravines, and a show of force is prudent and salutary. There are men who make a business of traveling back and forth over this road with caravans of mules and horses, carrying passengers and freight. They are in port on the arrival of every steamer, waiting for traffic, and will take you through to the City of Mexico for about twenty-five dollars. As every caravan is on the road from nine to fifteen days, and all the expense and care of the animals fall upon the chief, or *conductor*, the price is very low. Aside from his horse, however, each passenger pays his own expenses, and these, for the best food and lodging the road affords, need never exceed fifty cents a day. Passing over the incidents of landing, so familiar to all who have entered these southern ports, it is sufficient to say that my friend and I found ourselves one exceedingly hot forenoon, in the month and year before mentioned, safely landed on Mexican soil and domiciled in a low-eaved house, with wide verandas and bare stone floors, which set up the claim of being Acapulco's best hotel. So slowly does everything move in this sleepy town, that it was two days before our party was ready to start for the interior, and this interval was spent in the most delightful manner, exploring the town and the harbor, and observing the customs of the natives. They struck me as being a happy people. I was just from the bustle and roar of San Francisco; but here all was quiet—no noisy carts and drays, no pushing, impatient crowds, no stock-boards, no politics. I almost wished I was an Acapulcan. A wide straw hat and a cotton shirt, bare feet, and a palm-thatched roof—what else could a mortal wish? The citizen works here when he feels like it, and if he never feels like it, he has the assurance of Mother Nature that he shall be neither starved nor frozen out. There is always fruit on the banana trees, and the sun is always warm. At night these lazy fellows sit at their front doors and thrum stringed instruments, or go skylarking round, making love to each other. What do they care for wealth and power, or the greedy struggles of the outside barbarian? Why should they want a railroad to come tearing through their little town, bringing innovation and unrest? It was on the second day after our arrival, and while I was considering these propositions, and trying to determine whether or not I should renounce my birthright and become a bare-legged loafer on the strands of Acapulco, that Marion approached and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and saw that he was accompanied by a stranger, whom I took at first sight for a pirate. He was dressed in leather, jacket and pantaloons, and wore spurs and an immense *sombrero*. At his side hung a long, heavy knife, or *machete*, and a horse-pistol looked out from beneath his red sash. From head to knee he was bespangled with glittering silver buttons, and his boots were yellow.

"Now, that is a man after my own heart," I thought, as Marion introduced him as the *conductor* of our caravan, "but I will wager ten to one he will cut somebody's throat before we reach Mexico." It affords me pleasure to say that I was wronging the pirate. He turned out to be a capital good fellow, kind and obliging, as we had abundant opportunity to prove on our long ride to the capital. Alejandro was his name, and at that time he was the most famous *arriero* on the road. A few years afterward I met him in the City of Mexico, ragged and despondent. The revolution had broken out, and the *pronunciados* had stolen all his horses and mules. Such are the ups and downs of the enterprising Mexican citizen. On this occasion, however, he was in all his glory, and as he headed the little band of adventurers which filed out that afternoon from the streets of Acapulco, and the sunlight glistened and sparkled on his polished buttons, he would have made a picture for an artist.

We did not make a start until late in the afternoon, on account of the heat, our purpose being to make the station of La Venta that night, which is over the mountain about five leagues distant. The ride up the zigzag trail afforded us a lovely prospect. Below lay the bay of Acapulco, completely outlined with its semi-lunar passages to the ocean. A steamer could be seen in the far distance steering northward, and directly at our feet was the town, embowered in lemon shade and palm. Around and about us on every hand the vegetation was rank and dense, and thousands of little green parrots seemed to be chattering and quarreling in the tree-tops. "*Adios*, old Ocean," cried the Mexic poet, as he turned in his saddle and gazed wistfully back from the last eminence—"*adios, adios!*"

"Is not this rooster on his own soil?" asked the German adventurer, who rode behind me. "Why so much emotion on so slight a provocation?"

"He is thinking of his sweetheart," said Marion. And then we learned a tale of wild devotion, and were told of a tender parting which took place behind the piled up boxes and bales on the far off San Francisco wharf. So we did not chide him, for other hearts in that little party felt a tinge of homesickness at seeing old Ocean disappear. Night soon came down, and

we were threading our way, single file, through a maze of overhanging trees and brushwood.

It was dark and we could not see; but the novelity of our position grew upon us. In advance could be heard the tinkle of the leader's bell and the hoarse *arr-r-re* of the muleteers as they urged the pack-animals along. Myriads of fire-flies began to dart about in the bushes and across the trail. Sometimes a legion of them would flash out at once as though under the guidance of a leader, and then the woods were peopled with a thousand fantastic things.

"They look like the lights of a city in the distance," said the Philadelphian.

"Yes," answered Marion, and I knew the boy was thinking of Berkeley and the lights of San Francisco seen so often across the star-lit bay. About eight o'clock the barking of dogs announced that we were approaching a human habitation, and a little later our cavalcade filed in among a cluster of cane huts, situated on the banks of a broad but shallow stream, and we were informed that we had reached the station of La Venta. This is a genuine Indian village. The huts are made of poles heavily thatched to turn the rain, but open all around. They reminded me of chicken houses. A light burned inside of every house, and, as we rode through the town, we could see right into the bosoms of families. No domestic operation was hidden from human view, and for a while I felt like an eavesdropper. We soon learned, however, that they were not at all sensitive on this point. We stopped in front of one of the larger huts, and a dusky damsel came out to bid us welcome. She was bare armed and bare breasted, and her clothing was scanty and poor, but as she stood there holding a blazing pine knot above her head, its light reflected from her white teeth and flashing eyes, her braided hair falling low down her back, and her voice as soft and sweet as that of Laughing Water, we all fell in love with her to a man, and our envy of Alejandro, with whom she was talking, would have frightened that individual if he had known it. Our arrival was soon known to the whole village, and while our hostess was preparing our supper of *tortillas*, eggs, and black beans, the neighbors dropped socially in and gazed upon us. I think we had the honor of receiving the whole town that night, men, women, and children, with the dogs thrown in, and it set us up immensely in our own conceit. While the levee was in process we lounged around on the horse-blankets and cane stretchers, and smoked and were amused; and we have always felt, in thinking of the matter since, that the entertainment was mutually agreeable. Germany, as we called our Teutonic companion, contributed vastly, but without premeditation, to the amusement of our visitors. In attempting to climb into a hammock which swung from the rafters of the shed, he lost his balance and fell, turning a complete somersault, and landing on the flat of his back in the midst of the landlady's cooking utensils. The shout of laughter which followed this achievement must ring in poor Germany's ears until this day.

It so happened that we reached La Venta on a festive occasion. A fandango was in full blast but a short distance from our quarters, and a large number of strange Indians from the surrounding country were in the village. Our advent had caused a temporary suspension of the festivities, but the people soon began to drift that way again, and by the time we had finished our supper the music of harp and *bandolon* could be heard, and the dance was once more in progress. Alejandro told us that the village would probably grow lively toward midnight, as the dance continued, for the Indians were drinking a good deal of *mescal*, and many of them were still coming in from the country. He informed me that the Alcalde of the town had already hidden himself, as is the custom on such occasions, and that we must be on our guard, for the Indians were bad men when drunk, and inclined to dislike strangers. We were all armed to the teeth, however, and felt no apprehensions. After supper, Marion and I sallied out into the dark street, and, following the sound of the music, soon found ourselves in the midst of the crowd of wild, half-naked revelers. The dancing was carried on under a shed which was lit up by pine-knots, throwing out a weird glare over the dusky crowd. A number of men and women would step into the open space and shuffle slowly around, each one apparently on his own responsibility, and with no regard to figure. In the meantime, those who were not dancing would squat in a circle around the open space, and sing monotonously in time with the music of the instruments. The dancers would finally retire, and others take their places, the process being repeated with little or no variations. But it was in the outer rim of the circle that the real fun seemed to be going on. Little groups were gathered here and there, drinking, singing and carousing, and, as we left the crowd and picked our way back to our lodgings, we noticed one of our men, Ponciano by name, ogling a dusky maiden, and treating her to a drink of *orchata*.

"That rascal will be drunk before morning," said Marion, as we passed him; but the poor

fellow's fate was more tragic, as will be seen. Spreading our blankets upon cane benches on our landlady's porch, the excitement and novel experiences of the day were soon forgotten, and we were fast asleep.

About midnight a fearful racket awakened me, and, starting hurriedly up, I could see by the light of the moon, which had risen late, a group of ten or twelve half naked Indians, charging, as I thought, right down upon the porch where my friends and I were sleeping. They were bare-headed, and carried their long wicked-looking knives in their hands, ready to strike. My first impression was that these wild citizens were coming for our midnight scalps, and I made a hasty dive for my revolver. Marion, Germany, and the Philadelphian did likewise, but fortunately our trepidation was unnecessary. The Indians swept past us with loud cries, and disappeared in the direction of the river. A straggling crowd of men, women, and children soon followed, and from them we learned that there had been a fight. Somebody had been killed, and the friends of the murdered man were seeking the slayer to avenge the act. It would certainly have gone hard with any man if he had fallen into the clutches of those angry dispensers of justice; but the murderer had the start, and escaped in the brush.

"This is a pleasant little town to live in," remarked the Philadelphian, as we composed ourselves once more to rest; but the poet declared that the man from the Quaker City was inclined to be facetious.

The next morning we discovered that the murdered man was no other than our muleteer, Ponciano. His head was nearly severed from the trunk by a *machete* stroke, and death must have been instantaneous.

"That's what he gets," said Alejandro, as we stood over the ghastly corpse, "that's what he gets for making love to another man's woman."

The poet and Germany exchanged glances. They had been rivaling each other, on the evening before, to gain the smiles of our brown Hebe, the landlady; and that glance seemed to say, "We will not do so any more."

Owing to this accident we did not get away from La Venta until late on the following morning, and shortly after starting it began to rain. I say very mildly it began to rain, but that falls far short of expressing the thought which is in my mind. It deluged for about two hours without a tremor. It soaked us to the skin, and almost drowned us. And then the fickle clouds slipped away and disappeared as though nothing had happened, and the sun came out blazing hot and set the whole world to steaming and sweating.

But we were not to be discouraged by such trifles as these. All day we kept bravely on through a densely wooded country, now under arches of tangled vines, now skirting a foaming water-course, and occasionally emerging into picturesque glades and openings of the forest. Strange birds and flowers caught the eye on every hand, and we were constantly met by bare-legged natives driving their little donkeys before them loaded with fruits and vegetables. These Indians always took off their hats and politely saluted as they passed, little acts which strongly prepossessed us in their favor. With all their faults, there is the making of good citizens in these dusky sons of Guerrero, and we believe the time is fast approaching when their manhood will have a chance to assert itself.

Toward evening we reached the town of Dos Arroyos, twenty-four miles distant from La Venta. This is a more pretentious place than the latter, and has better houses and more comfortable accommodations for travelers. As we rode into the place we were surprised to notice that no one was in sight. The streets and houses were deserted, and an air of desolation seemed to hang over the village. On passing the church we discovered that the people of the town were all inside, devoutly kneeling upon the hard mud floor, while a priest went solemnly through the mysteries of the mass. It was an unusual hour for such a service, and as soon as we could find any one we asked the occasion for it. The answer filled us with astonishment. It revealed most vividly that dark phase of Mexican history—lawlessness and bloodshed—which we sincerely trust has gone by forever.

Two days before a company of Federal soldiers marched into the village and demanded of the Alcalde a quantity of supplies. As the demand was illegal and arbitrary, the Alcalde refused to comply, upon which he was insulted by the soldiers and their officers, knocked down, and dragged by the hair out of the court-room. Seeing their chief treated in this manner, the principal men of the town interfered and remonstrated with the soldiers for their barbarity. This remonstrance was interpreted as a hostile demonstration, and, acting under the order of their superior officer, the soldiers deliberately fired into the unarmed crowd, instantly killing ten men and mortally wounding a woman and child on the street. The Alcalde himself was cruelly butchered by the hand of the superior officer. This tragedy took place inside the court-room, an apartment about fifteen by twenty-four feet in dimensions. The remaining citizens in the room, seeing that they were penned up and were to be killed like

dogs, made a desperate effort to break out, and in doing so had the satisfaction of killing two soldiers with their *machetes*. No wonder the town was in mourning, and that the widows and orphans were kneeling sadly on the hard mud floor at the foot of the cross, seeking such consolation as their religion might afford them. If such an act had occurred anywhere else it would have rung through the world; but here it passed almost unnoticed, and I never learned that any of the guilty parties were ever brought to justice. We visited the desecrated court-room, and found blood still fresh upon the floor and benches, and the walls riddled and broken by the bullets. Filled with sad thoughts of "man's inhumanity to man," we went to sleep that night somewhat depressed in spirits, wondering if our onward march to Mexico was thus to be signaled day after day by acts of violence and sights of human blood.

The next morning it was raining again, and all day long the showers came and went. We pushed ahead, however, and the middle of the afternoon brought us to Agua de Perro. This was the most forlorn of all the stations we had so far seen. It consisted of a single open shanty, far up in the heart of the mountains. It had for its presiding genii a tall, black Indian, with no clothing upon his person but a breech-cloth, and a short, black woman, with no other garments about her person than a dirty shirt and a ragged cotton skirt. I say nothing of the little imps which I could not count. There were children naked as the day, pigs, chickens, dogs, and donkeys. All of these lived in harmony beneath the one thatched roof of Agua de Perro—which, being interpreted, means Dog Water—and furthermore there was always room and a welcome beneath this twelve by fourteen roof for the stranger and the wayfarer, however numerous he might be. There were twelve in our party, but the naked host greeted us cordially, and, in the spirit of genuine hospitality, invited us in, and told us to make his house our own. It was raining dismally, and there was no alternative; so we went inside with the pigs and the chickens and tried to be comfortable. A donkey was domiciled in one corner of the hut, and as we stepped in he brayed; but whether it was done in a spirit of hospitality or defiance we could never determine. Our advent made it necessary to kill a hog, which the tall host at once proceeded to do in our very midst, and in the course of a couple of hours the hostess came in from a little back shed, and placed our supper upon a mat in the middle of the floor. There were no chairs, knives, forks, or spoons, and all the eatables were in one earthern dish. We were required to sit down upon the ground, and help ourselves with our fingers from the common plate. Having already learned the necessity of laying aside all scruples in journeying through the Indian country, and being exceedingly hungry, we complied, and a more enjoyable meal I never ate. It consisted of pork steaks, beans, *tortillas*, and coffee. During the progress of the meal two of the larger dogs got into a fight over a bone and waltzed across our table, but it did not disturb our equanimity further than to occasion a regret on the part of the poet that his coffee had been upset. The night which followed this meal will be ever memorable. It was a night of fleas and horrors. I had tried in vain to suspend myself from the rafters in a very narrow hammock, and, having fallen out two or three times, finally concluded to lie still upon the ground and give the fleas a chance. I was just beginning to doze a little after the formation of this resolution, when a stentorian grunt awakened me, and I felt myself violently turned over. Scrambling to my feet, I peered through the darkness and discovered that my enemy was a hog. He had not intended to be uncivil, but had accidentally rooted me over in his search for a comfortable place in which to lie down. This, at least, was the charitable construction which I put upon it, for I felt humble. For the first time in my life I admitted that "man and beast are brothers;" nor could I persuade myself under the circumstances that I had any rights which that hog ought to respect. Only the third day out, and this was the state of demoralization which I had reached!

Every one was tired the next morning, except the hardy natives, who can sleep anywhere, and as the rain was still falling, we were afraid we should have to spend another day and night in this uncomfortable place. The prospect was rendered more gloomy by the fact that between us and the next station lay a deep and rapid river, which would probably be so swollen by the rains as to be impassable, in which case we would have to remain at Agua de Perro for an indefinite time, or camp on the bank of the river, without food or shelter of any description, until the water went down. About noon the sun came out, and we urged Alejandro to push on. He shook his head, and told us if we went forward we would probably have to sleep that night on the wet sand of the river bank without supper or shelter. He did not think we could cross the stream; but when we "plucked at him" to go, he finally consented, and the result, as will be seen, verified his direst predictions.

D. S. RICHARDSON.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In March of this year, an excursion party, composed of several editors of San Francisco and interior journals, together with a number of accredited correspondents and reporters, visited the citrus fairs of Riverside and Los Angeles, and were shown in part the toils and the successes in the fair domain of Southern California. The writer at the time contributed a series of letters to a well known evening paper, giving in some degree his impressions of the country and the people. The time for minute descriptions of citrus fair exhibits has now gone by with the event, but a certain amount of generalizing upon the possibilities of the south-land communities may perhaps be pardoned. The writer has always had faith in and a liking for Southern California and its people, counting many warm personal friends among its pleasant settlements, and keeping track, through the toils of editorial work on a daily journal, of the growths and gains of that region. So these glimpses of the present and prophecies of the future are a gift of good-will to friends who shall here be nameless. The real difficulty which one encounters is to avoid understating the large and pregnant facts of the new developments of the five southern counties under consideration. Taken together, they form a region of unique and magnificent capabilities, an empire in itself, and plainly entering upon a career of commercial, industrial, and agricultural achievements which must greatly advance the prosperity of the whole coast.

In entering upon the subject, let us see what sort of a land this Southern California is. It is a realm of beauty and strength, shut apart from the northern lands by great and glorious mountain barriers, and crags about whose snowy pinnacles the songs and raptures of a mighty people shall some day cling. The grand Sierra Madre, the rugged Cucamonga range, the blue San Bernardino peaks, are as fit themes for pen of poet and pencil of artist as are the Carpathians and Apennines, or the silver dome and glacial rivers of Mount Blanc and the Rigi. The time will come when vales like Montecito and Ojai will have equal fame with Tempé and Cashmere. It is a burden upon the spirit that one cannot name in this paragraph all the lovely valleys of these southern counties. By each stream, and nestling in each mountain range, are nooks fit for colonies—are dimpled hollows, windless, glad, unhaunted, waiting for the home-seekers of strong arms and eager souls to make the wilderness bloom and ripen apples of gold, fruits of the four-rivered garden of Eden.

In spring-time journeyings through Southern California two pictures rise before one's dreams in mingling suggestions. One vision is that of the mountain-girded Abyssinian vale of Rasselas, shut in from the bitter pains and noisy terrors of the striving world; a dreamy, quiet, untroubled land, full of fair sights and gentle sounds, and murmurous tones of reeds and lutes and twilight singing. Another dream is that of Plato's Atlantis, the imperial island where endless summer reigned, and the people were rich and wise and pure; the realm of which the Antilles and the Cuban mountains are the fragmentary summits; the land where the dragon-watched garden of the Hesperides grew in the morning of the world and ripened its shining fruit, quest of heroes and guerdon of kings. The dream-gardens of ancient tales are being planted now in our own California. Not a single city or province of the countries about the Mediterranean can longer feel secure in its peculiar products. The irrepressible American has entered a new field—that of intensive horticulture, in a semi-tropic land, assisted by the experience and warned by the failures of other communities. One need not be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to foretell grand results in the immediate future.

When one speaks of Southern California, it is with a feeling of pride and hopefulness. So much has been already done by the busy people of those sunland counties, and there are so many as yet undeveloped resources in that region, that the subject grows upon and overwhelms the honest searcher for facts. In the outset, it must be said that both overpraise and overblame have fallen to the unfortunate lot of Southern Californians during the past twenty years. The people of that section have known alternate coaxing and bullying. Though they love their land with passionate fervor, they have been told that it was a desert; because they have an almost ideal climate, of Grecian purity and Italian sweetness, they have been called climate-mad; though their horticultural triumphs are many and marvelous, they are too often asked whether any good can come out of Nazareth? Their true strength has often been

misapprehended; the meaning of their peaceful colonies has not been rightly read; the work, which is surely given to their hands among the coming communities of the Pacific Coast, is not yet fairly conceived. Flippant writers on the subject read of occasional seasons of drought, against which the water-reservoirs of the future will guard, and straightway deride Southern California. They hear that there are in the single county of Los Angeles sixty thousand orange and lemon trees in bearing, and one hundred thousand more trees planted, and at once they wilt, weep, collapse, and indulge in jeremiads about the woeful overdoing of the citrus fruit crops! It is always the men who have nothing to sell that are afraid of commercial crises, and it is men who have neither trees nor vines planted that gush over the certain overdoing of oranges and grapes. There are problems enough before the Saxons of Southern California, but their true friends will ever urge them on in their distinctive pursuits, bidding them plant more trees, build more canneries, found more colonies in lowland vales, near the smiling sea, and on sunlit uplands, under the shadowing peaks.

Many horticultural products, which give great promise of future profit, are now in a merely experimental stage in Southern California. Others, which certainly are successful, have not yet been extended sufficiently. What is now wanted to give these Southern counties their destined place in wealth and population, is that they shall so develop their distinctive industries as to virtually control the world's markets. Toward this goal the united efforts of whole communities must be directed. Let us suppose, for instance, that after years of struggle and intense, but temporary, rivalries, the best horticultural products of each separate valley, district, colony, or county, gain a world-wide reputation. One place will grow what are confessedly the best oranges; another, the best lemons; a third, the choicest limes; a fourth, will be an olive center. Here fresh fruits will be a specialty; there, dried fruits, such as prunes and apricots. Canneries will exist everywhere, but a few will take rank as putting up the best flavored fruits. A few spots will furnish the costliest brands of raisins, surpassing even the best Malagas. Of course, by the time these places of peculiar excellence for fruits are discovered, and their fame sent abroad, there will be thousands of acres of high-grade fruit lands occupied. Before the half a dozen vineyards that will produce the diamond drops of *Château Laffitte* have been found, the sunny slopes for leagues will be clad in royal purple of autumn vintages each year. In brief, the proper development of Southern California's horticultural interests must come in part from the ardent devotion of each community to that which it can grow best, until the great merchants of the world are forced to come here to bid upon our products.

When the Nicaragua ship-canal is completed, let us hope that Riverside can load ships with oranges, San Diego with lemons, Sierra Madre with limes, San Gabriel with pomegranates and guavas, Pasadena with canned fruits, citrons, jellies, and marmalades, Ventura with apricots, Santa Barbara with olives, essences, and perfumes, Anaheim and Cucamonga with casks of wine. The list grows too long. There are fifty other places, of musical names and ardent ambitions, worthy rivals with each of those we have named.

Culturists of semi-tropic fruit are too apt to talk eloquently about the London and Continental market. Beyond a doubt the natural growth of the United States will make it hard to fully supply the markets of the great American cities. But this is precisely the task set before us at present. The American people must drink Californian wines, and eat Californian canned and dried fruits, figs, raisins, jams, jellies, crystallized fruits, and delicate confections of innumerable sorts. The quality of these products must be so unimpeachable, and the business energy displayed in their introduction so great, that no other State can successfully compete with us. Nor is this an exaggerated hope. Soil, climate, and location combine to make the semi-tropic fruit center of the world in Southern California. The time may come when the table-lands of Mexico and Central America will be rivals in certain fruits, but for most of that region coffee and other plants not successful here are best adapted. There is less danger from that direction than people imagine. Orange groves are not planted in a day, nor will New England colonies choose waste wildernesses under a foreign flag when they can live in Southern California on the border lands of two climatic zones, and grow in the same field apples and lemons, pines and palms, snowdrops and camellias.

Now, much of this, to one who is unacquainted with the sober prose of horticulture, may seem like a mere fragment of exuberant optimism. Few men have yet dared to print what they believe to be fair estimates of the future wealth of California from this class of products. The total, after all possible deductions, is so enormous as to stagger belief. Six thousand acres of vines in Los Angeles County are said to have produced a crop worth $1,000,000 last year, and the vineyards as yet planted

scarcely make a showing in the wide areas which might be devoted to this industry. In the whole State there are now sixty-five thousand acres of vineyards, besides those planted this season, but only a small part of this acreage is yet in full bearing. It is thought that forty million acres of land in California is fit for vineyard purposes. Much of this can be used for other fruits, also; some of it is too dry for anything but grapes. The phylloxera has not yet been found in the southern counties, and may be kept out for an indefinite period by united action on the part of those interested. Olive orchards have paid at the rate of $1,000 per acre, and the quantity produced in the State is only a drop in the bucket—not enough yet to be quoted in a market report. The young man who will plant out an olive grove will never regret his action. It is one of the safest, most permanent branches of horticulture. Deciduous fruits, considered as a class, are of equal importance with the famed citrian beauties. Pears for Eastern shipment, and peaches, nectarines, plums, and apricots for canning, are not least among the great coming industries. The whole subject must be dismissed with the remark that there is land enough and energy enough in this State to raise the fruit supply of a continent. The divisions of this fascinating field of horticulture are so numerous that each man may choose that branch best adapted to his tastes, and develop it into its fullest results. And we may confidently look for scientific horticultural triumphs in Southern California. Some are already evident; more may be expected. New varieties of fruit will be produced, and new methods of culture established. We shall have hundreds and thousands of enthusiasts to make patient experiments and report results to the world at large. There will be new horticultural journals, or the old ones must waken into newer life, keeping step with the new era. Looking upon the many signs of horticultural progress already shown, the day-dawn is so bright that no joy is misplaced, no enthusiasm foolish.

This coming land of Southern California is to be a land of almost ideal homes. We shall leave to the northwest, sea-like with its prairies reaching to the Arctic shores, the league-long wheat-fields of the future; the ancient buffalo ranges of the Rockies must become the cattle-producing centers of the continent, and grow black with their stormy herds; Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, may pour out their precious metals, and build up mining cities greater than Freiberg and Swansea—all these are peaceful victories of our brother-men and fellow-citizens, and everywhere, over the regions we have named, there will assuredly be quiet hamlets, and busy cities, and happy homes. But for us of California, north and south, and wherever horticulture, the fair goddess who is making the world young once more, is crowned as queen and welcomed as friend, there are to be homes for rich and poor. Whole communities of men shall rest, each one under his own orange tree, and blessed in his own garden. Thus, in our own way, we are solving a problem which has perplexed the world. We are shaping a reply to warrior, and social reformer, and nihilist.

When, under the system of intensive horticulture which is being developed in Southern California, a person can live in peace and comfort, and support his family on ten acres of land, the suburban life is made possible for thousands. Intellectual culture and all the refinements of life must flourish in such communities. Here the arts and sciences will prosper; here temples of white marble will be built, and filled with worshipers ages hence. Let us hope that in Southern California there will be no million-peopled metropolis, crime-laden, terror-haunted by specters of infamy, and shaken by thousand-spindled machineries. May her fair villages and towns grow to be still fairer cities, and extend their realm of gardens continually wider until the suburbs of one melt imperceptibly into another; until the circuit of the year shall be fragrant with roses, white with miles of magnolias; until sweet-faced children and glad lovers walk through avenues of palms, arecas, and auricarias; and until it becomes a land to which pilgrims journey from the confines of the world, forgetting the princely capitals of Europe. This future is in the hands of the people of California. Faith, toil, and patience must make it real. The foundations have been nobly laid by people whom we delight to honor, brave, silver-haired heroes yet with us. Let the young men and maidens of the State go forward to carve the pillars, raise the arches, and, in shining alcoves, place the statues of peace and plenty, of hope, love, and purity.

This California of which I dream as best-loved of earthly paradises, in these coming years, is enough to move the dullest heart to fervor. It is a glorious empire, as yet undeveloped, from that southern city on the hills, where the San Diegans wait for the treasure-ships of Cathay and the steel giants of Boston's railroad, to where the herders of Modoc corral their cattle on the shores of Eagle Lake, and the light-house keepers of rain-swept Mendocino trim their savior-lamps. Three-quarters of a million, all told, are we, on these western

shores, keeping the borders of a continent. In unity, in friendship, in brotherly affection, these fifty counties of this imperial State should be linked each with each, and with the central thought of best developing our realm for those who are to take our places.

If it be true that there is springing up in the southern counties of California a sentiment in favor of dividing the State at some future time, it is none the less true that the people of northern and central California are realizing more and more, year after year, the beauty and strength of the tropic south-land. Our love for it widens and deepens as our knowledge of its virtues increases. Only when convinced that a separation is best for the interests of these counties would the judgment of thoughtful men approve such a step. The time may come when separate State governments will seem desirable. But, without entering into any lengthy argument upon this complex and highly interesting subject, our view at least may be presented.

This France-like empire, named a State, is, in its present form and location, admirably suited to be the commercial autocrat of the Pacific Ocean and the countries that border upon it. If we can but develop a perfect friendliness between the various sections of the State, and work together harmoniously, our capitalists will more and more control the forests, fisheries, and fur trade of the North, and the mines of the South, until we draw tribute from the shores of the whole continent, from Cape Horn to the Aleutians, and from Saghalien to Madagascar. That much of a future, if we are true to our better natures, one may perceive dimly looming up from the slowly shaping present. But first, before any of these outer conquests are won, we must settle certain fundamental problems, which, if we do not substantially vanquish, it will be the worse for us in the end. Plain enough it is that if Southern California be governed well and cheaply, and be shown sympathy and helped effectively, she will stay by us forever.

Now, after all that has been said in this article about the future colonies of that region, it remains to be stated that the problem of water-supplies and riparian rights lies the nearest to the needs of the people. Nor is this a problem of the southern counties only, for, in one form or another, it has general significance. There are hardly half a dozen counties in the State where the use of water from springs, wells, or streams, is not at times desirable. I have seen irrigation ditches in Trinity and Shasta, and along the foothills on both sides of the upper Sacramento. Semi-tropic California needs a system of catchment reservoirs, on a large scale, similar to those in use in India. Sub-irrigation must be used in many cases. This work should be taken up by the people of the whole State, and considered conjointly with the *débris* problem, each being of immediate and unspeakable importance.

If we face these twin problems, strong with a sense of our own resources, not faltering, nor shrinking, nor dividing our dominion, I am sure that England's earlier empire of the Atlantic will be but a type of our later supremacy over the Pacific coasts and islands. But finally, if our southern kinsfolk think they must be a separate people, we will not worry, nor vituperate, but bid them God-speed, and fairly divide our household possessions. Whatever happens, they are blood of our blood, equal inheritors of name and fame. In their lovely homes and wide, most musical cities, may art and literature win the brightest triumphs of American thought. May their citrus groves and warm, welcoming friendships, then, as now, be an unfailing charm and perpetual blessing for tourists from Northern California.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

THE PARISH PRIMARIES.

Rev. John Ellis was the Rector of St. Paul's Church at Newhall, California. This old gentleman had an abiding confidence in his fellow-men which amounted to a weakness, and a hatred of politics which amounted to a mania.

To his theological mind election day was a dreadful visitation of hell, and he would as soon have thought of eloping with the leading soprano of his choir as of exercising his rights as an American citizen and voting even at the county election for a school trustee.

With all these peculiarities of early education and training, the old gentleman was thoroughly honest in his views, and did not hesitate to openly proclaim them from the pulpit. Still, his blunt remarks on these subjects did not in the least offend those of his congregation who held opposite views.

Other agencies were at work, however, which made him unpopular with a parish over which he had presided faithfully for fifteen years.

Rev. Mr. Ellis had somehow got to be too commonplace for Newhall. His flock began to get wearied of his discourses, although not one in twenty could have repeated a single one of his texts, of which he had at least thirty. To them the bread of life which he had administered that he might keep his own larder stocked began to have a moldy smell. In short, it was time that a fresh hand was at the helm.

A number of busy-bodies who had determined on his going set about the work of undermining his character in the most business-like manner possible.

One day he performed the funeral rites for a poor outcast woman, and went so far as to express the opinion, as he stood over her coffin, that beneath the sheltering arms of Christ there was still room for the soul of the departed. This expression of confidence in the infinite forgiveness of God went through half a dozen mouths, and presently passed current to the effect that the Rector considered the outcast a good deal more likely to be saved than a large majority of women in his own parish. So the wretched mongers of scandal mined and sapped the character of the poor man until the whole structure was ready to fall to pieces at a touch. While pouring hot shot at the world, the flesh, and the devil, he little realized that his worst enemies were in his own camp.

It was determined at the annual Easter election to request Mr. Ellis to resign.

There happened to live in the town of Newhall a politician named Seth Johnson, by common consent called "Boss Johnson," by reason of his generally acknowledged ability to connubiate in politics and successfully conduct the ceremonies incidental to the primary elections. His "slate factory" was an establishment which inspired respect, and the wares he turned out, either for city or county purposes, were "hard to smash."

Johnson had a habit of keeping an eye and ear open to the drift of passing events, and the job to oust the Rector of St. Paul's had not escaped his notice. Like the Melter Moss of stage tradition, he loved to be able to spoil somebody's little game. The idea of taking an active hand in a church election had a novelty about it that pleased Johnson mightily, and he rubbed his hands together at the prospect of such diversion. The regular county election would not come off for a year yet, and he must do something to keep his hand in.

Having made up his mind, he proceeded immediately to business according to his usual custom, and went straight to the Rector's studio. When Rev. Mr. Ellis opened his door in response to the ring, and saw the hardened and disreputable politician, he was at first overcome with astonishment, but recovered sufficiently to invite him in, supposing that perhaps a funeral was on the *tapis*. There was probably no man in the town toward whom the Rector of St. Paul's entertained a more deeply rooted dislike than Boss Johnson, not realizing that politicians, like preachers, are apt to be foully slandered and that reputations are more artificial than real.

After opening the ball with a few preliminary remarks on the prospect of rain before morning, the "Boss" proceeded directly to the business in hand.

"Mr. Ellis, I think some of joining your church, and as I am not much acquainted with the organization, I thought I'd just step in and gather some information on the subject."

The Rector was almost dazed by the frank and outspoken utterance of Mr. Johnson.

"The door of the tabernacle is always open, and the vilest sinner may enter."

"You will understand, perhaps, that I haven't been much of a religious man of late years, but I have a family. My wife likes your church, and I want to send my little girls to Sunday-school."

"A very commendable procedure, Mr. Johnson, I am sure. The church alone can furnish them with the consolation of true religion."

"My idea exactly. Now, if I join your party—that is, your church—and subscribe to the constitution and by-laws, will that make me eligible?"

"Do you wish to become a full member by the rites of baptism and confirmation?"

"Don't you let a man come in on trial for a year or so—let him sort o' feel his way? Can't I just take a pew and listen to the sermons? Can't I vote at the church elections unless I hold all the degrees?"

"Ah, in that case any man who pays his pew rent can vote at the Easter election."

At this information the eye of the Boss brightened, and he began to see his way ahead.

"I don't want to do things with a rush, Mr. Ellis. I'll just take a pew for a starter, and go a little slow at first until I get confidence in the game. That'll do me for the first year. I've always been in the habit of having a little something to say in the management of any organization I'm connected with. I like to feel that I have a hand—a little of the 'say so,' as it were."

"I am glad to see you take such a commendable interest in the affairs of the parish. I never like to see men lukewarm in the service."

"Perhaps I can induce some more of the boys to join the ranks. Just let me know the charges on some of your second-class pews. We'll put up with a few back-seats for a spell. We don't want to crowd ourselves to the front, you know."

"People are not obliged to pay for the lower pews at all, but any contributions will be acceptable."

"All these contributors vote at the regular election, Mr. Ellis?"

"All vote who wish, Mr. Johnson."

"When do the primaries come off?"

"Eh?"

"That is, the election?"

"In two weeks. It is only a formality. Of course, there is no opposition. I am elected year after year by a unanimous vote. We have none of the fierce, and I may say unseemly, struggles which characterize your political elections. Heaven forbid that the church should ever be disgraced by such unchristian strife! The unscrupulous connubiations of worldly politics never find a footing in the tabernacle of the Lord."

The Boss smiled a broad and continuous smile at this speech, and put down a ten-dollar piece for his pew, after which he bade his new spiritual guide good evening, and as he left was shaken warmly by the hand.

Inside of half an hour, Boss Johnson was closeted with a half dozen of his political henchmen in the private card-room of Jack's Exchange, and there outlined his plan to his astonished listeners for capturing the election of St. Paul's Church, and running the parochial machinery "their way." The shout of laughter which greeted the proposal can well be imagined. The idea tickled the fancies of these men immensely.

"Let's don't bother with the election, Boss. Turn loose the sack and buy up a majority of the vestry; that's the business," said one of the group, to whom Johnson always intrusted the placing of money where its fruits would assume tangible shape.

"No corruption, Billy. This is a *church* election, and the vestry come high—awful high."

It was finally decided that twenty men should take pews in the church, pay their slip-rent, and vote at the Easter election, Johnson furnishing the necessary coin.

On the following Sunday, the worthy pastor was astonished to see such an influx of the "worldly" element come to hear him preach, and delighted with the marked attention paid to his discourse. On the following Saturday evening the election took place in the church. The opposers of the Rector were out in full force, and confident of being able to "oust the present administrator." The Johnson crowd were also there "well bearded," except one, who had been wounded in a scrimmage over a mining claim, but he sent a proxy in due form.

After the leader of the ousting faction made the vestry nominations, Mr. Johnson rose, and, in a solemn voice, as if addressing a county convention, said:

"Gentlemen, I rise to place in nomination five men, whose course in standing pat with the regular straight ticket has always been the one prime object of their lives. They have always bowed to the deliberations of the caucus, and never voted but one ticket since they were —baptized. They never bucked or kicked, gentlemen. I mean that whatever was the result of good square work, and had the stamp of the church's approval on its face, was current coin with them. We propose to organize this church on the solid foundation of free speech, a fair ballot, and good will to men. I may have slightly digressed from some of the points in issue, but you all know what I mean. We will, after choosing our leader and officers for the ensuing year, fall to work with a will, and plant the banners of the true faith on the outer walls of every sect that grows. I think that if we pull together this year we can run the Presbyterians out of the burg by next fall, and close up the mortgage on the old Methodist Theology Works by Christmas."

Quelling the symptoms of applause, which seemed about to come from his forces, Johnson made his vestry nominations, and when the ballot was taken elected them by twelve majority. He then took the chair, declared the proceedings unanimous, reëlected the old pastor by a *vivâ voce* vote, and raised his salary by the same course—all inside of five minutes. The astonishment of Mr. Ellis was equaled only by the chagrin of his enemies, who had so signally failed in carrying their plans into effect.

After this little episode, there was naturally enough somewhat of a falling off in attendance among the politicians who had temporarily joined St. Paul's; but Johnson took a profound interest in the affairs of the church, finally becoming a vestryman, and one of the most active members of the flock. He so continued until the death of the Rector, and, although he held the good man's memory in the deepest reverence, neither this nor the services of the church ever had sufficient effect upon him to wean him from the habits of worldliness; and to this day he delights to pack a primary or put up a combination to capture a county convention as of old, not neglecting to take an active part in the parish elections.

For the last seven years he never failed to have the vestry his way, and, according to the more generally accepted theory, he will continue to maintain his control as long as the parish shall exist. He thinks that as he advances in years, and retires from the turmoil and excitement of active political life, he will find the annual church election sufficiently exhilarating to afford the pastime which his spirit craves.

SAM DAVIS.

PARTED.

Can I believe, what yet mine eyes have seen,
That we are parted who were once so near?
That far behind us lie the meadows green,
Where we no more may greet the early year,
And praise the dewy crocus-buds, while yet
More happy in each other than in spring?
If I remember, how should you forget,
And leave me lonely in my wandering?

Can I believe, what yet mine ears have heard,
That severed is our sweet companionship?
An autumn wind among the woodlands stirred
And blew your kisses from my grieving lip;
Time stepped between us, and unclasped our hands
That reach in vain across the widening days;
Life met our wistful looks with stern commands,
And led us coldly down divided ways.

Can I believe, what yet my heart has felt,
That never more our paths will be the same?
That even now your joyous musings melt
To tenderer longing at a dearer name?
Then say farewell, since that must be the word.
In life's strange journey I may yet rejoice,
But still through all its voices will be heard
The lingering echo of your vanished voice.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?

The different uses of the terms, "university," "college," "professional school," etc., are one indication of the different views as to the whole question of university education. In Germany these terms mean one thing, in England another, and in this country any one of several different things. Underlying these different uses, however, there is discoverable an effort to express a more or less clearly recognized distinction, which, in accordance with the best usage in this country, may be conveyed by some such definitions as follow:—a college is an organized body of teachers and students, collected together for instruction and study, having special reference on the part of the pupils to the attainment of a complete liberal education; a professional school is such an organized body, having special reference on the part of the pupils to the acquirement of a profession; a university is a union of such organizations, whatever their plan or purpose, and whether few or many. The distinction, then, between a college and a professional school is one of aim on the part of the pupils. The aim of a college is chiefly educative, or in the direction of an education: the aim of a profes-

sional school is chiefly occupative, or in the direction of an occupation.

In the University of California certain of the professional schools (those, namely, at Berkeley) are also called "colleges," as well as the College of Letters, which is the only one answering to what is usually so called in this country. That is to say, the College of Letters is a body of professors, instructors, and students, with a four years' course of instruction having for its aim the attainment of a liberal education. While the so-called "scientific colleges" have courses which are chiefly occupative in their aim, answering to those of what are elsewhere called professional schools, they are, in fact, parallel to the schools of medicine and law; except that the students of these latter (unfortunately, perhaps, for those professions) do not necessarily spend any time in previous collegiate residence and instruction, whereas the students of the "scientific colleges" in their first two years of residence share some of the studies of the College of Letters. It should be added that, the faculties of the University being by no means full, some of the professors in the various professional schools give instruction to the students of the College of Letters, and *vice versâ*.

The origin of the University of California may be said to date back to the first constitutional convention, in 1849. The "argonauts," apparently seeing, after all, where the true "golden fleece" was to be looked for, provided expressly in the Constitution for the establishment of "a university for the promotion of literature, the arts, and sciences." Thus liberal and broad, from the very beginning, was the plan of the University. The next step was the grant by Congress of seventy-two sections of land for the support of the institution thus planned. The same Congress also gave ten sections of land to provide suitable buildings. In 1862, Congress made a third grant of one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, to furnish funds for (in the language of this so-called "Morrill Bill") the maintenance of "liberal and practical education." The bill stipulates that there shall be maintained "at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the Legislature may prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." Nothing could be more generously comprehensive than the language of this "Morrill Bill," securing as it does that the children of the industrial classes shall have opportunities to prepare for all the different professions in life, and that they shall be offered a full liberal education, including all the scientific and classical studies. It wisely guards, also, against any narrow interpretation of agriculture and the mechanic arts, as subjects of study, by requiring not the teaching of mere manual dexterities, but the "branches of learning," the scientific facts and principles, relating to these subjects. The College of Agriculture in the University fulfills these requirements by its direct instruction and by means of its connection with the courses of the other professional schools, and of the College of Letters.

The present beautiful domain of the University at Berkeley was a gift from the old College of California, which at the establishment of the University was merged into it, with a sole stipulation as to the breadth and grade of the proposed institution, which must include, among other things, "an academical college of the same grade and with courses equal to those of Eastern colleges."

The liberal intention of all these successive plans and gifts was well carried out by the Act of Legislature incorporating the University, approved March 23, 1868, which reads as follows: "A State University is hereby created, pursuant to the Constitution of the State of California, and in order to devote to the largest purposes of education the [above Congressional] benefaction. . . . . The University shall have for its design to provide instruction and complete education in all the departments of science, literature, art, industrial and professional pursuits, and general education, ..." This Act of Incorporation was accompanied by an appropriation of $200,000.

All the subsequent gifts to the University (and they have been many, both from public and private beneficence) have been given with the understanding that the broad and liberal plan of the institution should not be narrowed or interfered with. This understanding has now become law, by incorporation in an article of the Constitution, forever forbidding any interference with its permanent organization and natural development.

Thus, it will be seen that we have in California an institution of learning based on an unusually broad and substantial foundation. Nothing could be freer and wider than its scope, and the State has itself become responsible for its permanence and steady progress. There has been in past time some apprehension of danger lest this broad intention should be misunderstood. Dissatisfaction was expressed by one and another person of captious disposition,

or of eccentric notions, and not well acquainted with the facts of its history, that the whole University was not turned into a school for the pursuit of this or that particular study, or occupation. Some ill informed persons asserted that the "Morrill Bill" had called for a technical school merely, and, being ignorant that this grant was only one among many sources of its income, were querulous as to the broad organization of the University. Some have thought it should be only a classical college; others that it should be only a cluster of professional schools. Others, again, forgetting that the University was an accomplished fact, holding large properties for the expenditure of whose income according to a particular plan the State had become responsible, were heard to declare their doubts as to the propriety of having any such institution at all, or any other than sectarian methods of education. But it is by this time pretty well understood what was and must continue to be the comprehensive plan of the University; and that the only question now is, how best can this plan be carried on to complete fulfillment? In other words, the plan of the University, from its very first inception in the minds of the argonauts of 1849, through the successive acts and appropriations of the Legislature, and the different Congressional grants, and the gifts of private munificence, has been to provide—not a college alone, nor a professional school alone, nor any small cluster of such, but a great university, "for the promotion of literature, the arts, and sciences;" for "liberal and practical education;" for "instruction and complete education in all the departments of science and literature;" with "courses equal to those of Eastern colleges;" with "scientific and classical studies," and with such "branches of learning" as may fit for "the several pursuits and professions of life."

Not only has the foundation of a great institution been thus wisely laid, but something of the superstructure has been already built: more, it may be, than many persons suppose, unless they have given some attention to the matter. The work of building a university is not noisy, nor is its daily operation such as to attract the attention of the public. The Legislature has carefully but constantly made appropriations for one and another good purpose. There have been many large gifts, such as that of Mr. Harmon of a gymnasium and audience room, that of Mr. Bacon of an art building, and that of Mr. Reese of $50,000 to the library. The Regents have worked faithfully, and have made few mistakes, and had few things to undo and do over again. There are at present eleven chairs filled: namely, the professorships of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English Language and Literature, History and Political Economy, Physics, Mechanics, Geology and Natural History, Chemistry, Agriculture, and Engineering and Astronomy. Besides the tutorial work of additional instructors in these branches, there is instruction in Rhetoric and Logic, Botany, Mineralogy, Mining and Metallurgy, the Modern Languages and Hebrew. There are also laboratories, valuable apparatus, collections in natural history, and a library of some twenty thousand volumes. The number of students is not so large as it would be if there were more high schools and academies throughout the State. But they are earnest and vigorous young men and women. It is safe to say that there is not a college community in the United States that is more orderly, more moral, more earnestly at work than that of the University of California.*

Already, therefore, a student has large opportunities opened to him at Berkeley. There are, however, great gaps in the broad plan not yet filled. Many chairs remain to be endowed, and some important subjects of study are not yet at all represented except in their literature. There is a fine opportunity for some man of wealth and culture to endow a professorship of mental philosophy, or one of moral philosophy, or one of the modern languages, or one of fine art, or one of the science of government, or one of many other important branches. Not but that some of these subjects are represented by tutorial work, but there needs to be a full professor—the foremost man in the country, if possible, as the recognized head of each of these departments: a man who shall be known as an authority in his subject, and who is pushing on the progress of the world's knowledge in that subject; having under him as many instructors as may be necessary to assist him in efficient work with his pupils.

Having said so much of one particular institution, let us take up again the general question: what is a university?

The derivation of the word "university" is often, but erroneously, supposed to indicate the *universality* of its teachings. The true etymology points to the old Latin law term, *universitas*, which signified any corporation holding a charter from the government and thereby assuming an official and permanent existence. The earliest institutions of learning were not in this sense universities; for whatever

* We are glad to see by recent advices from England that Cambridge University has at last caught up with the Universities of California and Michigan on the question of admitting both sexes equally. It will not be long, probably, before all our principal American colleges are abreast of the times on this point.

powers were granted to them were temporarily bestowed upon the individual men at their head. But when multitudes of youth and valuable accumulations of property came to be gathered together, the need was felt of some stable system of authority. It was not sufficient to grant to certain individuals personal powers which would expire at their death, but a charter was given to the organization as a permanent whole, a *universitas*, a stable *universe*, secured against vicissitudes of change, whatever men might happen to fill its offices and chairs.

There are evidently two aspects in which to regard such an organization: first, as a place for instruction; secondly, as a place for study and research.

As a place for instruction, a university must include opportunities both for a general education, and for special and professional training. It must therefore have, first of all, and as a nucleus and center for everything else, a college; thoroughly equipped, so as to give young men and women a complete, liberal education. In this college there must be instruction in every one of those great subjects which the best educational experience of the world has found to be serviceable for intellectual development. The college is a place, above all things, for developing the power of thought. Not so much what a man can seem, not what he can get and have in the world, but what he can be—is the question here to be determined. The studies and exercises are chosen with reference to their power to produce the large natured, full-minded, forceful-minded man. Hence, among other studies, the attention in all colleges of the first rank to the Latin, Greek, and English literatures: because these are the three great intellectual peoples of the world; and it is by close contact with their greatest minds that one learns what Mr. Matthew Arnold well points out as the important thing to learn—"the capabilities and performances of the human spirit." And the college above all holds fast to the study of philosophy: because a liberal education consists largely in the ability to partake of and perpetuate the great flowing stream of human thought.

The instruction, moreover, should be of the highest quality in every department. We have called such a college the nucleus of the whole university, because its chief aim is liberal education, that is to say the building of men. The work of the professional schools comes afterward. You must first have educated men; and then lawyers, physicians, farmers, engineers, and so on. But the building of men is not such a simple process, in our complex modern world, as it is often conceived to be. It must be a large, as well as a deep education. There must be many subjects of study. For everything involves everything else. No man who knows only one thing, can know even that; for at least half its circumference is sure to lie within some other circle. Moreover, there must be many teachers. No one mind is many-sided enough to impart the greatest possible power to another and developing mind. The student's education is what he himself does; and what he does will depend partly on what subjects, but chiefly on what minds he is in vital contact with. To be sure the library partly supplies this need. Many eminent men in looking back over their college life have said that the library was their best professor. But books are after all only a make-shift for men. There must be the daily contact with the living mind. Therein, after all our talk of apparatus and methods, lies the secret of education. If there were collected together the foremost men of the world in every important subject of intellectual effort, every man a master in his subject, it would be a great university though they sat on the bare hill-side and taught.

And, above all, these men must be men of native intellectual power. No other sort of man has, or can possibly have, any fitness to be in a university as a teacher. He may know an indefinite quantity of facts, he may be a cyclopedia incarnate, but he is no fit teacher for intellectual young men unless he himself be an intellectual man. But, besides this, he must be a trained man, in mind and in character; and he must know many things. Mere empty force can only help to sow the wind.

Around this central college of complete and liberal education, there should be clustered schools of all the great professions of modern society. I do not say, of all the occupations of civilized men; but of those pursuits which, on the one hand, are indispensable to civilized society, and which, on the other hand, are only to be competently entered through much intellectual training and a wide acquisition of knowledge and power. Besides those ordinarily provided for, there should be, on both these grounds, some provision for the profession of teaching, and for that of journalism, and for that of politics. If there can be, as yet, no complete school for the thorough study of these professions on high levels, there should at least be a chair of each, as a nucleus for such a school, and to impart instruction to one and another who might aspire to be something more than the ordinary journeyman teacher or editor or politician.

The first need, then (I had almost said, the only need), of a university considered as a place for instruction, is of a body of intellectual and

educated men. If there be any man on its staff who does not fulfill these requirements, he is not merely of no use,—one who sees only that, sees the matter but superficially; he is of the greatest harm, and that continually. For if the daily contact with intellect and character is capable of imparting these qualities by a certain fine contagion, so the daily contact with feebleness and meanness can impart these qualities, equally well. If fools and knaves had no power of intellectual propagation, the world would move somewhat faster than it does at present. An intelligent boy is better off left alone to the clean earth and skies, especially if he be possessed of a rusty volume or two, than if shut up in contact with a weakling in understanding or a profligate in character.

But there is one other thing necessary, considering a university as a place for instruction: and that is, pupils to be instructed. For this there is need of secondary schools. And here we touch upon a matter that concerns our own university, and our State. *The great want of California at the present time is the establishment of good high schools or free academies throughout the State.* It is difficult to see how a man could earn a seat among the benefactors of the race more easily or cheaply than by endowing such schools. There should be at least one in every county. The Pacific Coast can never hope for more than spasmodic gleams of prosperity till the country homes are intelligent homes. This can never be till we have free public education of a high grade; and hardly otherwise can we have any considerable body of educated men and women, except as some inadequate supply continues to be imported from abroad. The University might be of great assistance in furthering this whole process of public education. In the first place, by supplying a certain number of educated young men and women, some of whom will themselves become teachers, and others of whom will be members of school-boards and in other ways will be centers of civilizing influence throughout the State. In the second place, by coöperation between its faculty and other teachers. In the third place, by showing its appreciation of the best schools, facilitating entrance from these into its courses, and, gradually raising its own standard, by raising at the same time that of the schools most nearly connected with it.

Finally, there is the second aspect in which to regard a university: namely, as a place for original investigation and research on the part of the professors. There is no place where this pushing forward of the world's knowledge on all the great lines of inquiry can be so well done as at a university. For here are books, collections, apparatus, laboratories, beyond any man's private means to accumulate; and here is the constant stimulus and assistance of numbers of fellow-workers. Moreover, the teachers make everywhere the best students. And, accordingly, we find that much of the best work in philosophy, literature, and science has always been done at the colleges and universi ties. Nothing so clarifies one's conceptions of truth as the constant effort to impart them to others. Nothing so invigorates and freshens the mind as the contact with youthful ardor and enthusiasm in a body of students. Of course if a man is overworked in teaching (as, unfortunately, many teachers are in all grades of educational work) so as to be under a worrying strain, his work as an investigator and writer cannot be fruitful; but neither can his work as a teacher be good for much under such circumstances. The man must be fresh and hopeful for either part of his duty. And certainly when the conditions are favorable for the one, they are for the other. He would be but a wretched sort of teacher who should be making no progress himself. In fact, he is the best teacher as a rule who is the best student; nor can any man who is not a vigorous and constant student teach at all to profit.

Besides, there is an enormous advantage to a man who is pursuing special studies, in being surrounded by other earnest investigators, in his own line or in other kindred lines. Nowhere can this happen but at a university. It would be well worth all the expense to the State to have such an institution, though there were not a pupil within its boundaries. Because no otherwise can the State so well contribute to that progress in thought and knowledge which is the necessary condition of an advancing civilization.

In short, in whatever aspect we view it, a university is, essentially,—not so much buildings, or collections, or apparatus, or any external adjuncts whatever—important aids as these doubtless are; but it is a body of educated and intellectual men. And they are serving the State in two ways: first, by imparting their knowledge and their force of mind and character to young persons gathered around them as students; and, secondly, they are (with the aid of libraries and laboratories and collections, and mutual help, such as alone can be found at this common center) pushing on, each in his own line of investigation, the knowledge of the world.

Why should we not have here in California a university equal to any in the country? Nay, if you come to that, there is no reason why we should not have here the greatest university in

the world. The judicious reader smiles and shakes his head, and replies that we are a young community. But what does that phrase mean, under analysis? A community is made up of individuals, and individual men are not any younger here than elsewhere. Children are not born any younger here, I suppose, than in the East, or in Europe. The man in the maturity of his strength is at that maturity here, as elsewhere; nor has mere geographical removal cut him off from whatever is good in the heritage of the past. Those older communities have many hindrances and restrictions which ours has not. In one sense they stand upon their past as on a vantage-ground: in another sense their past lies on them as a dead weight. We have not to begin back and come through all their stages of development: we begin where they leave off. California has hope, energy, ability to plan and build. If we have not men, we have wealth, and men will come whenever the call is loud enough. There is nothing to prevent our having the foremost men in the world in every great region of intellectual attainment. Is this a mere dream? But everything was once a dream before it was accomplished.

It is a mistake to suppose that any one man can make a great university out of nothing; though he were Julius Cæsar, and Richelieu, and Sir Isaac Newton, and Arnold of Rugby, rolled into one. A university is, above all things, the body of men composing its faculty. Nor can any handful of men, though they were the wisest on the planet, constitute a great university. Yale numbers over a hundred men on her staff; so also does Harvard; and the foreign universities a still larger number.

There is room in California for such a body of scholars and thinkers. But they will not come for our sitting down and wishing for them. When they do come, there will be a radiant center of philosophy and science and learning and literature, the beginning of a new world, the star in the West that Berkeley saw and tried to follow. E. R. SILL.

THE STATE VS. THE CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY.

When our fathers framed the American Government they had no previous model. Democracies had existed before, and some imperfect examples of representative government, but none similiar, either in their complexity or completeness, to that which times demanded here. It was not, therefore, to be expected that all things would at once be wisely and permanently adjusted. Among other subjects then left open was the question of education. It was not as pressing as others, and hence was adjourned to quiet times and periods of greater leisure. The features of this problem which have since most agitated the public mind seem not to have been thought of in the beginning: shall the subject be intrusted to the church?—shall it be controlled by the State?—or shall it be remanded to private enterprise and benevolence? Washington, indeed, in his last address to Congress recommended a national university, but beyond this nothing was done.

No single person or paper can determine this question. It involves too many interests, and has too many sides—the expenditure of millions of money, the welfare of our children, and the stability of our institutions. Nevertheless, every one should feel obliged for a frank and thorough discussion of any phase of a subject so important.

Burke has said that "man is a religious animal." This is as true as that man is a physical and intellectual being. From the beginning, our race has cherished religious beliefs. The burial rites and remains of geologic man show that he believed in the immortality of the soul. The remains of the great stone-builders of western Europe evince that they had a religious worship, and erected buildings for the practice of its rites. The scanty remains of early Hindu, Persian, Egyptian, Chaldean, as well as Greek and Latin literature, show in some cases the elevation of their faith, and in others the opulence of their pantheon, but in every case the prevalence of religious belief and worship. The remotest travels of the most daring explorers of modern times have failed to discover races or tribes without religious ideas and worship. In the most skeptical nations or periods of the world unbelief has been the rare exception—belief the rule. The avidity with which the masses of France returned from the intoxication of the Reign of Terror to their Sabbaths and their churches proves that the most faithless of nations at the time of its extremest departure from the faith could not long withstand the powerful tendency of human nature to faith and worship. The loftiest minds, as well as the lowliest, and, if possible, in still higher de-

gree, are under the control of this religious nature. The greatest names in the sublimest of sciences belonged to men of deep religious convictions. Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, Kepler, and Herschel, equally with beginners in astronomy, worshiped a god beyond the stars. Milton and Shakspere in England, Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier in the United States, are poets of deep religious natures. Cuvier and Agassiz, equally with McCosh, believe in a god behind the typical forms and special ends in organic life. Our own Dana and Le Conte deal with the relations of religion and geology with such reverence that the sensibilities of the most devout need not be offended. The greatest statesmen of the world tread in the footsteps of its greatest scientists. Bismarck avows that he stands in his present lot because of the assignment of Providence. Gladstone's consecration to religion is equaled only by his devotion to the best interests of his country and generation. If we turn to the United States we are met by examples equally illustrious—the august Washington, who fought through the Revolution on his knees; the astute and far-seeing Hamilton, who, in all his life, made but one grave blunder, and that his last; the god-like Webster, perhaps the greatest intellect of modern times, whose legal pleas, and occasional addresses, and elaborate orations all breathe the spirit of reverence for the word of God and devotion to the religious institutions of the country. And even among men of special training, and, therefore, of less philosophical elevation and breadth—the Darwins, the Huxleys, and the Tyndalls of the day—if we do not meet with explicit recognition of God and his worship, their sensitiveness to the imputation of atheistic sentiments evinces the presence and strength of the religious nature.

The Christian consciousness of the church affords a conclusive evidence from a less familiar field. Consciousness is a court of last resort. We know of the external world through a consciousness of sensations; of our mental states through a consciousness of mental processes; of our own existence even through self-consciousness. *Cogito, ergo sum*, is as significant to-day as when Descartes first uttered it. Hence, all knowledge is derived through sensations and other mental processes of which we are conscious. But millions of persons in the United States attest the reality of Christian experience. Hence, as the consciousness of all of our farmers assures them of the common facts of agriculture, the Christian consciousness of the church places the existence of the religious nature and the beneficent effects of the Christian religion upon the same solid footing as the best established facts of agriculture, or the best authenticated truths of science. In this, Christianity takes its place among the most assured of the inductive sciences. It rests upon a solid continent of fact. Then man is a religious being.

Neither government nor society could exist without the cultivation of morality and religion. True morality depends on religion. On this point quotations may be made from men whose mature experience and elevated characters should carry conviction to all candid minds. Guizot, quoting Vinet, says: "To distinguish morality from dogma, is to attempt to distinguish a river from its source."

It is well known that the farewell address of Washington was first outlined by himself, submitted to Hamilton and other advisers, and then, with emendations, published. In that immortal document, coming to us with such high sanctions, he says:

"And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

The expressions of Daniel Webster are equally emphatic. In his famous Plymouth Rock oration, he says:

"Our *ancestors* established their system of government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral truth.

"Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.

"Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested, and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come."

Let us cherish these sentiments and extend this influence still more widely, in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and beneficent spirit of Christianity.

Guizot, Hamilton, Washington, Webster—what a constellation!

In view of these quotations, how very frothy seem the words "moral instructor" sometimes heard in connection with our State institutions. Moral instructors for the penitentiary, or indeed for sinners anywhere else! As well prattle of arnica salve for the smallpox, or bread poultices for the leprosy.

But this morality and religion, so inseparably connected, are essential to the purity of society and the existence of the State. Doctor Franklin's warning to Thomas Paine, when consulted concerning the publication of *The Age of Reason*, against "unchaining the lion," shows how profoundly the mind of that great philosopher had been affected by the results following the rupture of the bonds of religious restraint in France. And on this subject the opinions of Mr. Huxley possess peculiar significance. In an address upon education he says:

"I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology, but I must confess that I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters without the use of the Bible. . . . . By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized?"

Perhaps others are as much impressed as the distinguished scientist by the "chaotic state" of opinion respecting the Bible. Nevertheless, the strength of his conviction adds to the weight of his opinion.

No system of education is complete which does not respect all the powers of the man and all the demands of the State. But let this word complete be properly understood. A complete education in astronomy might be held to embrace a full course in the primary and higher studies of descriptive and mathematical astronomy. Should this course terminate in the use of the telescope to be erected on Mount Hamilton, the astronomical education might be called complete. So, a knowledge of all the elements of matter and their combinations, together with a complete course in qualitative and quantitative analyses, might be called a complete education in chemistry. Or we may add to these single branches groups of studies, and include courses in literature and the arts; and this group of attainments may be called a complete education. A system may be framed on this ideal, and ascend through all the grades to the State and National University; but this system of education is not complete in its fullest sense. It still leaves out the education of the moral and religious nature, and for neither the individual nor the State is this a complete system. It has omitted to make provision for a predominant element of man—the moral nature; it has failed to guard against an imminent peril of the State.

The system of education coming into vogue in the United States is complete in this partial, but not in any comprehensive, sense. On the one hand, religion is not to be taught in the schools. Morals may be, but the Bible, the basis of morals, is excluded. In a message to Congress, December 7, 1875, President Grant recommended the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forbidding the teaching in the public schools of "religious, atheistic, or pagan tenets." On the other hand, the churches must not share in the school fund. On this subject the declarations of the dominant political party, through its standard-bearers and conventions, are explicit and authoritative. The National Convention of 1876 said:

"We recommend an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forbidding the application of any public funds or property for the benefit of any schools or institutions under sectarian control."

This action was reaffirmed in 1880 in the following language:

"We recommend that the Constitution be so amended as to forbid the appropriation of public funds to the support of sectarian schools."

Ex-President Grant says:

"Let us encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated for their support shall be appropriated to the support of sectarian schools."

The utterances of President Garfield are in a similar vein:

"It would be unjust to our people and dangerous to our institutions to apply any portion of the revenues of the nation to the support of sectarian schools."

J. G. Blaine, the present Secretary of State, declares that

"The only settlement that can be final is the complete victory of non-sectarian schools."

These quotations are not made for the purpose of criticism, but that the present *status* of this question may be clearly understood.

Shall moral and religious education, then, be neglected? No real statesman or lover of his country would answer this question in the affirmative. Nevertheless, the best method of providing for this instruction is not clear. Some assert that this is a Christian Government by the will of its founders, by the decisions of common law, and by the preponderance of the religious sentiment, and that the Church should assert its rights and maintain the Bible and religious instruction in the schools. Others say that the schools are too vital to the welfare of the country to be periled by arraying against them the Hebrew, the infidel, and all other elements of society hostile to the Christian scriptures. This practical consideration is reinforced

by that sentiment of justice which is unwilling to force men to pay taxes for what they cannot indorse and use. But the prevailing judgment is that, for children and youth, religious instruction may be remitted to the Church on Sundays, while secular is imparted by the State during the week.

At this stage of the discussion the example of the German system of education in encountered, and the question is asked why ours may not be modeled after theirs. The reply is at hand. It need not be made by the writer. It should spring at once to the lips of every careful student of government. The church and the system of education in Germany are sustained and regulated by the State. There the religious education of the young is as much provided for as the secular, and by the same authority. Such a comprehensive system as this, embracing the church and the school, the genius of our Government forbids.

But may not morals and religion be excluded from higher education, as well as from the common schools? Since this is so, and since we have solved the difficulty, so far as the common school is concerned, by remitting the secular instruction to the State and religious to the Church, may not the same policy prevail in all higher education? We shall then have a complete system of secular instruction supervised by the State, and a system of religious instruction, more or less complete, supervised by the Church. If the elements of the problem were the same, this solution might be the best possible. But the differences are marked and vital. In the first place, higher education is acquired between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. The receptive mind of childhood has given place to the inquisitive and doubting mind of boyhood and young manhood. The problems presented to the advancing student are strikingly portrayed by Dr. Cocker, of Michigan University:

"The problems of science are becoming more and more *genetic* problems—that is, they have ceased to be questions of classification, and have come to be questions of *origin*—origin of force, of life, of species, of mind, of language, of society, of civilization, of religion. It is as clear as noonday that the science professor cannot discuss these questions without abutting on the final issue, and pronouncing for a God or no God, a Providence or no Providence, a soul or no soul. There is now no alternative; science must henceforth be materialistic or spiritualistic, theistic or atheistic. God or no God is the question of the hour; and it is astonishing, sometimes even appalling, to observe how scientists themselves are dividing into antagonistic camps. Between the Scylla and Charybdis of opposite faiths and opposite teachings, how are State colleges and universities to be steered? This is the question which is now upon us, and it is our wisdom and duty to look it full in the face. Who is to decide whether our ethics, our philosophy, our science, shall be theistic or atheistic? Shall the State Legislature decide? Shall it send its biennial committees of investigation to learn whether a theological or an anti-theological *animus* prevails in the State schools? Is the State the proper arbiter of these questions? Until these questions have a final settlement we had better keep open our church colleges."

In the second place, the college student is away from home, from its religious atmosphere, its wholesome restraints, its Sabbath schools and its churches. All of these bonds have been severed at once. What now is to hold him steady? He is thrown into the intense, inquisitive life of the college, where questions of Cause, Force, Providence, Duty, Destiny, are up for discussion, and will not down. Who is to guide him in his inexperience and danger? He is surrounded by young spirits, buoyant with a new sense of liberty, unsobered by a sense of responsibility. If religion is ever needed in society to curb and control men, is it not here? In such a community as this, unleavened by a religious atmosphere, two things will certainly follow: Skeptics will be confirmed in their unbelief, and believing students will become ashamed of their faith. The sense of freedom from the usual outward restraints will tend to license, roystering, and insubordination. In this, the reference is not to the students who have passed through this critical age under good influences, and come out sobered and steadied into the professional school of a university proper (however necessary religion may be for them). I am speaking of undergraduates, with a novel experience of liberty, but untrained in its proper exercise. Hence, the inference is irresistible that in all higher education, and in unprofessional schools especially, moral and religious instruction is necessary for the safety of the student, and for the good order of the institution. But moral and religious instruction is necessary in order to the complete equipment of the student for after life. No other class of ideas or sentiments is more liberalizing or elevating.

At the head of these I place a proper conception of God, filling immensity and inhabiting eternity. A great prelate remarks that no one could open his mind far enough to take in the idea of God without admitting a troop of lesser ideas at the same time. Note the effect of the vivid preaching of a pure theism upon the Saracen mind. It aroused that torpid Semitic race, and, while its inspiration lasted, made them all-conquering. Indeed, we can almost grade the civilization of a people by their notion of God.

Next to the conception of God may be placed that of immortality. The extent of one's forecast and plans for the future gauges the capacity of the mind. The child thinks for the moment, and is pleased with a rattle; the boy is satisfied with bat and ball and plans for the day; a little further on his thoughts and plans include the coming vacation and its pleasures. At last, the young man casts his eye forward and takes in all of this life. But the Christian includes this world and the world to come in his survey.

Take these two conceptions of God and immortality, and, almost alone, they have developed characters as elevated as the studies of a Herschel or a Humboldt. These conceptions enlarge the sympathies at the same time that they elevate the mind. They make men *large hearted* as well as large minded. It is something to be a Great Heart; and the pulsations of the heart, the sympathies, impel the mind—the man. We have seen the man dead to every interest beyond that of the family. This is the man of smallest heart—purely selfish. Next comes the man of neighborhood sympathies—the neighbor. Then comes the man of State ideas and sympathies—the citizen. Finally, the man of national ideas and sympathies—the statesman and patriot. Above all rises the man of world-wide sympathies, the true Great Heart, whose affections embrace humanity. Herein, more than anywhere else, may be found the secret of truly elevated character—character that enables one to live above the world, to encounter calmly and bravely the trials of life, to stand against all temptations.

These two elements of the intellectual and the religious instruction should be combined from the beginning to the end of education. Bishop Thomson, in his college lectures, relates the case of a selfish Southerner, who owned one-half of a slave named Harry. At his devotions he was accustomed to pray for himself and his wife, his son John and his wife, and his half of Harry. This prayer fairly illustrates the grotesque notion of some respecting the education of the child—the secular half is to be cared for, the spiritual half must shift for itself. Such theories of education ignore the fact that the moral nature needs specific and judicious training as much as the observing and reasoning faculties. We do not expect to make mathematicians by a course of *belles-lettres*, nor logicians by the study of geology. Education has advanced beyond the hap-hazard stage—that is, all education save that of the moral nature. Elsewhere a definite aim is expected to reach a definite result. The moral nature alone is permitted to run wild until the subject can choose for himself, and then men expect to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. By parity of reasoning the student should be permitted to select his own school and course of studies, to accept or reject any theory or fact of science, or finally to discard all mental training and follow the dictates of his own sweet will. The hard sense of this practical age does not decide thus respecting any branch of culture save the moral. Parents hold themselves responsible for the education of their children. The teacher instructs, and the pupil accepts the instruction until he can investigate for himself. The cultivation of the moral nature should be no exception to the rule.

This cultivation of the moral nature reacts upon the mental. Many a giant has slumbered until the springs of his moral nature were touched. Luther had never moved Germany and the world had he not first been moved by the love of Christ. His own testimony was that he studied best when he prayed most. Fellowship with God gave him mental strength and moral courage to stand alone against the intellectual and royal array of the Emperor of Germany. John Wesley might have been a pragmatic failure all his days if God had not touched him. The divine anointing made him the greatest reformer of his times. Moral and religious revivals have always led to intellectual. The master spring of the man is the moral nature. Touch that and the mind bounds. Cultivate the two together, and the strongest intellect, as well as the most symmetrical man, is the result. This is the reason why boys trained by Arnold of Rugby have become England's most illustrious men in this generation. He laid in their boyhood the foundation of a complete manhood. Their later eminence was but the survival of the fittest.

Where, then, is this complete education for the entire man to be provided? If the American idea be correct, that there is to be a complete divorce of religion from the State, and of religious from secular instruction in the State schools, it cannot be provided there. This theory forever commits them to mediocrity, when the highest ideal of education is considered. State schools may furnish complete courses in the physical sciences, but they must enter cautiously into the region of metaphysics. Therefore, higher philosophy will be forever beyond their range. It may seem strange at first that the suggestion of narrowness and incompleteness should be made respecting a system of education which affects so much of elevation and breadth. But a system which is compelled to ignore the oldest and most influential book in existence, a belief in which has been for

eighteen centuries, and is to-day, the most potent factor in civilization, and an element in human nature more profound than any other, cannot lay claim to breadth or completeness.

The ideal university, as well as college, for America, then, must be projected by private benevolence, and, if we may judge by the history of such institutions elsewhere, placed under the shelter of the Christian church. It cannot be denied that in new countries these will labor under special disabilities. Church schools of high grade, like the oaks, are of slow growth; but like them, too, they survive the ages. And it should be recorded in their favor that even in the days of their severest struggles they render great service to the cause of education. By far the greater portion of higher education in this country is imparted in these institutions; and most of those who graduate in schools of greater name receive here their first impulse toward a lofty career. It has been fashionable to characterize them as sectarian rather than Christian or religious—apparently with the sinister purpose of suggesting the thought of narrowness in their curriculum or bigotry in their spirit. Indeed, a racy writer on this subject in the old country has ridiculed the notion of "evangelical geology," "high church chemistry," "broad church physics," "Baptist hydrostatics," and "Presbyterian psychology." But he should be a brave man who would intimate that Harvard, or Yale, or Boston, or Brown, or Princeton, as well as many other institutions of lesser name, do not teach as pure science as Cornell or Michigan.

They appreciate at a higher valuation the manhood of their students than can be reached by those who ignore the religious nature and immortal destiny of the race. When Christ asked, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" he took into account all present possibilities and all future duration. This places man at his highest appraisal. No teacher can be indifferent to the consequences of present instruction who goes into his classes under that lofty inspiration. He is about to strike chords that will vibrate through eternity. What wondrous skill should endow his fingers! He is about to stamp impressions upon imperishable natures. What supernatural persuasion should dwell upon his lips!

In the religious schools meager appliances and limited lists of students are compensated by close personal contact between teacher and pupil. The influence of a strong religious nature upon the opening life of a student is beyond computation. It was the strong personality of Arnold that lifted Rugby from a secondary place and made it the leading preparatory school of England. In our own country the influence of such men as Theodore Woolsey, Bishop Thomson, and Dr. Hopkins, has been scarcely less marked. *A propos* of this, read the language of our present chief magistrate when once addressing a convention of teachers.

"It has long been my opinion that we are all educated, whether children, men, or women, far more by personal influence than by books or the apparatus of the schools. If I could be taken back into boyhood today, and had all the libraries and apparatus of a university, with ordinary routine professors, offered me on one hand, and on the other a great, luminous, rich-souled man, such as Dr. Hopkins was twenty years ago, in a tent in the woods alone, I should say, give me Dr. Hopkins for my college course rather than any university with only routine professors. The privilege of sitting down before a great, clear-headed, large-hearted man, and breathing the atmosphere of his life, and being drawn up to him, and lifted up by him, and learning his methods of thinking and living, is in itself an enormous educating power. But America is running too much to brick and mortar. Let us put less money in great school-houses, and more in the salaries of great teachers. Smaller schools and more teachers, less machinery and more personal influence, will bring forth fruits higher and better than any we have yet seen."

Admit that all teachers are not such as these, they all exert an influence according to the strength and quality of their personality and the directness with which it can be brought to bear upon their pupils. But this personal influence is impossible in great schools. Much of the work of the institution must be done by tutors, so that, however eminent in their respective chairs the professors may be, the student does not feel the impulse and inspiration of their personal presence.

Institutions of this kind have had a long and brilliant history. Passing by schools eminent in letters and science in Spain, Italy, France, and Germany, all more or less under the influence of the clergy, let us devote attention to Oxford and Cambridge in England; Dublin in Ireland; St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and Glasgow in Scotland; and Harvard, Yale, Brown, Williams, Union, Boston, Princeton, and Middleton, and a host of others in the United States. From what other source can an equally brilliant constellation of intellectual lights be marshaled? Whatever may be said in disparagement of the Christian institutions of the Old World, it cannot be denied that they preserved learning during the dark ages; that they were the source of the revival of letters when it came; and that they have been large contributors to the volume of modern culture. The denominational schools of the New World took

culture under their sheltering wings when it was prostrate and patronless. Many of the men who now flout them were educated in their classes. Subtract their contributions from the general sum of modern culture, and the remainder would not be worth preserving. What could the State institutions do to-day toward supplying the want of students seeking higher education? We have in this country three hundred and fifty-eight colleges and universities, with fifty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven students. Of these not one-tenth are State institutions, and what are these among so many? If we would estimate the value of the work performed by the church schools in the discipline of mind and the development of character, we have but to take a list of our great scientists, scholars, educators, and statesmen, and trace their history back to their college days. While this paragraph is being penned, a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, of March 26th, containing the likenesses and a sketch of the lives of the members of President Garfield's Cabinet, is laid upon the table. It is observed that Mr. Garfield is a graduate of Williams, Mr. Blaine of Washington and Jefferson, Mr. MacVeagh of Yale—all denominational schools. Mr. Frye, who succeeds Mr. Blaine as Senator from Maine, was educated in Bowdoin, also denominational. Where the other members of the present Cabinet were educated is not stated. And, however widely this examination be extended, similar results will be reached. Even the Presidents of the leading State Universities of the country have been selected from the graduates of the denominational schools. Grant, then, that they are a little slow to cast aside the traditions of the past and fall in with new methods, they have a mighty past to remember, venerable with age and full of great achievements.

Seeing, then, that these institutions are vital to our system of education, and the source of such untold benefits, what are the obligations of the State toward them?

Let it be premised that they do not ask for subsidies. The settled policy of the party now dominant in our politics has foreclosed that question for the present; and it is as certain as any political event can be, that this policy will be permanently ratified by the people.

But they should be freed from taxation. The argument in favor of such exemption exists upon the same basis as that in favor of the freedom of the church from these unjust exactions. Religion and education are essential to the permanence of republican institutions. The State supports the school as an institution vital to its own safety, and exempts all school property from taxation. If the Church and the church school were not supported by voluntary contributions, the State, for its own safety, would be obliged to sustain them. In that case, of course, the State would not tax its own property. But the fact that they are supported by voluntary contributions, and that the State is wholly freed from this burden, is a conclusive reason why it should not make a gain of the benevolence of its citizens. Perhaps a remark on this subject, made to the writer, by President Eliot, of Harvard, during a brief visit last summer to that noble institution, may serve to clinch this conclusion. On being told that the great State of California taxed the grounds, the buildings, and the funds of all private institutions of learning, this eminent educator replied, with raised hand and lifted brow, that such a policy was "*ghastly*."

Finally, the State should recognize and indorse the work of the church schools. True, they are private institutions in the sense of being supported by private benevolence, and controlled by private management. But they are doing necessary work—work which, under any circumstances, the State could not do, without great additional expense, and, as our government is constituted, cannot do at all. So, their private character, in large measure, disappears. They are not so much for personal or denominational ends, as in the interest of general intelligence, Christianity, and good morals.

Should their recognition demand a certain measure of supervision, in order to insure thoroughness, every meritorious institution would seek, rather than shun, the most thorough inspection.

C. C. STRATTON.

A CLOUDED SUMMER.

It was a handsomely furnished room, comfortable, and even elegant. A generous fire burned in the grate, and the breakfast-table was luxurious in its appointments; but on the faces of the two occupants of the room discontent was plainly marked. An elderly lady, with a haughty, well preserved face that had an unmistakable frown upon it, was sitting in a low chair by the fire, impatiently glancing at the other occupant, who stood looking discontent-

edly out of the window. At last, as if impatient of the silence, the elderly lady spoke:

"Now, Helen, dear, do be reasonable, and accept the Josselyns' invitation to visit Yosemite with them."

"But, Aunt Elinor," came in clear, decided tones from the window, and in a manner that gave evidence of a certain degree of independence of character, "I have been to Yosemite, and I do not like the Josselyns; and, then, I have not seen Nel for six months."

"But the idea of burying yourself in the Santa Cruz Mountains on a ranch! You are foolish to give up such an opportunity. And, then, what will Ralph say?'"

"He will probably say I am romantic and erratic; but I have determined to visit Nella, and I am *not* going with the Josselyns."

Mrs. Lawton sighed, but said no more. There was resignation in the sigh, some anger, and a little bitterness. Indeed, there was no more to be said; for when Helen announced anything in that determined tone she generally meant it.

Helen Morton was the adopted child of her aunt. Having always been indulged in every wish, she was self-willed and headstrong. A spoiled child is a selfish child.

It had been Mrs. Lawton's cherished desire that Helen should marry Ralph Reade. He was the son of one of her husband's friends, and was a rising lawyer; and it was with gratification and pride that she had received Helen's announcement of her engagement some three months previous. True, she wished that Helen had displayed a trifle more warmth, for her niece had told her without any girlish blushes or hesitancy. Mrs. Lawton had consoled herself, however, with the reflection that Helen was "so sensible and not given to romance."

Ralph Reade was not a man for one to weave romances about, to be sure. He was not very tall, and was rather stout, with a face only relieved from absolute plainness by earnest dark eyes. He was honest and true, and loved Helen with a fervor of which she scarcely dreamed. He was quiet and self-contained.

It was the last of July. Helen had been with her friend, Mrs. Wilton, a week. There were boarders at the house—among them a widow, Mrs. McGregor, with her son, Roger, who was delicate, consumption bearing its imprint on his face. With them was Mrs. McGregor's ward, Annie Lundie, a sweet, brown-eyed, fragile little thing, who loved Roger McGregor with all the strength of her tender heart.

McGregor was not unmindful of her, for in all his strolls she was his constant companion. He was improving and beginning to talk cheerfully of his plans for the winter, and Annie would listen with a more hopeful expression than her face had worn for many a weary day.

Miss Morton took them all by storm. She was tall, slender, and graceful. She was thoroughbred from the crown of her well-shaped head to the tip of her dainty French boot. She was beautiful and entertaining; and, withal, she possessed a fascination that people could not define and did not attempt to resist. She performed and sang like an artist, and McGregor turned the music. Her superior self-confidence was evident in every movement.

"Who is that delicate looking girl?" she asked Mrs. Wilton during a quiet chat together.

"Oh, that is Annie Lundie. She is Mrs. McGregor's ward. She and Roger are engaged. She doesn't flirt with him"—this with a sidelong glance at Helen.

"Nonsense, Nel! He is only a boy, and she is a mere child."

"Nonsense or not, he is twenty-two and she is eighteen. I believe it will break her heart when he dies."

"No, Nella, hearts don't break that easily," said Helen, lightly. "He isn't going to die, is he?"

"Well, his mother and Annie have hope for him, I know, but he has had severe hemorrhages, and I don't think he will ever be strong again."

The days passed swiftly. There was always an excursion to some point of interest, and long walks and rambles. Croquet was also a never-failing resource, and every evening there was music in the long parlor. At first Roger McGregor remained by Annie's side, but gradually he became Helen's constant attendant, leaving Annie to his mother. At times his heart smote him for his neglect of Annie, and he would answer her pleading look and remain with her. This did not please Helen, and she would summon him to her side by some pretext. At last he stifled his good impulses, and yielded entirely to Helen's fascination and charm, for she was not one to accept a divided homage. They promenaded on the long piazza in the moonlight, and Helen sang tender little ballads to him, until her power over him became complete. Not without effort, for Roger's conscience and Annie's pale, wistful face distressed him, and he struggled against the fascination.

Poor little Annie grew pale and troubled. She was timid and shrinking by nature, and could not compete with this woman of the world. She took long walks, unaccompanied save by tiny Daisy Wilton and the faithful dog. She was anxious about Roger, too. He was taxing his strength too much in the long walks and drives with Helen. Once she playfully at-

tempted to chide him for his neglect, but he interrupted her.

"You really must excuse me, Annie, but Miss Morton is waiting for me under the big oak. I promised to read her the 'Idyls of the King.' Another time."

Annie turned away to hide her tears, and murmured to herself:

"I am afraid I shall hate Miss Morton."

Mrs. Wilton watched Helen dubiously. She was very fond of her, but little Annie was dear to her as well. No one could help loving her. She was dainty and sweet, and the big brown eyes had of late taken quite a pathetic look.

Mrs. Wilton resolved to speak with Helen; but her heart quaked inwardly, for she was just the least bit afraid of her, too.

She chose the opportunity one day just after the mail came. She went to Helen's room with a letter from Mr. Reade in her hand. She found Helen sitting by the window, listlessly watching some placid clouds which were sailing in the sky.

Helen took the letter with an impatient sigh, and laid it on the window, from which it presently fell unheeded to the floor. Mrs. Wilton felt that it was an inopportune moment, for Helen looked bored and cross; but a thought of Annie's face decided her, and she gave a little premonitory cough. Helen turned instantly.

"What is it, Nella? I recognize the danger signal. That was always the way you prefaced your lectures at the seminary. What have I been doing now?"

Mrs. Wilton crossed the room and knelt by Helen's side at the window, and took her hand, and caressed it while she talked.

Helen listened patiently, with an absolutely expressionless face. When Mrs. Wilton's voice ceased, Helen laughed a low, rippling laugh—a heartless laugh it was—and said:

"Now, Nella, dear, get up. The *rôle* of Mentor does not sit gracefully upon you. The boy amuses me, and I am doing him a favor, really. He would die with *ennui* if I did not cheer him."

"But, my dear, you forget he had Annie Lundie before you came—and think of the reaction."

"She is better off without him if she is too weak to hold him."

"What will Mr. Reade say to your flirting?"

"Now, Nella, that is too bad! I am not flirting. Ralph will be pleased to have me amuse an invalid."

"Rather dangerous amusement for Roger, I fear, Helen," said Mrs. Wilton, sadly.

"There; don't say any more about it. Really, there is no cause for Miss Lundie to be jealous. I do not want her lover."

"I know you do not; but it is apparent that he is interested in you. True, you do not care for him. But are you sure he is safe?"

"Nella, you are positively tiresome. I am older than he. There; don't be cross any more, please. Look at those lovely clouds."

Mrs. Wilton turned away. She thought, as she went slowly down the stairs:

"I wish Helen would be more considerate. I almost regret that she chose this time for her visit."

Then, feeling as if in her heart she had done her friend injustice, she gathered some roses and sent them up to Helen by Daisy with mamma's love. Helen smiled as she took the fragrant peace-offering, and, thanking her little visitor, dismissed her with a kiss.

But the smile died, and a look of weariness replaced it as she took up her neglected letter. Evidently, its contents did not please her, for she tore it into fragments, with a scornful expression on her proud face. She sat by the window and reflected upon Mrs. Wilton's words, and half resolved to take no more notice of Roger McGregor, and for a day or two she rather avoided him, affecting not to see the pained look in his eyes at some heartless reply she made to him. But life at the ranch was dull and uneventful, and Helen was fond of admiration and society. She found both in McGregor; for, laugh at the idea as she might, Miss Morton saw what he no longer attempted to conceal—his intense admiration.

She came down early one morning—it was the first day of August—dressed for walking.

"Who wants to go with me for the mail? I am tired of our prescribed walks and drives, and long for a change. Besides, I want to make a purchase at the station."

"I will go with you, Miss Morton," said McGregor, with eager haste. "I have been thinking of taking a walk."

"But, Roger," said Annie, timidly, "isn't it too far to the station for you? You know you coughed so hard last night."

"Nonsense, Annie! Don't be absurd," said Roger, impatiently. Then, in a gentler tone, he added: "I am all right. I could walk a dozen miles."

"I know, but the path is so steep, and it is up hill nearly all the way."

"Really, Miss Lundie, Mr. McGregor ought to be the best judge of his strength. It is in fact but a short distance," said Helen in her most icy tones.

"Certainly, Miss Morton, it was foolish for me to attempt to detain him. Excuse me, pray," and Annie went rapidly away to hide her defeat in her own room.

It was a perfect day. Above, through the overhanging branches, the sky was bright and clear, without one cloud. The path wound round the *cañon*, and lost itself ever and anon in a tangle of brush and vines. The birds sang in the tree-tops, and far down below them they could hear the gentle ripple of the stream, whose windings the road followed.

They walked along in silence until the station was reached, and the mail secured, and Helen's purchases made. As they proceeded homeward, McGregor asked:

"Did you get your letter?"

"What letter?""

"Oh, the big thick one. May I read it?"

"I fear it would scarcely interest you."

"Everything about you interests me. Let us sit down on that fallen tree. I want you to sing for me."

Helen sang for him as he desired. Roger sat with his head resting against the tree, a faint flush coming into his pale cheeks. As the last note died away, he said, abruptly:

"Miss Morton, do you believe in fate?"

Helen smiled a slow, sweet smile as she answered:

"To a certain extent, yes."

"I am a stanch believer in it. I think it was fate that sent me here from Scotland to meet you and know you. Miss Morton—Helen," and his voice trembled despite his efforts to keep it steady, "I know I am only a boy in your eyes—a feeble boy—but I love you. You have not been indifferent to me. Pardon me if I offend, but I have fancied that you cared for me. Will you not tell me that you do? I am not strong, I know, but with your love to help me I will be. Since I have known you I have been fighting with death, and with your love to aid me, I can baffle him, I know."

There was a half-embarrassed look in his eyes, and a painful flush in his cheeks.

"And Annie?" interrupted Helen.

It was cruel. She did not care for him. She did not want his love; and yet she required a complete surrender. Had she no heart?

"Oh, that was boyish folly," he said. "I have known Annie all my life. I never really loved until I knew you. She is my mother's ward, you know."

"Yes; but she loves you."

"I know; but she is aware of my love for you."

"Roger," said Helen, "I will not say that I was not aware of your regard for me, but I thought the knowledge that I was older than you would keep you silent. I thought we were but friends. Did you not notice this ring?" holding up her left hand, on which a diamond sparked bright. "It is the badge of my servitude."

"It means, then, that I am to congratulate you, Miss Morton?"

He said this without a tremor in his voice, but with a death-like pallor in his face.

"Roger," faltered Helen, frightened by his deadly whiteness, "forgive me. I should have told you, but I thought you would understand. Don't look at me so, Roger. Surely I did not know you would misconstrue my friendship into love?"

There was a long silence. The young man sat stupefied. Presently he said:

"I have been stupid, Miss Morton, else I would have understood. I knew there were women in the world that played at love when they only meant friendship. . . . . So, it was your summer amusement. I have served to relieve the monotony of the long days. . . . . Shall we go on now, Miss Morton?" rising slowly to his feet, and offering his hand to assist her.

"But, Roger, you must not think so hard of me. I—I do care for you very much. I cannot marry you, for I have promised to become Mr. Reade's wife in January. I have given my word. Don't be angry with me, Roger. Let us be friends, at least."

Her voice was low and sweet. Her face was temptingly near his. Obeying an ungovernable impulse, Roger seized her in his arms and clasped her passionately to his heart, and rained a shower of kisses on her face. He released her suddenly, and with a powerful effort regained his self-control.

"Pardon me, Miss Morton; I was mad for a moment. I am sane now. I forgive you freely, but I cannot accept the shadow you hold out to me. We had better meet as seldom as possible. Shall we walk on now?"

Helen declined the proffered arm, and they walked on in silence. McGregor was reviewing in his mind the past month, and he thought of his cruel neglect of Annie, and he resolved to seek her and beg her forgiveness.

As they reached the house they saw Annie Lundie seated on the piazza, and as Miss Morton entered the house, Roger said to Annie:

"Come out under the oak with me, Annie. I want to speak with you."

Annie followed him, wondering. Seating himself beside her, he said:

"Annie, I have wronged you cruelly. I have neglected and slighted you. I dare not hope for your forgiveness. If you spurn me with contempt it will be my just desert. But, Annie, dear little Annie, in the old days, back in our dear old Scotland home, you were ever

gentle and forbearing. I have tried your patience and your love so often—so often. In your love I have ever found a sweet haven of rest. You have been my guiding star. I have wandered away for a time—I have been lost—but I return to you now, crushed, broken, humiliated, to beg forgiveness at your feet. Don't cast me off, Annie."

But Annie was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Annie," he said, lifting her tear-stained face, "will you not speak to me—not one word?"

"Oh, Roger," came in broken tones from Annie, "I forgive you all—everything. I have been so miserable—utterly miserable—but now I am so happy!"

And to prove the truth of her assertion, she fell to sobbing again. But Roger would not let the tears fall.

For a long time they sat there. Roger confessed everything, and Annie forgave all. Their reconciliation was complete.

When the bell for luncheon rang they went slowly to the house. At the foot of the stairs, Roger said:

"Annie, tell my mother that I will not be down to luncheon. I am very tired, and will lie down for a while."

And, smiling in answer to her anxious inquiry if he felt ill, he went on to his room.

Lucheon-time passed—heavily, it seemed. The afternoon dragged slowly by. Still Roger did not appear. The sun went down. The clouds rested on the Pacific, seen from afar. They were red—red as blood. The ocean was calm—calm as death.

A stealthy breeze came up the *cañon*, and whispered mysteriously through the redwoods—going on and telling its secret; sighing and wringing its hands, and softly sobbing; passing on to a group of oaks and making them shiver, and the younger branches to hide themselves through terror; telling it everywhere in awful confidence, and begging that it be not repeated; confiding it to other stealthy nocturnal winds that it met on the way, which in turn whispered it to others, and thus they told it far and wide—through dark *cañons* and gorges—over fields, and knolls, and hills, and mountains—away beyond them over the plains—telling it everywhere.

"Mother," said Annie, timidly, "do you think Roger is ill?"

"I will go and see, my child."

"Mother——"

"Well, my dear."

"Let me go."

"Very well."

The timid girl rapped softly at his door. There was no answer. She rapped again. Still all was quiet.

"Roger!"

There was no reply.

"Roger!"

Her own voice appalled her.

"Are you ill, Roger?"

The silence was death-like. She tried the latch. The door yielded. She gently opened it, hoping that he slumbered, and fearing to wake him. She peered into the gloom.

Sure enough, there sat Roger with his arm on the table, and his head resting on his arm—asleep. She softly approached him, and stood behind his chair, in doubt. She placed her hand on his shoulder. It did not rouse him. He slumbered very soundly.

"Roger," she called, in a low tone.

Still he slept. Then she peered into his face. His eyes were closed. His lips were slightly parted. At that moment she nearly fell. Her foot had slipped upon something in which she trod. She glanced at the floor, and found that she was standing in a pool of blood.

"Roger," she screamed, in agony.

Still he slumbered on—slumbered soundly. Inspired with the courage of supreme agony and terror, she raised his head in her arms; and the blood started afresh from his mouth. There was a shriek—a rush of persons to the room—a young girl holding her lover's head in her arms, while madness stared from her eyes—and yet Roger McGregor did not awake; he slumbered on forever.

And Helen? Why, her wedding with Ralph Reade was quite a brilliant affair. He is naturally proud of his bride—for is she not beautiful, and graceful, and accomplished? Is she not everything that a good man could honor and love? Certainly she is an ornament to society, and to her home. She has the best wishes of a large number of friends, who congratulate Mr. Reade on his success in securing a pearl of such worth.

Clytemnestra carried the dagger in her hand. Other women carry it in their eyes, in their tongues. The former was called a murderess. There is a polite name for the latter, but a less dignified name. A dagger in the heart is fatal whether from the one or the other.

LYDIA E. HOUGHTON.

A BARBARY COAST CITY.

The town of Algiers, situated on the slope of a range of hills overlooking the waters of the Mediterranean, presents a very fine prospect when viewed from the sea. Standing on the deck of the steamer, after a gloomy and stormy passage across from Marseilles, undertaken during the early winter months, the city, bathed in African sunlight, its snow-white buildings standing out in sharp relief against the green background of the hills and the intensely deep blue sky, is like a beautiful painting.

At first view, Algiers bears a slight resemblance to Genoa; but in the Italian city the houses are farther apart, with clumps of trees between them. The hill-side is also steeper. The first thing that strikes the notice of the tourist, when observing Algiers from the harbor, is a broad roadway forming a frontage to the town. Built solidly on arched vaults, it has a stone balustrade and paved sidewalk overlooking the harbor. On the farther side are several fine *cafés*, restaurants, and fancy stores. This street, now called Boulevard de la Republique (previous to the fall of the Empire, in 1870, the Boulevard de l'Impératrice), was built about seventeen years ago by the English contractor, Sir Morton Peto, and forms an important addition to the city. Underneath the roadway are numerous store-houses for goods, the fish market, the Anglo-American Bank, where visitors mostly change their money, and have the use of a small reading-room, furnished with several newspapers. Opening on the *boulevard* is a large square, or plaza, called the Place du Gouvernement, one side being formed by a large mosque, with a dome, much frequented by the Arabs. To the extreme right, on the brow of another hill, is the fine church of "Our Lady of Victories," erected to commemorate the conquest of Algeria by the French army in 1832. This church, of mixed Byzantine and Moorish architecture, is on an elevated site, and forms a prominent object from the bay.

To the left of the town one sees the pretty suburb of Mustapha Supérieur, with its villas dotted among the trees. Most of these houses are rented by wealthy English and American visitors for the winter months. Still farther eastward, the hills slope away gradually, ending in a promontory about fifteen miles distant; and behind, in the far distance and visible only on clear days, the snowy peaks of the D'jura Mountains, a spur of the Atlas, remind one of the Sierra Nevada; but the African mountains are treeless, and the outlines more jagged and uneven.

No sooner is the steamer anchored in the harbor than it is surrounded by a host of small boats, rowed by men of various nationalities—Arabs, Maltese, Spaniards, Italians—all eager to make a few *sous* by landing the passengers and their numerous articles of baggage. The charge made is about two cents for each package, and about ten or twelve for each person. These porters are generally men of fine physique, especially the Arabs, and resemble beasts of burden in the ease and facility with which they haul or carry tremendous loads of trunks or merchandise about the wharves. This is the "baggage transfer company" of Africa, and the arrangements are primitive to a degree. Once on board, the most energetic of these porters instantly seizes several articles of your baggage, his comrade shoulders the rest with astonishing facility, beckoning to you to follow, and the articles and yourself are soon deposited in one of the flotilla of boats, amid much chattering and gesticulation; and in a few minutes the traveler finds himself once more on *terra firma*, and on African soil. Hired carriages are in waiting to convey the new arrivals to the hotels. The three principal ones are the hotels "d'Orient," "de la Régence," and "de l'Oasis," At each of these the charges are moderate—about ninety cents *per diem*, if boarding by the week; and the *cuisine* is excellent, and includes all the game and fruit in season. The meals are taken *table d'hôte*, and at regular hours. Besides these hotels in the city, there are two or three boarding-houses at Mustapha, kept by French and Italians, and they also are well patronized.

In front of the Hôtel de la Régence, overlooking the Place du Gouvernement, is a cluster of palm trees, which form an agreeable shade, underneath which the guests of the hotel sit or lounge around, watching the motley crowd, composed of every nation from Europe, intermingled with Arabs, Moors from Barbary, Jews, Kabyles, or mountain tribes, and many others. Here, also, are brought for sale beautiful bouquets of flowers; in December and January, geraniums, roses, heliotrope, narcissus, sweet violets, making one forget there is such a

thing as severe winter in other countries not far away. A good assortment of bouquets can almost always be found early in the morning at the market-place in the Place de Chartres, and can be bought for very little, twenty-five to forty cents being the usual prices.

An excellent military band plays twice a week in the square, and is well attended by the visitors and many of the French residents. The Zouaves are generally the performers, and are a fine-looking set of men in their picturesque dress.

On every hand, a striking contrast attracts you. On one side of the public square, French *cafés*, French fashions and manners; on the other, the fine Moorish mosque, in dazzling whiteness, dating from centuries back, when Algiers was the citadel of the Dey, and his piratical corsairs were the terror of the merchantmen of Europe. Even so late as the commencement of the present century, Christian captives languished in the dungeons of the Kasbah, the Dey's citadel, or worked out their existence in a life-long bondage, unless by some happy chance their friends became aware of their fate and were rich enough to pay a heavy ransom for them. At this time, Lord Exmouth was sent by the British Government with two men-of-war to demand the release of some English captives, which, being refused, he shelled the town, inflicting severe damage on the Dey's palace, causing him at last to surrender the captives then in his power. But even after that the consuls of the different European powers were subjected to various petty insults and annoyances, until at last an insult offered to the French Consul, during an audience with the Dey, caused the French Government to retaliate by sending an army to conquer the country and dethrone the despot who had so long misused his power. The town was quickly taken, but it was some time before the warlike mountain tribes were forced to surrender; and they have within the last ten years at times revolted and attempted to throw off the French yoke, but without success, although they harassed the French troops considerably. Now the Arabs seem to have resigned themselves to their fate. They say "it is the will of Allah," and they remain quiet, and watch the course of events. But in many of them there is still lurking a deep hatred to their Christian conquerors.

The names of the streets present a strange mixture of Oriental and modern French. The Rue "Bab-el-Oued," "Bab Azoun," "Street of the Kasbah," take one back to the tales of *The Arabian Nights*; while others, such as the Place du Théâtre, Jardin, Marengo, etc., recall modern France. The upper part of the town is entirely Arab; the lower, French. In the market-place a solemn Arab in white burnoose, with bare feet and legs, selling dates from the Oasis of Biskra or oranges from the interior, sits side by side with an old French peasant woman seated under a huge cotton umbrella, behind a pile of fresh vegetables. And *how* cheap they are! Fine cauliflowers, as large as a man's head, for four cents apiece, and green peas at Christmas and New Year's days selling at about seven cents the pound! Afterward, in the spring, about April, the prices are greatly reduced. Once we were offered in the street, by an Arab fruit-seller, fourteen or fifteen exquisite, delicately flavored and scented Mandarin oranges for two cents. How these men live is a mystery to the newly arrived visitor, but after a short stay, and close observance of their frugal and temperate habits, one can understand it better.

An Arab of the lower classes is content with one meal a day, consisting either of broken wheat ground between two mill-stones by the women, or bruised in a stone mortar and mixed with some broth, in which perhaps may be some fragments of fish or meat, and a handful of dates. When traveling, a round, flat cake of bread and some fruit, and a drink of pure water from a stream, are all he requires. On that spare diet, with a cup of strong black coffee at the close of the day's work, and perhaps a cracker or two, he thrives. These Arabs have the hardiness of constitution and endurance of an animal, and undertake long journeys on foot, especially those living in the country, walking barefooted, clad only in the white wool burnoose reaching to the knees, with peaked hood sheltering alike from scorching suns and winter winds, and voluminous white cotton breeches, gathered round the waist and knees, and resembling a bag in duplicate, and consuming about eight yards of material to make up.

The Moorish women seen from time to time in the more retired streets attract the notice by their costume, their fine dark eyes and marked eyebrows being all of the face which is visible. The jealous *adjar*, a fine strip of white lawn or muslin, not transparent, is fastened over all the lower part of the face, just across the nose, below the eyes. Covering the head is a mantle or wrapper, called the haik—among the better classes composed of dazzlingly white silk and wool interwoven in stripes, sometimes with gold thread or pale blue, and drawn over the forehead so as to conceal the hair. This is held around the figure in graceful folds by the hand. Underneath this the dress consists of a richly embroidered silk jacket of some bright color; and the toilet is completed by a pair of

extremely baggy pantaloons gathered in around the ankles, and a pair of wide and peculiarly shaped open shoes. Some, however, of advanced opinions, have invested in French shoes of modern style, with heels; but this is rare. These women, if respectable, are always attended by a duenna, an old woman, or else they are closely watched and followed by their lord and master (in every sense of the word), to see that none of the Christian races scrutinize too closely their veiled charms. I had opportunities of seeing some of these women afterward in their homes, and found them refined, good-natured, and child-like in their enjoyment of conversation with a European. They, as well as the men, are scrupulously clean in their persons and dwellings (of course I refer to the better classes), and in that respect are a bright example to their Christian sisters—French, Italian, and Spanish—who, with few exceptions, are lacking in that virtue.

The only "outing" the Mauresque ladies are allowed is a weekly trip to the cemeteries, where repose the bones of their male ancestors. There they resort in great numbers with their children, accompanied always by their watchful attendants, and may be seen sitting on the tombs enjoying an out-door repast, and seemingly having "a good time" in spite of the melancholy surroundings. The entrance to the cemetery is guarded by a male official, who warns off the inquisitive unbeliever if of the male sex. Two Englishmen tried to enter one Friday (the Arab's Sunday), and came into violent collision with the door-keeper. At last, by appealing to a French police officer, they were permitted to enter, but with little results to them, for the women closely veiled themselves, and most of them left the cemetery as speedily as possible. The wealthy Mauresques have begun to patronize the horse-cars, which run from one end of the city to the other, along the sea-wall, but the women, in that case, are always accompanied by their husbands.

Leading from the public square are two covered passages, on each side of which are the stalls kept by the venders of Algerian jewelry, basket work, daggers, and many other curiosities. The competition is great between these merchants. They vie with each other for the custom of the visitors, who, before their stay in the town is over, have generally parted with a good deal of their surplus cash to these Oriental store-keepers. Some of the articles sold here are really beautiful and artistic in workmanship—table-covers richly embroidered in colored silks, silk haiks and scarfs, finely chased trays, and articles in various metals, besides pure attar of roses and other perfumes.

The Governor's palace is well worth a visit, as it is a splendid specimed of Moorish architecture. Receptions are given there quite frequently during the winter months, to which the *élite* of the foreign visitors receive invitations.

For those wishing to make excursions to the suburbs of the town, and to the country beyond, there are several kinds of *voitures* for hire at moderate fares; four francs (or about eighty cents) will take you perhaps three miles out of town. The drivers are generally civil and obliging. The small fee of five cents, over and above the fare to which they are entitled, they receive gratefully, rather to the surprise of Americans fresh from experiences with New York and Niagara hackmen.

A few miles' drive out of the town at Staouli is the monastery of the Trappist monks, who still adhere to the rigid rules of life prescribed by the order in France. No woman is allowed to enter the doors, and none but the lay brothers are ever permitted to hold conversation with any of the despised sex. However, male visitors are always welcomed most hospitably, and frequently offered a rest and frugal repast of fruits and bread, together with wine, made by the brothers on their lands. The wine is of good quality, and is sold to families residing around Algiers, a lay brother being deputed to drive the wagon and hold the necessary business intercourse. It is said that the ex-Empress Eugenie once paid a visit to the monastery with some lady attendants, and was entertained in a detached building outside the monastery, and that afterward the stone pavement over which the ladies' feet had trodden was taken up by the monks. This industrious fraternity weave all the material for their clothing and make it up, grind their own wheat, grow all the natural products they require for food, and are thus independent of the outer world, whose wars and turmoils are unheeded by them in their complete retirement and isolation.

A. M. MORCE.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

CURIOUS BIRD MIGRATION.

A recent correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* gives some particulars in regard to a curious method of bird migration, which appears to have previously escaped the observation of naturalists or even of the most observant travelers. While spending a few weeks in the Island of Crete, during the autumn of 1878, his attention was several times directed by a Greek priest, whose acquaintance he had made, to a lively twittering and singing of small birds whenever a flock of sand-cranes passed over, as they frequently do there at that season of the year, and at but little elevation above the earth, on their southward journey into Africa. As he could not see any small birds, he suggested to his friend that the sound came from the motion of the wings of the crane. The priest assured him that such was not the case—that the sound came from small birds who were sitting upon the backs of the cranes. The Greek had frequently seen them fly up from their sitting positions and alight again. The traveler's interest and curiosity was so much aroused that thereafter, whenever he saw a flock of cranes approaching, he watched them with the closest attention, and on several occasions beheld himself the temporary flight of the small birds from the backs of their friends. On one occasion he noticed such a flight when on a sailing yacht fully fifteen miles from the shore. At that time the birds were frightened by the discharge of a gun in the direction of the flock. They were so near that there could be no mistake as to the fact. He subsequently found that this mode of bird passage was well known to both the peasants and the more educated of the common people both at Crete and in Egypt. The bird which employs this novel mode of conveyance is known there by a name which signifies "wagtail," from the peculiar way it has of "wagging" its tail. The bird is much too weak to make the long sea journey by its own strength, and therefore instinctively watches for the migration of cranes, storks, and other large birds, and is borne over the sea as above described. The large birds appear to submit to their burden willingly, and give evidence of a liking for their tiny guests, who, by their merry twitterings, no doubt help to kill time and make the long and otherwise monotonous voyage more pleasant. The only other mention of any similar circumstance is made in Peterman's well known book of travels, who states that, while in Jerusalem, the Swedish traveler, Hedenborg, related to him what appears to have been a similar observation; but the birds were observed at such a distance that he was uncertain as to the absolute correctness of his observation. The article from the *Evening Post*, having been copied into *Nature* of February 24, 1881, attracted the attention of John Rae, of the Royal Institute, London, who, in the issue of *Nature* of March 3d last, says that the Indians around the south-western portion of Hudson's Bay tell a similar story in regard to a small bird of the *fringillidæ*, which takes its passage northward every spring on the back of the Canada goose, as it passes that point about the last of April. It is only the *Canada* goose that *these* little migrants use for their aerial conveyance. The same story is also told by the Indians about the Great Slave Lakes. The above facts will no doubt prove a matter of much interest to naturalists everywhere.

MICROSCOPIC STRUCTURE OF METALS.

Considerable attention has been given of late to the minute structure of minerals and metals, by aid of the microscope. Allusion has already been made to the microscopic study of minerals in these columns [vol. ii, page 184]. The same method of study has also recently been applied to the structure of metals. J. Vincent Elsden communicates some interesting information in this direction to *Nature* of February 24, from which we condense: Notwithstanding the great opacity of metals, it is quite possible to procure, by chemical means, metallic leaves sufficiently thin to be examined with the microscope by transmitted light. Silver leaf, when mounted on a glass slide, and immersed for a short time in a solution of perchloride of iron or potassium cyanide, becomes so reduced in thickness that its structure may be readily examined. A very satisfactory examination of silver leaf may also be made by first converting into a transparent salt by the action of chlorine or iodine. Most of the other metals may also be examined by the use of similar means. Such examinations of metals show two general types of structure, one being essentially granular, the other fibrous. The granular metals, such as tin, present the appearance of exeedingly minute grains, each one being perfectly isolated from its neighbors by still smaller interspaces. The cohesion of such leaves is very slight. The fibrous metals, such as gold and silver, have a very marked structure, and appear to consist of a mass of fine, elongated fibers matted and interlaced in a manner much resembling mats of hair. This fibrous structure is more marked in silver than in gold. The fibrous structure is, no doubt, developed by pressure. Their molecules, when forced to spread out, seem to glide over one another in direct lines—such being the lines of least resistance. This peculiar development of fibrous structure, Mr. Elsden thinks, may serve to illustrate the probable origin of the fibrous structure of the limestone of the Pyrenees, Scotland, and the Tyrol.

A NOVEL THEORY.

It is well known that connected with all organisms there are certain gaseous, volatile substances (odorous substances), which must play a very important part in human economy, but one hitherto quite undefined. Professor Jaeger, a German chemist of some note, who has been pursuing investigations in this direction, has quite recently advanced a novel theory in regard to the matter. He endeavors to show that the actions of the

human mind are largely influenced by these substances, as they are given off in the acts of breathing and perspiring. He divides them into two groups—emanations or substances of pleasure, and substances of dislike—"lust und unlust stoffe." The first are exhaled during a joyful and gleeful state of mind, and he further holds that they produce a similar state of mind if inhaled by another. Just the reverse is true of the other. Whoever, he says, will take the pains, can discover for himself that the effluvia from the body differs as much from the varied condition of the *mind* as from that of the *body*. During seasons of joy and happiness the odor of perspiration is not generally disagreeable, while during periods of anguish and unpleasant nervous excitement it is always offensive. In an atmosphere charged with the substance of dislike the vitality of the system is lowered and disadvantageously influenced. This, he holds, accounts for the acknowledged fact that in a state of anguish and fear the body is more susceptible to contagious diseases. The inhalation of the substance of pleasure hightens the vital action and improves the power of the body to resist disease. Professor Jaeger further announces that wool fiber has a natural attraction for substances of pleasure, apart from its natural capacity for absorbing odors generally, while plant-fiber favors the absorption of substances of dislike. Woolen garments, the Professor says, even in summer, when evaporation is large, take on only the sour smell due to continued perspiration, and never accumulate, to any considerable extent, other offensive odors, while cotton and linen clothing, after long wear, assume a marked repulsive smell. If the truth of this theory should be fully established, it could not fail to be of immense value to medical science in devising ways and means to most effectually protect the human system from contagious and other diseases.

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY—CONNECTING LINKS.

One by one the gulfs which have hitherto separated the existing species of fish, amphibians, reptiles, and birds are fast being filled up, or quite conclusively bridged over. Recent researches, mostly in the new fossil fields of the great central regions of our own North American continent, have made the scientific reader familiar with the remains of birds, with lizard-like tails, or with teeth in their jaws—of saurians, with well developed wings, and with two, three, four, and five-toed horses. Quite recently Professor Owen has brought to the knowledge of the scientific world another important connection between widely different classes of animals, which would seem to form the hitherto "missing link" between the mammals and cold-blooded vertebrates. The fossil remains in question were discovered in South Africa, and possess some points of resemblance to the living "duck-mole" of Australia—a creature familiarly known as "the beast with a bill," or "the fur-covered animal which lays eggs." The scientific name of this Australian bird or beast is "platypus," and Professor Owen, from the similarity between the two, calls his new discovery by the formidable name of "platypodosaurus," which, to the scientific mind, properly sums up its characteristics as "a lizard-like reptile, with a tendency toward certain low forms of mammalian structure." While there are still certain points to be filled, in order to fully establish the theory of evolution, it may quite safely be claimed that between the living and extinct forms here noticed the gap between the mammalia and cold-blooded vertebrates is now pretty surely bridged over. According to Professor Owen: "Among living or extinct forms we now have, first, the primitive reptile; then a reptile with nascent mammalian tendencies; next a still more mammalian, but ovoviviparous form; then, again, a group of pouched mammals; then a few closely allied, but pouchless mammals; and finally the various lines of descent, culminating in our highest existing creatures. And the geological succession in which all these various forms are found is exactly what, on the theory of evolution, one would expect to find it."

NEW MINERALS.

"A New American Gem" formed the subject of a short paper read at a late meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences. The new mineral which constitutes this gem was recently found in North Carolina, by Mr. William E. Widden. It is of the emerald class, and will be known to the world as lithia-emerald, owing to the presence of lithia as one of its chemical constituents. These gems are described as very beautiful, having a pure green tint, with a liquid brilliancy that is quite distinctive and remarkable. They are selling at about the same price as the diamond. The mineral is found in a narrow chimney in a hard rock formation, geological character not given. The chimney is two feet one way by two and a half inches the other, and descending at an angle of about seven degrees from the perpendicular. Another new sidereal mineral has also been found by Professor J. Lawrence Smith while analyzing a meteorite which fell in Emmett County, Iowa, in May, 1879. He has named it Peckhamite, and describes it as essentially different from any mineral heretofore found associated with meteorites. It is a silicate of iron and magnesia, opalescent, of a light greenish-yellow color, of greasy aspect and cleaves scalily. Two or three specimens obtained projected from the outer surface of the stone, with a dingy yellow color and a fused exterior. The meteorite, surrounded by a large number of fragments, lay upon the wet prairie for nearly a year before being discovered, still bright, like a nugget of platinum, and with no appearance of rust. Still another new mineral is reported, which has been named siderophyllite, in allusion to the large percentage of iron which it contains. In composition it is an iron-allumina mica, and was found near Pike's Peak, in Colorado.

POSSIBLE REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Much speculation and no inconsiderable experimental study has, of late, been devoted to the query, "Can we hope that the microscope will reveal to our vision an atom or molecule?" The highest magnifying power that has yet been obtained is the distinct revelation of the *striæ* upon the *Amphipleura pellucida*, which number one hundred and thirty-two thousand to the inch. The highest *artificial* markings which can be resolved, by ordinary microscopic experts, are ninety thousand lines to the inch; but Helmholtz, about a year ago, announced that he had been able to distinguish Nobert's

lines ruled one hundred and twelve thousand to the inch—and yet the same eyes, aided by the same instrument, failed to define the individual atom or molecule. Fasoldt has devised a ruling machine so superior to that employed by Helmholtz, that, with it, he claims that he can rule ten millions of lines to the inch. These lines are ruled so close that no microscope has yet been able to reveal them to the human eye; yet Fasoldt says they must be there, for his machine must make them, and he is now waiting for some instrument powerful enough and some eye keen enough to reveal them. Prof. Rogers says that the probable limit of the eye's capacity for seeing is about four million lines to the inch. It would seem now to be in order that Fasoldt should make a machine, with progressive powers of ruling, to determine the ultimate capacity of the human eye. Whatever that may be, however, it is certain to stop far short of the power to define the ultimate molecule; for Helmholtz asserts that the molecule of water cannot be far from an approximation to two hundred and fifty millions to an inch. Leibig says that "the chemist merely maintains the firm foundation of his science, when he declares the existence of physical atoms and molecules as an incontrovertible truth." Yet, like Fasoldt and his lines, he has never seen them, but just knows they are there. It has been suggested that the improved microscope of the future will have to be constructed with diamond or sapphire lenses—materials possessing greater refractive power than glass, but that even then the molecule will be a hidden mystery, even though Fasoldt's ten million of lines to the inch should be plainly visible.

SOLIDIFIED OIL.

A new article of manufacture has recently been introduced in England in the form of "solidified oil" for lubricating purposes. This new substance is said to possess some valuable and special characteristics. Although solid, the oil is soft and to a large extent unaffected by cold or heat. It does not become fluid until the temperature to which it is exposed reaches 212° F., the boiling point of water; and it can be made to reach a still higher melting point if required. It contains no acid, and leaves no deposit in steam cylinders. When passed into the feed water, through the exhaust pipe, it has the effect of preventing incrustation in steam boilers. It neither gums nor clogs on exposure to air or heat. It is applicable to all purposes where tallow can be used, and, weight for weight, will last four times as long and is three times as economical. It is said to possess considerable power of cohesion, which renders it peculiarly well fitted for perpendicular surfaces.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

In looking over the great industries of the world, railway construction in India is something especially noticeable. The progress of this industry there has been far greater than in England, especially since the sleepy *régime* of "the Company" has been superseded by the more active home rule, which now (since 1858) directs the financial and governmental policy of that vast empire. These railways are designed to have an immense strategic and commercial bearing, not only upon India, but an important influence as well upon the industry of the parent country. While England is rapidly losing her trade in railway plant with other countries, the demand for such *materiel* in India is constantly increasing, and will continue for many decades to provide largely for the employment of a most profitable branch of British mechanical industry. The railways of India are built as joint stock enterprises, with a guarantee of five per cent., which Cannon Row has punctually made good. They also present a special feature of interest to the English coal trade, inasmuch as their supply for fuel is chiefly drawn from the parent country and transported in English ships. The development of the mineral resources of Central India is now, however, doing much to render her railways independent of English coal, and no doubt the time will soon come when the superior iron ores of India and imported mechanical skill will provide also the plant and supply the constant wear and tear of this immense system of railway transportation.

TRANSMITTING ELECTRICITY THROUGH WATER.

Much speculation has been indulged in, and some experiments have been made to test, the practicability of transmitting electric currents to a distance through the medium of water, but as yet no very satisfactory results have been obtained either way. During the siege of Paris some few experiments were made in the River Seine over a short distance within the limits of the city. It appears that these experiments were so satisfactory that it was determined by the Government to make a trial on a large scale to establish communication through the medium of the river between the city of Paris and the country beyond the German lines, a distance of some fifty or seventy-five miles. In furtherance of this idea, M. de Almeida, who had conducted the experiments within the city, was dispatched by balloon to the provinces to endeavor to establish this novel mode of telegraphy without connecting wires. He was to place upon the banks of the river, as near to Paris as was practicable, a powerful battery, to be connected with the water, the current from which, so much of it as should not be dissipated, was to be received by delicate galvanometers placed in the river within the city. M. de Almeida effected a successful descent outside the German lines, and immediately made preparations for the experiment, but met with various delays, principally in his efforts to procure proper apparatus from England. He finally had everything nearly in readiness, when the Government was compelled to capitulate and hand over the city to the Germans. This put an end to further proceedings. He was delayed a few days too long, and the world missed a most important experiment, which, in its results, might have been the chief among those scientific exploits which render the siege of Paris so notable.

NEW PYRAMIDS DISCOVERED.

It is announced among the latest reports from Cairo that two pyramids, hitherto unknown to European travelers, have recently been discovered to the north of Memphis and near Saggarah. These pyramids bear evidence that they were constructed by kings of the sixth dynasty. The rooms and passages, so far as they have been explored, are more profusely than any others covered with inscriptions.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Our local artists have plenty left to hope for. San Francisco sadly needs a class of intelligent art patrons. The artistic fraternity in this city were pretty thoroughly spoiled during bonanza times. Our community, never a critical one at best, was then less so then ever, owing to the unlimited number of *nouveaux riches*. These bought prodigally right and left, shining, like the sun, with equal warmth on good and bad. They could not be blamed for being destitute of taste or judgment; they were kind to a fault, and royally liberal with the shining twenties. There was money in it. Unsuccessful artisans of all kinds flew to the profession like flies to molasses.

When our rich men buy pictures they are obliged, as a class, to take the artist's word as to their merit. It is, unfortunately, not always the most meritorious who is most ready to proclaim himself. The consequence has been the undeserved success of a number of incompetent upstarts, and a deterioration in the methods of the better class, when they found there was in San Francisco neither an art standard nor an appreciation of anything save clap-trap and self-laudation. This rule, like any other, is not without its exceptions. Still, our best artists have often put before the public pictures which show a contempt for public opinion, and small fear of the detection of carelessness. Changes have come, and greater are to be expected. In the first crash of hard times, two years ago, bonanza art patrons disappeared with the surprising swiftness of a young politician's first scruples. They melted away like first love, and left not a dime behind. For two long years, times have been cruelly hard with the artists, especially with the better class, who have too much dignity and self-respect to solicit patronage. Purchasers have been as rare as eclipses, and as uncertain as a tenor's high C. Dealers in artist's materials have been extortionate in proportion to the humble impecuniousness of the artist, and the sympathetic footfall of the creditor has often relieved the death-like stillness of the studio door. Somehow, there seems to be a fatal fascination about the profession. Men and women who once adopt it seem willing to bear the ills it entails forever, rather than adopt a less æsthetic, but more lucrative calling. At last there is a rift in the storm-cloud that has hung over the profession so long, and a bit of blue in the sky that betokens happier weather. The bright sunshine of the buyer's face is yet to come, but it is hoped for. Our artists have realized that to fold the hands and wait for another bonanza means starvation—that their only road to success is the legitimate path. Now there is hope.

The last art exhibition is full of significance. An unwritten history is in the air, and something more than paint on the canvas, that fairly speak of hopes and fears—almost a last hope with some, unless times change for the better. The establishment of a Rejection Committee in connection with the Annual Art Exhibition is the healthiest of all signs. Happily there is room to spare on the walls this time. No doubt but the standard, having been established, will be raised from year to year. A gradual extermination, and the survival of the fittest, will then ensue. The artists, having taken matters into their own hands, are working out their own salvation. Great credit is due the Rejection Committee for having so bravely carried out their programme, as it requires no little nerve to initiate a reform of that kind. They have erred, if at all, on the side of mercy, as is fit enough the first time.

At no previous exhibition has there been so much honest work or so little of the meretricious or inanely pretty. Of all the older local artists, Robinson, Rix, Deakin, and Von Perbrandt are the only ones who have paid the Art Association and the public the compliment of exhibiting the best that they can do. Bradford, Perry, and Tojetti are conspicuous by their absence. Kunath, who has shone in former exhibitions, has nothing save a few sketches in the small room. Hill's one picture, "Birch Forest, Autumn," is attractive, skillfully handled, and full of color, but it is a meager showing compared to his exhibits of former years. Keith is always good, but we are disappointed after the wonderfully fine sketches brought from the East that he has not given us more that was new. His picture, "The Old Mill," is a close and charming study of one of those apparent contradictions of nature which the true artist loves to note, and which entirely upset the critics because they are unconventional. His three other pictures are in the vein in which he is always happy and in which we know him best. Of the three, "Showery Weather" is the best.

Tavernier's "In the Redwoods" is an unsatisfactory picture. It possesses many undeniable merits of drawing and handling, it gives an admirable idea of the size and character of the redwoods, is striking and brilliant, yet, for all that, it has a slightly theatrical air, and lacks sincerity and feeling. Tavernier does not often honor us by doing his best and working *con amore*. When he does, the pictures are to be sought after.

Denny has evidently not over-exerted himself, and neither of his two pictures will increase his reputation. "Morning, Little Lake Valley," by Holdredge, is full of the artist's own peculiar mannerisms, and strongly suggestive of the German school, and a liberal use of the palette knife in lieu of brush. Hahn's one picture is not up to his usual standard.

"Cypress Point, Monterey," by Cleenewerck, is not in the artist's best vein, and is, moreover, obscured by its close proximity to Rix's "Pollard Willows." His "Monterey Whale Fishery" is a better and more attractive picture, while his sketches in the small room are more interesting than either. These last show him to be a versatile and talented artist and a close student of nature.

Bouvy gives us the extremes of his ability in "The Lesson of Catechism" and "A Holiday at the Convent." In the former an unctuous but badly drawn monk, backed by an impossible landscape, administers religious instruction to a barefooted young woman whose unprepossessing development of heel betokens an unmistakable African ancestry. "A Holiday at the Convent" is a much more pretentious work, and shows

care and ability. It represents an interior, a religious procession of chanting monks descending a stairway. They are preceded by altar boys strewing flowers, and in the right of the foreground a lusty bell-ringer pulls his rope and sings. In composition it is not unlike David Neal's "Marie Stuart." The figures are interesting and fairly drawn. The otherwise somber array of brown-robed Capuchins is happily relieved by a scarlet banner.

Virgil Williams, who is probably more thoroughly educated in his profession than any other local artist, exhibits but one small picture, a souvenir of Italy. It is a correct and charming picture, but Mr. Williams, as Director of the Art School, has not had time to do himself justice in any exhibition of late years. While his devotion to the school is an inestimable benefit to the community in one way, it is a corresponding loss in another. Of all the pupils who have studied under Mr. Williams in the Art School, none have been more diligent and attentive than Miss Lotz and Miss Foster. The result could not be more flattering than it is to master and pupils. Miss Lotz, with all her superb talents, could never have achieved so brilliant and speedy a success had she not been instructed in the very best methods before going abroad. Her "Study of a Calf" holds deservedly the post of honor in the present exhibition. It is painted with a breadth and solidity that women rarely attain, and promises a most brilliant future for this simple, unpretending young girl. Miss Foster, who has talent, is a splendid example of what industry and a well laid foundation are worth. It is amusing to note the attitude of the local critics toward her. They would have to be blind not to see that her picture on the line is among the best of the exhibition; but she is young—almost an amateur—and they praise her with plenty of reservations, fearing there is a mistake somewhere. When a young fledgling does such a strikingly excellent piece of work in drawing and color as her "Stolen Pleasures" she deserves liberal praise, and should put some of the older artists to the blush.

Rix, Robinson, Deakin, and Von Perbrandt, as has been said before, have never done better work than they exhibit this year. Robinson has given us larger and more pretentious pictures, but never anything so good as his "Cabo de San Lucas." It is a poem on canvas. It bears the marks of earnestness and enthusiasm, is exquisitely delicate in handling and color, and full of sentiment and beauty. "Carmel Valley," by C. Von Perbrandt, is a modest, unobtrusive picture, but strangely enough its merits seemed to be quite generally recognized by the fashionable first-night throng. It is a characteristic bit of Californian landscape, broadly and simply painted, true to nature, and full of honest feeling. In fact, it is so good one almost wishes there were more of it.

Deakin's two pictures, "Notre Dame" and "The Choir, Westminister Abbey," show that his forte lies in reproducing the beauties of architecture. The elaborate intricacies of both display a wonderful amount of patient industry. The light is agreeably handled. They are impressive, and not without sentiment—a thing that could never have been said of his landscapes. It is not surprising that Mr. Deakin's pictures excite a great deal of admiration from the many visitors to the exhibition.

There are two pictures by Rix. His "Nightfall" is rich in color, romantic and beautiful, but his "Pollard Willows" is perhaps the very best picture in the exhibition. It is simple in composition, representing an avenue of old willows leading toward the right; at the left a wide stretch of meadow land and a glimpse of a distant town. It is an honest, straightforward picture—true to nature and destitute of trickery. The tree drawing is fine, and the perspective admirably handled. There is a sense of space and distance in the canvas that makes all the pictures about look cramped for room. The color is that of late summer time, and characteristic of the locality. The picture is at once full of sentiment and of character—intensely realistic, yet poetic. It is a great stride forward for Mr. Rix, being by far the best work he has ever done.

Mr. Humphrey Moore has on exhibition two charming little pictures—"The Stolen Pleasure" and "Au Rendezvous"—either of which would be a most desirable addition to any collection. Mr. Moore, who is a stranger and a guest, has been rather roughly handled by the local critics. He belongs to a brilliant and popular school of art of which most of our people see little and know less. He is not the first of his school, which includes the most illustrious artists of the age; neither is he by any means the least. There are schools of art diametrically opposed to each other, yet equally valuable. It is as absurd not to recognize the fact as to expect that all writers shall use the florid style, all singers the operatic, or that all actors shall play comedy. Mr. Moore is no longer among us, but it is to be hoped that the next new comer who does not follow in our beaten paths may be judged a little more broadly.

We are decidedly behind the times in the matter of water-color painting. Mrs. Virgil Williams exhibits two flower studies in water-color, which show some excellent work. There is, with this exception, absolutely nothing exhibited in water-colors. It is a pity that we have not at least a few artists who would attempt this kind of work, which is in high favor with connoisseurs both in the Eastern States and in Europe.

The present exhibition may, on the whole, be considered a success. That it is so, is due somewhat to the Rejection Committee, and not a little to the remarkable promise shown by some of the younger members of the profession. Two young gentlemen, Latimer and Espey, at present pupils of the School of Design, are remarkable for their vigorous and surprisingly successful attempts.

If there are any rich men in the community who ever intend to do anything for local art, now is the time for them to appear. If there are any who have a pride or a desire that we shall, as a community, keep or acquire any artistic cultivation, let them now come forward and patronize the deserving ones of the profession. It is a disgrace to the community, for which the wealthy class is responsible, if we cannot support the little talent worth supporting that is among us. Artists of merit and ability cannot remain in San Francisco and live on air, when there is both appreciation and bread and butter waiting for them elsewhere. The present exhibition may be regarded as the artists' supreme last effort to interest the public. If it is not successful, there will soon be but the dregs of the profession left among us.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

After dosing the public for two months with much trashy, sensational stuff, which, in spite of the shameless puffing of the newspapers, failed of any considerable pecuniary success, the manager of the Baldwin Theater, by some chance or other, hit upon the plan of giving a series of eight concerts by "European artists," and there was an immediate response in the shape of full houses. The long musical fast undergone by San Francisco had, no doubt, sharpened the popular appetite for these concerts, but, probably, quite as much of their success resulted from the presence of one of the leading violinists of the world, Herr August Wilhelmj. A year had barely elapsed since his first visit, and the tall compact figure, the phlegmatic impassive face, the dull eye, which no tones of music seem ever able to brighten, were again before us. That his playing gave a great deal of pure delight to a great many people, there is no need to say. But the pleasure of listening to him was not unmixed with annoyances. He indulged repeatedly in the unwarrantable caprice of putting a piece down on his programme, and playing an altogether different one at the concert. This practice is of decidedly questionable honesty toward a public which accepts promises in good faith, and dislikes to find itself treated to pieces it had heard only a night or two before. It is a disappointment, also, to those who go with the object of hearing some special composition which is then omitted. Still less is the practice to be overlooked on the part of a musician who is content with a most limited *répertoire*, made up for the most part of solitary examples of the styles of Bach, Paganini, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Laub, Wagner, and Wilhelmj, all diligently played to us a year ago. We fear, if the truth were spoken, it would have to be said that Herr Wilhelmj, in his money-making American life of the past three years, has relinquished something of the strict habit of an artist. This business of being carried around the country by a professional agent, having one's portrait placarded on the street walls, and playing across America to provincial hearers of rudimentary musical taste, is never serviceable to the best art. Herr Wilhelmj's playing showed traces of these influences in the shape of tricks which he would never have ventured upon in Germany. In the Chopin *Nocturne*, played by him on the first night (which, by the way, was written for the piano, and for nothing else), he took the liberty of leaving out a constantly recurring and highly characteristic chromatic figure (difficult for the violin), and substituted a few twirls of his own, the result being a decided blot on the composition to everybody who knew it as Chopin wrote it. He also indulged in the cheap bit of clap-trap of ending many of his pieces with a superfluous octave, for no other purpose than that of taking a high note. This practice has been so long a favorite resource of third-rate singers, that it is surprising to find it adopted by Wilhelmj, especially as his octave was more than once a quarter of a tone flat. At times, also, the depth and purity of his tone was marred by the ugly rasping of his bow, and in rapid passages there was sometimes a marked want of precision. For the sake of his art, if not of his pocket, Herr Wilhelmj will have no cause for regret when he finds himself once more in Germany. Of the Russian pianist, Herr Sternberg, it is sufficient to say that he played with more than ordinary technical skill, but without much feeling or sympathetic interpretation of what he was playing. A thoroughly Russian (or *quasi*-Oriental) love of display showed itself in a tendency to embellish simple passages by additions of his own; adding, for instance, thirds or fifths where Chopin had written only single notes, and giving innumerable flourishes to the simple accompaniment of Gounod's Bach's *Ave Maria*. For all which Herr Sternberg deserves the reverse of thanks. Miss Fritch proved to be a singer with what might once have been a fair voice, now spoiled by bad training. But as an example of complete and absolute self-complacency united to just as complete and unmistakable second-rate ability, Miss Fritch was a great success, and did her part in supplying amusement. We cannot close our notice without a word of hearty praise to Herr Vogrich for the delicate, almost poetic, feeling with which he played the accompaniments. The beautiful manner in which he kept the piano subordinate to the singer or the violinist is worthy of thankful remembrance by musicians and amateurs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SIGHT. An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision. By Joseph Le Conte, LL.D. New York: Appleton & Co. 1881.

Professor Le Conte has given us an interesting and intelligible account of the anatomy and physiology of vision, based upon a great variety of scientific experiments, which may be verified by any intelligent reader of his book. Although it is an analysis and exposition of very complex phenomena, it is written in so lucid a style as to attract those whose minds have not been trained to scientific thought, and is therefore a valuable aid to culture, and a preparation for the study of other departments of mental science to which the subject of vision has been considered introductory by philosophers of all ages.

In the introduction we have the relation of general sensibility to special sense exhibited in the general differentiation of structure for special ends as taught by the natural history of animals, especially the differentiation of nerve-structure. The special senses are regard-

ed as refinements of common sensation, each a more refined touch. Coarse vibrations are perceived as a *jarring*. If there are sixteen vibrations in a second, the auditory nerves are impressed, and we call the sensation *sound*. Vibrations which are so rapid that they can only be conveyed by an ethereal medium are perceived through the optic nerve as *light*. It must be remembered, however, that while the undulatory theory of sound is capable of positive demonstration, the existence of the ether and of vibrations in it is purely hypothetical. While the optical phenomena thus far known are wholly in accord with the theory of ethereal undulation, future facts or reasoning may render the existence of the ether improbable or unnecessary.

The first part of the work is devoted to monocular vision, and contains an admirable *résumé* of the structure of the eye. The wonderful rods and cones of the retina and their probable functions are briefly yet clearly displayed, and the most common defects of the eye, as myopy, presbyopy, hypermetropy, and astigmatism, pointed out. With respect to the question, how can we see objects erect when the image on the retina is inverted, we are referred to the law of visible direction: "Every impression on the retina reaching it by a ray-line passing through the nodal point is referred back along the same ray-line to its true place in space. Thus for every radiant point in the object there is a correspondent focal point in the retinal image; and every focal point is referred back along its ray-line to its own radiant, and thus the external image (object) is reconstructed in its proper position." Professor Le Conte tells us that "this question has puzzled metaphysicians, and many answers characteristic of this class of philosophers have been given. The true scientific answer is found in what is called the law of visible direction." This seems to imply some antagonism between metaphysics and true science which the history of ancient and modern thought will scarcely justify. There have been various theories both among reasoners and experimentalists, but all explanations of this question, as of many others, have been metaphysical. Vision itself, after all our optical experiments and histological dissections, transcends physics, and is, therefore, metaphysical. The Platonists and Stoics believed that vision was caused by emission of rays from the eyes to the objective point in space, and which were thence reflected again to the eye. Descartes, and after him Newton, considered vision better explained by rays flowing from a luminous body through a transparent medium. To this succeeded the theory of ethereal vibrations excited by a luminary, and reflected or refracted by various objects. The theory of Professor Le Conte of the mind referring back the impression on the retina along the same ray-line to its true point in space was also the theory of Dr. Reid in his *Inquiry into the Human Mind*. He says: "Every point of the object is seen in the direction of a right line passing from the picture of that point on the retina through the center of the eye." The doctrine of Sir W. Hamilton—that we are conscious, or immediately cognizant, not only of the affections of self, but of the phenomena of something different from self, both, however, always in relation to each other; in other words, objects are neither carried into the mind, nor the mind made to sally out to them, and we perceive, through no sense, naught external but what is in immediate relation and contact with its organ—seems to us more reasonable. Through the eye, therefore, we perceive nothing but the rays of light in relation to, and in contact with, the retina. The erection by the mind of the inverted image on the retina is capable of different explanations. Helmholtz says, "Our natural consciousness is completely ignorant of even the existence of the retina and of the formation of images: how should it know anything of the position of images formed upon it?" The mind does not see retinal images; this would require another eye. The manner of mental perception is quite beyond our comprehension. The beautiful mechanism for bringing the mind in contact with the external world, and the fact of the perception of that world, are separated by an inexplicable mystery—a chasm which no refinement of science can bridge over.

Part II, relating to binocular vision, is quite elaborate. It relates to single and double images, the superposition of external images, binocular perspective, and judgment of distance, size, and form. The original investigations of the author increase the interest in this department. His theory of binocular vision combines and reconciles the theories of Wheatstone and Brücke. It is thus briefly stated: "The eye (or the mind) instinctively distinguishes homonymous from heteronymous images" [*i. e.*, those on the nasal sides of the retinæ from those on the temporal sides], "referring the former to objects beyond and the latter to objects this side of the point of sight." In other words, the mind perceives relief instantly by means of double images, although the relief is made clearer by a ranging of the point of sight back and forth. The phenomena of binocular vision depend on the law of corresponding points, and the latter half of the work is occupied in exhibiting this connection. The numerous original experiments and illustrations render this the most important part of the book. The last chapter, on the comparative physiology of binocular vision, is one of the most important and interesting of all. It shows that invertebrates and fishes do not possess the binocular faculty. "The property of corresponding points, from which all the phenomena of binocular vision are derived, is something peculiar to the eye of the higher animals. Nothing analagous exists in the other senses. Binocular vision in its perfection, as it exists in man and the higher animals, is the last result of the gradual improvement of that most refined of all the sense organs, the eye, specially adapting it to meet the wants of the higher faculties of the mind."

A PERFECT DAY, and other poems. By Ina D. Coolbrith. Author's special subscription edition. San Francisco. 1881.

All lovers of good literature will be glad to know that the poems of Miss Coolbrith have at last been collected into permanent form. Among the writers who have attracted attention upon this coast for the real merit of their productions, none has enjoyed a larger degree of appreciation than the author of this little volume, whose poems have been copied and read wherever the English language is spoken. It was a somewhat invidious distinction to name the volume after a single poem, inasmuch as it assumes a superiority in favor thereof. "A Perfect Day" is certainly worthy of its wide popularity, but the volume contains other poems equally meritorious and equally popular.

Miss Coolbrith is fortunate in being almost a pioneer in one respect. She has felt the life of a new land and given it utterance with the grace and finish of an older literature. There are a few crudities in her work. There

is no distressing effort to be new or madly original in expression as well as in thought. There is better art than that. Miss Coolbrith has seen new things, has felt new thoughts, has been part of a new social development; and in giving these "a local habitation and a name" she has yet been able to preserve that conservatism to which her poems owe their exquisite finish.

In this completeness of art Miss Coolbrith loses none of her nearness to Nature. She looks into the cloudless sky and sees

"A day too glad for laughter—nay,
Too glad for happy tears!
The fair earth seems as in a dream
Of immemorial years:
Perhaps of that far morn when she
Sang with her sister spheres.

"It may be that she holds to-day
Some sacred Sabbath feast;
It may be that some patient soul
Has entered to God's rest,
For whose dear sake He smiles on us
And all the day is blest."

Her longing scorns the "foolish wisdom sought in books," and turns ever to the repose of Nature,

"For there the grand hills, summer-crowned,
Slope greenly downward to the seas;
One hour of rest upon their breast
Were worth a year of days like these."

The opening lines of the later commencement poem contain the invitation of Nature to the poet:

"Into the balm of the clover,
Into the dawn and the dew,
Come, O my poet, my lover,
Single of spirit and true!

"Sweeter the song of the throstle
Shall ring from its nest in the vine,
And the lark, my beloved apostle,
Shall chant thee a gospel divine.

"Ah! not to the dullard, the schemer,
I of my fullness may give;
But thou, whom the world calleth dreamer,
Drink of my fountains and live."

The two commencement poems, "California" and "From Living Waters," are admirable conceptions. "In Memoriam" (Hon. B. P. Avery) has these lines:

"God rest thy soul!
O kind and pure,
Tender of heart, yet strong to wield control,
And to endure!

"Close the clear eyes.
No greater woe
Earth's patient heart, than when a good man dies,
Can ever know."

In the way of delicate fancies, Miss Coolbrith is particularly happy. Here is one:

"I think I would not be
A stately tree,
Broad boughed, with haughty crest that seeks the sky.
Too many sorrows lie
In years—too much of bitter for the sweet.
Frost-bite, and blast, and heat,
Blind drought, cold rains, must all grow wearisome
Ere one could put away
Their leafy garb for aye
And let death come.

"Rather this wayside flower,
To live its happy hour
Of balmy air, of sunshine, and of dew,
A sinless face held upward to the blue;
A bird song sung to it,
A butterfly to flit
On dazzling wings above it, hither, thither,
A sweet surprise of life—and then exhale
A little fragrant soul on the soft gale,
To float—ah, whither?"

Space forbids extending these extracts, taken here and there to illustrate the character of the work. It would be quite impossible, without reproducing the complete volume, to give an adequate idea of the beauty of these poems. And it is equally impossible, without the appearance of over-praise, to characterize them. Typographically the book is in keeping with its contents, and is a credit to the workmanship of Messrs. John H. Carmany & Co., whose imprint it bears.

THE LIFE OF CICERO. By Anthony Trollope. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Not only is it true that we moderns are greatly indebted to Rome, it is also true we take a great interest in the old Roman men. The practical modern world finds much that is congenial in the eminently practical nation which grew up by the Tiber—which showed such business-like qualities in consolidating the varied peoples of its growing empire, in developing its system of law, and in extending its unique and powerful style of government. Even its literature was subordinated to practical uses. Virgil and Horace wrote in the interest of the Augustan imperial idea. Oratory was directed to the most practical of ends. By it the statesman was to sway the Senate or the populace, and rise to influence and power. Cæsar's speeches were useful adjuncts to Cæsar's victories in the provinces. These practical qualities appeal to us. The men of mark at Rome in the last century before Christ have been much talked about and written about within the last half century. Louis Napoleon wrote a *Life of Cæsar*. M. Froude has taken the same great man for a special subject. Mommsen and Merivale, and Ihne, not to mention other historians, have fully discussed the leading names of the closing era of the Roman Republic. Cicero has come in for special notice. German editors have arranged and explained his correspondence. An English barrister, M. Forsyth, has written an elaborate *Life of Cicero*, published in 1863. And now comes the facile and graceful pen of Anthony Trollope to retouch the great orator's career, and demand for him a retraction of adverse judgments. Certainly, if classical learning is nowadays disparaged, some classical names have lost none of their interest. There is significance in the fact that a popular novelist and leading man of letters turns aside from his remunerative work, and throws himself heartily, almost passionately, into the life of men who lived nearly two thousand years ago.

Mr. Trollope writes with the special purpose of vindicating Cicero from the harsh judgments of numerous critics. Cicero has in one way been the most unfortunate of men, in having a great public career subjected to the cross-light of the frankest possible utterances in private letters. Demosthenes left no such betraying correspondence. Cæsar's letters were not preserved. But Cicero's correspondence was so full and interesting, so fascinating in style, so charming in humor, that it

was caught up and fixed forever in the gaze of the world. His most private plaints, and most despondent self-reproaches, and most incautious confessions stand written on the margin of his public services. No other statesman was ever so turned inside out and held up to unsympathetic criticism. Cicero was ambitious, egotistic, self-laudatory. He was not a great warrior, nor had he the nerve to face such men as Cæsar in the hot strife of politics. But other Romans were ambitious, egotistic, self-laudatory (for the last mentioned point see the biographies of Cato and Scipio). And in practical service, Cicero was no coward. He attacked favorites of Sulla when that great dictator was a terror to the state. He faced Catiline and his co-conspirators, and even outran the bounds of prudence in visiting punishment upon them. In the last sad epoch of his public career he showed a stern face toward Antony, and when Antony's minions came to execute his bloody command, Cicero died with a courage worthy of his great name.

We are glad to see Mr. Trollope come forth as champion to so noble a man. Cicero has been inexcusably underrated and reproached by such historians as Mommsen and Froude. Mr. Trollope believes that the great orator was one of the purest and best men of his time. We believe so, too. He believes that Cicero was always faithful to the idea of the old Republic ; that his seeming vacillations and inconsistencies were in the line of this life-long devotion. He hesitated between men because he could not tell who would do best for the Republic. He was a lawyer, and used an advocate's elastic liberty of speech, now on one side of a personal case, now on the other. But to the grand and dear old commonwealth he was never untrue.

Mr. Trollope treats of Cicero as a man of letters and as a philosopher. Latin prose was almost the creation of the great orator. Through him the Greek philosophy was popularized at Rome. His principles of conduct were in the highest degree praiseworthy. In a pre-Christian age, he seemed almost to have caught the essential spirit of Christian ethics. Such a man is a worthy subject for any biographer, and Mr. Trollope has given us a popular and interesting book. It is not profound, but it is not dry. It is worth the scholar's attention, and to the common reader it may be commended as at once the freshest and fairest representation of a man foremost among the really great names of Roman and ancient history.

SUNRISE. A Story of these Times. By William Black, author of *MacLeod of Dare*, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

All readers of *Sunrise* are in duty bound to accept the statement on its title page that it is written by the author of *The Princess of Thule*, *White Wings*, etc., but surely the admirers of Black, and their name is legion, would not have guessed it from the book itself.

It is seldom that an author who is so prolific as Mr. Black has been can depart so completely from the beaten track and seek new paths in literature with the success which this author has done in his latest work. In *Sunrise* he has dropped the idyllic style of his earlier works, and has written a novel dealing with the most vital question of the day—namely, socialism—in a remarkably vigorous and interesting manner. He has lost none of his former skill in delineation of character and analysis of motive, but he has transferred his word painting to a larger canvas. *Sunrise* contrasts with such works as *Three Feathers*, as a painting by Raphael with the microscopic paintings of the Dutch school of artists.

The leading characters, Ferdinand Lind, the Internationalist, his daughter Natalie, George Brand, the young Englishman, and Calabressa, the Italian carbonaro, are living, breathing persons; and while a captious critic might suggest that the mysterious power of life and death claimed by the "Council of the Seven Stars" smacks too strongly of the Vehmgericht of the middle ages of Germany, yet the recent assassination of the Czar of Russia goes far to confirm Mr. Black's view of the terrible strength and unwavering determination of the element in European politics of which he has written. As a whole, we think the book one of the best of the day, and we congratulate the author upon the ability which he has shown to deal with broader questions than those to which he has hitherto devoted himself.

[A number of other publications have been received, too late for notice in this number.]

OUTCROPPINGS.

SO COMETH THE RAIN.

Out of my window I watch the rain,
  A blank-white mist driven through the gate
  Of the mountain-chains, swept on by a great
Resistless force till the far hills wane
  And melt from view; now the pines are tossed,
And the oaks' brown limbs writhe in the gale;
The dark madroño is growing pale,
  For the blast has turned the hidden side
  Of the glossy leaves to the storm's wild pride;
The white drops are driven against the pane—
    So cometh the rain.

The eaves are pouring a deluge down,
  The shrubs are bent by the wild white spray,
  The room is in twilight, as if the day
Was shrinking away from the Storm-King's frown.
  Each hollow is hidden beneath the flood,
Each footprint filled with the rushing drops,
  And all through the wind-rocked, wild, wet wood
The trees are bowing their heavy tops;
  The storm beats in at the window-pane—
    So falleth the rain.

But lo! in the distance a yellow light
  Rifts through the clouds, and the far hills rise,
  Dividing the veil, to the golden skies;
And the storm, as one wounded in his might,
  Trails northward, and mutters beneath his breath,
  And departs with the majesty of death.
The drops still glitter on twig and leaf,
But a hidden thrush pipes a sweet relief;
  The sun shines in at the window-pane—
    So ceaseth the rain.

MAY N. HAWLEY.

SIMON AND AMELIA AT THE THEATER.

They were at the theater. *They* consisted of an elderly countryman and his old fashioned wife. We were —well, it does not matter *who* we were; suffice it to say, that we were all there for the same purpose, as well as several hundred others who thronged the house. The drama to be produced was the passionate love tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, and the part of the fair Juliet was to be taken by a young and beautiful lady, who made her *début* that evening.

We immediately learned from the conversation of our country couple, that he was Simon and she was Amelia. He seemed one of these slow, good-natured men, whom we often meet and seldom dislike; while she was evidently the Major General of the Amelia-Simon firm. Her nose and chin were pointed, and she carried an air of decided authority about her. She had a comely face indicating excellent sense, but the contrast between her appearance and that of the meek Simon was striking. These good people had evidently been unaccustomed to the theater, and the conversation and criticisms that passed between them were novel and entertaining. We will not attempt to give their conversation *verbatim*, as it would fill a small book.

The drop-curtain, hiding the stage, represented an emigrant train crossing the plains. Amelia's eyesight was still good.

"What a lot o' wagons all in a row," she remarked, as she gazed at the painting, "and under 'em it says '49. I reckon ther must be forty-nine on 'em; who'd a thought ther was *thet* many!"

"I can't *see* 'em," meekly responded Simon, with a crestfallen countenance.

"Law sakes! can't you, though? What a pity now you didn't fetch your specks. Jes like you. How'd you spect to see anything without 'em. Your eyesight want *never* so good as mine, nohow," she complacently added.

"Thet's so, mother," said he.

He looked so uncomfortable, that we leaned over, and, offering an opera glass, said:

"Take this, sir; it may enable you to see."

Amelia turned upon us a quick, searching look, and, then scrutinizing the glass sharply, and raising no objections, she looked the fact to her obedient spouse, who, taking it awkwardly, said, in a blunt manner:

"Waäl, now, I hold thet's right clever. I thought these folks were all on 'em too stuck up to speak to country folks, let alone handin' this 'ere thing to look through."

"Be still, will you?" said his wife, cautiously, with the characteristic readiness of her sex; "how are they to know we hain't city folks? I never wore this gown but once before, an' my bonnet is as spick span new as when Samanthy put it on the tree for me, thet Christmas; and you know right well you got them clothes new, out of the store, this very day. Folks can tell they are new by the folds," she proudly added.

Simon had been busily examining the opera-glass, and good Amelia's worldliness had not affected the old man very much, for he musingly spoke, as he turned the glass over and around.

"I seen the place where they was givin' on 'em away, down stairs, when we come in."

"Givin' 'em away, indeed! A pretty lot they was a givin' 'em away! I reckon ef they had been, I'd a hed a share." [We believed her.] "They was *sellin'* 'em," she asserted, as if she knew for a certainty, "I listened mighty sharp."

Poor Simon, he had turned, and twisted, and shaken the opera-glass until he struck the happy medium that suited his eyes. Be it known that it was wholly an accident, however, as he had come to the conclusion that they were not good for much, but he so dreaded to hear the voice of his lady, assuring him that "nothing was the matter, only thet he didn't know *how*," that he kept on fussing until the happy accident occurred. After a brief pause, the exclamation that startled us was:

"Why, 'Melia, them wagons thet you talked about, all in a row, is meant for a emigrant train, Blest ef it don't look kinder nateral, too," mused the old man. "Yes, I've been across them plains twice. Tough times we had them days; them ox teams don't look much like the teams we hed; they never put less'n six or eight yoke on sech a big wagon, and there they've only got one. They never have their heads hoisted up like that ere yoke; they allers lop 'em down."

Another prolonged gaze left the pause uninterrupted, and then the following information was elicited from the good man, who little guessed how many he was entertaining.

"Ho, I see thet '49, thet you said meant the number of teams. You wan't right thet time, sure. Why, it means the spring of '50, when I come over. Umph, jest like women folks, sich calkelations!"

The lights suddenly grew dim, the bell tapped, and the whole emigrant train, with the '49 and the ox teams, began rolling over and over into a confused mass within the curtain folds, as it arose to the top of the stage. After the introduction of a number of characters, the gentle Romeo made his appearance. His costume, one of the day in which he was supposed to have flourished, was composed of a gracefully flowing cape, and closely fitting garments, of rich green cloth, trimmed in gold. Upon his curly head rested a jaunty cap with a charming plume waving over the crown.

"Can you hear what the play actors is a sayin," said 'Melia, *sotto voce*.

"No, I reckon they hain't begun, yet," he innocently answered.

"Yes, they hev, too. Thet ther chap is Romeo, an' he goes a courtin' Juliet, an' her folks an' his folks don't speak, an' he marries Juliet an' kills her cousin an' is banished, an' pisins himself, an' she takes somethin 'nother thet puts her asleep, an' then when she comes awake agin an' finds him dead, she stabs herself."

After this blast of words rattled off by 'Melia without a pause for breath, poor Simon looked aghast. Perhaps he was endeavoring to grasp the meaning of the condensed recital. My friend had been sketching the play for the old lady in a hasty way, and we were wonderfully amused to hear her enlighten her partner as to what was coming.

"Waäl," said Simon, reflectively, "thet's a queer lookin' sort of a dress to go a courtin' in. It's purty snug. I reckon he didn't hev to climb the pastur' fence as I used to when I went a cour——" A severe, but flattered, look from his companion caused him to change his sentence into "when I went a callin' on Farmer Brown."

There was a twinkle in his eye, as he smoothed off his chin, and the old lady fanned herself vigorously and looked hard at the stage. When Mercutio was stabbed and was jesting and laughing with his last breath, Simon said:

"Now, 'Melia, look a here; a feller wouldn't feel much like jokin' at sech a time. I don't more'n half like that. He ought to plump right off without talkin'."

But when Romeo avenged the wanton murder of his friend by stabbing in turn the slayer, Tybalt, and when the sword suddenly slipped out of sight up to the socket, and the victim fell dead, and a number of ladies partly arose from their seats, and several screamed, no wonder the good Amelia grasped Simon's knees in suppressed pain as she gazed on the scene.

"Oh, Simon," said she, "did he really kill him?"

Simon wore a broad grin on his face, and slowly drawled out:

"Why, 'Melia, I hain't seen you so pestered and worked up like for nigh on twenty years. Thet chap did get killed rather sudden like," he added in a philosophic tone. "I thought the other did too much talkin'. It wasn't so blamed sudden as this, though. I like a *leetle* talkin'."

Juliet quite stole the heart of the old man in the very first part of the drama, when the dance of the minuet was introduced.

"I don't believe I could drop sech a peart curtsy as thet now, nor move round so spry," remarked Amelia.

"No, I jes' bet you couldn't!" bluntly retorted Simon. "You'd git yer feet all mixed up in them long skirts, and tumble down, thet's what *you'd* do."

"Ef I hedn't hed the rheumatics so much from doin' your housework, and got all stiffened up before my time, I'd be spry enough," hotly retorted the insulted lady, with red cheeks.

"Waäl, 'Melia, lets not argy," placidly remarked Simon.

As the evening advanced in lateness, the curtain rose and fell, and our old folks were getting tired.

"I think ther's too much love smackin' in it. Folks don't do ther courtin' thet way nowadays, and I never rec'lect knowin' nobody thet did," sleepily yawned Simon.

"So much the worse for 'em," tartly answered the peppery Amelia, for she still smarted under the cruel dig given her by her lord.

"Umph," said the provokingly calm Simon, with a chuckle, "I reckon now, you'd jest be the one what would like to have a chap spookin' round under your winder after candle-light, a pawin' over yer flower garden and a blowin' kisses up at yer winder."

Amelia vouchsafed no reply to this bit of pleasantry. The last act had come. The fatal poison was beginning to work throughout the veins of the unhappy Romeo just as Juliet awoke from her long sleep, and so real seemed his agony at the approach of the death that he knew to be irrevocable, and that gradually but surely seemed tearing his Juliet from his arms, that good Amelia murmured, half aloud:

"The whites of eggs is a good antidote."

But all was over. The curtain fell, and the people surged out. Amelia and Simon sat looking at the curtain even after it had fallen, and then, recollecting themselves, made preparations to move out.

"Waäl, now," commenced Simon, "I think they hedn't oughter died, both on 'em leastways. Now, why didn't thet gal take a shine to some other chap, and git married, and be happy—gals is so romantic."

As they moved off, he was heard to say, with a drawl:

"I reckon you hain't too proud to hev me take a chew, now, be you? I've felt sort o' lonesome all the evenin', in ther."

"Oh, no, *chew away*," sharply replied his better half. "You allers was bound to be more like a cow than a mortal man, whatever I could do or say; cows allers hev ther cuds along with 'em."

"Waäl, Mely, I—"

They turned a corner, and we lost sight of them at this point in the conversation. We really felt sorry to part with the chief actor in the side drama that had afforded us so much amusement during the evening. They kept the glass in good faith until the very end, but we had not the heart to even feel reproach fully toward them for their lack of conformity to the rules of propriety, as their honesty counterbalanced all else.

MARCIA D. CRANE.

RONDEL.

Imperial, she wears the haughty frown
Of supreme sovereignty; her regal crown
Her own gold locks. No realm material
She rules, but loving hearts, that, bowing down,
Worship her humbly, as she wills they shall,
Imperial.

What of the robe that wraps my lady's frame?
What of its texture and its fashion's name,
Its heavy folds that chaste and ample fall?
No hue should please her save the dye that came
From ancient Tyre—that purple that men call
Imperial.

What man shall win my lady's lofty love?
What demi-god, sired by omnamorous Jove?
Nay, that man walks not this terrestrial ball—
Unless so mighty shall one conqueror prove
As to himself the world to bind in thrall—
Imperial.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

AN ENTERTAINING GAME.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour."

Have any of the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN ever been importuned, day after day, by certain small but urgently solicitous members of the family, for "stories?" And have these "grown-up" people ever been at a loss to satisfy their little petitioners?

The gray-haired poet of Cambridge knew how to gratify his "blue-eyed banditti;" and everybody remembers the beautiful eulogy one great story-teller of England paid to another when he said, "Lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him and being fond of him."

Unfortunately, but few of us possess, even in a very small degree, the marvelous gift of Mr. Dickens; and yet I doubt if the person lives who cannot secure the ready attention and devotion of children. I am not speaking now of prodigies or precocious geniuses, but of ordinary boys and girls just waking up to think about this wonderful world they have come into, and about which their chief sentiment is an insatiable curiosity. In many homes, when evening comes, and dinner has been served, and the little children gather around the fire-place for their hour before bed-time, how often the question

arises, "What shall we do to amuse them?" Into a ready limbo have gone the school-books "till to-morrow," toys delight not, the noisy games of out-door life are tabooed in the drawing-room and library, and if Papa sits down to enjoy his fragrant cigar and the evening paper, and Mamma occupies herself with the latest magazine or a bit of Kensington embroidery, what is to become of the restless little boys and girls to whom this pleasant post-prandial hour by right belongs?

No one can spend an hour in the society of a moderately intelligent child without remarking how extraordinary a peculiarity of his mind is a craving after information. I have two small nephews who have just completed their first decade, and have arrived at that interesting age of inquiry when it seems as if their ravenous youthful maws would never be supplied with aliment in the shape of tales and stories which delight the heart of boyhood. This love of the marvelous and exciting is like a child's craving for sweetmeats, and it is a taste which cannot be ignored.

I have been experimenting latterly in the art of entertaining children, and my simple efforts have been crowned with so much success as to make it seem almost selfish to keep to myself such an easy, efficacious remedy for the *ennui* of children.

I cannot claim for this amusement any novelty of design. The game—if one may call it such—in different ways is already played on many a winter's evening. There are few limitations to its scope or opportunities. Our *modus operandi* is this: The children and I (and any of the others who may be enticed into our group) gather around the library table, our only implement of warfare being a box of alphabet letters, with which is commonly played the game called "Logomachy."

Each player draws at random a letter, and, thinking of a character conspicuous either in history, art, or literature, *whose name begins with that letter*, selects from another box enough letters to spell the name thus chosen, and having arranged the word upon the table, his right-hand neighbor is called upon to describe briefly the character selected.

For example: Last evening we agreed to limit ourselves to the names of poets and authors, and the first letter drawn was "H." *Homer* was the result of a few moment's thought upon the part of one of the small boys, and it fell to my lot, sitting next to him, to tell, in the old "once-upon-a-time" fashion, about the Greek poet's life, and incidentally to introduce some of the pretty stories about Hector and his dazzling helmet, the frightened Andromache and the fair Helen, until the time was up and it was my turn to draw a letter.

By chance, I selected the first letter of the alphabet, and I gave my right-hand neighbor an easy subject to talk about, by placing *Andersen* upon the board. What boy or girl does not know all about dear old Hans Christian, and the stories of the Vikings, the Beetle, the Goblin, and the Huckster.

The dictionary of authors had to supply the dates, but we had a dainty bit of biography from a boy's standpoint which was not to the disadvantage of the Danish lover of children. The letter "I" was chosen next, and soon *Irving* graced the table, while picturesque views of "Sunnyside" and the Hudson, and the charming story of Rip Van Winkle delighted the children.

Before the hour had passed we had a goodly number of names before us of the great writers of different countries and ages. It seemed almost anachronistic to see Homer and Browning jostling each other, and to let the funny music of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" follow so closely upon the wail of Helen of Troy. It was quite a leap in time from *Una and the Red Cross Knight* to *Little Nell* and *Oliver Twist*, but it was not difficult to make the children discriminate between the early and the later English authors. Thus we supplemented the outlines of our authors' lives with bits of their permanent works, names of their fictitious characters, and bright little fragments from their poems or stories as they came to our memories.

One evening we confined ourselves to Shaksperian characters, and every name on the table represented some one of the great dramatist's characters. Imagine what a charming evening we had with the love-making of Bassanio and Portia in the picturesque villa at Belmont, with avaricious old Shylock, all ready, with his glittering scales and sharpened knife, to weigh the pound of flesh. How pleasantly we escaped from the tears and entreaties of poor little Prince Arthur to laughter over the irresistibly fat and funny old Falstaff, the mock play, and the seven men in buckram. Gouty old Capulet and witty Mercutio, the brave and gallant Hotspur, and the melancholy Prince of Denmark were not more interesting to the children than poor old King Lear, bareheaded in the howling storm, or the remorseful Lady of Inverness with her little blood-stained hand.

So we have taken up historical characters, and names of cities, mythological personages, and names of artists and inventors, until we may hope these children are now fairly afloat upon that enchanted ocean of literature which henceforth to them may never have a boundary.

In this and similar pleasant ways the bright fancies of the nursery may be turned into a love for all that is best and purest in art and literature, and these childish impressions of scenes and characters gained in hours of amusement may outlast many pursued in the study and strife of later life.

KATHERINE CONGER.

"L'AMITIE EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES."

If it be true, as poets sing,
That Love will spread his snowy wing,
And haste his flight to distant spheres,
Forgetting lovers' vows and tears,
'Twere wiser far, we all must own,
To let the rosy god alone,
And lay our gifts on Friendship's shrine,
Where Mem'ry's choicest wreaths entwine.
Her altars, fixed as granite rocks,
Will stand despite Time's rudest shocks;
Her flames, once kindled, warmly glow
While starlight gleams or waters flow.

M. P. W.

SNOW-SHOEING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

To the average "mountaineer" snow-shoeing is a delightful pastime. Although it is attended with any number of dangers while traveling down steep declivities, through belts of timber, and among the intricate windings of rocky *cañons*, there is a fascination about it that knows neither danger nor fear. In the northern part of the United States, confined within the rugged mountain ranges, we find numerous mining camps, with their rough-looking, but warm-hearted, inhabitants, whose only pleasures consist in playing cards and snow-shoeing during the short days of an eight months' winter. Their

rough pine log-cabins—which they would not leave for a palace—are furnished with curious shaped chairs and stools. Some are made from gnarled and storm-twisted trees; others from the head and horns of the mountain ram—"Big Horn," or mountain sheep. Their tables and shelves are made from lumber "whip-sawed" from a tree cut while clearing a site for the cabin; bunks from hewn fir poles, straight as an arrow, with boughs from the same tree neatly spread upon them, and forming a soft, and by not any means unpleasant, couch. Upon broad shelves in the most secluded corner are piled the annual winter supply of provisions, consisting of flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, beans, etc., which were no doubt brought on the backs of mules from some small town forty or fifty miles distant. A broad fireplace, within which is heaped a pile of cheerfully blazing pitch-pine logs, bids the stranger, or fellow-miner, sit down and enjoy its warmth.

There is an amusing, as well as dangerous, side to snow-shoeing. For instance, the new beginner has a tendency to travel ahead of his shoes, thereby coming to grief, head foremost, in a snow-bank. In some cases he finds that his shoes have gone down the mountain without him, leaving him no alternative but to wallow through the deep snow after them, or return home and make another pair. On Poverty Flat, Idaho Territory, where the writer of this article resides, every pleasant Sunday afternoon from five to fifteen miners go out coasting on the neighboring mountains, and it puts one in mind of a lot of school boys at play to hear them laugh and whoop as they fly over the snow at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The breaking of a strap or guiding-pole is nearly always attended with from one to fifty somersaults and total immersion in the soft snow. Sometimes while the luckless adventurer is trying to pick himself up he is knocked off his feet, and perhaps run over, while a yell of delight echoes from one to another of his more fortunate companions as they pass him, and as soon as he can brush the snow out of his mouth and eyes he joins in the general merriment at his expense.

Away from the main roads the snow is generally very deep, and the mails, or any not too heavy packages, are carried by men on snow-shoes.

Several years ago, in some parts of Idaho and Montana, winter commenced about two months earlier than usual, and the wagon-trains containing supplies were blockaded with snow so that it was impossible for them to move to their destination until the following spring. Provisions becoming very scarce in some of the camps, snow-shoeing parties were organized, some of the men carrying one hundred pounds of flour seventy-five miles in five days. At this time, upon the arrival of a snow-shoe train, flour was sold as high as one dollar and a half a pound, and everything else in like proportion. In these days of railroads and cheap transportation the same thing frequently happens for a short time, but the same amount of suffering and hardship is not entailed that those hardy pioneers were forced to endure.

One of the old pioneers of the north-west gravely informed me that he and his partner lived one winter on snow-balls and coffee, coming out like bears, sleek and fat, in the spring.

Poverty Flat being one of the highest points in the Salmon River Mountains—nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea-level—the view of the surrounding country from this lofty eminence is grand. To the south-west the smoky-looking, spire-like peaks of the Sawtooth Range rear their heads, seemingly, above the clouds, and the intervening mountains, though of no mean hight, look like mere foot-hills in comparison. The crystal waters of Salmon River, flowing majestically within the narrow limits of the rocky walls of Crompt Cañon, lends an enchantment to the scene, which I am utterly unable to describe. To the east is the almost inaccessible Pah-Simari and Lost River ranges, with their huge limestone faces growing whiter each day from a continual whirl of snow-laden clouds, whose stormy mantle clings to them until the July sun softens their icy hearts.

CLARENCE P. TALBOT.

SONG.

Within a tangled forest, a dark and dismal place,
I spied a velvet pansy, with its golden upturned face.

I questioned, for I wondered: "How cam'st, thou, floweret, here,
All covered with this dewdrop like childhood's glistening tear?

Down 'neath these forest branches, 'neath trees all gnarled and old,
Thou hidest all thy beauty, as a miser hides his gold.

Say, did'st thou look around thee to find this lonely place,
Thou who, with all thy beauty, the richest bower might grace?

Or did some angel tell thee to hide thy golden light?
I fain would hear thy secret, with that face so calm and bright.

Then the eyes, still beaming brightly, with a shy air seemed to say,
"Thou wilt never find true beauty where the idle throng may stray."

Then I thought, as on I wandered, that life's fairest flowers are they
That are found by sheltered firesides, in our home-life day by day.

MARY F. BROWNE.

CHARLES SUMNER AND HIS BOOKS.

Charles Sumner (1830) had a passion for book-collecting, and George W. Smalley makes this fact the text for an entertaining letter to the New York *Tribune* recently. Mr. Smalley was very often with Mr. Sumner during his last visit to Europe in 1872. One day Mr. Sumner said to him: "I make it a rule never to buy a useful book." He explained this by saying that he had the great public libraries at his command, and that neither he nor any other private student could afford to buy all the books they wanted to refer to. He had the range of the Boston Athenæum, the Public Library, the Harvard Library, the library of Congress, etc. Mr. Smalley says that Mr. Sumner bought extravagantly, paying larger prices than he could afford to pay, and often much more than his purchases were worth, for, like a true American, he would never haggle about a price. Mr. Sumner was rather omnivorous in his book-collecting tastes, and he made his purchases for the various qualities which they possessed. Latterly he took an interest in bindings, but Mr. Smalley says he had not given the time and trouble to the history of bindings which a man who wishes to be a judge must give. "I doubt," he continues, "whether he knew the history

of the art of binding accurately or could have named the great binders off-hand in their chronological order. It is certain that he had no such minute acquaintance with the styles of the great artists of the past times as a man should have in order to buy skillfully. But Mr. Sumner knew very well what interested him, and what he liked he was keen to possess and ready to pay a very long price for. So of modern work. He wanted specimens of Trautz-Banzonnet, the only binder of the present century whose name and work will be treasured by the next. He bought several. They are in Harvard College Library now, and they are good examples of one or two styles of the master, but not of his best style. It was characteristic of Mr. Sumner that he bought them without stopping to consider how much he was paying for the binding, which was what he wanted, and for the book itself, which he did not want at all. Occasionally, when I was asked, I took the liberty of saying I thought some purchase which he meditated was too dear, upon which he would put it down reluctantly, and go to something else. But when I went to see him the next morning the book in question was tolerably sure to be on his table. If he saw me looking at it he would say: 'Yes, I know I paid too much, but it gives me pleasure, and why should I not indulge myself?'"

AN INDIAN'S SKULL.

Deserted chamber! desolate shell!
Thou grim convexity of crumbling bone,
Did e'er the monarch Thought set up a throne
In such a palace as this sounding cell?
Send through those grinning jaws some words to tell,
To what fair hunting-ground thy soul has flown,
In what far place, within the world unknown,
Thy liberated spirit now doth dwell.
Or was there no "to-morrow" for thy spirit?
Is this poor shattered citadel the end
And destiny or man? Does life, then, die
When stops the beating heart? Shall we inherit
No palaces beyond? Ah, thoughts that tend
To lunacy! Thou canst not tell, nor I.

ALVAH PENDLETON.

EPH'S INSURANCE.

Eph had his life insured for five hundred dollars, in favor of his little boy of four or five summers. Subsequently, Eph's wife left him, taking the boy with her. Eph continued sawing wood as usual, laying up a few dollars each month, thinking he would soon go and bring back his little boy, and care for him without the aid of his wife.

About six weeks after the wife and boy had gone, there came, in a roundabout way, the report that Eph's boy was dead. Eph was wild with grief for a few days; then concluded that the boy was better dead than with his mother, who really was a worthless sort of creature.

One day Eph was hard at work on a big pile of maple wood, when suddenly an idea struck him, and, dropping his saw, he made a bee-line for Mr. J.'s insurance office. Arriving there, he doffed his cap, and, approaching the agent, he sputtered out:

"Mistah J., I's cum fur dat 'surance money."

"What insurance money, Eph? I don't know what you mean."

"W'y, don't yah 'member, sah, dat I got my life 'sured for my boy 'bout six monts ago? An' now, sah, de little fellah's gone, an' I's cum fur to git de 'surance money 'fore my wife gits here an' frauds me of it, sah."

And it took the obliging insurance man an hour to satisfy Eph that there was no money due him.

C. L. C.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

We find the following in *The Harvard Register:*

Timothy Boutelle (1800) used to relate many anecdotes in regard to Rev. Dr. Willard, the President of Harvard College. Dr. Willard was a man of rare intellectual endowments and scholarship, and excelled specially in the science of astronomy. Being called upon often to officiate at ordinations, he naturally drew illustrations from his favorite department. When the candidate possessed great abilities, and perhaps in general, he would pray that he might be a star of the first magnitude. On one occasion, the candidate not promising to reach a very high position in his profession, the conscientious President felt constrained to modify his petition thus. With an unusual hesitation he prayed, "May thy servant be a star—a star—of pretty considerable magnitude."

With a formality not unaccustomed in the college presidents of that period, he was in the habit of introducing his remarks to the students with the phrase, "It is expected." Being on a vessel from which he unhappily fell overboard, in his distress he cried aloud, "It is expected some one will extend a rope to me."

LACONICS BY TOM BROWN (1663–1704).

Though a soldier in time of peace is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him it is the middle of June?

Covetousness, like jealousy, when it has once taken root, never leaves a man but with his life. A rich banker in Lombard Street, finding himself very ill, sent for a parson to administer the last consolations of the church to him. While the ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a fit. As soon as he was a little recovered, the doctor offered the chalice to him. "No, no," cries he; "I can't afford to lend you above twenty shilling upon't—upon my word I can't, now."

Though a clergyman preached like an angel, yet he ought to consider that two hour-glasses of divinity are too much at once for the most patient constitution. In the late civil wars, Stephen Marshal split his text into twenty-four parts. Upon this, one of the congregation immediately runs out of church. "Why, what's the matter?" says a neighbor. "Only going for my night-gown and slippers, for I find we must take up quarters here to-night."

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy or fill his snuff-box is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something into his pocket.

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MR. WALLACE'S "ISLAND LIFE."

It is perhaps not generally known that Mr. Wallace shares with Mr. Darwin the honor of having laid the corner-stone of the modern theory of evolution, in the doctrine of "origin of species by variation, struggle for life, and survival of the fittest." On the same day there was read before the Linnean Society two papers, one by Mr. Wallace, on "The tendency of varieties to depart indefinitely from their original type," and the other by Mr. Darwin, on "The tendency of species to form varieties," in both of which this idea was brought out from independent points of view. This fact induced Mr. Darwin to hasten the publication of his epoch-making book, *The Origin of Species.* The principle above stated was therefore undoubtedly developed wholly independently by the two men, but the difference was this: It was struck out by Mr. Wallace as a bare suggestion, a happy thought, a flash of intuitive genius; while in Mr. Darwin's mind it had lain and been worked upon in silence for many years, until it had assumed the form of a consistent theory. In the presence of Mr. Darwin's great work, therefore, Mr. Wallace, with rare modesty, waived all claim as founder of the modern theory of evolution. His friends, however, rightly insist on giving him credit for his wholly original suggestion. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Wallace has embraced the the theory of evolution with enthusiasm, and made it the basis of all his subsequent work. For more than a century past the diversity of faunas and floras of different countries has been observed and speculated upon; but the facts seemed to be utterly without law and without assignable cause other than the Divine Will, until the theory of evolution furnished the key. The life-work of Mr. Wallace has been, and will be to the end, the investigation of the laws of geographical distribution of species under the light of this theory. In fact, he may almost be said to have created this as a distinct science. The principles upon which Mr. Wallace attempts to solve the problem of geographical distribution of species are: (1.) the tendency of each species to indefinite increase and dispersal; (2.) the tendency of each species to vary slowly, but indefinitely, under the pressure of changing conditions and competitive struggle with other species; (3.) the tendency of migrations, whether voluntary, as in the higher animals, or involuntary, as in the lower animals and in plants, to increase the rate of change by increasing the competitive struggle; (4.) the tendency of isolation to preserve species once formed by preventing invasions by other species. All these may be called evolution principles. But (5.) extensive migrations are enforced by changes of climate and permitted by changes of physical geography, opening gateways previously closed; while isolations of faunas and floras, once formed, are effected by the closing of gateways previously open. Such changes of climate and physical geography, such openings and closings of high-

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ways, and therefore such enforced migrations and isolations, are known to have occurred repeatedly in geological times.

It is evident, therefore, that the problem of the present distribution of species is a very complex one. Its solution involves the discussion of a great variety of collateral questions, and therefore requires the widest comprehensiveness of knowledge. Not only does it require complete mastery of the principles of evolution, but also a knowledge of the more recent geological changes in climate and physical geography; and these last, in their turn, necessitate a discussion of that most difficult subject, the *causes* of geological climates, and especially the causes of the climate of the Great Ice Age. Several years ago Mr. Wallace wrote his great work on "Geographical Distribution of Species," in which all these subjects were taken up and dicussed in a masterly way. The present work is the result of further reflection on the same subject, but taking a wider range and addressed to a larger public. In what follows, we will suppose the reader to be already acquainted with the previous work.

Mr. Wallace's book is divided into two parts. In Part I, he discusses the principles above stated. In Part II, he applies them to the explanation of the phenomena of insular life. Doubtless the first part will create the deeper interest, for there is a wide interest in these general principles aside from their application; but for many there will also be a peculiar charm in the second part.

In the first part, after giving with remarkable clearness the *elementary facts of distribution* on continents, he occupies several chapters in showing how these may be explained by evolution, dispersal, and survival under changing conditions. We cannot follow him here; we will only take one case, as an example. The puzzling phenomenon of discontinuity—*i. e.*, of a genus or a species existing in widely separated localities; as, for example, in England and Japan, or in Asia Minor and China, or in the Eastern States and the Pacific Coast, but not in the intervening region—he explains by survival in isolated spots of species or genera which were once widely diffused and abundant. Similarly explained are cases of a very peculiar genus, with only one or perhaps two species, and found only in one little spot on the earth's surface; as, for example, Sequoias, only two species, Big Tree and Redwood, and found only in California; Sweet Gum, only one species, and found only in the Eastern States. These were once widely diffused all over America and Europe, but are now confined to small, isolated spots. All such species and genera are dying out. We may compare the process to the drying away of an extensive lake, like that which once covered the whole of Nevada, until only small, isolated brine pools are left.

He next discusses the subject of the substantial permanency of the great features of the earth's surface; *viz.*, continents and ocean basins, which he rightly regards as a necessary basis of all safe reasoning on the subject of distribution. The older geologists, following the lead of Lyell, believed that the oscillations of the earth's crust in geological times have been so extreme that continents and ocean bottoms have frequently changed places. But among the most advanced geologists of the present day, both in this country and in England, the conviction is growing that these oscillations were sufficient only to affect the form of the borders of the continents, but not to destroy the continents themselves; that there has been throughout all geological times a gradual development of continents to greater size and hight; that, speaking broadly, continents have always been continents and ocean basins ocean basins. Mr. Wallace adopts this view, but does not give credit, as he ought, to American geologists. The gradual evolution of the American continent is so clear that American geologists, under the leadership of Dana and Agassiz, have for thirty years past held this view. English geologists, on the contrary, are only now waking up to its certainty and importance.

In the next chapter is taken up the subject of changes of geological climate as a cause of migration, and this compels the discussion in the two following chapters of the causes of geological climates, especially of the Great Ice Age, or glacial epoch. Mr. Wallace's discussion of this subject is certainly the most complete and satisfactory we have seen. He accepts Croll's theory—*viz.*, that it was caused by the coincidence of a period of greatest eccentricity of the earth's orbit with an aphelion winter—but supplements it by geographical causes; *viz.*, elevation in high latitude regions. In other words, he combines the two causes which are now admitted to be the most probable. Moreover, he shows that this modification of Croll's theory is not subject to the fatal objections which have been brought against its original form. If the glacial epoch was due to astronomical causes alone, then there must have been frequent recurrences of glacial epochs in geological times, and the followers of Croll have sought diligently for evidences of such. Some bowlder drifts have, indeed, been found in various places and on various geological horizons, which are probably really due to glacial agency; but the testimony of fossils is

so uniformly and demonstrably indicative of warm climates even in polar regions, in all geological periods previous to the glacial epoch, that we are compelled to regard these bowlder drifts of earlier periods as local phenomena confined to the vicinity of high mountains, and, therefore, as not indicative of a glacial epoch. But Mr. Wallace shows that astronomical causes will not produce a glacial epoch without the coöperation of geographical causes, and that these latter have been favorable only for warm and uniform climates in all geological times until the glacial epoch. At that time there was a remarkable coincidence of the highest efficiency of astronomical and geographical causes, and, therefore, the climate of this epoch may be regarded as unique.

During the glacial epoch the great changes of climate enforced migrations north and south, and the attendant changes of physical geography, by opening gateways, permitted migrations in many directions. The result was an intense struggle for mastery of indigenous species with migrants from other regions. The distribution of species at the present time has been the result of these migrations and these struggles. Thus, geological changes are the causes of present distribution; and, conversely, present distribution furnishes the key to the most recent geological changes.

As an example of the operation of these causes, we may take the fauna of Central Africa. This fauna is composed of a mixture of true African indigenes not found elsewhere, with many other species found either in Asia now or abundantly in Europe and Asia in late tertiary times. These latter are by far the most numerous. Now, the explanation is as follows: During tertiary times Africa was a great island-continent isolated by a sea occupying the place of Sahara.

The tertiary fauna of Europe-Asia and of Africa developed independently of each other, and, therefore, with species peculiar to each. By the abolition of the dividing sea (which took place during glacial epoch) and the increasing rigor of the climate the animals of Europe-Asia were driven southward, and in the struggle with the African indigenes which ensued many of the latter were destroyed, and the migrants remained masters of the field, though somewhat changed by the struggle. On the return of more temperate conditions these migrants were prevented from returning northward, and were isolated in Africa by the formation of the desert and the Mediterranean. Meanwhile, such of their relatives of Europe as did not migrate were exterminated by the glacial climate.

In Part II, Mr. Wallace applies these principles to the explanation of the actual distribution of species, confining himself in the present volume to the phenomena of insular life as affording the clearest demonstration. He divides islands into two groups—*viz.*, continental islands and oceanic islands. Continental islands are fragments of continents dissevered mostly by subsidence. Oceanic islands, on the contrary, are built up from mid-ocean bottom by volcanic agency in recent geological times. They are not the highest points of submerged continents as has been supposed, for they never contain any paleozoic or mesozoic rocks, but consist either wholly of volcanic ejections or of these with recent tertiary strata. The character of the fauna and flora also show the same origin, as will presently appear. Of the Indo-Pacific islands, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, etc., are continentals appended to Asia; New Guinea, New Zealand, etc., to Australia; while the small islands which over-dot the mid-Pacific (Polynesian) are oceanic. In the Atlantic Ocean the West Indian and the British Isles are good examples of continentals—the one group belonging to America and the other to Europe—while the Bermudas and the Azores are excellent examples of oceanics.

The fauna and flora of continental islands are allied to those of the neighboring continent, because thence derived, yet more or less differing, because isolated and subject to different conditions; the degree of difference being proportioned to the amount of difference in physical conditions, and the length of time during which these have operated—*i. e.*, the length of time since the isolation was effected. The British Isles are an example of continental islands recently separated, and in which, therefore, the species are nearly, though not wholly, identical with those of the continent. The divergence has in most cases reached only the extent of varieties, and only in a few cases to that of species. Madagascar on the other hand is an admirable example of an island much longer separated. The Madagascar species are very peculiar, and yet decidedly related to what we have called the indigenes of Africa, but not to the African migrants from Europe. Therefore, Madagascar was separated from Africa before the latter was temporarily joined to and received migrants from Europe.

Oceanic islands having originated in mid-ocean in comparatively recent time have no indigenes, but their fauna and flora are made up wholly of species which have come to them as waifs from continents or from other islands. They are, therefore, destitute of mammals and amphibians, except such as have been intro-

duced by man, while their birds are such as reach them by flight, or are carried to them by storms, and their reptiles, insects, and land mollusca reach them on floated logs, or are carried as ova on the feet of birds. The species of oceanic islands are, therefore, waifs from many regions, though usually mostly from some one region, depending on the direction of oceanic currents or of winds; but by isolation these may have been changed so as to make new varieties or new species; or else species may be preserved on these islands which have become extinct in the mother country. Finally, the intrinsic interest of the subject is greatly enhanced, and the value of the work increased by a series of entirely new and really admirable illustrative maps, and especially is this true of the maps of the ocean bottoms about continental islands showing the changes in physical geography which have probably taken place in recent geological times. In a word, the book is one which the intelligent general reader will not neglect and the biologist cannot do without. JOSEPH LE CONTE.

OLD COLLEGES AND YOUNG.

Shall our young men go East for a college education? This is a question of some importance to Californians. If they go, it is usually to one of the older institutions. A few may stop at Ann Arbor or at Ithaca, but the large majority go to such venerable centers of learning as Cambridge, New Haven, or Princeton; go because they find there older colleges than are possible in a new State like ours. It is just those colleges that are seeking to gain students from the whole country, and are now making a special bid for the youth of this coast by sending out examiners to San Francisco. Ought our young Californians to accept the bid?

In considering this question, one important concession may be made at the outset; *viz.*, that some of the older colleges afford certain advantages, enjoy certain stimulating influences, in which younger colleges are wanting. This follows from the nature of the case. A college like Harvard or Yale has the benefits of a long experience. It is a growth of centuries. If an old college keeps up with the times, it adds what of new is worth having to an already rich equipment of the old. And if it do not excel in its formal outfit and equipment, it cannot but excel in certain subtile influences which have power over student life. There is a fine aroma about a place hallowed by the memories of many generations of scholars. Harvard and Yale must surpass our own colleges in this respect, just as they themselves are thrown quite into the shade by the older foundations of the English Cambridge and Oxford.

Other reasons may have weight in individual cases. A man who was graduated at an Eastern college feels a pride in sending his son to the same *Alma Mater;* the son feels a pride in renewing his father's college career. One who is not himself a graduate may have near relatives in an academic town, and wishes his son to make a home with them. But such considerations affect comparatively few. For most of our young men on the road to college, the decisive reason for going East is to enter an older institution.

This reason may be in many cases good and sufficient. If the older college has some points of superiority, if there is no lack of means for distant travel and more expensive living, and if the young man himself is likely to receive more good than harm by his temporary expatriation, then let the better advantages be chosen without hesitation. At a certain period of a young man's life, there is a positive benefit in going far from home, and coming under the influence of a different style of society, especially one more highly intellectual. A young man going from here to Harvard or Yale broadens his view. He gains somewhat the same advantage that an Eastern graduate gains in going for further study to Oxford or Berlin.

But the contingencies implied in the foregoing statement need very careful attention. It certainly costs more to go to Cambridge or New Haven than it does to come to Berkeley. It is expensive to get there; and the student of restricted means must stay from home four long years, or spend in vacation railroading enough to buy him a choice library. Living expenses are greater there than here. Society outlays are much larger. The requirements of dress and social reciprocity are much more extensive. If traveling expenses be included, it is safe to say that it will cost a young man spending his four years at the East twice as much as it would cost him here. A few wealthy citizens can afford to disregard these consider-

ations. Many who are well to do, who *can* send their sons away if it is best, carefully count the cost. All of lesser means are forced to do so.

Especially wise is this counting of the cost, in view of the financial influence of college life on the student himself. A young man who lives among those who spend freely, where it is "good form" to be generous or even lavish of money, contracts habits of expenditure which affect his whole after life. It is hardly the best preparation for the ups and downs of a new community. Some of us have known high-toned Eastern graduates who have been quite unfit for the struggles of this Californian life, who soon became genteel but unmistakable "bummers."

The risk of deterioration in character is one that cannot be overlooked. A young man of college age *ought* to be of well settled principles, able to stand, anywhere, erect and firm. As a matter of fact, he often yields to evil influences. Now, other things being equal, where will a companionable, generous, good-hearted young fellow of sixteen or eighteen be safest—three thousand miles from a home which he visits but once in two years, or near by, where every year's vacation weeks, if not every week's day of rest, brings him again to the home circle, the father's corrective oversight, the mother's loving encouragement? The question answers itself. Certainly there is a great and needless risk in letting a young heart break its silken tether.

Is it said that our own University is a worse place for young men than the old colleges of which I have spoken? That may be flatly denied. Look at two sets of students—one, say in Harvard; the other, in the colleges of our own University. The Harvard company is much more numerous, and contains in all a much larger number of bad men. The bad men of a college gravitate toward one another and form a united down-pulling weight for those on whom they fasten their grappling-irons. And relatively, I venture to say, there are more bad students and bad men at Harvard than here. Many are kept there by their parents against their wishes, for the mere sake of graduating. It is not so in California. Few students remain through a four-years' course to whom that course is distasteful. More rich men patronize Harvard; and young collegians with plenty of money are already on the verge of a precipice. In Berkeley there are few rich men's sons. Most of the students are in moderate circumstances, expecting to earn their own living, and gaining an education with a view to qualifying themselves for useful occupations. A few are not scholarly; they abuse their opportunities, waste their time, make a show of dissipation, and after a while drop out. Every college has some such members; but I believe that the colleges of our University have fewer of this bad sort and keep them a less time than such a dignified old college as Harvard. The character of the constituency is decisive on this point. A college abounding in rich men's sons, who have free habits of spending money and lack the stimulus of anticipated self-support, must in the nature of the case develop influences worse than those which exist here. We have had occasional proceedings of which we are ashamed. We may hope to improve in reputation as the years go on. But impartial observers who have lived in Berkeley and in other academic towns testify that they never knew a body of students so well behaved as this body of students in Berkeley. A few black sheep must not condemn the whole flock. As a body, the students of this university are here for study, and are earnest, faithful, and successful in their work. But suppose the Eastern colleges on the whole could be proved to have a little better influences than our own, would that offset the great disadvantage I have mentioned, of severing a young man from the powerful home influence by which, after all, character is chiefly shaped?

Another point needing careful inquiry is this: Which college course will best fit a young man for success in California? When the pioneers came to this State all were alike of foreign education. Now that we have institutions of our own, is there any advantage of adjustment and affiliation gained by growing up here and pursuing one's chief studies here on the ground? I think there is such an advantage, and one of no small moment. The future lawyer, or legislator, or public man in any career, needs to be in sympathy with the people among whom he lives. He must know their thoughts and feelings. He must be able to put his finger on their pulse. There are subtile influences, indescribable, but very powerful, which place one *en rapport* with his fellow-citizens. If he lose his connection with these influences he will be always more or less an alien. Men of the people, of much less power and much poorer education, will attract the sympathies of the people and far outstrip him in the race of life. It has long been conceded that an American boy ought not to spend all or most of his forming years in Europe. The best continental education is to him a misfortune, if he is at the same time made un-American, unfit to live in his native land. It has been found, too, that a protracted residence in our mother country—England—often gives one a distaste for American

institutions and American habits of thought and feeling. The older country naturally looks with something of depreciation on the younger. The same principle holds good, in its proper degree, of the far West and the Atlantic East. We belong to the same country as the men of New England and New Jersey. We are under the same government, and have many of the same sympathies. But there is after all a difference between us. The older States cannot quite appreciate the newer. One who is too long away from California will find himself out of sympathy with the rough and hard work of ordinary Californian life. Being out of sympathy with it, he will be at a disadvantage among the people who grow up here and are nothing but Californians in feeling. This is their State. Whatever its drawbacks, they feel proud of it. They are not likely to give their best regards to those who have become un-Californian. It is a sort of family feeling that is in question, irrespective of the comparative merits of this new community. Every public worker ought to try to elevate the community where he dwells; and he can do this most successfully whose sympathies with that community are closest.

Another question has to do with the State pride of us all: it has most to do with the State pride of the younger Californians, who are children or foster-children of the soil. The question is this: Shall our State have as good colleges as the Eastern States? If our brightest young men are all sent to the East for their education, the call for a high standard of instruction here will be less imperative. If it becomes the fashion to patronize Eastern institutions rather than our own, our own will inevitably be neglected. Suppose, on the contrary, that all young Californians look for their college education to their own State. They will demand facilities and advantages equal to the best. Demand produces supply. If a chair of mental and moral philosophy remains unfilled, and if all collegians in the State, and all their parents, demand that it be filled for *their* use, that chair will be speedily provided for. So with any department that may be lacking. So with the standard of any department that may now be too low. A general use of home advantages, and a united claim that these advantages be the very best, will soon put our own colleges on a level with the highest. But if the best men turn their backs on our own colleges, how can these ever ripen to the choicest maturity? If all older college men look back longingly to the leeks and onions of Egypt, and feel as if they were only traveling through a wilderness for the last forty years of their life—if they send their sons back to the old academic halls, and refuse to build new halls in a new home, when will California have colleges to be proud of? The Massachusetts man has a State pride in Harvard, the Connecticut man in Yale, the New Jersey man in Princeton. Michigan has wisely fostered her own university, till it, too, has become a thing to glory in. Shall Californians have no such pride in their own institutions? If the fathers do not care for themselves, they should have a care for their sons, born and reared in this new State, that when a generation has passed these sons may not be ashamed of the only State they can call home. To some extent, as all must acknowledge, there is a duty of patronizing home institutions, that these may grow strong and fruitful for good. We cannot selfishly ignore the claims of the future. In coming decades, few comparatively can go to the far East for their higher culture. Shall they have in their own State access to the best means of culture?

Such are some of the points needing careful attention before one decides to go to the far East for his early college education. Further on, when he has got the best he can get at home — when his principles are more established—when he has learned what to seek for in the older libraries and amid the time-honored shades of world-renowned universities—at some point in his advancing manhood, which maturer judgment will help him determine on—let the young man go East, to broaden his outlook and enlarge his opportunities. The point of departure must be settled for each student individually. It may be before he has taken a first degree in California. From many Western colleges have gone advanced students to take a last year, or two years, at Harvard or Yale. As a matter of fact, most who come to our own University wish to stay through the four years before going elsewhere. It may be pointed to as a good sign of the hold which our courses take on those who faithfully pursue them. After a first degree here, it is often useful to seek a change, for two or three years of advanced literary or scientific study, or professional training. That is a good point at which to leave for Yale or Harvard; or for a new institution which has suddenly taken a foremost place in advanced studies, the Johns Hopkins University; or for some German center of ripest science and learning. For one who knows how to appreciate and use such later advantages, they may be of great value.

I may be allowed to put some of these suggestions in a condensed form, as follows:

(1.) It is a good thing for a student to go, at some time, to study for a while at some Eastern or European university.

(2.) A young man should not go so far from home till his character is formed and his principles are well established.

(3.) A Californian should not be so long away from the field of his life-work as to become un-Californian.

(4.) Few of our young men can afford to contract the habits of expenditure of money fostered in some Eastern colleges.

(5.) To most, the greater cost of going for a college education to the East is an important consideration.

(6.) To all, it should be a matter of State pride to develop our own colleges.

Two or three corollaries may be added:

(1.) Whatever the educational advantages afforded here may be, let us insist on making them equal to the best.

(2.) Every rich man who sends a son East should give a round sum to the colleges here, for the benefit of the many who have no option.

(3.) No one who gets both his collegiate and his professional training wholly in California need fear he will be distanced in the race of life.

MARTIN KELLOGG.

TOBY.

She was the most nervous women I ever met. Not nervous in the common acceptation of the term; she did not scold, or fret, or worry, and lay it to the state of her nerves; nor was she fidgety, or cross, or irritable. But she would grow pale at an unexpected knock at the door, or flush painfully red if she heard a quick footstep behind her. I have seen her grasp the banister for support, if, looking down the stairs into the hall-way, she discovered a form not instantly familiar to her eye; and at night, when she first came to our house, she used to beg piteously that I should leave the door between her room and mine open, so that I could rouse her quickly when her cries for help told that she was dreaming the one dream over and over again.

We were as good friends as two women get to be after a six months' acquaintance; she told me many things of her past life, but I felt that she did not tell me all there was to be told. She said she abhorred a "woman with a history;" yet I knew *she* had a history if ever woman had. Long after we had parted I was surprised, one day, to find that she still thought of me—nay, that she even missed me. I give you the letter as I received it from her:

You have often asked me, dear Edith, what became of Toby, the horse I so loved in my "cavalry days." As often have I answered that I could not tell you this without telling you at the same time a somewhat lengthy story. Since you have gone abroad I have so missed you that I think I can best find time now to write what you always wanted to know.

Though I have an idea that you are not a devoted reader of "Reports and Statistics," you may still have seen or heard something of the "Personal Narrative" of J. R. Bartlett, of the Boundary Commission of the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey. On page 227 of this book you will find a charming little cut of the Santa Rita del Cobre, the ancient New Mexico copper mine, about which there has been so much talk and trouble. This place was selected for the head-quarters of the Boundary Commission in 1850–51; and fifteen years later, in 1866, after the close of the war, the United States troops (regulars) to which my husband belonged, were sent by General Carleton to build a fort where, during the war, a camp had been established by the California Volunteers—within eight miles of these famous old mines.

It is one of the loveliest spots the sun ever shone upon. Grand as well as lovely: a pleasant valley, the low green hills surrounding it overshadowed by the Mimbres mountain range, in which the copper mines are lying; while the Sierra Diavolo, holding the treasures of the Pinos Altos, was blue in the distance; and far off, like a misty dream, the outlines of the Three Brothers, mountains in Mexican territory, rose phantom-like against the horizon.

We had the clear blue sky of California there, but as I had not then been in this blessed land of ours, I hailed it as a boon and a compensation to those who were cut off from civilization and home comforts at a lonely frontier post. Every morning seemed to me a fresh spring day breaking over the camp. Our tents were comfortable, the commissary well supplied; game could be easily found; fresh meat was always abundant, as we carried a large herd of cattle with us; and last, but not least, the cook

and waiter, whom we drew from the company, were both faithful and diligent. The consideration of commissary supplies may seem "of the earth, earthy," to an ethereal being like yourself; but a few months' residence in a country where Apache Indians, a few scattered sheepherds, and fat tarantulas are the chief agricultural productions, would effectually cure you of turning up your delicate little nose at the contents of the commissary department.

The company laundress was an Irishwoman, and the only white woman except myself within a distance of over a hundred miles. Though my husband was not commanding officer, I enjoyed all the privileges, benefits, and amenities that generally fall to the commanding officer's wife; for this gentleman was not married, and I was the only lady in camp. So, whatever there was of comfort, convenience, or pleasure to be found in or about this isolated post, was lavishly bestowed upon me; and all that could make life pleasant or enjoyable was literally at my tent door. For, as I looked out, the fair land lay bathed in sunshine before me; the laughing waters of the tiny brook that flowed through the camp flashed into my dazzled eyes; the soft winds stirred the live oak by my tent, and Toby, saddled and bridled, came up with a whinnied greeting to bear me off up into the mountains.

Dilapidated mining-shafts, covered by the growth of half a century of gnarled trees and mountain shrubs, were explored; in the ravines and gulches we came upon old arastras, and remnants of habitations of a later date, but moldering and in ruins, too, with the skull of an Indian unearthed here and there, and a half-hidden grave to show that the victims of treachery or savage ambuscade had been decently buried by those who had escaped the Indian's scalping knife. They were dreary enough, some of these places, down by the waters of the little camp-brook, which here had turned into a brawling, rapid-running stream, hemmed in by steep banks, from which hung blackberry vines and the wild growth of the country. Then up again a steep ascent, that taxed all Toby's strength and agility—though it was not a heavy burden under which he labored—and having by this rough pilgrimage gained several miles in a "cut-off," the clear stream that runs through the *cañon* leading to the copper mines winds bright and sparkling before us.

How Toby loved this stream! "Whitewater" we called it, for "Coppermine Creek" did not seem pretty enough. Its bed was paved with pebbles glistening in a thousand different hues—Pescadero and its pebble-beach could not have vied with it in wealth of color. The old Presidio at the copper mines was then invaded. Half fort, half smelting-works, as it had been off and on since the beginning of the present century, there could be found in and about it the traces of murderous Apache arrows, and the rank growth of the vine and the peach tree, planted and cultivated once by the Spaniards, later by Mexicans, and destined to be replanted and nurtured by "us Americans." For the iron horse now goes snorting and shrieking by a strip of fair country which in those days lay so entirely outside the reach of civilization that in my wildest dreams I should never have foreseen its connection with the rest of the world.

Here lunch was spread, the extensive works were inspected, the enormous piles of copper gazed at, and regret at the thought that the grand old place had been abandoned and was falling into ruins was uppermost in every mind.

Before the shadows grew long we had remounted, for these mountain *cañons* were not pleasant in the gloaming, and more than once have I been startled by the trunk of a tree, which, with its turning leaves, looked like the blanketed form of a lurking Apache. On these occasions Toby was my sole reliance. He seemed to have the same kind of shuddering horror of an Indian that I had, and I think he would have saved me by his swift feet without my ever drawing rein on him; and wherever we dismounted he was always beside me. Anywhere near the water I could take off his bridle and let him go. He would splash in the water, drink his fill, and come back. The saddle always remained on him; but, though he had no respect for the gay saddle-cloth, and would come back with it dripping, he never once attempted to roll with the saddle on him.

There was something human in his affection for me. Many a time did he stand beside me while I poured all my trouble and my fears into his ear, which he seemed to bend nearer to me, stamping the ground sometimes as if to say, "Too bad!—too bad! Come, let's up and away."

When we got tired exploring the coppermine region and the abandoned shafts lying about it, we would wend our way in the direction almost opposite—to Pinos Altos, as well known for its wealth of gold as was the Santa Rita del Cobre for its inexhaustible treasures of copper. In former years, before the war, there were only the rich placer diggings worked here, but now, since the returning troops had once more given at least nominal protection to the place, there had been a saw-mill established, and many of the magnificent tall pines from which the Mexicans had named the place were

being felled and fed to the horrid buzzing monster with the sharp, insatiable teeth that seemed always crying for more—more!

The mountains we climbed to reach the spot were called the Diavolo Range, though I failed to see anything about them that was diabolical. The miners, perhaps, who battled with the Indians here after the troops had been withdrawn from the Territory at the beginning of the war, may have had a different opinion. To me the country seemed very grand and beautiful—different in character from the copper-mine region, a little sterner in feature, I thought, but the same cloudless sky smiling above it, and the same deep, unbroken, eternal silence brooding over it. I cannot realize that the hum and traffic of a growing settlement are now awakening echoes that have slept for centuries. Yet they tell me that Silver City has been established within ten miles of the very spot that once looked so hopelessly death-like and so deserted to me in my despair. For I *was* in despair. Beautiful as was the country, pleasant as seemed my surroundings, in spite of the devotion shown me by the soldiers who composed the garrison, the respect and attention of the officers, and last, but not least, the undivided affection of my white horse, Toby, I was not only in despair—that is too mild a term—I was living, day and night, in sunlight or darkness, in a state of terror, fear, and suspense, such as cannot be described. In the midst of apparent safety and protection, death stared me constantly in the face—not the swift, sudden death that the Indian's arrow or the ball of an assassin grants, but the slow tortures with which the cunning of the maniac puts its victim to the rack; for my husband was a madman and a murderer, and I was given, helpless and without defense, into his hands.

I think the discovery must have paralyzed me, for I cannot now explain to myself the dazed, unresisting state in which I remained for months after I knew the whole truth. Partly, perhaps, the consciousness that I was thousands of miles away from where help could reach me from my own people, the natural reluctance of a wife to disclose her misery and wretchedness to strangers, and the knowledge of the power which to a certain degree my husband possessed, at least, over his immediate subordinates—all these considerations, a mixture of fear and pride, held me in thrall for long, long days. Another thing, ridiculous as it may seem, prevented me from seeking protection at the hands of my husband's superior officers. Months afterward, when I had at last made my escape, one of the ladies at Fort Union asked me:

"Why did you not call on the Captain for protection?"

"How could I?" I asked in return. "You see, whenever Mrs. Mack (that was our laundress) had had a hand-to-hand misunderstanding with her husband, Dennis, overnight, she always went to the Captain to complain of him in the morning. Dennis got three days in the guard-house, and straightway on coming out got drunker than he had been before. Now, I could not go and complain to the Captain of *my* husband as Mrs. Mack did of hers—could I?"

No! But I would tie a strip of flannel around my throat and complain of a bad cold, in order to hide the marks that his fingers had left where he had strangled me just one degree short of suffocation. With what feelings of gratitude I used to step to the tent-door in the morning—when my liege lord gave permission—to take one more look at the sky above me, after a night passed waking, in momentary expectation of a blow from a hatchet he had concealed about the tent during the day, or with the silent horror of the situation growing on me till I was ready to shriek out, "Be merciful! Kill me at one blow, or pull the trigger the next time you hold the death-cold muzzle of your pistol to my head"—for you must know it was a favorite way he had of amusing himself. He would hold the revolver pressed close against my temple and let that horrid "click-click" sound in my ears till I was fairly numb with terror. Then he would explain to me in a low voice how utterly impossible it would be for any help to reach me in time if I screamed for help; would dilate upon the numerous strings and loops he himself had added to the fastenings of the tent, and would describe how he could cut me into small bits, and roast the bits in the fire, before being discovered, if I ever so much as dared to breathe what passed in those quiet, peaceful-looking quarters of ours. For our tent had really a cheerful home-look about it. Strictly speaking, there were two tents set up close together in one, and the soldiers, in their solicitude for my comfort, had built a wall some four feet high about it, and the canvas had been partly removed at either end to make room for a fire-place they had built of mud and stones, the chimney reaching high above the tent. So that in reality we had two rooms, a fire-place in each; and altogether our quarters were looked upon as exceedingly fine and comfortable, exciting surprise and envy in the minds of the few stray visitors that passed through camp.

That these visitors were few and far between was a great blessing, as I soon found; for after my husband had once admitted to me that he had been a murderer and had fled from justice,

he was seized with an insane idea, whenever an arrival was announced in camp, that the officers of the law had tracked him here from Texas, where the crime had been committed years ago, and that *I* had communicated to them where he could be found. He had cut a round opening in the top of the tent and through the fly—as if the space had been intended for the passage of a stove-pipe—and from this point of observation he could see the dust flying up in the road when any one approached the camp. Then he would make a spring at me—as a tiger springs upon his prey—grasp my throat with both his murderous hands, and urge me to confess for whom I had sent, and by whom I had sent the message, swearing direst vengeance on all concerned did he but discover them. If, however, the Orderly came to the door the next moment to announce that Mr. So-and-so, or Such-a-one, had arrived and desired to see the Lieutenant, this gentleman was all good nature and condescension, sending an immediate invitation to the visitor to come to our tent, or going in person to meet him. I had to smooth my ruffled feathers then as best I might, for I knew that the least failure to appear happy and cheerful in the presence of the guest would be rigorously punished as soon as the stranger's back was turned.

Oh, the abject, trembling misery of that time! Often when the Captain saw us as we left camp without escort—as the Lieutenant was inclined to do—he remonstrated with us, telling my husband how wrong it was to risk my life, even if he chose to expose his own, to an Indian ambuscade. Little did the kind man think that I was actually praying—God forgive me!—that an arrow or a bullet should come, quick and painless, and put an end to my wretched existence.

Little, too, did he know that these lonely excursions were undertaken because his Lieutenant deemed it necessary, or at least expedient, to find a place of shelter where he could hide—when that dreaded sheriff's *posse* came from Texas—till he could be supplied by me with means and ways for his escape. How is it possible that a crazy man can have the sense, or at least the cunning, to plan and prepare every detail and particular for his own flight, and for the baffling of his pursuers? And yet he *was* crazy; for in the muster of arguments that could be used for his defense should he be tried for murder, he placed his main reliance on the fact of his having been for two years the inmate of a Philadelphia lunatic asylum.

Not over three miles from the camp, on the left of the road that comes up from the Mimbres River crossing, there was a dreary, flat, table-like rock, without a trace of verdure or a sign of life about it. Underneath this, amid broken stones and drifted sand, was a small opening into which a man could crawl, where there was a small cave or burrow. This spot he selected; and here I, who was afraid of the very darkness itself, was to come every night and bring him food, water, and everything he needed, until he should find a chance to quit the country. You must remember there was nothing in this country then save military posts at long intervals and a very few poverty stricken Mexican towns and settlements, separated by hundreds of miles of waterless sand-deserts and barren rocks, with Indians of different tribes, but all alike hostile, sprinkled over the whole *ad libitum*. And yet I was often on the point of braving all these horrors to escape the terrors of my captivity and torture. Often when Toby came whinnying around our quarters, I was sorely tempted to cut the fastenings of the tent and make a bold dash for liberty or death: for you must understand that during the Lieutenant's absence from the tent I was never permitted to go to the entrance under any excuse. I might have taken an opportunity of that kind to appeal for help, or send word of my wretched condition to the commanding officer by a passing soldier—don't you see? And this he was determined to prevent. Poor Toby, never corralled or hobbled as the other horses were, would clatter around the tent for hours, pawing the ground, tugging at the ropes and scratching at the entrance; but never till the Lieutenant made his appearance was I permitted to give him the lump of sugar or other tidbit I had ready for him.

Day by day my life grew more intolerable, and I don't know how soon it might have been ended, either by that man's hand or my own, had he not finally bethought him of a way in which I could perhaps benefit him. He had been placed under arrest for some trifling neglect of duty soon after we reached camp, and, though this might have been all the more pleasant under ordinary circumstances as giving him more time to pursue his own pleasure, he began to chafe under this inactivity, and at last concluded that it was a deep, underhanded plot of his superior officers to injure and annoy him. If the conception of this idea strongly suggested one of the common fancies of the insane, the remedy he concluded to adopt certainly afforded proof conclusive that his brain was turned. As, however, I saw in it a possible means of escape, I grasped at it as a drowning man grasps at a straw.

His plan was this: I was to apply to the commanding officer for an ambulance and es-

cort as far as Santa Fé, and there I was to lay his grievances personally before General Carleton, and ask at his hands redress and protection for my husband. Redress and protection for *him!* The bitter irony and humor of the thing was not lost upon me even in the abject state of mind I was then in; but I took good care to allow no trace of my real feelings to appear upon my face.

The purpose was quickly carried out. Next day the Orderly bore a note from me to the Captain, written, I need hardly say, under the eyes of my tormentor; and in a little while after, a polite note from him assured me that my train would be ready at the hour mentioned, the following morning. Very gladly had this kind-hearted man consented to my request; for, as I learned later, something of the true condition of affairs at our quarters had become known to him through our Orderly and the cook, and the Captain felt but too happy to grant me safe escort on my way back to my friends, which he thought I was now taking.

Women, however, are the most foolish, unaccountable, soft-hearted idiots in creation. The night preceding my departure was spent in great part by the Lieutenant on his knees, imploring my forgiveness, vowing reform, and explaining how it was only his great love for me that had made him at times a little tyrannical. Then, the outrageous treatment under which he had been suffering at the hands of his superior officers had well nigh driven him mad, he said. To be sure, I had seen nothing of this "outrageous treatment," except that Uncle Sam paid his salary as regularly as that of the other officers; that the commissary supplied him with the best there was; that his brother officers showed him all the courtesy he allowed them to, and that his time was entirely at his own disposal. Only in one direction had any restraint been used. The commissary clerk had been restricted to a certain quantity of commissary whisky to be issued to him. To this restriction I think I owe my life. A madman pure and simple is bad enough, in all conscience; but let this same madman intoxicate himself with liquor, and a demon would blush to own him for a brother. I know whereof I speak.

At last the morning dawned. The ambulance stood at the door; our Orderly was seated beside the driver; six mounted men and a Sergeant had been detailed as escort. Much as I had begged, the Lieutenant had not allowed Toby to accompany me; the Indians would see me if I rode Toby, whereas they would never know that a woman was inside the ambulance. The Captain, who came to take leave of me, said my husband was right, that the escort was not large and that it would be like tempting Providence—and the Indians—for me to ride through the country on horseback.

Toby, poor fellow, had been confined in the corral, and his whinnies grew first rebellious and then heart-breaking, as, dragging at his chain and wildly pawing the ground, he saw the train moving out and leaving him behind. My heart smote me at the horse's cries—for they were cries, if it was only a horse; but the Lieutenant had got into the ambulance with me, to go as far as the limits of the post, and was giving me his parting instructions, and making his parting promises of repentance and reform, and I did not even dare to express my grief at leaving my dear, devoted friend. Pinkow, the Orderly, for whom the Lieutenant had obtained the Captain's permission to accompany me all the way to Santa Fé and back, sat beside the driver of the ambulance, as I said, while the Lieutenant and I sat in the seat behind. My mounted escort was to return when we reached a post where a fresh escort could be conveniently furnished—either at Fort Cummings, Fort Selden, or Fort Craig. Fort McRea, but lately established at a distance of a mile or two from the Rio Grande, and to be reached only by turning aside some eight or nine miles from the straight road across the much dreaded *Jornada del Muerto*, had no soldiers to spare. There had been a line of picket posts established near the river, to protect from the ever-lurking Apache those coming here for water, on their weary journey or prospecting tour, and it required all the men they had to keep the Indians in check and afford the necessary protection. But the Captain felt confident that at either of the other posts I could exchange my escort and draw fresh mules for the ambulance.

Hardly had the Lieutenant left the ambulance and vanished from sight when Pinkow turned in his seat and faced me with an eager, questioning look in his eyes. I was startled by the man's sudden movement, and asked in some alarm:

"What is it, Pinkow?"

"Thank God!" he cried, with a great sigh of relief. "You are free, madam. I have counted the moments since the Lieutentant came into the ambulance with you, dreading that he would change his mind at the last minute and drag you back to that horrid tent, to murder you at his leisure."

"Why—Pinkow—" I protested, "the Lieutenant—"

"—is my commanding officer and has detailed me to wait on you, with secret instructions to

bring you back from Santa Fé dead or alive. Alive, if possible; dead, should you refuse to return of your own free will to the prison he has prepared for you. Do you think, madam, that because your silent, uncomplaining endurance of the Lieutenant's tyranny was honored by the Captain and the other officers, it is not known at head-quarters? And in the company there is not a man who has forgotten your courage and kindness on the long march out here. All these men here will go into Santa Fé with you if you say but the word, and once under the General's protection the Lieutenant can never more approach nor harm you. The Captain, though not advised of your intention, feels convinced that you will never return to our camp or the Lieutenant again. I have his orders to see that everything you may need on your journey in, whether undertaken with a military escort or on the overland stage, be furnished you; though indeed the General himself will see to that, and the Captain also thinks that some of the other officers' wives are at Fort Marcy (Santa Fé) at present."

"But, Pinkow," I remonstrated, tremblingly, "I promised to come back; he will come after me if I break my promise; I know he will, and kill me wherever he finds me."

"Do you suppose the Captain will give him permission to leave camp to follow you? Not while he thinks that you will seize upon this opportunity to make your escape. He is under the firm impression that you are anxious to get out of that madman's clutches, and would be surprised if he heard that you had conscientious scruples about breaking your word with him. Do you know," he continued, in a lowered voice, "that he is a condemned criminal, that he escaped the gallows only by flight, and lives in hourly dread of being recognized and handed over to the civil authorities by his brother officers? And to such a man's power you would return?"

"It will break his heart if I go and leave him in his trouble," I cried, thinking of his parting appeals and promises. "He is not bad, Pinkow; he was young and hot-headed when that man in Texas enraged him, and he shot him in a fit of passion. It has been kept secret so long; why raise up that dread ghost now? And think of Toby—I should never see Toby again, and you heard how he cried. I must go back, Pinkow—oh, I must go back!" and I burst into tears.

It was not so much the recollection of the horse that made me cry—my nerves were suddenly unstrung; the prospect of life and liberty before me was overpowering; I feared to give room to the flattering hope that tried to take possession of me. It looked so utterly impossible that I could really become free once more; that I could ever again breathe without fear and dread, as other people did.

"That is just what the Lieutenant counted on," pursued Pinkow; "he knows how you love the horse, and told me to insinuate to you, in case you should refuse to come back, that I thought he would beat and starve the poor brute to death. I do not doubt that he would if he got the chance, but I have posted both the Captain and the men, and they would look after Toby for your sake, if not for his own."

The farther away I got from the post, the higher my spirits rose. I dried my tears at last and asked the faithful fellow if he really and truly thought I could get away and reach my friends in safety. He made it appear so plain that it depended on my own wish alone, that I began to breathe more freely, and at last said:

"Be it so; I will at least try for my life."

Then I made him promise to say nothing of my intention till I had reached Santa Fé—partly because my pride rebelled against being looked upon as a runaway wife, and partly because I so dreaded my husband's pursuit that I felt as if a word spoken aloud might be carried back to him on the passing breeze.

Once determined on gaining my freedom, I could not travel fast enough. I urged the driver to hurry his mules to the utmost, telling him I was anxious to reach Fort Cummings before nightfall. Though I gave no hint of my real intentions, I felt that he, as well as the soldiers of the escort, knew why I hurried them; and all through the day we traveled briskly over that silent and desolate portion of the country where the Southern Pacific now runs its daily trains. Not a human soul did we meet; a herd of antelope came scudding down the broad valley of the Mimbres River while we were passing through; and in the mountains, toward where the copper mines lay, one of the soldiers suddenly spied a thin, blue column of smoke arising. The Sergeant grew alarmed for my safety, and asked whether I preferred turning back to the post, as there was no doubt that the Indians had discovered us and were communicating our presence on the road to some distant portion of their tribe. But the sun was still riding high in the heavens, and I felt that I would rather brave death out here, under the blue sky, than encounter it in the gloomy darkness of that dreadful tent. So I told the Sergeant to keep on, asking if there were an extra revolver I could have. Pinkow had prepared for everything, and a neat deringer proved to me that the Captain had been consulted on this point, too. Then we hasten-

ed on, stopping only long enough at the crossing of the Mimbres River to refresh the horses and mules, and at nightfall we entered the rocky *cañon* which takes its name from the spring that has gladdened the heart of many a weary traveler on this road. Cook's Cañon has an unpleasant sound in connection with Apache reminiscences, and even the spring, a large, square sheet of water, surrounded by a low, hand-built wall of rock, looked black and inhospitable in the darkening night.

The commanding officer of Fort Cummings received and entertained me with all possible kindness, saying it was no surprise to him that a lady should grow weary of the solitude and hardships of camp life. But I hastened to explain that indeed, *indeed*, I was not tired of living in camp; that I was only going to Santa Fé to urge General Carleton to grant my husband an early trial by court-martial, as he wished to be restored to duty, and that I intended returning without delay as soon as my object was accomplished. Whether he believed me or not, I don't know; but he offered me fresh mules for my ambulance and an exchange of escort when I refused to remain the next day and rest before continuing my hard journey. I declined both offers, from an insane fear that the very mules in the ambulance might have caught a whisper of the word "Flight."

The first day's journey had really not been a severe one, and I felt that it was neither cruel nor selfish to order an early start the next morning. We had nearly sixty miles before us, and no water to be had till we struck the Rio Grande; but I did not want to carry water-kegs till it was absolutely necessary; we would have to come to that soon enough.

I had no eyes for scenery or surroundings. Magdalena Pass was to me only something to be hurried through in order to reach a place of safety, as I felt Fort Selden would be to a certain degree, for I knew that I should find a lady there—an old friend she seemed to me, for we had met at Carlisle Barracks, and her husband, like mine, belonged to the Third. He was commanding officer at the time, Captain Tilford having not yet arrived in the Territory. And this lady I had determined to take into my confidence. Good, warm-hearted woman! How she wept over me and deplored the vanishing of all my hopes and illusions! We had been so happy together at Carlisle—I had looked so hopefully and fearlessly into the future!

A plucky little woman she was, too; and she declared that if my tormentor should really evade the vigilance of the officers at our camp, she would never allow him to pass through theirs. He was under arrest and had no right to leave camp, and a transport of soldiers should carry him back to Fort Bayard if necessary by force, she vowed. We deemed it best to send back the escort from here, and the Sergeant of my new escort was instructed as far as necessary by the post commander. This escort was to remain with me till I reached Santa Fé; there were no married officers at any other post between here and Santa Fé, except at Fort McRea, and I shrank from making the necessary explanation to any but a women, while I knew they could spare no soldiers from the last-named post. Having fresh mules I could start early in the morning, and, kindly as I had been treated, tenderly as I had been cared for, I was eager to shake the dust of Fort Selden from my feet.

It was a terrible day's journey we had before us. No soldier who has ever crossed the dreary, hopeless stretch of ninety-five miles, where neither water nor shade can be found, called the *Jornada del Muerto*, speaks of it without a shudder. A scorching sun above, a barren waste beneath; a chain of dull brown mountains on the right, a ridge of low hills far to the left. Thus the road winds, drearily, silently, changelessly along. Hour after hour you gaze upon this blank, vast monotone, never daring to hope that one bright spot may greet the eye, but dreading ever that the brooding stillness of the heavy air be rent in sudden horror by the Indian's savage cry. Oh, the long, slow hours that dragged their leaden wings across this waste! To me, there were twin demons lurking in every isolated clump of lance-weed that we passed. Where the men looked for only one enemy, I feared two—the Indian's painted visage was not more dreaded by me than the diabolical smile I had seen on that madman's face. And I could not shake off the feeling that he was pursuing me—that he was even now on the road I had just passed over.

Though it was still daylight when we turned off from the direct line across the desert into the road that leads to Fort McRea, it was nearly dark when we reached this desolate post; and the uninviting features of the spot looked still more repulsive in the heavy gloom of the coming night. The Captain's wife was extremely kind to me. Captain Horn—of the Volunteers—himself was absent at one of the picket-posts on the river I spoke of before. There was a band of white marauders making the country unsafe at that time, which were as much to be dreaded as the red Indians; and therefore these pickets by the river were constantly inspected personally by the Captain.

The next day's journey was a short one, and we reached Fort Craig while it was yet day-

light. I am unable to explain why it was that a Volunteer officer, Colonel Gerhardt, was in command of this post at that time, though to be sure it was months before the Volunteer forces in the Territory were everywhere replaced by regular troops. Doctor Day also belonged to the Volunteers, and his wife had the coziest quarters in all this large fort. The Colonel, young and full of life, called at the Doctor's quarters and grew enthusiastic over the prospect of the pleasant day we should all pass together to-morrow, Sunday. The tire had come off the ambulance wheel, and he was rejoiced to say that there was not another ambulance at the post that could be got ready in less than forty-eight hours' time.

I felt the color leaving my face at this disclosure, but hoped it might only be a pleasant little *ruse* of the Colonel's, when suddenly Pinkow's woe-begone countenance appeared at the door to report that the blacksmith had pronounced the wheel in urgent need of a soaking, or a scraping, or some other like attention—I have forgotten what, but I knew we could not proceed in that ambulance. I sat dumb with dismay, and I fear the Colonel thought me very dull and stupid. I spent a restless night, was up by six o'clock, and summoned Pinkow.

"Pinkow," I said "we *must* go on. All last night I dreamed of the Lieutenant; he had overtaken us, and everywhere around me was blood—blood. I am going on; if there is no ambulance to be had they can give me a horse, or I will ride one of the ambulance mules. Somehow, I feel that the Lieutenant knows by this time that I mean to escape, and if he catches up with us now, he will kill me sure."

Pinkow could have replied that even if one of the "L" Company soldiers had known of my design he could not have yet imparted it to the Lieutenant had he been so inclined, as the escort was to rest for two days at Fort Selden; and the probabilities were all against any of the soldiers playing traitor toward me. But the poor fellow was himself so thoroughly impressed with the unhesitating wickedness of the gentleman in question, that he believed him capable of all sorts of unheard-of deeds.

"You are right, madam," he said; "and I was only afraid they would persuade you to stay. I have discovered that the post sutler has a very handsome ambulance, more like a carriage, but very strong. If we could get that."

The sutler was known to me by reputation as a well bred man, one of the prominent men of the Territory, a personal friend of the General; and when I had at last prevailed upon the Colonel to ask for his carriage, of course it was gladly given. Nevertheless, it was eleven o'clock before we could set out on our journey, and we had agreed in the council held that I should stop at San Antonio, where a discharged soldier kept the government station. Doctor Day said I looked as if I needed rest, and Mrs. Day, dear soul! packed me a splendid lunch—which my soldiers relished exceedingly.

For my part the anxiety I had undergone since the previous night, the fear of being delayed one whole day, had completely prostrated me with nervous head-ache, and all through that blowing, blustering autumn day I lay back half-unconscious in the cushioned seat of the ambulance. I had tenaciously clung to my Fort Selden escort, though the Colonel had wanted to replace them with men from his own command. I knew that Sergeant McBeth had been made acquainted to a certain extent with the real object of my hasty journey, and he seemed to be such a manly, kind-hearted young fellow that I felt great reliance on him. They were all good men. Indeed, who ever heard of an unworthy act on the part of a soldier, whether he wear bullion epaulettes or the coarse cloth of the rank and file?

When we reached the station at San Antonio, Pinkow and Sergeant Brown, who kept the station, an elderly bronze-faced man, lifted me out of the ambulance and helped me into the house. It was an *adobe* built in the regution frontier New Mexican style—the house the base of a hollow square, high *adobe* walls forming the other three sides, with a heavy gate opposite the house, and never a door or a window to be seen on the outside of the entire structure. The court-yard was bare of foliage, flower, or fountain, such as are sometimes found in the habitations of the wealthier residents along the Rio Grande. But the interior of the house was kept faultlessly neat, as might be expected of an old soldier like the Sergeant. A number of very comfortable beds were kept for the officers and their families who passed by this place at long intervals; and on the most comfortable of these beds I threw myself, without removing any article of my clothing for fear of being unable to replace it in the morning—I was so completely exhausted, so thoroughly convinced that I was pursued, and so firmly determined to continue my journey at daylight.

I remember well that good Sergeant Brown brought broiled chicken to my bedside—an unheard-of luxury—and tea, and the sweetest kind of Mexican bread. In one corner of the room was a queer, triangular little fire-place, and in the grate was burning a bright fire of coal brought up from the bowels of the Soledad

Mountain, in whose somber shadow we had but yesterday been traveling.

Day had hardly dawned, when Pinkow knocked at my door to know if I was able to resume the journey. I convinced him of my determination by ordering a cup of coffee and the ambulance, which, to satisfy me, was at once dragged out of the court-yard and left in front of the open gate where I could see it. The mules had not yet been fed, and I actually scolded Pinkow for being so tardy. I said he wanted to see me murdered right there; I knew the Lieutenant was close on our heels. The good-natured fellow protested—not against my injustice, but against my wearing myself out with unnecessary fears.

"They will not allow him to pass any of the posts," he said, "for they all know he is under arrest; and where else could he find anything for himself, his escort, or his animals to subsist on?"

But who ever succeeded in reasoning a woman out of her determination to be afraid? So I clambered into the ambulance, bade Pinkow fasten back the curtains, and looked out upon the dreary scene. Truth to tell, I was more dead than alive, and nothing save the most absolute terror could have given me strength to venture out in the bleak, raw, blustery morning.

San Antonio was more name than habitation at that time. The two or three wretched *adobe* houses that made up the place were a fitting relief to the dry, barren country. Sluggish, gray, and sullen, the Rio Grande passed at a little distance from the spot; and while I lay back in the cushions, peering anxiously in all directions that my eye could reach, a strange *cortége* came slowly gliding down the stream. Was it the funeral barge of Lily Maid Elaine drifting across the River Usk of Mexico? Ah, no! Something sadder far than this. The Indians in making another raid on a large herd of sheep had killed the herder and driven off the sheep, and this was the funeral procession. His mother, a widow, had crossed the stream the night before, and was now bringing back with her the body of the murdered man—her only son.

The sight struck a chill to my heart, and I turned to Pinkow, who was hovering near.

"A terrible omen that," I cried. "Oh, Pinkow, if we were only safe in Santa Fé, I should tell the General all I have suffered, and I know he will protect me. Why don't we start?" I asked in conclusion, trying to raise myself to look back into the court.

Sergeant Brown was just crossing it with a lunch for me, and the mules were led up to the ambulance at the same time, while the escort prepared to mount.

A cold wind swept over the hard ground, whirling up small clouds of sand and red *adobe* dust, and a dull gray sky made everything around look inexpressibly dreary. There was something heavy and oppressive in the atmosphere in spite of the keen air, and the falling in line of the escort reminded me of the military funerals I had seen. Sergeant Brown lent a hand while the driver was putting in the mules, and when they were ready he wished me a last "good-bye." His hand was still raised to his cap, when, as the ambulance felt the first impetus of the straining mules, one of the springs snapped, and the whole cavalcade was thrown into momentary confusion. Pinkow was on the ground in an instant, and the driver had just reined in his frightened mules, when a commotion among the escort, a low exclamation from Pinkow, caused me to turn my eyes in the direction to which they all pointed.

A horseman, indeed a stranger of any kind, was an unusual sight here in those days; but the sight of *this* horseman turned my heart to stone, and paralyzed every nerve in my body.

"The Lieutenant!" said Pinkow, faintly; and involuntarily Sergeant McBeth urged his horse closer up to my ambulance.

I did not faint, but there was a blank of several minutes in my memory, and then I heard a hissing whisper close to my ear.

"So you tried to get away from me, did you? But you see I have overtaken you, and alive you will never get away from me again. Don't scream or call on those men for help—I have two revolvers with me. I would kill them all, and then tie you to Toby's tail and let him drag you to death. Do you hear me?"

There must have been something death-like in my wide-open eyes, for he bent over me with sudden apprehension; but I had heard him. Every word of his had burned itself into my brain as with a searing-iron. The words are there to this day—the Lord help me!—and I answered, hardly above a breath:

"I hear you."

Not that I wanted to whisper or speak in a low tone. I could not have spoken a loud word if my life had depended on it, as perhaps it might.

"Come back into the house with me," he said in a louder tone; "I am hungry and tired; neither Toby nor I have had rest or food since leaving camp, except what we could get at a Mexican ranch back there. I knew that they would keep me back at the posts, in order to give you a good start." He lowered his voice again, and his strong yellow teeth gleamed viciously behind his drawn lips. His hollow eyes were burning with the fire of madness, and

strands of long, uncut hair were hanging wildly about his face. He laid his talon-like hand on my arm.

"Come," he continued aloud; "we shall not be able to go from here to-day; the ambulance will need an overhauling. Come into the house with me."

"Never!" I said, speaking low, and trying to speak firmly. "Kill me right here, if you want to—I shall not go into the house with you."

"Then you insist upon bloodshed and open disgrace." He spoke close to my ear again. "Remember that I promised to reform, and that you promised to be patient with me and aid me. Is this what your promise is worth? You want to deliver me into the hands of my enemies—to see me wronged and murdered. Come with me and I will forgive you."

He to forgive *me!*

"But refuse and I will kill you and the rest here on this spot."

And he raised me from my reclining posture and lifted me from the ambulance to the ground.

Pinkow stood by, pale and motionless with suspense, but Sergeant McBeth had dismounted and stepped up to me.

"Madam," he said, touching his cap, "the damage to the ambulance can be repaired in half an hour's time; you need not even alight, for we shall not take the mules out at all."

"Have the mules taken out, Sergeant," the Lieutenant interposed sharply, "and let your men dismount. My wife will not continue her journey to-day."

But the Sergeant approached still nearer, and with an inclination of the head replied as sharply:

"My instructions are to obey madam's orders, and I see none of my superior officers here who could countermand the order. As soon as madam signifies her wishes, I shall hold my men in readiness to carry out her commands."

Every man of the escort had dismounted, and they stood clustered about me as if ready and eager to carry out any order I might give. I saw an appealing look in Pinkow's eye, and noted the gleam of hate and fury that flashed on him from the Lieutenant's blood-shot orbs, while with a quick movement he threw back the old soldier overcoat he had on and displayed the shoulder-straps on the cavalry jacket he wore under it. But even now the gallant Sergeant would not submit.

"Your orders, madam?" he asked with eager eyes and glowing cheeks.

"I have none to give, Sergeant," I replied sadly, "except that you take the best care of the outfit in your command. I thank you and the men for their attention and obedience, and I want them all to have a rest after their long journey."

"Stand aside, Sergeant," the Lieutenant said harshly; "I will now take charge of the command, and herewith relieve you of all further responsibility. You will consider yourself under orders to me."

He gave me his arm and led me back into the court-yard, where, somehow, all the escort had collected, and again I was reminded of a military funeral as I passed through the file of sober-faced, heavily armed men.

Entering the low door which I had left but an hour ago forever, as I thought, I turned my head wistfully back, and there, at the foot of the court-yard, near the gate, stood Sergeant McBeth, the wind blowing about the folds of his short soldier's cape, his hand resting on the hilt of his cavalry saber, and his eyes following me with a questioning, pitying look. Sergeant Brown stood gravely holding the door open for us, offering the Lieutenant a military salute; but I vainly sought Pinkow with a last, despairing look.

Suddenly his voice came, rough and broken, from the open gate of the court-yard.

"Madam," he cried in evident distress, "madam—oh! it is too late. Toby is here, but"——

Toby! True, had I not seen him totter under the Lieutenant's cruel spurring when he was urging him up to the ambulance a while ago? Swiftly and with sudden strength I snatched my hand out of the Lieutenant's encircling fingers and was flying back across the yard and outside, where I saw Pinkow leaning, sobbing against Toby's neck. The animal was trembling in every limb, but when he spied me a low whinny struck my ear, and he moved forward a step to reach my side. I rushed toward him, but before I could reach him he had tottered and fallen at my very feet, with a deep, almost human groan.

I cried out with grief and knelt by his side, stroking his white, silky mane and trying to bed his shapely head in my lap. But his eyes broke even while I was caressing him, and I bent over the faithful, long-suffering animal, and my tears fell hot and fast—tears as honest and sincere as any I ever shed for a human being.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

DIVIDED.

Once, long ago, in meadows far away,
There, side by side, sprung up two blossoms bright,
When sweet wild flowers were thronging to the light,
Smiling above the sod to make the May;
And these two loved each other many a day.
But worthless weeds seek light and sunshine too,
And so, between the loving blossoms, grew
An odious plant that pushed its selfish way.
It grew so tall it hid the very light;
It spread its hateful leaves so far and wide,
That, hidden even from each other's sight,
The broken-hearted blossoms drooped and died.
Oh, ugly weed, that parted mate from mate,
In the world's meadows they have named thee—Fate!

S. E. ANDERSON.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LATER WORK.

The culmination of George Eliot's popularity seems to have followed the publication of *Middlemarch*. Before that time manuals of English literature put her name into supplementary paragraphs with Mrs. Mulock-Craik and Anthony Trollope. After it, the parallel between her and Shakspere became a commonplace of criticism. Yet, oddly enough, this popularity accredited itself back to her earlier works quite as often as to *Middlemarch*, and since the coolness with which *Daniel Deronda* was received has thrown a sort of retrospective chill on *Middlemarch*, it has become increasingly the thing, in the best class of criticisms, to account George Eliot's early work her soundest, artistically.

Indeed, a writer in the New York *Nation* has just achieved the extreme possibility in that line by declaring for *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton* as her greatest work. *Daniel Deronda*, it was on all sides agreed, subtracted decidedly from her success—not that it showed any falling off, but rather an overshooting of the mark of absolute perfection, as if perfection were a point somewhere in the air, and George Eliot had been approaching it like an arrow, in proportion as her insight, subtlety, width of view, and religious strength of conviction increased, until suddenly, by the mere continuance of her course, she had passed it, and given us too much of these qualities. The course her genius has taken has indeed been something like an arrow-flight, steadily along one line, without pause or fluctuation. The determining traits of her first book are conspicuous in her last; those of her last in her first; but they have changed places in relative importance. The theme upon which she began to write was the intrinsic interest and importance of the individual human life. To this she more and more added (what was hinted in *Amos Barton*) the theme of the relative insignificance of the individual life until it assumed at the last the dominant place.

This is the essential difference between her earlier and later work. A less essential but more conspicuous difference is that in her first books she made a point of demonstrating the value of the individual life to the utmost by confining herself to the commonplace in character and event. In *Amos Barton* and in *Brother Jacob* (which, though published late, was presumably written early) she is uncompromisingly faithful to the most unbroken and realistic commonplace, and she is perfectly successful in demonstrating its artistic value. No critic can overrate the perfection of her "gray-toned pictures." But this theory of the value of commonplace was no new discovery of hers. Wordsworth entered on art in precisely the same spirit, and just as the novelist who began with *Amos Barton* ended with *Daniel Deronda*, the poet who began with "We are Seven" ended with such sonnets as "The World is too Much with Us."

The truth is (however much sentiment one must go counter to in saying so) that "the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy" of common souls, though real, are not equal to those of uncommon souls. *Herrman and Dorothea* is good, but *Faust* is better. Shakspere's clowns are good, but his kings are better. Without ever surrendering a jot of their belief in commonplace, both Wordsworth and George Eliot found it inadequate to the deepening power of their genius. However real the life experiences of the Amos Bartons, they are shut within far narrower limits than those of the Daniel Derondas; they are fewer, simpler, less intense, and, written in a coarser character, the more high-wrought nature has a myriad points of contact with the life of the universe; it vibrates to influences that would not be a feather's weight to the other. Influences walk into the door of the narrow house in visible form, and do nothing with its owner unless they have brute strength enough to take him by the shoulder and compel him; but they pass in impalpable shoals through the very walls of the wide house, and work with subtle chemistry in the air, and food, and brain of the dweller therein. In these souls, so open to large experience and wide relations with all that is, the natural field of the loftiest and largest art lies; and so it was that George Eliot's steadily deepening insight and more impassioned feeling toward life led her inevitably into this region of more subtile and high-wrought experience, and, like every artist that ever wrote, she risked something in perfection of execution when she entered on work of larger conception and loftier reach. As a matter of course, she left a large part of her audience behind her—not the part who care for the "gray-toned pictures" and "colorless characters," but the part who care simply for the narrative of common incidents and realistic talk. It is curious that any critic should urge her unquestionable superiority over all writers who have ever written in the fine handling of these unemphatic characters as a superiority of her earlier over her later work, for she continues them, as subordinate characters, to the very end. Anna Gascoigne is as much one of them as Lucy Deane. Certainly, Grandcourt is as fairly ranked among them as Tom Tulliver (on whom one critic fixes as the author's best character of this class), and is a finer portrait.

The transition then has been two-fold—an increasing attention has been paid to the relations of the individual life to life in general, and the commonplace, simply related lives have sunk to subordinate positions, while the larger and more complex lives have come to the front. The whole course of the change indicates that as the author proceeded further and further in her study of humanity, she gave us from time to time the results, becoming subtle and complex just in proportion as the world became so to her sight, as if she had simply followed a thread of insight where it led her, into deeper labyrinths, while her following dropped away. This faithful following of a clue has saved her to the end from turning back and imitating herself, as she would inevitably have done had she stayed on the plane of *Adam Bede* as her critics wish. Repeat herself she does—constantly, frankly, insistently, implying that she finds all human life only a variation on a few themes—but imitate herself, never.

With the increase in subtilety of the characters she deals with, the history of their psychological experience becomes more important than ever, and that of external occurrences only valuable for its bearing on this. In *Middlemarch*, therefore, she throws aside all plot beyond what is actually necessary to the inner history. With *Middlemarch*, also, a conspicuous change in the method of treatment marks the important place that the relative view of the individual's life has come to hold in her writings; for it is with *Middlemarch* that she ceases to follow out lives only so far as they touch the central one, and takes the more difficult task of following out a group of lives and their complex interaction independently. In both these respects *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* stand distinctly apart, and, therefore, are fairly to be considered her "later writings," as distinguished from all her other novels.

But between *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch* there is another wide step; and whether it marked another stage in George Eliot's method, or whether it was only incidental, and another book might have resembled *Middlemarch* more nearly than *Daniel Deronda*, we shall never know. It is chiefly in the tone of impassioned feeling that *Daniel Deronda* differs from *Middlemarch;* and in this respect it differs hardly less from everything else she has written, unless, perhaps, the curious sketch called the *Lifted Veil.* The change is so entirely in accordance with her progress toward the highest regions of art that I incline to think it a real step, making *Daniel Deronda* the legitimate representative of the latest stage of her genius.

Up to this point, George Eliot had written with an air of holding her material fully under control; but in *Daniel Deronda* she throws herself into the current of the story with an impassioned abandon. All her other books rise to this intense pitch in their scenes of greatest power; but this one is written throughout on

the tragic plane. The other books loiter along through the lighter scenes with an undisturbed relish; in this one, all such scenes are haunted by a consciousness of tragedy somewhere, as though you sat among people that were talking lightly, and thought of a decisive battle that you knew was in progress on the other side of the world. The sense of life as something somber and tremendous never quite leaves the author, even in the presence of those who regard it as the most simple and every-day affair imaginable; even when she sits with unsentimental people at their lamp-lighted tea-table, in their familiar room, she keeps a window open on vague reaches of starlight and darkness. Mordecai is such a window among the Cohens; Deronda and Mirah among the Meyricks; Gwendolen in her home circle and social surroundings. This pervading seriousness has caused the book to give a somewhat oppressive feeling to its readers, much as a religious remark in general company would do. In various other ways besides the slight heaviness of the lighter scenes, the intense mood of *Daniel Deronda* has resulted in more minor flaws than any other book of George Eliot's contains; for both in real life and in art the sense of the ridiculous and the fitting is blunted in proportion to the abandon of feeling. It was, perhaps, the natural dimming of humor with advancing age that made such jests as "nonsense—which had undergone a mining operation" possible; certainly her humor was never so thin, nor her wit so keen, as in *Daniel Deronda* and *Theophrastus Such.*

But more important than all this is the extent to which the higher tragic pitch of emotion enters into the fundamental construction of *Daniel Deronda.* George Eliot's altruistic philosophy is too well understood by this time to need any comment; but the more extreme and thorough-going, as well as more impassioned form of it here developed, has thrown all readers completely off the track except those that were prepared, both by teaching and temperament, to take the author's own standpoint. For she insists here not merely upon the conforming of conduct to others' claims, and the going-out of interest into others' lives. She assumes in the first place that man should see himself in his actual relative position to the rest of the universe, estimate himself at his actual value, as an impartial *daimon* might estimate it; and should, moreover, not only act, but feel, accordingly. This involves a claim on any one morally and intellectually capable of understanding it; lays him under obligation to enter into an attitude of complete humility, and of loving, self-prostrating allegiance toward the ideals he recognizes, and under responsibility of sin if he refuses. There is in this conception of "sin" and "duty" an unreservedness of meaning equal to that of the Hebrew or Puritan. Hans Meyrick is under no further obligation than to behave honorably on special occasions; Anna Gascoigne need have no sense of any other claim life has on her than her natural affections make a matter of course; but Gwendolen Grandcourt must choose, not simply to do right instead of wrong, but to struggle up to a higher plane of existence, to the attitude of self-annihilating allegiance that is demanded of her by the frame of things. Now this struggle is much further from the comprehension of even intelligent readers than any parallel experience in George Eliot's books. Maggie Tulliver's rejection of love, Dorothea Casaubon's visit to Rosamond, Romola's acceptance of Savonarola's spiritual guidance, all have to do with definite action; so it would have been if Gwendolen's experience had turned only on the refusal or consent to marry Grandcourt. But the long experience of repentance and terror afterward, during which she cries to Deronda to save her, not merely from the possibility of murder, but from some state of existence, some condition of character—this becomes intelligible only in view of "the higher, the religious life," whose claim on her was so imperative that the mere living outside it became a sin.

Now, any one who accepts this version of altruistic philosophy with full sympathy, or is able even to put himself temporarily into sympathy with it, and judges Gwendolen by the same standards she judged herself by, will find the apparent confusion, weakness, and morbidness of *Daniel Deronda* fall into a fine harmony. The reader must needs be of a temperament to which the beauty of utter loyalty, and the righteousness of exacting it, appeal forcibly; then, accepting the author's standpoint, he will recognize a fine fitness in all Gwendolen's experience, he will enter heartily into her abasement, sharing her own feeling, and will acquiesce in her final loving submission to her forsaken lot, as right and fitting; and in all this he will be far more in sympathy with her than if he resented her fortunes as unjust. By the same standards, Deronda becomes, if not the ideal man, still ideal enough to make her attitude toward him entirely fitting, and their mutual relation one of the finest things in literature. The union of the deepest personal love with a religious adoration is necessarily rare, for it can only occur when the objects of religious worship are more or less identified with the object of human love; but

when it does occur it is the most beautiful form of the passion. And, on the other side, the extreme difficulty of the position in which Deronda was placed, and the way in which he accepted it, justify Gwendolen's reverence for him far more thoroughly than the critics have admitted, and may certainly be allowed to outweigh his somewhat heavy method of expressing himself.

Again, a perception of the artistic construction of *Daniel Deronda* depends entirely on sympathy with George Eliot's ideas of perspective. There is a point—which I believe no critic yet has found—from which the whole incongruous mass falls into a perfect symmetry. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that George Eliot had a distinct artistic purpose in the "Jew business," and that she was, moreover, right in it, for in *Daniel Deronda*, as in *Middlemarch*, the presentation of life in its true perspective is her dominant aim. As far as possible, she has taken the whole world and all life for her scene; has undertaken the stupendous task of setting forth at the same time the vastness of a single life, the importance of suffering, sinning, striving, enjoying, shut up within one human frame, and the littleness of a single life among the myriads like it and the vaster movements of the world. This combination is what I call her vision of life's true perspective, equally distant from the dwarfing of everything looked down on from a mountain, and the undue importance of immediate surroundings seen at the heart of a crowd. It is Gwendolen's story, not Mordecai's, nor Mirah's, nor even Deronda's, that is told; but it is Gwendolen's *true* story seen from an outside standpoint. Therefore, we must see her life in among others —others of wider range and greater value. It would not be enough to have Deronda go off into a vaguely wider world of which we had heard nothing; that would put us into Gwendolen's own point of view. We must be realizing all along how the world is going on around and above her, and how utterly outside her conception are the currents of events that bring momentous results to her as incidentally as a stream, going about its own business, turns or breaks a boy's water-wheel. Therefore, it is according to George Eliot's design, not against it, that the main human interest remains with Gwendolen. The fact that it does is a tribute to the successful management of the difficult scheme. To this end the "Jew part" of the story is an intellectual study, all whose feeling is in a region out of the reach of any but intellectual sympathy. The Klesmer episode, too, falls admirably into place in carrying out the same scheme. But it is an obvious corollary that all this part of the book is blank to those whose intellectual sympathies do not reach the subject.

Daniel Deronda, then, shuts out from appreciation all below a certain grade of intellect—all, even of the best intellectual rank, who know nothing of altruism; all, even of those who know all about altruism, who are not able to put themselves into sympathy with the impassioned form of it in this book. Yet, in writing a book that could be great and admirable to only a few, the author has not committed a blunder, for she has not in the least deviated from truth to nature; and this truth is entirely independent of her point of view; for the standards that George Eliot holds and that Gwendolen accepted are those that, true or not, under the given circumstances she would have accepted. No detail of the story would be different if the author's whole basis of judging its significance were a blunder. Nevertheless, the fact that Gwendolen and Deronda are influenced in exactly the way they would have been in real life can only be known by those who understand something about the influences at work. The unintelligibility of the book is, therefore, no result of false or over-learned treatment, but simply of having laid her scene, so to speak, in mental and moral regions that are not even empirically known except to a small group. If one can once fall into the right attitude, there is an overwhelming sublimity about the book—the most sublime form of love in the relation with Deronda; the most sublime part of all forms of religion in the relation to the ideals of her creed; and the largest conception possible of the vastness of interacting force in society in the relation to the world. *Middlemarch* is the more perfectly executed and the wider in range; but *Daniel Deronda* is a grander and more difficult conception, and has more passion and power, and an insight more miraculously subtle. *Theophrastus Such* ought hardly to be counted either as a later or earlier work, for the reason that it seems to be merely a collection of sketches in which she had noted down from time to time certain results of her observation. It gives the impression of being rather a collection of memoranda for her own use than a work by itself, and its dates of writing no doubt extend over a long period.

George Eliot's later novels may violate all the rules of art for the novel. They may even be no novels at all. Nay, further, since their purpose is so frankly psychological study rather than pleasure, since they have given the world a distinct system of morals, they may be no art at all. One may readily grant that her earlier works are the best novels, even that they are

the best art, and yet maintain that the later ones, call them novels or call them psychological treatises, are her greatest. Whether she has introduced philosophy into fiction, or fiction into philosophy, she has produced books containing more truth, more power, more actual bearing on life, more wisdom, and more comprehension of human nature than either fiction or philosophy from any other hand ever contained, and in all these qualities her later work surpassed her earlier.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER XII.

"I was sitting one afternoon," said Captain Sutter, "just after my *siesta*, engaged in writing a letter to a relative residing at Lucerne, when I was interrupted by Mr. Marshall (a gentleman with whom I had frequent business transactions, and whom Mr. Blair met in San Francisco) bursting hurriedly into the room. From the unusual agitation in his manner, I imagined that something serious had occurred, and, as we involuntarily do in this part of the world, I at once glanced to see if my rifle was in its proper place. You should know that the mere appearance of Mr. Marshall at that moment in the Fort was enough to surprise me, as he had but two days before left the place to make some alterations in a mill for sawing pine planks, which he had just run up for me, some miles higher up the American. When he had recovered himself a little, he told me that, however great my surprise might be at his unexpected reappearance, it would be much greater when I heard the intelligence he had to communicate. 'Intelligence,' he added, 'which, if properly profited by, will put us both in possession of unheard-of wealth—millions of dollars, in fact!' I frankly own, when I heard this, that I thought something had touched Mr. Marshall's brain, but suddenly all of my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was thunderstruck, and asked him to explain what all this meant; when he went on to say, that, according to my instructions, he had thrown the mill-wheel out of gear to let the whole body of water in the dam find a passage through the tail-race, which was previouly too narrow to allow the water to run off in sufficient quantity, whereby the wheel was prevented from efficiently performing its work. By this alteration the narrow channel was considerably enlarged, and a mass of sand and gravel carried off by the force of the torrent. Early in the morning after this took place, he (Mr. Marshall) was walking along the left bank of the stream, when he perceived something which he at first took for a piece of opal—a clear, transparent stone, very common here—glittering on one of the spots laid bare by the sudden crumbling away of the bank. He paid no attention to this; but while he was giving directions to the workmen, having observed several similar glittering fragments, his curiosity was so far excited that he stooped down and picked one up. 'Do you know,' said Mr. Marshall to me, 'I positively debated within myself two or three times whether I should take the trouble to bend my back to pick up one of the pieces, and had decided on not doing so, when, farther on, another glittering morsel caught my eye—the largest of the pieces now before you. I condescended to pick it up, and, to my astonishment, found it was a thin scale of what appears to be *pure gold*.' He then gathered some twenty or thirty similar pieces, which, on examination, convinced him that his suppositions were right. His first impression was, that this gold had been lost or buried there by some early Indian tribe—perhaps some of those mysterious inhabitants of the West, of whom we have no account, but who dwelt on this continent centuries ago, and had built those cities and temples, the ruins of which are scattered about these solitary wilds. On proceeding, however, to examine the neighboring soil, he discovered that it was more or less auriferous. This at once decided him. He mounted his horse and rode down to me, as fast as it would carry him, with the news."

Here James's spirit began to groan within him, like that of a hound when he dreams of the chase; but he clasped, with both hands, the sides of his chair, and held himself down in silence. The features of the narrator were lighted by an animation that not only became them, but suffused the room, not omitting to dwell its very prettiest on little Mrs. Durgin, seated, kitten-like, at the Captain's feet. It was an hour of genuine excitement, manifested

by intense silence that is more impressive than the most clamorous attempt at expression. The speaker's voice was modulated with clear accent and musical cadence, increasing as the story proceeded:

"At the conclusion of Mr. Marshall's account, and when I had convinced myself, from the specimens he had brought with him, that it was not exaggerated, I felt as much excited as he. I eagerly inquired if he had shown the gold to the work-people at the mill, and was glad to hear that he had not spoken to a single person about it. We agreed," continued the Captain, smiling, "not to mention the circumstance to any one, and arranged to set off early the next day for the mill. On our arrival, just before sundown, we poked the sand about in various places, and, before long, succeeded in collecting between us, more than an ounce of gold, mixed with a good deal of sand."

Mrs. Durgin, it was evident from the delicate pout upon her lips, was greatly disappointed; but, looking up furtively at Blair, and perceiving that he was not concerned, she again dropped her eyes on the plain, uncarpeted floor.

"I stayed at Mr. Marshall's that night, and the next day we proceeded some little distance up the South Fork, and found that gold existed all along its course, not only in the bed of the main stream, where the water had subsided, but in every little dried-up creek and ravine. Indeed, I think it was more plentiful in these latter places, for I myself, with nothing more than a small knife, picked out from a dry gorge, a little way up the mountain, a solid lump of gold which weighed nearly an ounce and a half. On our return to the mill, we were astonished by the work-people coming up to us in a body, and showing us small flakes of gold similar to those we had ourselves procured. Marshall tried to laugh the matter off with them and to persuade them that what they had found was only some shining mineral of trifling value; but one of the Indians, who had worked at the gold mine of La Paz, in Lower California, cried out, 'Oro! oro!'"

James could not, this time, resist some slight utterance of emotion. It had nothing to do, however, with gold,. The word *oro* brought up the tender visit made to him while lying ill in the San Francisco shanty bearing that name.

"The Gazelle," he whispered to Blair.

A trivial occurrence is often of great significance. It would not have been difficult for anyone to perceive that the something whispered in Blair's ear disturbed his customary composure. The company were so interested in the Captain's narrative, however, that Blair's perturbation escaped notice. He was a man of strong self-control and with no trace of superstition in his nature; but, for some reason, the airy form of the "Gazelle" had been flitting before his mind all day, and when her name was pronounced, though it came from the lips of one of the humblest of oracles, it startled him. The Captain then continued:

"We were disappointed enough at this discovery, and supposed that the work-people had been watching our movements, although we thought we had taken every precaution against being observed by them. I heard afterward, that one of them, a sly Kentuckian, had dogged us about; and that, looking on the ground to see if he could discover what we were in search of, had lighted on some flakes of gold himself. The next day I rode back to the Fort, organized a laboring party, set the carpenters to work on a few necessary matters, and the next day accompanied them to a point of the Fork, where they encamped for the night. By the following morning, I had a party of fifty Indians fairly at work. The way we first managed was to shovel the soil into small buckets, or into some of our famous Indian baskets then wash all the light earth out, and pick away the stones; after this, we dried the sand on pieces of canvas, and, with long reeds, blew away all but the gold.—I have now some rude machines in use, and upward of one hundred men employed, chiefly Indians, who are well fed, and who are allowed whisky three times a day.—The report soon spread. Some of the gold was sent to San Francisco, and crowds of people flocked to the diggings. Added to this, a large emigrant party of Mormons entered California across the Rocky Mountains, just as the affair was first made known. They halted at once, and set to work on a spot some thirty miles from here, where a few of them remain. When I was last up at the diggings, there were full eight hundred men at work, at one place and another, with, perhaps, something like three hundred more passing backward and forward between here and the mines. I at first imagined the gold would soon be exhausted by such crowds of seekers, but subsequent observations have convinced me that it will take many years to bring about such a result, even with ten times the present number of people employed. What surprises me is that this country should have been visited by so many scientific men, and that none of them stumbled upon these treasures; that scores of keen-eyed trappers should have crossed this valley in every direction, and tribes of Indians have dwelt in it for centuries, and still the gold remain undiscovered. I myself have passed the very spot above a hundred times during the

last ten years, but was just as blind as the rest of them; so, after all, I must not wonder at the discovery not having been made earlier."

The Captain had finished this now famous narrative; and, their hearts beating faster with encouraged hope, the little company thanked him for another marked favor added to the number already extended to them.

"Long live Captain Sutter," cried Blair; "and may his prosperity be proportionate to his distinguished merits!"

"The same to you, young man, and to all before me. As for me, already they are beginning to say that my lands are not my own." So spake the Captain; and, with a touch of wounded pride upon his noble countenance, he passed out of the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

The famous City Hotel was originally intended, by Captain Sutter, for a saw and grist mill. As finally constructed, it became a three-story building, thirty-five by fifty-five feet in ground measurement. Its situation was on Front Street between I and J Streets. At the time of which we speak, it had been recently completed at an expense of $100,000, and was leased at a rent of $5,000 per month. It was to this structure, grand for those days, that our friends now repaired to participate in the novel festivities of a Californian ball.

They were conveyed to the scene of pleasure in a large wagon which belonged to Captain Sutter. The vehicle was profusely cushioned and ornamented with the skins of various wild animals, and drawn by four spirited horses. The Captain and his guests were in the merriest of moods, and the dashing ride to town, though of short duration, was one not soon to be forgotten.

As has been said, this ball was nothing more nor less than an ingeniously devised plan for feasting the eyes of hungry man with the sight of as many fellow-creatures as could, by the furthest stretch of lenity, lay claim to the magic title of "woman." Accordingly, the country had been thoroughly canvassed for miles around, by persuasive embassadors, to this worthy end. The result may be indicated by the fact that when our party were ushered into the midst of the gay throng to be so brilliantly illuminated by feminine brightness, their countenances fell, as had those of many that had preceded. The men, not to be deterred by the thirty-two-dollar ticket of admission, numbered nearly three hundred; while the charms of a little band of twenty-five women were to withstand the famished gaze of this expectant male multitude. Madame Durgin immediately discovered that she was to be the center of attraction. Notwithstanding her appropriate attire for such an occasion was lying idle (and a smart storage price being paid for its safe-keeping in San Francisco besides), she was soon resigned to her loss.

The men, as a whole, were very plain of feature, and their dress corresponding. Some, indeed, presented a decidedly rough appearance. The sturdy, weather-beaten face of the pioneer could not disguise itself, had it been so inclined, with any of the tricks of fashion; the lean, blue face of the sufferer from fever and ague was not to be painted and plumped into youth and beauty; while those that had been for some time unused to the society of women could not suddenly bring back their former ease and grace for this special occasion. After all, there was something more pleasing in the aspect of these men than in that of the sleek-haired gamblers, stroking their carefully cultivated *mustachios* with fingers overladen with gold. There were two native Californians present, in whom Mrs. Durgin found traces of genuine gentility. She also looked with admiration upon a solitary Spanish Don of the old school. An army officer, too, passed muster; but, all in all, the assembly struck the young lady as tame and uninteresting. Uninteresting it may have been, but the judgment of tameness was pronounced too soon. As yet, these homely, poorly dressed lords of creation were spell-bound. They were absorbed in trying to recall the looks of wives, mothers, and sisters left behind, by a conscientious study of the few specimens of alien femininity before them.

"Well, she *is* pretty," said one; staring uninterruptedly at a girl that could pretend to no charms but an abundant display of gold.

She was nearly all necklace, and bracelets, and rings; but she resembled a loved daughter far away. Why should she not be an object of admiration? It was, after all, the girl at home that the pioneer saw—not the one in his presence.

"I'll be derned, but she's right down slick!" said another, blinking upon fair Mrs. Durgin.

This fact was not to be questioned. It would have been agreed upon anywhere.

But the bride was not to pass the entire evening without a rival. Presently entered a gentlemanly mannered man, upon whose arm lean a lady several years the senior of Mrs. Durgin. She was tall, well formed, and of that lily complexion that is seldom found unassociated with hair of a rich yellow shade inclined toward

auburn. The new-comer was not, in the strict sense, beautiful; but she was very comely, handsome, if you choose, and there was something in her manner that bespoke the lady.

It was now time for Blair and Ensign to pass complimentary remarks. Up to this time, they had been soundly berating the over-dressed, over ornamented daughters of the West; who, if they were not well favored and modest enough to meet the fastidiousness of the Bostonians, were, nevertheless, very much at home, exceedingly impartial in their manifestations of happy temper, and wholly independent of whatever criticism might be passed upon them.

"And who can the radiant creature be?" asked Blair.

"I know not," answered Ensign; "but I begin to appreciate the condition of this eager crowd of men, banished so long from the presence of the refined and beautiful. There is nobility in the nature of these starved beings. There is hope of them when they can thus stand, like huddled sheep, in contemplation of anything that wears the form of woman."

"See," spoke the other; "she is being led toward the Captain's wife. It will not be long before the Captain himself will request an introduction. He is a thorough soldier in spirit and in mien. I really entertain great admiration for him. It will be a downright disgrace to our people if any man or set of men be permitted to disturb him in the enjoyment of his well earned possessions. He fears it, I know, by the way in which he responded to my wishes for his future peace and happiness."

"Ho, ho, here you are!"

It was the voice of the Doctor.

"Isn't that a group for an artist? For heaven's sake, look yonder!"

The Doctor was to be excused for a certain degree of consternation, and, considering the peculiarity of his composition, for an unlimited amount of laughter. Seated on three stools, apart from the main body of the guests, sat three forms. Two of them were those of utter strangers, the third was familiar. The former were females of dark, rich complexion, black hair and eyes, and clad in scant garments that admitted of a generous display of voluptuous form. Their skirts fell scarcely below their knees, and the white bodice above stopped as shockingly short of their well turned necks; while over their heads were thrown silken scarfs that drooped in graceful folds upon their naked shoulders. Between these two beaming daughters of La Paz, sat, in smiling composure, the only son of Ebenezer Swilling, of Swansea, New Hampshire. Oblivious to all the world besides, he sat, nodding and gesturing in response to the graceful movement of hands and lips that greeted him upon either side.

"The nincompoop," shouted the Doctor, laughing as if his sides would burst, "they can't understand a word he says. Behold the pains he evidently takes to present his points clearly."

"What ridiculous feat is there left for that boy to attempt!" spoke Blair, laughing as lustily inside, as the physician was laughing both inside and out. "We must get him away from that doubly dangerous temptation, or it will be the last of him. Here, Ensign, you are the man to go to his rescue. Just step up behind him, and say, in a careless voice, as if you were addressing no one in particular, 'Blair wishes to see you.'"

Ensign was about setting out upon this charitable errand, when Captain Sutter came forward, and, capturing the three gentlemen, hastened them into the presence of his wife, of the blue-eyed bride, and of the strangers, Professor Monroe and lady.

A brisk and agreeable conversation ensued, which consumed the time of this little group until the hour of refreshment. Poor James, together with the other guests, had been lost sight of. He made his appearance, however, when the viands were introduced. He was still alive and in good health, and unaccompanied by the Spanish-speaking ladies with whom he had been left in unintelligible conversation. The evening had passed, so far, very quietly. This was as it should be; for only calm minds can contemplate with benefit the scenes that may engage their attention. When, however, the supper was served, a change began to creep over the assemblage. It was a sumptuous repast, fit for the royalty of an old people. The wine, at $16 a bottle, was the crowning glory. It flowed like water from the mountain springs; and before its warming tide all stiffness and diffidence vanished as if by magic. The old became young; the modest, bold; the glow of health returned to the pallid cheek, and the heart of youth beat again in the breast oppressed with care. The women who appeared comely before, in spite of all facts to the contrary, now shone with seraphic beauty. The stern pioneer drank to the charms of as many females as would take the trouble to receive his compliments, and, when the inviting music sounded from the instruments of players inspired by deep potations, the scene grew to be one of the most lively imaginable. Stiff, labor-strained arms clasped the waists of willing partners, and rheumatic limbs went spinning into the swift whirl of the dance as if they had never experienced the fetters of pain. Our more cultivated friends could not refrain from participation

in the general exuberance, though they were obliged to be somewhat guarded in the granting of favors solicited with unusual fervor.

The mirth was rising higher and higher, when suddenly a sharp cry was heard in the direction of the bar-room (conveniently adjoining the apartment), and several ran to discover the cause of the disturbance.

"Back, back—everybody!"

It was the deep, drawling command of none other than James Swilling. But the reckless throng, instead of obeying the warning, pressed precipitantly forward. Crash—crash—crash! came a succession of sounds indicating a demolition of the costly tables, chairs, and glassware of the bar. James continued to shout, but to no purpose. It was not until he was raised from the floor, bleeding profusely, that those in the foremost positions took measures to stay the onward rush of excited human beings.

Blair, an unusually powerful man, did fierce work in his endeavor to reach the position whence James's voice proceeded. He well knew that his comrade would secure vastly more than his proportion of bodily injury. At length he succeeded, arriving just in season, probably, to save James's life and the lives of several others.

It proved that a *vaquero*, having mounted a wild horse for the purpose of subduing it according to the true Mexican fashion, after dashing madly about town had attempted to pass the door of the bar-room opening into the street. The frenzied animal, for reasons best known to itself, suddenly determined otherwise, and, leaping upon the veranda, bounded on into the apartment. As it entered, the rider's head was driven violently against the upper casing of the door, felling him, insensible, to the floor. The room was occupied by those of the guests that felt more at home there than within. Of this number, prompted, undoubtedly, by his love of exploration, at the opportune moment of danger came unfortunate James. All but this hero instantly quitted the room, one of the retreating guests insanely closing the door after him. The infuriated horse, being thus imprisoned, no sooner discovered that it was sole proprietor of the premises than it began to conduct itself accordingly. Seeing its own distinguished figure reflected in the splendid mirror, it rushed against it with all the fury of which it was capable. Emboldened by this success, it then proceeded to shiver the glistening decanters ranged behind the bar. Plunging hither and thither, it at last effected the destruction of everything perishable within reach of its elastic heels—the last piece of expensive glass-ware being dashed from its hoofs against the brow of the only witness of its iconoclastic efforts. It was at this stage of the proceedings that Blair obtained an entrance, and, quickly opening the outside door, permitted the enraged equine destroyer to escape.

Some three thousand dollars' worth of property had been ruined; but James Swilling was, of course, the only one that suffered personal injury, with the exception of the *vaquero*. This latter unfortunate received the slighter hurt, as he was up on his feet in time to catch the horse as it came out, and soon after was seen tearing, as before, up and down the streets. Dr. Durgin had a second professional service to proffer his patient of the morning. His skull remained intact, however, and the labor consisted simply in sewing up the flesh-wound upon the forehead. It was an ugly gash, but James stood the torture bravely. Draining the first glass of liquor that had ever passed his lips, he laid himself down on a hastily prepared bed, and refused to be carried home until his comrades should have exhausted the pleasures of the long-remembered ball at the City Hotel.

In any other country this strange freak of the mustang would have interrupted the unity of such pleasures as are at present being described. In this locality, and at this time, it was regarded rather in the light of a welcome episode. Not that the most reckless participant in the excitement would have wished the cut on James's brow, but that was a trifle hardly worth considering in view of the great usefulness of the entertaining accident through which it occurred.

The musicians having resumed their places now struck up a martial strain, and heroic measures resounded within the high walls of the hotel by the river. A fresh supply of wine followed; and it was not long before the merriment of the Valley City rivaled the historic revelry of Belgium's capital. The speaking eyes (always the most dangerous of dangerous elements) were there, and the chivalry was by no means wanting. The wildness of the hour was contagious; not one remained uninfected, while many were exhilarated beyond the point of decorum. Among our special friends, Blair and Ensign, though men of cautious behavior on all occasions, exhibited signs of uncommon elevation of mood. As for the robust Doctor, if the thing were possible, his laugh had nearly doubled in length and sonority. The ladies, even, had partaken enough of the stimulus pervading the very air, to prevent them from noticing the unusual hilarity of their protectors. Mrs. Durgin did not believe it easy for a man to do anything worse than roar as did the Doctor habitually; so she really had no cause for

anxiety. Moreover she was very much pleased with, and entertained by, her newly made acquaintance, sunny-haired Mrs. Monroe.

This amiable and attractive lady manifested something like partiality toward her, telling her that, if the arrangement could be agreeably made, her husband desired to join the party intending to start for the mines in the morning.

"I shall gladly avail myself of your counsel and protection," said the delighted young wife. "I will make of you, if you will let me, an older sister. In truth, I ought to regard you as a mother, for I plainly see that you are well fitted for the position. Mrs. Monroe," continued the speaker, her face as fresh as a spring blossom, "this is the most dreadful region of the world imaginable. Only men ought to be allowed to come here. I dream of Indians and bears every night; but do not, by any accident, allow the fact to reach the ears of the Doctor. I never should hear the last of it. Don't you think men are the queerest creatures in existence?"

"I do not know," replied the other, pleasantly smiling at the freedom of the language addressed to her. "Perhaps you will not find them so strange after having made a longer study of them. No doubt they will prove very acceptable companions during the frontier life we are to lead for some time to come. I must congratulate you upon having so genial and youthful hearted a husband."

"Oh, he is as good as good can be," interrupted sprightly Mrs. Durgin, "but very queer. I must call him queer. There is not any harm in so doing, is there?"

"Let us shape the statement a little differently," was the gentle response. "Would it not be better to say that he is very unlike you or me?"

"That is exactly what I mean, I guess," answered the bride, more thoughtfully. Then, with bewitching ingenuousness, she added:

"And *you* are just the nice lady that I suspected from the moment my eyes fell upon you. In a few weeks you will have smiled all the naughtiness out of my composition. I am going to write as much to my mother this very night. I forgot—there are no mails oftener than two or three times a year."

While friendship was thus being inaugurated between these two ladies with whom we shall hereafter become better acquainted, the din about them was growing "fast and furious." The light-footed daughters of La Paz were now to be seen in the midst of the floor executing the measures of an intricate Spanish dance. Their partners appeared to have wings on their heels; but the olive-hued belles of Lower California far excelled them. The graceful undulations of their hands, as they frequently raised their fingers to their lips or gave some new turn to the folds of the flowing *reboso*, added an irresistible charm to the wondrous nimbleness of their feet. The electrified by-standers threw gold and silver coins, and even sprinkled the boards they trod with handfuls of precious dust. On, on they whirled, amidst ever deafening applause. They finished, at length, and retired to their seats. They had scarcely reached them when a young man of angular build, his head bandaged, and his steps noticeably uncertain, rushed up to one of them, and, throwing his long arms around her neck, rained upon her glowing cheeks a profusion of kisses. The recipient of this unexpected tribute of admiration struggled for freedom; but in vain. The applause that had been loud before, was now tempestuous. Ensign and Blair had gone outside the building to take a breath of the cool night air; and it was not until the former returned that this astonishing exhibition was brought to a close. Quickly, as his eye caught the situation, Ensign, advancing and taking the offender by the arm, marched him unceremoniously out of sight. Poor James Swilling had been induced, on the score of his injury, to indulge excessively in the alleviating cup. Rising from the place where he lay, he returned to the scene of festivities in a condition of mind to give full play to his generous, affectionate nature. An inviting opportunity was afforded him in the person of one of the charming dancers with whom he had endevored to form an acquaintance in the early part of the evening. He seized it, and the result was the untimely embrace.

We left Blair on the veranda of the hotel. As he stood there, looking out upon the river, a female, clad in garments blacker than the night, approached from the bank. Pausing a moment before him, she said:

"And you, too, will go down into the depths of dishonor with this reckless throng of seekers-after-gold!"

Blair would not have been more astonished had an angel spoken. Could he be mistaken? Was it the influence of the wine that made him believe he had seen the form of the speaker before? No. None other could be so like her. It was the "Gazelle."

"Pray, lady, let me speak with you!" he answered; but too late. He was again alone with the river and the silent stars.

The hoarse cheering of the riotous assemblage within was no longer endurable; and he was glad to learn, upon rejoining his party, that they were already making preparations to return to the Fort.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a cloudy, chilly morning when our party prepared for their departure. As soon as it was light the men were stirring. Notwithstanding the dissipation of the night previous, all, with the exception of James, were in high spirits. Breakfast was soon over, and the train packed.

It was no small undertaking to securely fasten the store of provisions and the various mining utensils upon the backs of the horses. These numbered fourteen in all; eight of them to carry the packs, four to go under the saddle, and two to draw the wagon occupied by the ladies and their husbands. Uncle Lish, with the assistance of several of the Captain's men, performed the greater part of the labor, while the proprietors of the train looked attentively on in order to learn the process. The flour, dried meat, beans, coffee, brandy, sugar, and other stores, together with the cooking utensils, mining implements, the tent, the hides and blankets—all were at length bound firmly in their places. The Doctor, Blair and Ensign, Uncle Lish and Mose mounted their horses, Professor Monroe and James, invalided by his wound and by shame, took their seats in the wagon beside the ladies; and, with three cheers for the hospitable Captain and his wife, the little caravan moved slowly away.

Upon the trapper devolved the duty of managing the baggage horses. This he did by tying their heads together in teams, allowing a long rope to trail after each team, and driving them on before him. Mose knew no more about horses than if he had never seen one. His experience with teams was, in all probability, mainly derived from the practice with the mules he "borrowed" for the purpose of conveying the party, of which he was now a member, from Front Street, Sacramento, to Sutter's Fort.

Progress was necessarily slow. When the sun, striving to peer through the clouds, announced the hour of noon, but ten miles had been traveled. A pleasant grove of evergreen oaks inviting a halt, it was resolved to stop and allow Mose to exhibit his qualifications as cook. Professor Monroe had amused himself shooting quail, which were plentiful at intervals; and upon these Mose began at once to exercise his skill. The horses were sufficiently unburdened to gain rest as well as food; and while Mose was preparing the meal, each hungry gold-hunter sought such diversion as best suited his inclination. Blair walked apart, Ensign rolled himself in his blankets for a nap; while the Professor and Mrs. Durgin passed the time poking inquiringly about certain rocks that might conceal hidden treasures. Peace reigned in all but two breasts. Blair could not expel from his mind thoughts of the "Gazelle;" but his was a slight uneasiness compared to that of his cousin. Honest, simple-hearted James had been a constant sufferer from the hour of his waking, early in the morning. Managing to keep his grievances to himself until this time, he could do so no longer.

"Mrs. Monroe," he began, following the lady a short distance out of hearing of the others, "I must beg your pardon before we go any farther."

"I do not think I would," returned the other, "until some cause for such a proceeding has arisen."

"Oh, madam, you are too kind. You well know that I have cause enough. How shamefully I conducted myself last night! I could have borne it as far as my disgrace in the eyes of the others was concerned; but *you* saw me. Now, tell me, didn't you?"

"I suppose I know to what you allude; but really, Mr. Swilling, if you committed an offense toward any one, it was not toward me. Why give yourself particular uneasiness on my acccount."

"Because," replied James, "because—" and there he made an end. The reason was not forthcoming.

"I don't understand it," he continued, as if the omitted explanation were of no importance. "If any ridiculous thing happens anywhere in my vicinity, it always falls upon me. Before last night I never tasted a drop of liquor or wine or whatever the hateful stuff was. I took it then because the Doctor and others advised me to do so. Feeling better for the first glass, I took another after a time; and I have a vague recollection of something of the same sort occurring still later. But what is the use in going over the wretched performance? I only wish to say that I am sorry that I ever was born; and I trust you will forgive me."

"Yes," replied the lady confessor; "I will forgive you for being born, and for all the naughty deeds you have since committed."

The smile on the speaker's face sent a faint streak of happiness into the darkness of James's mind. Feeling the full revelation that he had intended unnecessary, he dismissed the subject, and introduced one that he knew much more about; namely, the splendid qualities and masterly attainments of his Cousin Mortimer.

At length, a shout from the Doctor greeted all ears. Mose had spread his meal of quail and toast upon the clean grass; and, standing proudly by the place in which he proposed to seat his temporary master, awaited the coming

of those for whom the feast was set. Blair was evidently pleased with the efforts of his servant; for he made no derogatory comments. Mose had already learned with what sort of a man he had to deal; and to discover that he had satisfied him in the first effort directly in the line of his "profession" made the old darky silently happy.

During the journey of the afternoon, the clouds gathered darker and darker, until Uncle Lish decided that rain must fall before night. This was not an inviting prospect for the first night of camp life; but the ladies declared themselves ready for any emergency. The scenery now began to grow more varied; and occasionally the keen eye of the trapper caught sight of a deer. Every hour, too, brought the party nearer to the gold deposits. This was the main cause of the increasing buoyancy of spirit. The trapper, notwithstanding the necessity for constant attention to the pack horses, found opportunity to inflate Mose's mind with narrations of adventure that caused the latter to respond in language indescribably entangled.

"Where did you git sich a drove of all-fired frisky words?" asked Uncle Lish.

"I'se been among gemmen ever since my youthfulness," responded Mose; and he spoke the truth.

"Is that the way they talked!"

"To be sure; didn't ye nebber listen to gemmen conviviatating at a feast of soul?"

"Big folks down South must be very different critters from what we raise up North," replied the trapper, cracking his whip so sharply that Mose jumped in his saddle.

"Powerful rough road!" exclaimed the darky, attributing his undignified start to quite another than its real cause.

"You better jist slip a piece of paper twixt you and the saddle; and p'rhaps it would be as well for ye to stuff a leetle cotton in your ears," was the reply.

The trapper spoke with deliberation, his face wearing an expression of habitual gravity. Mose did not quite know how to interpret his meaning. If he could have reasonably construed Uncle Lisher's advice into an insult, an immediate challenge to combat would have followed. He was too uncertain about it, however, and, though fighting was his standard relaxation from the labors of a lowly life, he resolved, for this once, to deny himself. Moreover, Mose, having, for some reason, conceived a high idea of Blair's severity of temper and physical ability, felt unwilling to test it upon so short an acquaintance.

A scene of interest was now in store. As our travelers approached a level spot by the banks of a small stream, a cluster of cone-shaped huts attracted their attention. These were found to be constructed of saplings, covered with grass and *tule*.

"That is an Indian *rancheria*," said Uncle Lish to his black comrade.

The latter, wheeling his horse about so quickly that he nearly lost his balance, rode up to the wagon and exclaimed:

"Dat, ladies, am an Injun abodement."

Mose had no more than made this announcement before the Doctor was off his horse, and bringing forward in his arms a naked child, with skin of tawny hue and a ludicrously distended abdomen. Tossing it in the air, and accompanying his movements with hallooes that must have deafened the little savage's ears, he finally dropped it squarely in the lap of the bride. Notwithstanding its inelegant outline of form and generous coating of dirt, there was something pleasing in the wee animal's face. Mrs. Durgin eyed it a moment, and first stroking it cautiously with her gloved hand, finally removed her glove and fell to carressing it in a truly motherly manner.

"How would you like him for a pet, Madeline?" asked the Doctor, extracting solid enjoyment from the sight of his wife's perplexed countenance, and particularly from her kind offer to restore the child to its mother.

Upon receiving it again, the parent, moving toward a dam formed in an adjacent stream, plunged it into the water. Down it went below the surface, and simultaneously rose two screams from the vehicle occupied by the ladies.

"She has drowned it," exclaimed Mrs. Durgin—"drowned it just because you took it in your hands."

"No, no," spoke Mrs. Munroe. "There it is again."

"This is to entertain us," continued the Professor. "The Indian mothers teach their babes to swim as soon as they can walk. This little fellow cannot be five years old, but you see that he is at home where he now is."

"Poor creature! He will take his death-cold if he does not drown," said Mrs. Durgin. "The Doctor always makes people do just such insane things, and the more crazy they are the better he enjoys himself."

The Doctor, paying no attention to this rebuke, now introduced a second feature of interest. Seeing an old squaw pounding acorns into the flour of which these people make their bread, he prevailed upon her to bring it forward and allow the ladies to taste it. This they did; but what was their horror a moment later, to see the squaw dropping in angle-worms and grinding them together with the acorns.

"What *have* we done?" exclaimed the bride.

"Nothing to contravene the customs of the tribe, I think," quietly responded the other.

"'The discovery of a new dish does more for the human race than the discovery of a constellation,' says Brillat-Savarin," added the Professor. "This bread is after all not unpalatable. It has a bitter taste, as you perceived from the flour; but a man that I once met assured me that it tasted sweet to him, he having been for three days unable to procure food. I wish that we might see something of the process of baking. First, a hole is dug in the ground and a fire built in it. When the wood has burned to ashes, these are removed and the bread is put in and covered with them while they are still hot."

"Deliver me from the Diggers!"

Mrs. Durgin knew the voice, and raising her head from its hiding place, responded:

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Blair. That is the first proper sentiment that I have yet heard concerning them."

"But if my memory serves me right, Mrs. Durgin, you had lately some lovely imaginings of these 'wild children of the wood.' Did you not, with a poet's eye, see the dusky maiden leaning upon her lover's breast, stepping lightly into the canoe behind him, et cætera, et cætera?"

"These are not genuine red men," returned the other. "They are unnameable brutes. I spoke of the noble lords of the forest—the tall, handsome warriors, with plumed heads and elegant robes; the first and the rightful owners of the soil where the white man found them."

"We may meet some of this order; but should that be the case, I fear you will think the Diggers the more agreeable associates after all." So saying, Blair spurred on.

"Don't you see, Mrs. Monroe," continued the sprightly speaker at her side, "how it is? These men—are they not queer? First, they disgust one, and when that is done, the next thing in order is to frighten one. Women do not act so."

"Whoa—whoa!" came a cry from the advance division of the party. Simultaneously a horse came in to view, rearing and plunging in a manner that made it very uncomfortable for its rider to keep his seat.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Durgin. "That unfortunate young man will certainly be killed before we reach our destination. See him!—see!"

The sight was one worthy of attention. It seems that the horse ridden by James, upon his temporary exchange of places with the Doctor, was one of those Spanish animals that retain their peculiar traits of character, though they have been long in the service of masters renowned for their gentle and forbearing treatment.

"The bucking devil!" screamed Uncle Lish. "Stick the spurs into him the whole length. Take care, he'll fling you."

Up, down—down, up; splash, whisk, flip, and flurry went James; now in the saddle, now in mid-air, until at last he descended very unceremoniously from some unknown hight and sprawled his length on the ground. It chanced to be a soft, miry spot, and the hero of a hundred close escapes proved more greatly disturbed in mind than in body.

"I'll fix him, massa," said Mose to Blair. "Jis' let dis chile take a turn wid him."

"Very well," was the response. "You may get on to him, Mose."

Though seventy years of age at least, Mose became young as a boy at the prospect of a trial of physical strength and agility. He knew nothing about riding, but that made no difference. Walking up to the horse with a cat-like tread, he sprung into the saddle. No sooner had he done so than he sprung out again. This performance was repeated several times, when the dauntless darky requested to be strapped fast to the animal. This plan was encouraged by the Doctor, who foresaw a glorious chance for a laugh, and he assisted Blair in the operation. When Mose was at length securely roped on, the gentlemen stepped aside and left him to his fate. The horse whirled about, and, despite all the efforts of his rider, followed the back track homeward with a swiftness that soon carried him out of sight.

"We've lost *him*," roared the Doctor, slapping his fleshy legs with the unconstrained delight of an overgrown school-boy.

"He will return in time to prepare supper," replied Blair. "Let us push on. I will vouch for Mose. When the horse gets tired he will dismount, and, with his frosty pate, butt him into enduring subjection."

"Yes, indeed," added James, still breathing loudly and trying to scrape the mud off his corduroys. "I don't believe the Indian that he ran against at the Fort will ever again be a well man."

"Is Mose a first-rate feller in a tussle?" inquired Uncle Lish of Ensign.

"Be careful that he does not find occasion to hammer you with his head," answered the Doctor. "He knocks a cavity in his antagonist as easily as a woodpecker hammers a hole in the bark of a pine tree."

"You're jokin', I guess."

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, you wait a few days, and if things turn out as I expect 'em to, we'll give Mose a

little circus that will satisfy him for one while. But there comes the rain. We have but an hour more to travel in."

As rapidly as possible the horses were urged forward. The trapper was right. At the expiration of an hour the drops began to fall; so, bringing the train to a halt, the men immediately commenced unpacking the tent. There was nothing inviting about the place for a camp, with the exception of a large spring of clearest water. This was too valuable a possession to pass by, even had the weather continued fair. The ladies looked rather forlorn as they stood one side watching the erection of their shelter for the night, but they enjoyed several hearty laughs before the structure was declared ready for habitation. Five times did the tent collapse and bury James Swilling, bumping him rudely with its poles, before it was made steadfast in an upright position.

"Tents is a fashionable nuisance," said Uncle Lish. "I don't know nothin' 'bout 'em, and wish I knowed less."

"The rest of you help Uncle Lish unpack the horses, and I will make a fire to keep off the *bears*." So spoke the jolly Doctor, emphasizing the last word for the edification of the partner of his joys and sorrows.

"Are you afraid of them, Mrs. Monroe?" immediately inquired her companion.

"Not in the least," was the reply. "You and I will take the safest place we can find, and so arrange it that if a bear does see fit to attack us the courageous gentlemen shall stand the brunt of the battle."

"I think a good position for the Doctor would be right in the middle of the tent entrance."

The rain began to descend faster, and it was growing night. Still the sable cook was missing.

"My wife is a good cook," spoke the Professor. "We shall have to call upon the ladies to superintend supper."

"I can make the coffee, at least," said Mrs. Durgin.

"I will answer for the remainder," added Mrs. Monroe; "but I feel anxious for the safety of Mose."

"Have no fear on his account, madam," said Blair. "Look yonder, please."

In a moment all eyes were turned in the direction indicated. There, at a most deliberate pace, came a horse and rider. On nearer approach they were recognized as being the same that had vanished some hours before. A more subdued-looking steed never bore worse bespattered knight. Both were plastered with mud and foam.

"Dah, gemmen," said Mose, dismounting, "that beast am tamed. He took dis nigger clear back in sight of de Fort 'fore he surrendered, but he's mighty sorry 'bout it now, I reckon. If I'd knowed it was so late I would a hurried up," concluded Mose, as dignified and pompous as if every bone in his body was not aching hard enough to distract his senses. "Massa Blair, what would be relishous for de ebening repast?"

The shelter of two large trees afforded our friends opportunity to house their baggage and stores, while the horses were tethered, a short distance beyond the camp, by an old hollow log, wherein Uncle Lish and the exhausted equestrian proposed to take up their narrow quarters. The night was far from pleasant, but the fatigue of the day's journey brought sound repose. Snugly wrapped in their blankets, some dreamed of gold; others of Indians or bears. Only Blair saw in his midnight visions a form as graceful as that of the "Gazelle."

CHAPTER XV.

The morning following the rainy first night in camp was one of the clearest and the most delightful for many days. One and all were awakened at an earlier hour than was agreed upon the evening previous. The trapper, stealing from his hollow log, found two of his horses missing. At first he thought they had broken loose and strayed away; but upon examination of the baggage, he discovered that certain valuable articles were not to be found. He now roused the men and stated to them the situation.

"I thought I heared suthin' 'fore it was light," said he; "so I crawled out and gin a sharp look. I made up my mind that the noise was nothin' but a bear tracking back into the bushes arter takin' a sniff around camp. I think, now, that was what woke me—for here is the marks of a bear, and they weren't there last night. But them hosses and the stuff are stole, and we haven't a minute to lose."

"Would we stand any chance of regaining them by giving chase?" asked the Professor.

"In course we would," answered the trapper; "but we must be quick."

"We may have to do some fighting, I suppose," said Blair.

"In course we will," again answered the trapper. "We have got to overhaul the rascals, whip 'em out, capture 'em, and then hang or shoot 'em, just which we find is the easiest."

"But may they not outnumber us?" asked Ensign.

"No; never fear about that. Thar is two Indians and one Mexican. I know by the

tracks, and by the amount and kind o' things they laid hold of."

"Would it not be better to let the lost property go than to peril our lives in attempting its recovery?"

"No, Professor; that never will do. If we don't begin by settin' our foot squar' down, we won't have a hoss or a pound of baggage left in the course of a few days. Thar's plenty of help round here. Jest let the firing be heard, and you'll see we are not alone."

"Well, who will go?" demanded Blair. "We must leave a guard for the ladies and be off."

"The Professor and James had better stay behind," spoke the Doctor, "and the rest of us move upon the enemy."

"I am a fair shot, gentlemen," replied the Professor, "and I don't feel like shirking my duty."

"I think your duty is to remain with your wife," said Blair. "The Doctor we ought to have with us, in case we should require any surgical aid. James is in no condition to go. And now, if the matter is settled, we have, as Uncle Lish says, not a moment to spare."

By this time the ladies were peering out of the tent, wondering what could be the cause of the early council.

"Give my wife to understand that we are after venison, Professor," said the Doctor, examining his weapons. "I don't know but I ought to go and give her a parting squeeze. I guess I will."

The Doctor had no more than performed this ceremony, which was looked upon by the recipient as one of the physician's freaks of overflowing kindness, when, everything being in readiness, the five men sprung into their saddles and dashed out of sight. All were well armed with rifles, pistols, and knives; and the horses, particularly those ridden by Blair and the trapper, were sure-footed and fleet. By common consent Blair was chosen captain of the little compny; while to Uncle Lish was intrusted the responsibilities of guide and general counselor. Blair desired him to take command, but he would not do so.

"Natur' cut you out for giving orders, Mr. Blair," said he. "I'll scent 'em to their holes, and what shall come afterward is for you to say."

Our friends, as they rode forth into the hills in the gray of the morning, were a picturesque looking band, and formidable, considering the smallness of their number. The trapper, in his slouched hat and faded brown blouse, rode by the side of Blair. The latter's handsome features were plainly distinguishable beneath a snug-fitting cap—a woolen jacket of bright blue setting off his erect form. Behind these came the Doctor puffing along in his shirt sleeves, the companion of quiet Ensign, a man whose appearance, as has been said, did not suggest his firmness of character and surprising efficiency in the hour of trial. Last, in his own distinguished and solitary grandeur, galloped Mose. His attire was so striped and checkered that, had it not been for his black face, shining like polished ebony, he might have been taken for an escaped circus clown. He was not altogether happy. The ride of the day previous was still remembered by his old bones and muscles; moreover, the prospect was not good for a hand-to-hand fight with no other weapons than those endowed by nature.

"We can't be far off," said the trapper, glancing quickly from side to side. "The red devils didn't know there was a chap along that had done fighting on this very ground before. There's only one place where they would think of hiding, and that is over that hill thar, in a little ravine. We must split up and surround 'em. Let us ride as close as we can, then slip off and play their own game — crawl up and draw bead on 'em under cover of the bushes on the top o' the hill."

Blair made known the plan of operations to the others, and selecting the Doctor to go with the trapper, struck off to the right, accompanied by Ensign. Mose was to follow, first one division, then the other, and, after all had dismounted, to bring the horses together into a spot midway between.

"Dey won't git de hosses, Massa Blair," said Mose. "I nebber see any Injuns yit that liked to come and git gemmen's hosses when dis nigger was holdin' 'em."

"Wait until they come close up, Mose," said Blair. "Don't you fire until you can't help hitting. Mind what I tell you, or you will pay the penalty of disobedience."

"Dey won't git de hosses, Massa Blair," said the darky with his usual confidence.

Arrangements being completed, the party divided and crept cautiously around to opposite sides of the hill. They had barely separated when the trapper caught the sound of horses' feet immediately in the rear of himself and the Doctor. He turned and saw a horseman close upon them. With the attention of both himself and the physician thus diverted, opportunity was given to an Indian that suddenly dashed up in front of them to fling his lasso. Another instant and the Doctor, his arms being pinned to his side, was drawn from his horse. This did not take place, however, before the trapper had sent a bullet through the breast of the foe that had made the attack from behind.

There was no time for him to reload. Leaping from his horse, he attempted to seize another rifle from the hands of the Doctor struggling vainly upon the ground. A third party now fired upon him from the spot where the first horseman fell. Fortunately, the bullet missed him and entered his saddle. The situation was now most desperate.

"For God's sake," roared the Doctor, "don't let him fire upon me! Cut this rope!"

"The Injun ain't armed," answered the trapper, who was himself in the greater peril. The next bullet from the marksman in ambush would undoubtedly terminate his life. With the utmost caution he began to edge his way, under cover of his horse (which acted as if he comprehended the danger as well as his master), toward a neighboring thicket.

Where were Blair and Ensign all this time? Why did they not hasten to the spot, warned by the report of the rifles? These were the trapper's queries. If he could but get safely into the brush, both himself and the Doctor would be saved. He could cover the ground where the Doctor lay with his rifle, but it was not yet loaded. The physician himself had almost come to the conclusion that his days were numbered, when he heard a shot, and immediately afterward saw the Indian's horse fall and roll completely over its rider. "Consarn ye! that's good for ye!" muttered the trapper, who had now reloaded and reached the bushes.

"Don't let the man below pass the clearing yonder," cried Blair, dashing by at that moment.

"I'm ready for him," again soliloquized the trapper. "I thought the boys would be on hand 'fore meetin' was out."

So saying, he crept upon his hands and knees toward the place where the Indian's horse fell and rolled over its rider. He reached it, but the enemy had vanished.

"Must have cracked his ribs some, I reckon—the derned copperhide!"

Uncle Lish was now at liberty to return to the Doctor. He found the corpulent medical gentleman puffing tremendously, but not seriously hurt. The lasso being loosed by the fall of the Indian who held it, he was once more restored to the use of his arms, when he made it his first business to find an object upon which to wreak his revenge.

"Blair has gone down one way and Ensign the other," said he, "and there is no escape for that other devil. Blast it! I guess I never shall get my breath."

"There's one chick I knows on will be longer about it than you be, Doctor," replied the trapper. "Hold! Thar's a rustle in that thar leetle clump o' shrubs."

Both men covered the spot with their rifles.

"Don't shoot," spoke Uncle Lish, lowering his weapon; "it is Cap. Blair! I'll be swinged if he and Ensign haven't corralled the cuss that bored a hole in my saddle. Ha, ha! I thought so. One of those chaps with a broad hat."

"What! Is he a Mexican?" asked the Doctor.

"He's nothin' else," was the reply. "But where is that Mose? I'll bet my old shootin'-iron the copper-skin will pick the best of the hosses and get away with it. Here, you just let me take your rifle along with mine, and I'll take a turn to find him."

The trapper mounted, but did not move the horse out of his tracks. Scampering over the hills, far in the distance, he saw Ensign's horse bearing away the escaped brave; and at the same time Mose appeared to view, hastening towards them at full speed.

"I told you so!" said the trapper. "What have you done with that thar other hoss?" he demanded of Mose, who had now arrived and sat before him motionless with astonishment.

"Ye see, gemmen," began Mose, "I was inspectin' a region whar de hosses would be most best retired, when all a sudden I heared a crackin', an' lookin' behind me, I seed Massa Ensign's steed was makin' off wid a gemmen—a perfeck stranger to me—on his back."

"Pity he didn't shoot a dent in that skull of yours," remarked the angry trapper.

"You see dis?" responded Mose, laying hold of his pistol. "Well, de gemmen he seed it, too."

"Then why in tunket didn't you fire?" again inquired Uncle Lish, stung with the thought that anything had been allowed to fall into the enemy's hands.

"Hold your bref," continued Mose, solemnly. "I was so busy, ye see, watchin' to see if the gemmen was goin' to fire fust that I didn't take 'tic'lar notice o' what I was up to myself. And agin, how did dis nigger know who the gemmen was? I had bringin's up—I did."

It appeared as if Mose would be obliged to make amends finally for his failure with the Indian by an attack upon the trapper. But Blair and Ensign had now arrived with their prisoner, which was a signal for at least temporary peace.

"Waäl, you got the drop on him, didn't you, Captain?" spoke the trapper.

"Here is the offender, disarmed and penitent," replied Blair. "What is the pleasure of the company concerning him?"

"Run him up," cried the trapper.

"*Set* him up, and lem me have a bunt at him!" shouted Mose.

"What is your verdict, Doctor?"

"I say, give the poor devil a sound drubbing and then discharge him," was the response.

"Never!" again spoke Uncle Lish. "Nothin' but the rope. That is the law o' the mines. We shall git into trouble, Captain, if we don't stand by the code."

"We barely saved our own lives, men," said Blair. "We shall probably save the lives of others by putting this wretch out of the way. He is a villain, no question about that."

"He must swing," declared Ensign, in low but decided tones.

"Very well," said the physician, "in order that the vote may be unanimous, I will consent."

"Can you tie a hangman's knot, Uncle Lish?" asked Blair.

"Knot be derned!" muttered the trapper, tossing the lasso left by the Indian over the captive's head.

The Mexican, who had understood nothing of the conversation, now perceiving that he was to be executed, dropped upon his knees—not to ask pardon of those about him, but to make his peace with the Powers unseen.

"That'll do," said the trapper. "You and the devil can talk the matter over arterwards."

"Make haste, Uncle Lish," spoke Blair.

Such was the culprit's brief trial. He was now led to the nearest tree, where, the free end of the lasso being thrown over a stout limb, he was drawn up. The little party stood by until life was extinct, when, leaving the body suspended, they followed the trapper to the ravine, where he had predicted the lost property would be found. Sure enough it was there. A more valuable horse than that captured by the Indian was secured from the Mexican at the time of his seizure, so that really our friends returned to camp not only without loss of property, but with a small increase. The trapper, it ought to be stated, arrived several moments later than the rest.

"Not a word of all this to the ladies," said Blair.

Silence was promised, and it was left for accident to reveal to them the bloody hour's work of the first morning in the hills should it ever come to their knowledge.

"Mose," said Blair, "I am ashamed of you."

"Massa Blair," replied the irrepressible African, "I seems to 'spect myself that Injuns am not my forte." JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

TWELVE DAYS ON A MEXICAN HIGHWAY.—II.

It is about ten miles from the station of Agua de Perro to the river Papagallo, and the trail, which passes over a wooded mountain, is one of the roughest in Mexico. In many places the rains had washed out all semblance of a track, and it became necessary for the Indians to go ahead and cut a virgin pathway through the brush with their *machetes*.

Occasionally, our caravan would wind around the slippery brow of a precipice, or force its way through narrow passages, where the rocks on either side threatened to crush one's feet. For fully half of the distance we toiled laboriously up and down the rocky beds of water courses, from which the animals would emerge with cut and bleeding legs. It was slow and painful traveling, the discomforts of which were only partially mollified by glimpses of beautiful scenery and the novelty of the surroundings. There was, however, but one spirit animating the party, and that was the desire to push forward. Alejandro, it is true, was grave and silent, but the horrors of Agua de Perro were too fresh in our minds to permit of our being influenced by his moods. Nothing could be worse—not even sleeping without shelter in the wet brush; and as for food, it was infinitely better to go supperless to bed than to endure the fleas and crawling things of our late inn. So, with many a slip and stumble, our groaning steeds were urged onward, the Philadelphian and the German occasionally relieving the tedium by wild bursts of song, which set the *cañons* a-ringing, while the rest shouted and chattered along the winding file, which sometimes extended far down the mountain side.

On leaving Agua de Perro the storm had apparently cleared away, and the sun was shining brightly, but it was not long before the sky again became overcast and the rain began to fall in torrents. The forest was soon dripping, and wet overhanging boughs switched us in the face and trailed across our saddle-bows. With the exception of one or two of the Mexicans, who

had been over the road before, none of us was prepared for the water, and in a very short time we were soaked through. So persistently and heavily did the water come down that I, for my own part, abandoned all effort to keep dry. It appeared to beat into and through me, and I could feel it running down my body in little rivulets into my boots. All horsemen are agreed that no experience is more uncomfortable than that of feeling one's saddle wet and soggy beneath him. This discomfort was ours in full that afternoon, and the situation was not enlivened by the reflection that neither change of clothing nor warm fire awaited us at our journey's end.

"No crossing the river this night," called Alejandro from the head of the file, and the rascal seemed to cheer up and grow jolly as our spirits went down.

He had proved himself to be a man of wisdom, and as the situation was all the result of our own persistent disregard of his advice, he doubtless felt that it served us right. We had come too far to think of retracing our steps to Agua de Perro, even if so inclined. So there was nothing to do but to spend the night on the bank of the river.

For several hours we rode on in silence through the dripping wilderness, gloomily contemplating the prospect before us, and then the trail emerged suddenly from the obscurity of the forest, and we found ourselves on a steep bluff overlooking a wide and swiftly flowing stream. Its banks were bold and precipitous, and the waters, swollen and turgid from the long continued rains, ran angrily past, bearing logs and drift-wood, or springing high into the air wherever a rock was bold enough to stem its fury. From our point of view the scene was one of wild grandeur, and for a few moments we forgot that we were wet, and hungry, and homeless. Just across the stream could be seen the longed-for haven. It was only an Indian *rancho*, with bare poles and a thatched roof, nestled in under the trees, which everywhere came down to the river's edge. It was simply another Agua de Perro, so to speak. But many a time during the dismal night which followed did we cast longing glances across the rushing waters to its beacon-light and wish that we were snug within its fold with the other dogs, and fleas, and donkeys.

Making our way down the bluff, the border of the stream was reached. Two or three naked fellows on the opposite bank ran up and down the wet sand, gesticulating wildly and shouting to us over the water. It was not possible, however, to hear their voices. Alejandro signaled them to come over in their canoe. To attempt such a thing seemed to me the hight of folly. Two of them, nevertheless, made the venture, and came very near losing their lives. Their canoe was swept violently down stream among bowlders, and it was only by the most desperate efforts that they steered their frail craft into an eddy and reached the bank from which they started.

Night came down, dark and cheerless. We had nothing to eat, and all efforts to make a fire failed. There was nothing dry to burn. From three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight the rain fell steadily, and through the long hours of that memorable night we lay on the wet sand, or paced up and down the river bank, hungry, wet, and altogether miserable. It seemed as though morning would never come. Sleep was out of the question, and the memory of Agua de Perro came uppermost to haunt us like a nightmare. How we had defamed and derided that blessed haven! What dire maledictions had been pronounced upon its humble shelter and homely fare! This was our punishment. We had said in the pride of the morning, "Nothing can be worse." What would we give now for a fragrant pork-steak, or a steaming *tortilla*? How cheery and pleasant the old Indian woman's back-shed would be with its fire, and smoke, and yelping curs! And the naked host! Why, he grew to be a hero in our eyes that night, and twice when slumber, in feverish snatches, fell upon my tired eyelids did his tall form emerge from the brush, and I could hear his honest voice, as he pointed to his humble dwelling:

"Senors, es la casa de Vds."

So much for wasted opportunities. We were tardy in gratitude, but from that time forward felt kindlier toward our native hosts.

All experience demonstrates, however, that the longest night, even in a Mexican chaparral, must have an end. The gray dawn found the poet, Marion, and the writer sitting disconsolately upon the river band, gazing out over the rushing water. It had grown chilly toward daylight, and our wet clothes, clinging to our bodies, made rest and comfort impossible. Here and there along the ground lay the prostrate forms of our companions, some under the shelter of rocks and bushes, others curled up in holes scooped out of the sand, and a few stretched among the saddles and horse-blankets where the animals were tethered in the brush. Wet, half-exhausted, and hungry, as we were, there was a humorous phase to the situation which the three melancholy watchers by the river-side could not ignore. As the light increased, and one by one our woeful-looking comrades crawled out from their various hid-

ing-places, they were greeted with shouts of laughter and raillery.

"Hello, Germany!" called the poet, as that demoralized individual emerged from a clump of bushes to our left; "where is your tooth-brush?"

"He hasn't polished his boots this morning," chimed in Marion. "No man gets hot cakes for breakfast who comes down without making his toilet."

"Where is Philadelphia?" asked the Teuton, as he shook himself like a terrier and gazed anxiously about.

There was an upheaval in the sand near by, and the benumbed and sorry-visaged Pennsylvanian stood before us.

"He comes up from the sand like a crab," cried the poet; "let us eat him."

Happily, the disposition to make the most of our unfortunate predicament was everywhere prevalent, and many were the jokes and good-natured jibes that morning bandied about.

The storm seemed to be over, and the sun came up hot and sultry. Under the touch of his rays the forest began to steam and our wet clothing dried out as if by magic. Eight, nine, and ten o'clock came and went. We were getting hungry, and the river fell slowly. Twenty-four hours had slipped away since the last square meal at Agua de Perro, and in those ante-Tanner days the flesh rebelled. Unfortunately for my ideal, the poet seemed to be the hungriest man in the party. He roamed about with a wild look in his eye, or stood stolidly gazing at the German, as though struggling with some dark problem. It was noticed also that he paused occasionally to feel of that gentleman's pulse, much to the latter's surprise, after which he would walk away and talk in an aside to Marion. Whether or not he contemplated cannibalism was never known, for an unexpected incident interposed just here to change the current of events.

A loud shout went up from the river bank below, and looking around, a calf was seen to dart out of the bushes and make straight for our position at full speed. It was closely pursued by one of our *arrieros*, on foot, who strove to catch it with a *riata*.

"Stop it! stop it!" the cry went up, and in a twinkling we were all rushing, pell-mell, like wolves to the chase.

It was quickly over. The frightened animal turned to the river. Confused by our cries, and seeing itself surrounded, it hesitated a moment on the brink of the stream, and one of the Indians, springing quickly forward, dropped his *riata* dexterously over the poor creature's head, and the game was ours. Germany was saved and breakfast was secured. The *arrieros* killed the calf, and within an hour we were busily gnawing its tender roasted ribs. There was neither salt nor pepper, nor was there lack of gusto. All questions were barred as to the ownership of the unfortunate beast, and this is the first confession of our sin. If the owner of the murdered calf should ever see this article—and I trust I am treading on safe ground in thus making the *amende honorable*—let him send up his bill. Indemnification, long deferred, shall at last be his.

It was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that the river had fallen sufficiently to warrant the Indians on the other bank in making another attempt to come over in the canoe. Even then the passage was attended with much danger, and it was only by the most skillful management that disaster was avoided. The black boatmen were powerful fellows, naked to the waist, and armed each with a wide, strong paddle. One stood up in either end of the light craft, and there was then room in the center for two passengers. The canoe itself was an oak log hollowed out and rudely shaped. To transport our party and baggage it was necessary to make eight or ten trips through the whirling water, all of which were accomplished in safety. Starting far up the stream, the little craft would catch the current and go bounding off at a long angle, like a chip in a mill-race, up and down, through riffle and eddy, careening and pitching like an untamed mustang, but always held steadily in hand by the gallant black pilots at either end. They lifted her over rocks and steered her through shoots where the spray sprung high in air, but never a break or a flutter of steady nerve. Little by little the fragile thing edged over to the other bank and landed safely far below the point of starting. It was an exciting experience, which the poet afterward commemorated in fitting verse and read to us on a reunion occasion in the City of Mexico. Unfortunately, the English version of the same was lost in the course of my mutations in the Aztec land.

Our animals did not fare so well in crossing the stream. Immediately after being driven into the water, two of them were caught by the current and swept away. Nothing could be done for them, and the poor creatures were dashed against the rocks and drowned. The others struggled bravely and made the passage, we standing on the bank meanwhile, yelling and whooping to encourage them—all of which Alejandro pronounced a piece of idiotic folly; but he was out of humor on account of the two that went down stream. By the middle of the afternoon everything was over the

river. Short work was made of such eatables as could be found in the shanty on the other shore; the boatmen were generously feed, and once again we were in the saddle, with our faces to the north.

Although suffering from lack of rest and sleep we made eighteen miles that afternoon over a rough and slippery trail, and reached the town of Dos Caminos shortly after dark. This was the best place we had seen since leaving Acapulco, and here for the first time it was possible to obtain a good night's rest. The light of the following morning revealed a picturesque little town romantically situated in a depression of the mountains. A musical brook babbled through the village, and tall, wooded peaks looked down on every hand. The houses were better and the people cleaner and more intelligent than any we had yet seen. Hardy, happy mountaineers they seemed, and furthermore they wanted us to stay with them. What we lost by declining their hospitality and pushing on must ever remain an open question; but we were not so wise then as we have since become.

For four or five days longer, with varying incident and adventure our journey continued. The hardships of the road gradually lost all terror, and each night brought boisterous speculation as to what the morrow would produce. We got used to sleeping on the ground and eating Indian fare. Fleas and yelping curs ceased to annoy or make us afraid; and treacherous showers and wet clothes became matters of indifference. Steadily onward, at a snail's gait, over mountain and stream, through forest and *cañon* and native village we held our way. There was ever something new before us or something novel in prospect; and the best of good-fellowship prevailing in our little band, discomforts were made light of and all miseries were voted a source of merriment.

It was on the evening of the tenth day out from Acapulco that our mud-bespattered and now sorry looking caravan filed into the town of Ixtla, a place of some pretensions, situated about forty miles from the city of Cuernavaca. We had been on the road ten days, but had only made a little over two hundred miles. The City of Mexico was still thirty leagues before us, and Marion I and began to grow impatient. Three days hence there was to be a grand celebration in the Mexican capital which we were desirous of witnessing. We had set our hearts upon it, in fact, and were greatly disappointed when it became evident that our creeping gait would not take us there in time. Alejandro came to the rescue. He informed us that fresh mules and a guide could be procured at Ixtla, if we so desired, and that we might push on that night to Cuernavaca and catch the stage leaving the latter place on the following morning for the City of Mexico. The distance was about forty miles, but we were assured that the road was good, and that, with fresh animals, the trip could easily be made by two or three o'clock. It was decided to adopt this course, and arrangements were made at once. Fresh mules were procured, a guide employed, and about dark, after eating a hearty supper and saying good-bye to the boys, we were once more in the saddle. One of the Mexican merchants decided to accompany us at the last moment, so that we made a party of four, counting Reiner, the guide.

For about two hours all went well, and then our troubles commenced. Since sundown the sky had been filling up with ominous looking clouds. Little by little they crept over the whole heavens until the last star was shut out and we were feeling our way through a darkness that was absolute. Far out on the mountains the lightning broke in zig-zag flashes across the sky, and then grew nearer and more vivid until we were blinded and dazed, and the terrific crashes of thunder half stupefied us. It was only possible to keep together by constantly calling one another by name and keeping a sharp lookout when the flashes came. In the meantime the rain descended in sheets. We thought we had seen it rain before; but this deluge outdid any thing previously experienced. How the guide kept his way in the inky darkness was then, and always will be, a marvel. He had a red blanket thrown around him and was mounted on a white mule. As I caught occasional glimpses of him in the lurid glare of the lightning, his head bowed to the storm and his iron heel buried in the flank of his mule, it seemed that he must be in league with all the devils.

As for myself I was so blinded and bewildered by the lightning that my head swam, and for a time it was with the utmost difficulty that I retained my seat in the saddle. Both Marion and I were mounted on mules which had not been broken to the bit, and they were stubborn and unmanageable. This added greatly to our perplexity. My own mule, in addition to his other vices, had a propensity to stumble. He fell not less than six times that night, and twice I was thrown completely over his head, fortunately landing on each occasion in a soft place.

For over two hours we groped our way along through the darkness, and then the guide suddenly stopped. By the flashes of light we could see that we were on a species of causeway,

flanked on either hand by swamp land and rank tule grass. Directly in front and across our path were drawn up two rude ox-carts, apparently barring all further progress. It was while endeavoring to get around this obstacle that we discovered that our companion—the Mexican merchant—was not with us. In vain we yelled and shouted. No response came back from the blackness of darkness, and there was nothing to do but send Reiner back to look for him. For an hour we waited in the dismal storm, and neither guide nor merchant put in an appearance. Midnight came and went, and still we sat there, wet and anxious. Marion finally proposed that we should get around the carts and move along the causeway a short distance to see where it led. Acting on this suggestion, the mules were put in motion, and, feeling our way carefully around the obstructing carts, we rode forward. Not over a quarter of a mile had been made in our uncertain groping, when a voice spoke up, sharp and threatening, from the darkness before us:

"Alto hay!" it said.

"Who's there?" answered Marion.

"No les importa," came the response; "pero no den un paso mas adelanto porque son muertos" (none of your business; but don't come a step nearer, or you are dead men).

There was an omnious clicking in the darkness, and one of the invisibles struck a match. It did not burn for over half a minute, but that was time enough. Standing squarely across our track were three or four armed men, and we found ourselves looking into the barrels of as many cocked revolvers. The match went out, and once more we were shrouded in darkness.

"What do you want?" asked Marion.

"We want you to clear out of here, and be spry about it," came the answer. "Honest men don't ride for pleasure on such nights as this."

"But we are peaceful travelers on our way to Cuernavaca," Marion insisted. "Why do you stop us?"

"We don't believe it; you are robbers. Move on, or we will fire upon you," came the reply.

Seeing that it was useless to parley, and not being anxious under the circumstances to fight, we backed our mules slowly away, getting our pistols out in the meantime for any unexpected developments. As good fortune would have it, a shout went up about this time in our rear, and we had not gone far back on the causeway, when we were met by the guide and the merchant. The latter had wandered far off the road, and when found by Reiner was mired down and hopelessly lost in the swamp.

We explained to them the status of things in advance, and a hurried consultation was held as to what should be done. There was a village just beyond, the guide informed us, and it would not be possible to go around it. We must move forward on this causeway, or give up the idea of reaching Cuernavaca until the next day. He thought, however, that he could persuade the villagers to let us pass without any serious difficulty, and so we moved forward once more and hailed the warlike guardians of the pathway. They would only let us pass, they said, on one condition. Our presence and our actions were very suspicious, but if we would come forward one at a time and place ourselves in their hands they would escort us through the village and let us depart. Their terms were accepted, and one by one we were marched through the town and told to "skip out" at the farther gate.

It is not a pleasant experience to ride through a Mexican town like this at midnight under any circumstances; but when you chance to bestride a Guerrero mule with a tendency to go tail first, and a blanketed rascal runs along on either side with a revolver at your ear, and the rain and the lightning blind you, and you feel helpless and at the mercy of all things diabolical, such experience becomes grim and loses all sentiment.

Safely reunited at last beyond the borders of the hostile village, we once again pushed eagerly forward on our journey. Three hours' valuable time had been lost, but as the storm now showed signs of abating, we did not give up all hope of getting through to Cuernavaca in season for the stage. The delay, however, was not to be easily made good, as we soon discovered. Three hours' steady rain had set all the streams booming, and we had proceeded not more than two miles beyond the town before we were stopped on the bank of a sheet of water, the opposite shore of which no man could see. It did not seem to have a very swift current, but the guide said it was deep and wide, and that it would swim the mules for fifty yards at least. What should we do?

The merchant did not want to venture it. He had had enough water for one night, he said. Marion and I, however, were desperate. We did not propose to spend the rest of the night in inaction on the bank of the stream. We insisted on going ahead. Reiner was indifferent, but inclined to go with the majority. Seeing that he would be left alone if he did not follow us, the merchant finally relented, and we all spurred our reluctant animals into the dark water. High and higher it rose, over stirrup and knee, and into the saddle, and then we were afloat—the current took us—and we were drifting we know not where.

Although troublesome and stubborn on land, the little mules seemed to rise to the occasion when once fairly afloat, and their conduct in the water that night atoned in our eyes for many a dark mulish sin. Left entirely to their own instincts, they struck bravely out for the unseen shore, and with many a snort and ear-wag took us safely over. Twice again that night it was necessary to swim in the dark in order to prosecute our journey. And then the gray dawn broke; and wet, hungry, and exhausted, we were told that Cuernavaca was still three leagues away. One last grand spurt was made, but it availed us not. The mules were tired out, and their riders tottered in their saddles. When, at last, we dragged ourselves into the drowsy town, we learned that the stage had already gone, and our night of toil and peril was all for naught. We were just one hour too late.

Our comrades, on coming up the following day, were surprised to find us waiting for them at the gates of Cuernavaca, but we were so humble, and looked so disconsolate, that they had compassion upon us and received us back with open arms.

The next day we climbed the last grand barrier and stood upon the southern wall of the Valley of Mexico. As we looked out over the beautiful landscape, with its lakes, and streams, and cities, and realized that the goal was at hand—the consummation of so many fond dreams—the discomforts and hardships of the road were forgotten and forgiven. This was recompense, and we were satisfied. Our mistake had been in undertaking the trip during the rainy season. I afterward went over the same road in the spring of the year, and from Acapulco to the City of Mexico it was one long pleasure drive. D. S. RICHARDSON.

THE ROYAL WINE.

The year was one of plenty. Every field
Had borne its fullest store of golden grain;
And merry, frolic-loving girls and boys,
That, every harvest, plucked the rosy fruits,
Or skillfully, with one well rounded arm,
Poised on their heads the baskets full of grapes,
This year had double time of merriment.

A little valley, high among the hills,
Whose sunny slopes were darkened here and there
By thrifty vineyards in well ordered rows,
Afar and near was famed for goodly wines.
Yet one there was that far surpassed the rest,
Sparkling and sweet and clear as drink of gods,
The secret of whose making no man knew
Except one agèd vintner.

Now, although
Never before was known such luscious yield
Of purple grapes untouched by frost or rain,
This year men sought in vain the royal wine;
And all who questioned, wondering, received
The single answer, "Nay, the wine you ask
I cannot make," and wondered yet the more;
Till one fair youth besought the agèd man:
"Pray tell us, father, why you cannot press
In such a bounteous year the choicest wine?"
Then answer came, "Except the purpling grape
Be touched with chilling dews and autumn frost,
The purest, goodliest wine of all must fail."

O Heart, count not too high thy summer days:
The royal wine comes only after frost! ALICE E. PRATT.

GOOD-FOR-NAUGHT.

CHAPTER V.

Word had come to Hope in a letter from Bill that little Jack Marvin had got to wearing pants:

"The quarest things you ever saw; his mother made 'em, and oh, my eyes, was'nt they *too* funny! He looked like a hoppin' toad in 'em. Ma laughed so at 'em Jack got mad and said he was 'doin to dit a dun and tchoot her.' And, Hope, he can't talk any plainer now than when you left; and that's cos his ma and pa's never talked any thing but baby-talk to him; but, oh, them pants! They make him look like the fattest little old man ever was; his legs don't look two inches long behind, but he thinks they's hunkydora, you bet. Nettie took 'em off'n him and altered 'em. She cut 'em higher in the crotch, and took about a mile of slack out'n 'em behind, and still he looks like he was stuffed with a piller. He had four fights the first day he wore 'em with boys makin' fun of him; he got whipped every time, but he wasn't skeered, and he continered to be spunky and to strike every feller that laughed till pretty soon they let him alone. Ma says he's an awful cunnin' man; but if he's a man, a man is queer mixin's."

This letter came two days before Hope's wedding that was never to be. It made no impression on her mind at the time, she being dead to feeling then. But on the day of that morning when Mr. Brownell said to her, "you shall go home again in quest of the lost roses," she came across this remarkable document and read it with the warmest feelings.

"Oh," she said; "I'll take Jack a suit of clothes."

And then she thought of other things she meant to take to all of them. She was in a state of great mental excitement, her mind flying from one subject to another with such rapidity as to leave no impression that could be remembered long. Often, however, a flash of something like curiosity arose as to why Mr. Brownell refused to marry her; and why—seeing he did refuse—he had not done so before. It was a puzzle she could not work out; and even in her joy at being released it gave her pride a twinge to think he had treated her so.

It was several days before her arrangements were completed for starting. In the meantime she avoided Mr. Brownell as if he were her arch enemy; she treated him with a distant yet gentle politeness, and hastened her departure in every way.

"How could I have been so happy here," she thought; "how could I have had a moment's content in the society of that whimsical man who has used me as a plaything and is now tired of me? Well, at least let me be thankful for his capriciousness. I am free, and that, too, without self-reproach.

And Mr. Brownell was thinking also. The night he sat all through the long, silent hours until dawn in the library planning how to release Hope—what method or pretext he could resort to that would give her least pain, or, rather, that would be the least drawback on her joy—it had not occurred to him that her pride would revolt in a way to destroy her innocent, childish love for him in the course he finally adopted. He saw it now and felt it.

"After all," he said to himself, "it is well; I had to choose between two evils. I had better bear any construction she can put upon my conduct than have her feel anything like sorrow for me or remorse. The young should be happy, at least."

Some day, perhaps, he would tell her, he thought. But then he knew when that day came his pain would be dead and his love for her dead, and nothing could make him realize that this would ever be.

"Better," he said, "keep up her delusion with regard to my motive until she goes."

He sighed to think how glad she would be to leave him, and how desolate the house would be without her.

"I had no right to think for one moment of ever making her my wife—so young a girl—and I'm getting old; I'm getting old."

Indeed, in these days his appearance was almost haggard. The gentle, pathetic look in his eyes was deepened, and his hair was whiter. Ever since Hope knew him his hair had been stationary at a certain intermediate shade of gray, where its prevailing tint was dark rather than light; but now it seemed to have crossed the line, and was light rather than dark. Hope noticed this, but was so taken up with her side of the case, together with preparations for home, that she scarcely thought of it. If, for a moment, a feeling of the old, kind love she had felt for him came into her heart, her pride crushed it, saying, "Remember how he treated you."

When, however, the time came to say goodbye, her joy at getting away, her exhilaration at the prospect of the trip and her anticipation

of the meeting of her friends, unexpected to them, altogether overcame her pride. She had hugged and kissed Mrs. Hildreth to her heart's content; and was come up from the kitchen, where she had been particularly effusive in her leave-taking of everybody, even the coal-heaver and the scullery girl, when she paused a moment at the library door.

"He doesn't like me," she said; "I have disappointed him some way; I am not the girl he took me for; he rated me too high, and now he rates me too low. Yet I must go and thank him for all his goodness; yes, I must do it, although I know he doesn't like me."

Then she opened the door and stood in his presence. He was lying on the lounge, very pale indeed, and apparently too weak to rise. Now, in an instant, Hope's heart intuitively came into perception of the fact that no insult had been put upon her, though no ray of an explanation reached her reason. In obedience to the loving impulse prompted by this intuition she went to him quickly, and kneeling down encircled him with her arms. Then she kissed him many times.

"Oh," she said, "you are good; you are so good; and I love you even if you are disappointed in me and cannot love me. I knew always you had placed me too high; you did not know what common clay I was made of. But I love you, Mr. Brownell; I love you just as well as if I had been everything your imagination thought me. I am as grateful to you for your generosity to me and Stevey as the greatest genius could be; indeed, indeed I am. I can never forget nor cease to bless you. I can love and appreciate even if I can't realize your other expectations of me. Oh, if you could only forgive me for not being what you thought me, and let me be just as I am and like me all the same, I should go away from here so much happier."

A flush had come into Mr. Brownell's face and died away again, leaving him very pale. It was with difficulty he suppressed his tears.

"I do love you, Hope," he said; "I do, indeed; and I am not disappointed in you. You have all the genius I ever supposed you had, and more, too. It was through no fault of yours that I broke off our marriage. There was nothing in that to hurt your pride if I should tell you all. I will tell you some time, my dear, when you are a happy wife; for I don't mean to lose sight of you by any means. Write to me when you get home, and remember always that I love you with a tender love—as if you were my own child."

And so she left him with very different feelings from what she anticipated, and carried away with her a sorrowful sentiment she did not try to explain. But never from that day did she believe herself the toy of his caprice as she had once thought. That version of the affair escaped from her as easily as it had come, and in as unreasoning a manner. Young people do not investigate nor analyze their ideas; they receive thought by impression, and one impression remains until another overlays it.

Hope had been placed in the care of a friend of Mr. Brownell on her passage to California, and thus, being free from care and in a frame for enjoyment, the trip was delightful to her. One evening she reached home just after dark. Her trunks were placed on the porch, and she herself lifted from the stage. The house seemed very quiet and dull. She tried the door and found it locked; then she rapped loudly. At this there was a great scampering inside, but no response. She knocked again and rattled the door convulsively. More scampering and suppressed giggling.

"Let me in," said Hope.

"'Black or white?'" came from the inside.

Hope recognized that voice and responded accordingly:

"'Fee, fy, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman; dead or alive I must have some.'"

At this juncture there was great tittering and much scurrying of feet; after that, silence, but not long. There now came a fearful scrambling toward the door, and the voices, though still suppressed and broken by laughter, became audible.

"Bill, you go first."

"No, I'm afraid; you go first, Aleck."

When at length the door was opened, Hope saw a line of boys, one behind the other, all united in the effort to keep the first boy in his place and push him forward. Each one held about a half yard of Bologna sausage in his hand and seemed prepared to meet an enemy. Little Sally stood back in the room holding a candle. There was a momentary pause when they saw Hope; and then they overwhelmed her. It was with difficulty she kept her feet under their charge; she was forced to cry "quarter," and even then they would hardly release her. There was nobody but the children at home.

"Where's pa and ma and Nettie?" asked Hope, "and why didn't you let me in?"

"Oh, Hope, they're at Marvinses," cried two or three voices at once; "and Dr. Marvin was drowned yesterday, and the reason we didn't let you in we was talkin' about him and thought may be you were his ghost come back; so, we thought we'd teach him to stay dead when he was dead, and not be comin' round any more."

"Dr. Marvin dead!" she exclaimed.

"And Mrs. Marvin fainted when she heard it, too, and all day yesterday they was a rollin' him on a barrel, and a heatin' things to wrap him in; but it wasn't no go. He was dead enough, you bet."

"Oh, mercy, mercy!" she kept repeating compassionately. "And what made you afraid of him? Suppose he should come back, do you think he would hurt you?"

"Oh, as to that," answered the elder brother, in a voice full of the uncouth inflections that mark the transitional period from boyhood to manhood, "as to that, it was just our nonsense. We wanted to see how brave Aleck and Bill were."

"And where did you get that army of Bologna sausage?" asked Hope, in whom even the surprise and pity she felt for her old friend could not quite extinguish her curiosity as to the strange weapons the children had drawn upon her when the door was first opened, and which they were now clipping each other over the head with, in the exuberance of their delight at her unexpected return.

"The butcher-man asked ma to let him smoke it in our smoke-house," said Bill; "and he took it down this morning to take it away; and then somebody borrowed his wagon to go to the funeral and he left it here till to-morrow. But I say, Hope, hadn't we better go and bring pa and ma home?"

"What! and leave Mrs. Marvin alone with her dead husband?"

"Why, he was buried to-day. That is the reason all this Bologna and a heap more is here now. He was buried this afternoon, and Stephen is with her."

The last word was scarcely out of his mouth before he had passed the garden-gate and was flying over the road with the joyful news. Then every other boy started in hot pursuit; each was anxious to tell of Hope's return first. They ran like a pack of young savages, tumbling against each other, tripping each other up with the sausages, and filling the few pedestrians whom they met on the way with astonishment and fright.

In the progress of our story, we have neglected to keep the readers posted concerning our friends of Diamond City. Long before Stephen and Hope went to New York, it began to be suspected that Dr. Marvin had taken to drink. This habit soon manifested itself most unmistakably; he even became overbearing and brutal to his wife. Gradually, as the time went on, all her sources of pleasure and amusement died out. The paint-box and its contents disappeared. The huge black chest under the bed filled with her sketches was rifled by Jack, and the pictures traded off for marbles, jack-knives, goose eggs and other treasures dear to the boyish heart. There was no ring of laughter in the house any more, and the long, lonely nights were filled with sobs and stifled groans. As she went about her wretched home, her gentle dark eyes were raised slightly upward as if seeking escape in that direction from the trials that so woefully beset her here. Her sweet face, once so girlish and happy, was prematurely grave and faded; and that metamorphosis, so wonderful in youth, so almost incredible anywhere outside of California, had come to her—a change in the color of her hair from dark brown to snowy white. It was pitiful. It had filled her brother with such sorrow, when he beheld her for the first time after his return, that added to his other sorrows it overwhelmed him, so that he wept like a girl.

In all respects the family had fared badly in Stephen's absence. Many a time they would have gone without food but for the kindness of the neighbors. Stephen's return was most opportune, though for a while it looked dark about his getting anything to do to support them. Three years had altered the face of Californian society somewhat. Times were harder; work was scarce, particularly the kind of work to which he was adapted. Dr. Marvin had become a most pitiable sot, and his death was looked upon as a release by all except her to whom it was the greatest possible release. When she saw his face cold in death, she forgot the years of privation and cruelty she had endured for him, and straightway enshrined him as chief in her calendar of saints, to be worshiped through all time.

Little change had come to the Wilkins family. They were no richer than when Hope left home. Another child had been added to the handsome group, a little girl just a year old when Hope saw her for the first time. Hope had sent her a name from New York fresh from the latest novel, and had brought her more toys than she could break in a month.

It was now getting toward winter, and the boys left in charge of the house had permitted the fire to go down. Little Sally, feeling the responsibility of the occasion, had placed her candle on a chair, and was bringing in wood and trying in every way to start the fire and brighten up things generally. She was very modest in her demeanor toward Hope, and answered her questions with a shy little "yes ma'am" and "no ma'am."

"Oh, what a sweet little thing she is!" thought Hope, restraining the impulse to snatch her up and kiss her breath away; "what a sweet moth-

erly little thing, just like Nettie. How I wish they would come."

She had not long to wait. There came an earthquake on the front porch, the door burst open and in tumbled four boys, pitching over each other and hitting right and left with the Bolognas. Directly behind them was Franky, bare-headed and out of breath, but beaming, beautiful, and benignant. Mother and daughter rushed together and for the time melted into one, like two clouds driven by opposite currents of air. Then Nettie came with her Madonna face wearing the radiance of sweet sisterly welcome; and next Mr. Wilkins, Mrs. Marvin, and Jack, all together. Last of all, and some moments later was Stephen, with the baby so wrapped it was impossible to guess what it was.

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Wilkins, "I forgot I had a baby."

"Oh, ma, I forgot her, too," said Nettie.

"How could you be so thoughtless?" asked Mr. Wilkins, unwrapping the bundle with care, and feeling it cautiously to see which end was up.

"Why didn't you bring her, pa?" asked Nettie.

"Well, really, I was very much excited at the moment and—and—"

"So was I excited, pa; so was ma excited; so was Mrs. Marvin and Jack; all of us in fact, except Stephen. How did you come to think of her, Stephen?"

"I stopped to secure the fire," said he; "and somehow I chanced to see her as she lay asleep on the bed so I bundled her up and brought her."

By this time, a bright face, with eyes round from sudden waking, came into view, and Hope rushed for the baby; but the smiling little face fell into sudden gravity, and she pushed away from her stranger sister, dropping her eyes bashfully. Hope was disappointed, and everybody sympathized in her disappointment. Had baby known it she would have trembled for her queenship in that first moment of public disapproval; but she did not know it and in that fact lay her safety.

It was many days in this reunited family before the excitement of meeting had passed, and more days yet ere they were done recounting the incidents that had transpired to all of them. Mrs. Wilkins brightened her memory with regard to Bill's escapades, and laughingly told them to Hope.

Shortly after the failure of the young man's circus business, in which Sally was to star it over the country as the chief attraction, he secretly plotted another attempt to run away and go to Hope, which might have proved disastrous, but did not in consequence of that ubiquitous law of special providence which operates solely for the benefit of such youngsters as Bill. Having evolved his plan he kept very quiet about it until circumstances favored him in executing it. One day his time came. He saw a mettlesome, high-lived horse, all equipped for riding, tied to a neighboring fence.

"I'll git on it and ride to New York right off when nobody ain't a lookin', cos what's the use of waitin'," he said.

And he did get on it. However, "man proposes and God disposes."

Mrs. Wilkins was ironing. Bill came in, climbed up on the far corner of her table, and sat very still indeed. Presently his quietness attracted her attention. Quiet and Bill did not usually live in the same house at the same time without awakening the parental anxiety.

"What's the matter?" his mother asked.

"Nothin'."

"Are you sick?"

"No, 'm."

"What makes you so pale?"

"Nothin'."

"Do you want a piece of cake?"

"No—yes, if it's got currents in it."

The cake was produced, but his appetite was not so sharp as usual.

"What you been up to?" asked his mother.

"Nothin'."

"Where you been?"

"Nowhere."

"I lay you've been hatchin' devilment, if a body could only find it out. Tell me now, haven't you?"

"Haven't I wha-at?"

"What you been doin'?"

"Nothin'."

"Where you been?"

"Nowhere."

At this moment there was a tumult on the front porch. Two or three men rushed in.

"Where's Bill?" they cried in a breath.

Then they saw him and explained. He had climbed on one of the most dangerous horses in the county, they said; and it had run off with him, kicking and plunging awfully. Several men had mounted other horses standing round and given chase. They had overtaken the horse and brought it back, but could find no trace of Bill. Half the town was out now looking for his remains, and the greatest consternation prevailed.

"Where did he throw you, Bill?" was asked.

"Who throw me?" said Bill.

"The horse; where did the horse throw you?"

"Wot horse?"

"The horse you got on round by Myer's store."

"Didn't get on no horse."

"You must be mistaken," said Mrs. Wilkins to the man.

"Is it possible that it was some other child?" queried one.

Bill munched his cake silently. More people were coming. All of them questioned him. Many went away doubting; others were certain their eyes had not deceived them. Presently the school-master arrived. He was deeply versed in the hidden ways of boys. A life-time spent in ferreting out the crooked paths and dark mysteries of this labyrinthine institution, aided by recollections of his own boyhood, had made him almost omniscient with regard to them. He asked no questions. He walked about the floor, talking to Mrs. Wilkins and Nettie on all manner of subjects except *the* subject. Bill began to feel neglected. At last, the subject under discussion was good horsemanship. The school-master, it seemed, was a good rider; had performed wonderful equestrian feats in his boyhood, and passed many a hair-breadth escape.

"Thinks he's the only feller in the world that dares ride," thought Bill.

"Now," said the school-master, "the boy that rode that horse to-day knew nothing at all of the science of riding. To be sure, I did not see him as he rode through town; but I am informed on good authority that he was actually *frightened* so that his hair stood on end."

Bill raised his hand and smoothed his hair down.

"And his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth."

Bill put out his tongue and felt it.

"And that, instead of pulling on the reins, as a brave boy would, he clung to the horn of the saddle like grim death. I wonder if that could be possible; if the boy did actually drop the reins like a coward, and—"

"No," said Bill, "you bet, that's a lie. I pulled on him hard enough to break his durned neck, and he wouldn't stop."

Franky looked at the youngster as he sat there on the corner of the table with his knees drawn up and his hands clasped around them. He might have been covered with a good sized water-bucket, and there he was, saying: "I pulled on him hard enough to break his durned neck, and he wouldn't stop."

It was too comical.

"I'd give a hundred dollars if his father could see him now," she chuckled, with irrepressible pride and merriment. The school-master laughed; everybody laughed.

"Did the horse know you was there, Bill?" asked Aleck.

"If he didn't know more than you do, he didn't know nothin'," was the brotherly rejoinder.

Chapter VI.

Stephen and Hope were very happy in these days. They had nothing to face worse than poverty, and they were not afraid of it. Stephen had a clerkship at a small salary; but it was enough for his sister's household needs, and as yet he saw nothing better; so he made the best of it.

Hope felt an irreparable loss in the fact that her occupation was gone. She had contributed largely to the wants of her family while she was in New York, and now she was back again to add to their burden. A taste of independence had spoiled her for the dependent position of womankind. She would have been more restless under this change but for her love of Stephen. She made up her mind to accept the position of cook and maid of all work for the sake of the man she loved, and to perfect her knowledge of housekeeping in order to do so. One evening, after she had been a few months at home, they were sitting together in the edge of the wood at the foot of a mountain. Spring had returned; the weather was divine; a rivulet poured down its rocky bed near them, and an early moon shone brightly overhead. Hope was beautiful; her mother's wonderful charms were all renewed in her, polished and refined by a course of education, desultory and irregular to be sure, but preëminently the thing for a girl who did her own thinking and repudiated the cut-and-dried thoughts of others. She was telling Stephen some of her housekeeping experiences.

"And so you actually made bread," he was saying.

"No, Stevey, I actually *didn't*."

"But I thought—didn't you tell me the night before I went to the city [Stephen was a clerk in Myer's store, and had been sent to San Francisco on business, whence he had just returned] that you intended to try your hand on a batch of bread. I thought of it several times while I was gone, and wondered how you came out."

"I came out with my life, Stevey—barely though, I can tell you—and the bread. Did you read that fearfully scientific article in the Diamond City *Forum* this week?"

"Yes, I did—that is, I didn't—I know what you mean, though. Go on with your bread story."

"But, Stevey, all that article with all those jaw-breaking words grew out of my experiment in bread. Dr. Thomlinson wrote it, and really it scares me to think of it."

"How could that article—it was something of a scientific nature, wasn't it?—grow out of your bread making? I wish now I had read it."

"I'll tell you all about it, and then you can advise me about what I ought to say to Dr. Thomlinson. You see it was this way: ma was gone, and had taken Sally and the baby with her; Nettie was out riding with Mr. Moreton; the boys were at school, and pa was at work; so I thought it would be the best time I could find to learn how to make bread. You see that as much as I wish to work now, and to help ma, she won't let me, and Nettie won't let me; they all act as if I were too good and too refined to touch my hands to anything, and so I am hindered from learning the things necessary for me to know in order to be a poor man's wife. Well, I got some flour in a very small pan, because I wanted to make only a little, and I put some yeast in it and some water, and stirred it up. But there was too much water, and so I put in more flour and yeast. This made the pan too full, and I put it in a bigger one; then I got in too much water once more, and after that too much flour again. I didn't like to do it, but I had to, Stevey: I got the great big dish-pan, and I said to myself, "So far and no farther"—for you see a chain of things was beginning to run in my head, like this: Little pan, middle pan, dish-pan, wash-tub, wood-box, clear on up to the house itself. I went at it very carefully; but, Stevey, flour is awful stuff to fly around, and when you wet it it is the most aggravating compound in the world; it sticks to everything but just what you want it to stick to. After a while, however, I had most of it flattened down in the pan, and it did really look like very respectable dough. Then I put it in a warm place on the floor near the stove, and after that I went into the parlor and forgot it; though I must say that the responsibility of the wretched stuff didn't leave my mind for one instant if it was seemingly forgotten; it was like an incubus—like a nightmare. I couldn't read, I couldn't sew, I fidgeted and fidgeted, and when I went into the kitchen after a long time to get a drink of water I knew what was the matter with me. That bread had swelled up beyond all belief. There was a mountain of it—a volcano, rather, for it had run over, and was spreading about the floor in a manner to create an impression of a cloud-burst in the dough department of the heavens. Well, I was utterly discouraged about that bread; I was disgusted with it and sick of it. It had weighed on me until I was feverish, and my head was bursting with pain. A fearful thought crossed my mind. I don't exactly see the connection, but somehow I felt like Bluebeard; I wanted a chamber in which to hide my dead. I ran into the next room and found my purse. I didn't like the thought of wasting so much of pa's flour unless I could buy some more, and, you see, I was resolved on the destruction of that obnoxious dough. It was too much for me. It had got beyond my power to handle, and that swelling propensity was so suggestive of infinity it scared me. An infinity of dough—just think of that, Stevey!—in which we would all live, and move, and have our being. I believe it almost gave me the hysterics. I was so nervous I felt as if I had killed somebody, and had very little time to dispose of the body. I caught up the shovel and threw all the surplus dough back in the pan and hammered it down. It was meandering about the floor in the most exasperating manner, and I had stepped in it two or three times, and the soles of my shoes had got so sticky I could hardly walk. Then I picked up the pan and ran with it down to the deserted lot back of our garden and emptied it out, and piled no end of stones on top of it. After that, I went home and tried to obliterate the traces of the tragedy; but I was like Lady Macbeth—was it Lady Macbeth?—I couldn't get the blood off my hands; I couldn't get rid of the dough; it was everywhere even after I washed the pan and scrubbed the floor. All the next day and the day after I would hear somebody asking, 'Where did this dough come from?' and 'Where did *this* dough come from?' And only yesterday Nettie found a piece of it in the folds of my dress; and this morning I found quite a little chunk of it in my trunk. And Professor Thomlinson? Oh, yes. He has done more to render that dough ubiquitous than any one. He has embalmed its memory in a scientific article. Really, Stevey, all that stuff he wrote about a new kind of fungus with its innumerable peculiarities and its queer acid smell was on the strength of finding my dough. You see it couldn't lay still in its grave like a well behaved corpse, but swelled up among the stones I put on it and showed itself like mushrooms—like a small mountain of mushrooms. And that acid smell? It *must* have been very sour by the time he found it, and dried all through. And, now, would you tell him about it if you were me? Being a scientific article, I guess it doesn't make much difference, does it? All that's necessary in a scientific article is just to make it so that nobody can understand it—isn't it, Stevey? In that case I had better let

it go. But the funniest thing of all, is that he has got some of it in his glass case of strange specimens."

The delicious days wore into weeks and months, and the young lovers scarcely heeded their flight. Indeed, the days were dropping into a gap they were anxious to see filled up, and the faster they dropped the better it pleased them; but at last the gap was nearly full. Hope had taken out the wedding dress made for Mr. Brownell's bride, and had tried it on every person in the house.

"I certainly will not wear it, ma," she had said at least a dozen times. "I don't know what to do with it. I want somebody to wear it the night of my wedding; and its too small for you, and too large for Nettie, what on earth shall I do with it? I shouldn't wonder if it would just fit Mrs. Marvin. Oh, dear, I must find out. I want to see Mrs. Marvin dressed beautifully for once in her life. I do think she would look angelic with her young face and snowy hair. It is time she came out from her old crushed life, and began to be interested in people and have people interested in her; and ma ——"

"Well, what is it?"

"Do you think it sounds very wicked for me to say that I hope the dear little thing will find somebody to love her and marry her and be good to her always; or don't you believe in second marriages? At all events, I am going to give her this dress and coax her to wear it."

When Mrs. Marvin saw the dress her eyes sparkled. Every atom of her being was attuned to beauty in all its forms; and as her life had been spent out of the city, she was warped by no conventionality that forbade her following her own taste in such matters.

"Oh, Hope," she said, smiling, "I never had so fine a dress in my life. Oh, what a lovely thing it is!"

And so, the evening of the wedding arrived; the house was crowded with guests. The long back porch had been curtained for the occasion, and the supper-table set there with its load of good things.

Presently, the event so long anticipated was realized, and Stephen and Hope were pronounced husband and wife. Then, everybody crowded around them with congratulations; and when they had shaken hands with a great many friends, most of whom Hope scarcely saw at all, she was startled by a voice that spoke her name, and, looking up with a quick flutter of excitement in her eyes and a glad little cry, she threw herself into Mr. Brownell's arms.

Yes, Mr. Brownell had made up his mind to "come and see the youngsters married," so he told his housekeeper. The place had never seemed like home to him after Hope left. The sadness faded out of his face as the months slipped past, but still he wanted Hope. He wanted Stephen, too; he did not separate them in his mind any more. He wanted them both; he needed both of them in his business and in his affections.

A little while after his greetings with Hope, and Stephen, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, a lady, who had attracted his notice by the peculiarity of her beauty, the metropolitan appearance of her queenly attire, and, also, by an expression that seemed familiar, came toward him with outstretched hand and a sweet touching smile—a smile full of chastened sadness, yet bright with kindly remembrance—claiming old acquaintanceship and desiring recognition. But she had to explain.

"I'm Stephen's sister," she said; "I am Mrs. Marvin; it was at our house you first saw Hope."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

She felt instantly that the change in her hair had caused his ejaculation; and the past rose before her. She turned her eyes upward and away, and for a moment the old pain tore at her heart, and her sweet, patient face showed it plainer and more pitifully than any words could have expressed it.

"A poor wounded gazelle," he thought.

He took her to supper that night and sat between her and Hope; and somehow, he was not nearly so heart-broken as he expected to be. The wine circulated freely; everybody knew everybody, and it was the jolliest supper ever eaten. At its conclusion Mr. Wilkins volunteered a song.

"A song from Wilkins," roared a dozen voices. "Stand up, Jimmy, and put the style in it."

Mr. Wilkins stood up, but could not get the tune started; he pitched it too low, at first, and then too high; and then proposed to "sell out the job cheap and on long credit," and sat down. Little Sally seemed to feel sorry for him; she patted him on the arm and said:

"I'll sing it for you, poor pa, and you can hold my grapes and flowers while I do it."

"That's the ticket," cried Mr. Wilkins; "one of the loveliest ladies in Diamond City is going to sing it for me."

It was something supposed to be appropriate to the occasion, about a young bride, in which bride was made to rhyme with cried; it began pathetically, but ended quite cheerfully.

"Stand up on the chair, honey," said Mr. Wilkins, "and let it ring."

So, Sally stood up on the chair, and, in a clear, tuneful child's voice, and in the most

modest manner possible to imagine, sung the song through. The last verse was in praise of marriage, and advised "all the young swains and fair damoselles" to get married before it was too late; and to old people out of wedlock, it conveyed the intimation that it was better late than never.

Now, Mr. Brownell and Mrs. Marvin, pleased with the modest appearance and pretty voice of the sweet little singer, were looking at each other and at the child with faces full of smiling, loving kindness; but when the last verse rang out so crystal clear their eyes dropped away from each other, and the smile changed to a look of quiet dignity. Is it not possible that the words were too literal a translation of their secret thought?

My story is nearly finished. Stephen did not take the school; and though Hope had learned to make the most elegant bread in the world, her accomplishment fell useless. It was only a month from the wedding until they began to make preparations to go to New York with Mr. Brownell. There was Stephen and Hope to go, and Mr. Brownell and——

But let us record a conversation between Mrs. Marvin and her hopeful son a week or two before the final departure.

Scene—the lonely cabin where Mr. Brownell first met Hope. The widow is holding her little boy on her lap.

"How would my dear little son like to have a papa to love him, and be good to him?" she asked.

"Would he buy me lots of marbles, and a top, and a knife full of blades, and a tin horn, and a sure-enough gun, and a pair of boots, and a steamboat, and a stove-pipe hat, and a——"

"He would get you all you need."

"Then I want him, ma, you can bet your life on that. Have you got him picked out, ma? Who is he, ma?"

"Mr. Brownell."

"Oh, ma, ma, what a 'plendid idear that is! Oh, let me go quick, ma, let me go."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to tell Mr. Brownell that you are going to marry him, ma. He'll be so glad. He tell'd me the other day that he wanted me for a little son for never and never; and I want to run and tell him I'm going to be."

The lights are turned down; the curtain drops. It only remains to say good-night and happy dreams. HELEN WILMANS.

THE END.

THE LITERATURE OF UTOPIA.

Mr. Henry George is regarded in some quarters as the founder of a new scheme of social reconstruction, under which poverty and misery are to be banished from the world. I read in the American criticisms on his book, *Progress and Poverty*, that it "is not a work to be crushed aside with lofty indifference or cool disdain;" that "in the whole range of English literature no more radical book was ever written;" and that it "is the most remarkable book on political economy it has ever been our fortune to read." The New York *Herald* caps the climax of this favorable comment with the declaration that "*Progress and Poverty* is not merely the most original, the most striking and important contribution which political economy has yet received from America, but it is not too much to say that in these respects it has no equal since the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*, by Adam Smith, a century ago, or at least since Malthus formulated his theory of population and Ricardo his theory of rent."

The proposition which has drawn forth these favorable notices is one to place all the taxes on land. The Government is practically to assume the proprietorship of all the land, and make use of the taxes which it levies upon it in whatever way it pleases. Mr. George intimates that after it has raised enough for its own support, it can go on levying taxes for any other purpose it may resolve upon. Land by this process is to become the property of the Government, and the taxes extracted from it are to take on the form of rent. But this is not, by any means, an original notion. De Gournay and Quesnay, a century and a half ago, formulated a doctrine similar in character to that we are considering. According to them, all the taxes were to be placed on the land. Speaking of it in his *Maxims*, Quesnay says: "Let not the tax be destructive, nor disproportioned to the total revenue of the nation; let its increase follow the increase of the revenue; let it be assessed directly on the net product of the

landed property, and not on the wages of men nor on provisions, where it would multiply the expenses of collection, be prejudicial to commerce, and destroy annually a part of the wealth of the nation."

I am willing to accord to Mr. George all the merit that attaches to rediscovery. The fact that Eric the Red planted a colony in this country in the tenth century and traveled down the Atlantic coast as far as New Jersey, does not seem in the least to detract from the glory of Columbus. Aristotle is still revered, though the Hindu Guatama was the discoverer of the syllogism of the organon. August Comte has his admirers, though in the doctrine of relativity Pyrrho clearly preceded him. But Mr. George's critics would seem to demand some other kind of treatment. When they were awarding to his work the merit of originality, they should have known what they were talking about. It is not a little singular also, in this connection, that the circumstances under which the School of the Economists was founded, in the time of Louis XIV., were very similar to those which prevailed in this State when Mr. George launched his *Progress and Poverty*. The explosion of Law's system left France prostrate.

While it lasted fortunes were made in a day. Lacqueys took the places of their masters. The economists, after the collapse, turned public attention to land, as the kind of property that is not dissipated in a night. "The *tableau economique* was regarded for a time as a veritable revelation—much in the same way as *Progress and Poverty* is now by a certain class of readers. Mr. George's book made its appearance after the eclipse which has fallen on the Comstock. The circumstances under which he wrote were precisely analogous to those which engaged the attention of Quesnay and the Abbé Terray. But the question is not one as to who is the real originator of the scheme, but whether it enunciates a good social law by which the happiness of humanity is likely to be promoted.

When we come to the consideration of this branch of the subject, it is apparent that Mr. George is satisfied that as soon as all the taxes are placed on land, the whole burden of supporting the Government will fall on the proprietors. In one sense land is an excellent distributor of taxes. When taxes are placed on land they are transferred to the products of land. They go into wheat and barley—into bread and beer. They enter meat and vegetables. They get into wool and the clothes we wear. They are present in wine and fruit. Taxes placed on land will ultimately be paid by the consumer. Taxes are shifted from shoulder to shoulder. They are usually paid by the last man in the "line"—the man who consumes the article. It seems to me, under this view of the case, that Mr. George proposes that under his system humanity shall lift itself up by its boot-straps. The landed proprietor will shed his taxes us a duck sheds water. He will be a tax-gatherer and not a tax-payer. But Mr. George is evidently of the opinion that in time the burden will become too heavy for him, and that he will as a consequence greatly relax his hold on the land. If he does not, he hints that it can be made too heavy for him. More taxes, which are now to be called rent, can be placed on him than are necessary for the support of Government. Mr. George chuckles in advance over the fund that can be accumulated in this way. He says in his last publication, *The Irish Land Question*, which may be regarded as a sequel to *Progress and Poverty:* "We could do with our great common fund many, many things that would be for the common benefit—many, many things that would give to the poorest what even the richest cannot now enjoy. We could establish free libraries, lectures, museums, art galleries, observatories, gymnasiums, baths, parks, theaters; we could line our roads with fruit trees, and make our cities clean and wholesome and beautiful; we could conduct experiments, and offer rewards for inventions and throw them open to public use." In a foot-note on this subject, Mr. George volunteers the information that "a million of dollars spent in premiums and experiments would, in all probability, make aerial navigation an accomplished fact."

Evidently, the author is of the opinion that all that is necessary to complete the happiness of the denizens of his Utopia is to be able to fly through the air. But, apart from this attachment, it is surprising that the paradise which a writer of such powers of imagination has sketched should bear such a striking resemblance to the pandemonium which we now occupy. We have now "free libraries, lectures, museums, art galleries, observatories, baths and parks," maintained by taxation or private beneficence. We have not, it is true, free theters, nor fruit trees along the roads. But we offer rewards for inventions by securing to the inventor for a limited time the sole right to manufacture his invention. We find, then, that the only real difference between the good time coming, according to Mr. George, and the present evil time, consists in a universal deadheadism at the theaters, and free strawberries all the year round in the public highways. I am a little skeptical as to whether it would be altogether wise to overturn society for the accomplish-

ment of this object. What Mr. George has really before his mind is the French revolution, with the main factor in that upheaval left out. He thinks that when all the taxes are placed on land the present proprietors will miraculously disappear, and those who are now landless will take their places. To be logically complete, he should have provided some efficient means for removing from the scene or killing off the former unpleasant class. But, as nothing seems to be farther from his thoughts, the land-owners will remain. The taxes levied upon them they will transfer to the consumers of the products of land, who are simply the whole community. The Government will be supported by the persons of all sexes who eat food or wear clothes. Mr. George's common fund, which is to set up free theaters and provide free fruit for all, will come out of the pockets of those for whose benefit these beneficent institutions are to be provided. It is not to be denied that his system would have some effect on surplus and unoccupied lands. Capitalists would not indulge, by reason of the taxes, in any long-range speculation in relation to them. But when a demand for more acreage was likely to arise, they would be on the ground first. They would be able to pay taxes for a year or two before there was any market for the property. Land speculation is something that is always present with us. The Fathers, as they are called, as soon as the independence of the republic was acknowledged, broke themselves at it. Pretty near all the land speculation on a large scale, which has since taken place, has traveled the same road. The calculations that were made as to the time when the lands so secured would be salable have, nearly in all cases, proved delusive. Something unexpected is always happening to retard or divert the movement, no matter how clearly it may appear to be outlined.

But while Mr. George's plan for the reconstruction of the social edifice can be followed with tolerable clearness in the country parts, much confusion and uncertainty is encountered when it is applied to cities. There are elements which determine value in farms that are wholly wanting in city lots. The land in the interior is arable or sterile; it is capable of producing wheat or wine; or it is only good for pasturage; or it is marshy and needs draining. But the element of use cannot well become a factor in fixing the value of town lots. To try to do so—that is to say, to fix values according to the use to which the land is devoted—is to introduce a factor which the system plainly excludes; that is to say, the improvements. There are some minor elements of value in town lots, such as accessibility, grade, character of the foundation, etc. But the main factor must under these circumstances be area. The milk or the hog ranch, therefore, in the outskirts of a town would have to pay about as much taxes as the lot upon which a vast and magnificent hotel stands. If the market gardener and the hotel proprietor occupied equal space, they would have to pay equal taxes. It is not difficult to forecast what effect such a policy would have on the social organism. The occupation of land, except when it could be used as a distributor of taxes, would be impossible, except in the case of the rich. The hotel keeper and the market gardener would be in a position to shift the burden from their own shoulders—the former to the persons who lodged with him, and the latter to those who ate his turnips or asparagus. The only difference would be that vegetables would be higher in their relation to lodgings than they are now; but the moderate homestead would sink out of sight under the weight of the taxation. If all the taxes had to come out of the land the people would be driven to live in barracks or tenement-houses. They would have to live huddled together much after the fashion of the Chinese. There would be great vacant spaces in the suburbs of all cities covered with rubbish and *débris*, for no one would pay taxes on them till there was a certainty that they could be utilized. I do not think it will be necessary to waste much time seeking to determine what benefit is likely to accrue to the cause of humanity from such an arrangement. There is nothing discernible here but a blind blow at the family relation. Probably nothing was farther from the mind of the author of this scheme for the amelioration of mankind than that we are considering; but such would clearly be the effect of what he proposes. The owner of the homestead could not shift his taxes to any other shoulders. They would fall with crushing weight on him. Mr. George's system in cities is calculated to tax the home out of existence, and substitute in its place the tenement-house. This living in common would certainly be a step in the direction of the more repulsive forms of communism. But it is hard to believe that any such results were contemplated in the theory under consideration.

But it occurs to me that Mr. George would have considerably modified his theory if he had only taken the pains to apply it to existing facts. He seemed to be totally unaware of the circumstance that we have been on the road to his paradise in this city for some time past. Our career in that respect has only been arrested by the party with which he admits more or less

sympathy. Previous to the adoption of the New Constitution real property bore about 79 per cent. of all the taxation in San Francisco. We would have only to get over 21 per cent. to reach that state of human happiness which he so vividly portrays. The New Constitution arrested the tendency to put all the taxes on real estate. It created a reaction in the direction of personal property to the extent of about 11 per cent. But still the fact must not be ignored that we are even now within 31 per cent., or thereabouts, of the bliss which he seeks to confer upon us. More than that, in New York, where Mr. George is now, the advance to his millennium is still more pronounced. There real estate pays 87 per cent. of all the taxes. A little stride of 13 per cent. would land that metropolis fairly in Mr. George's Utopia. It must be forever regarded as a marvel that the founder of the latest school of economic philosophy got so near his own promised land without, to all appearances, having the least consciousness of the fact. On the contrary, he draws some very affecting pictures in his pamphlet, *The Land Question in Ireland*, about the misery which prevails in that great commercial center. He has something very affecting to say of tenement-house life and the squalor of its surroundings. But lodging in crowds is the result of the high rents which prevail on Manhattan Island. High rents, again, are the product of high taxation of real estate. That taxation, as we have already seen, reaches 87 per cent. in the city in question; but, according to Mr. George, if 13 per cent. more could be clapped on, the scene would at once be changed. The very least to be expected is that the denizens of the Five Points would be moved, bag and baggage, to the Fifth Avenue. This is a transformation that might have been worked by Cagliostro, but it will be a tough job for a mere economist to carry out. An explanation is needed of the phenomenon that, whereas 87 per cent. tax on real estate consigns the working classes to tenement-houses, 100 per cent. will lodge them in palaces. It is true that the taxation which we are now examining in this city and New York includes improvements. For instance, the naked land in this city was valued last year at $122,029,868, and the improvements at $42,968,640. The proportion which improvements bear to land in New York is probably larger. But the elimination of the the improvements would rather aggravate than lessen the expense of lodging. Certainly, there is no view that can be taken of it in which a reduction is possible. The taxes would all come out of the lodgers, for few, as already stated, but the rich could occupy land as a homestead. The elementary proposition in taxation, which Mr. George does not seem to have mastered, is that in nine cases out of ten, roughly estimated, the person assessed for a tax is not a tax-payer, but a collector of taxes. He collects for the government which imposes it, usually with a percentage for his trouble.

Nor is Mr. George more fortunate in his historical researches than he is in the application of his economic principles. In the pamphlet on the "Irish Land Question" (p. 50), he says, "The putting of property in land in the same category as property in things produced by labor is comparatively modern. In England as in Ireland and Scotland, as in fact among every people of whom we have any knowledge, the land was originally treated as common property; and this recognition ran all through the feudal system. The essence of the feudal system was in treating the landholder not as an owner, but as a lessee." The first property known among men was the property in land. The archaic form is found in the Hindu village community. A certain piece of land is cultivated by a family. To each member was assigned a piece for himself. The only tie recognized by primitive man was that of relationship. Into the Hindu village community strangers could be admitted by adoption. When so admitted, they became technically members of the family. Sir Henry Sumner Maine states that there are some communities in Russia where this form still survives. The only addition made to it is, that at stated intervals there is a redistribution of the lands among the members of the family, tribe, or clan. In Greece and Rome we have the same system, but modified by what was known as the *patria potestas*. The ownership of the land was in the father, who had also control over the lives of his children and dependants. In the feudal system, the patriarch was converted into the chief. The lands were held by the vassals on condition of personal and military service. In the early form the chief held simply a larger share than the other clansmen. In the middle ages, on the decay of central authority, many independent communities sought protection by voluntary infeudation. As the relationship between the chief and the clansmen became more and more attenuated, the former grew in power. The common lands were, in course of time, appropriated by him. When, afterward, a reaction toward a common central authority took place, the serfs and vassals were released from the payment of feudal dues, which had taken on the form of rent. But they lost their lands in the process, apparently without any knowledge of the wrong in-

flicted upon them. The dues which they had formerly rendered to the feudal chief were simply transferred to the central government. They were not taken directly and in kind, as under the feudal system, but in the shape mostly of indirect imposts. Taxes were taken from the man when he bought a hat or drank a cup of coffee or tea, without his knowing anything of the process by which he was being divested of his hard earnings. Nor was he released from military service. He was still subject to draft by the central authority whenever he was required in the field. Directly and indirectly, all he had formerly given or paid to the feudal chief was exacted by the central authority which had superseded the lord. But, in the transfer, he was stripped of his land, and turned out naked into the world. Wherever this great transformation has taken place it has been announced as one of the great triumphs of civilization. It has been labeled emancipation and other high-sounding names. But, wherever it has been accomplished, the peasant has been changed from a coproprietor into a tenant at will, and he has been simply cheated out of his land. The land was never treated anywhere as common land. The notion that land should be as free as air or water is purely chimerical. There is not the least analogy between them. Nobody has ever been able to reduce air to ownership. In a modified sense the history of water is the same. Land, however, is totally different. There is, perhaps, not an acre of land worth the having in civilization which has not been stolen, so to speak, a dozen times over. Invaders have dispossessed aborigines and seized their lands. This is the history of nearly all nations. The present occupants have always come from some other place. Social transformations, in which the sharp and acute have taken advantage of the ignorant and confiding, have also played their part in the changes of ownership. There are only two methods of acquiring and holding land—buying it or taking it by force or fraud.

Furthermore, it is not altogether correct to say that the effect of modern civilization is to place property in land on the same equality as property in things. Nor is it that what Mr. George himself is trying to do. His scheme is to release property in things from its share of taxation, and place it all on property in land. Besides, the evolution of property was exactly the reverse of what he supposes. The first property was in land. For ages a tedious ceremony was necessary for its transfer. The *libripens* had to attend with his scales to weigh the money. A certain number of witnesses had also to be present. Every step in the ceremony was minutely prescribed. This was intended to fix the memory of the transaction in so many minds that no question could afterward be raised about the transfer. In the old long-winded deeds we had a survival of this system. All this time personal property passed readily from hand to hand without much formality. The tendency of modern times is to make the transfer of real property just as easy as that of personal property. With this view much of the old verbiage in deeds, especially in this country, has been eliminated. In Australia alone perfect equality in the transfer of the different kinds of property has been reached. There the title to land is transferred by simple indorsement, much as a note is with us. The recorder's office takes the place of the *libripens* and the witnesses. The tendency, therefore, of modern times is to place property in land on an equality with property in things, and not as Mr. George has stated it. This property in things has played a conspicuous part in breaking down the old monopoly in land. It accomplished that purpose to a large extent in ancient Greece. The wealth acquired by the Grecian merchants placed them soon on an equality with the old expatrid owners. The same phenomenon was witnessed in Rome in the case of the Licinii and the great contractors. It was by acquisition of personal property that they worked their way into the senate and secured a share in the legislation of the republic. The gentlemen of the period were those who had a *gens*, or family. The *gens*, or family, was always the owner of lands in greater or less area. It was by the accumulation of money that plebeians succeeded in breaking down these barriers. Much the same condition of things is now observable in England. It will thus be seen that personal property has done much to break down the old land monopoly. It has done much to promote the freedom and equality of the human race. But it has since acquired such power and prominence that it needs checking itself. By modern inventions it has built up monopolies beside which those of Greece, Rome, or of the Middle Ages, sink into insignificance. The great feudal lords of the epoch are the railroad magnates, the cotton lords, and the manufacturers. They have succeeded in feudalizing labor and reducing it to subjection. Their palaces and equipages in all monarchical countries throw those of the old nobility into the shade. They take toll of everything that passes along their highways. They are silent partners in the profits, but not the losses, of most commercial ventures. They control absolutely many of the necessaries of life. They have practically the power of life and death over their de-

pendants, for they can reduce their wages or discharge them. But this is the class which Mr. George would release from all the burdens of government.

It is not monopoly in land that confronts us, at least in this country. There may be some trouble on that head in parts of Europe, but there is none here. There are no large estates of long standing anywhere. The only one I can call to mind now is that of the Astors in New York. But the possessions of the old patroons have long since melted away. San Francisco was once practically owned by less than fifty persons. There are now not less than forty thousand property owners. Accumulations of land disappear almost as quickly as they are secured. There is such a thing as being land-poor with us. The man with the most land is often the man who is the worst off in the community. The Fathers went to the wall on land speculations. Their sons have followed frequently in their footsteps. Putting all the taxes on land will not cure anything. On the contrary, it will aggravate corporate exaction.

It is not an easy thing to determine the place to which Mr. George's scheme is to be assigned in the literature of Utopia. All of them, from Plato's *Model Republic* to Shaeffle's *Quintessence of Communism*, present a complete system. In Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* we have little more than Plato's notion, adapted to a more complex form of society, with some geographical accessions. In Campanella's *City of the Sun* there is a variation in the original theme and no more. In most modern schemes confiscation of the land is an incident rather than the main operation. In Fourier's plan the proprietors of land are to be paid off in means of enjoyment. In Shaeffle's *Quintessence* the same rule is proposed, but with the addition that if they shall refuse they are to be expropriated. Mr. George proposes that the state shall recover possession of the land. In his opinion the state was originally owner of all the soil. But no such condition of things ever existed. States grew out of the amalgamation of feudalities. King John was known in England as John Lackland. Conquered territory was vested in the king as it used to be in the feudal chief. He parted with it principally on conditions of service. But having got hold of the land, Mr. George is evidently of the opinion that nothing more is to be done. Corporations will grow mild and beneficent when nobody owns the soil. All the new questions which are now puzzling society will instantly disappear. There will no longer be any trouble about currency. I am inclined to think also that "three-hooped pot will have ten hoops." Sparta is the only state in which communism was ever practically put to the test. There the land was divided into portions. There was a common dining-table, to which every citizen could repair whenever he chose, provided he brought his contribution of bread or vegetables. The children were brought up at the expense of the state. They were taught to steal fruit, and were punished only when they were found out. There was no money in Sparta. When it was once resolved to reward allies, a fast for twenty-four hours for men and animals was decreed, so as to raise a gift. But the system was short-lived and repressive of progress. Sparta left no monuments. All the efforts to carry out the same principles privately have likewise failed. There was no reason why the communistic establishments set up at various times should not have flourished, if they were based on sound principles. The fact that the notion was carried out on the larger stage of a state would not have secured any better demonstration. All these theories are schemes of the improvident to get control of the possessions of the provident. It is quite clear that they will have to exhibit a wonderful power of fascination before they can succeed. If the world were to be turned upside down for these dreamers, the parties who had the nearest and strongest hold on property would soon bring about a reaction. The landless is quite certain to give up his notions of communism the moment he gets land of his own.

M. G. UPTON.

THE DREAM-PLANT OF INDIA.

For some years it has been a mooted question whether opium cultivation would be profitable in California; but as yet no extended nor scientifically conducted attempt has been made. Though poppy plants have been produced and have attained good growth, promising an abundant yield, the project has not received that attention which those who have had experience with the plant are confident would be given if proper care were bestowed upon its culture. There is no doubt that opium could be produced in California, and in such quantity as to

prove not only profitable to private speculators, but to the Government.

The poppy was early cultivated in India, and formed an important item in the revenues of the ancient Mogul emperors. It was from time immemorial a monopoly; and in the sixteenth century the old Mohammedan chroniclers considered that only as a monopoly could the cultivation of the drug be profitable. For many years the most lax management prevailed. Little or no account of the area under poppy was registered, and as an inducement to the Government officers a commission was offered on the sales, which then were not held regularly once a month. These commissions often amounted to twice the amount of salary paid to the opium officers during the year, and it was not uncommon for the Government to reduce these perquisites to a reasonable sum.

It was not till Lord Dalhousie's viceroyalty that the Opium Department was placed, to use a military expression, upon an effective footing. The first Agency, as it is termed, was started in 1797 at the pleasant little station of Ghazipur. This is on the borders of the North-west Provinces and Bengal, and it is here that the Opium Agent, chief of the department, has his headquarters. In 1821–22, another change was effected; for we learn that a regular Opium Agent was appointed, who was aided by several assistants in charge of the various districts wherein poppy was cultivated. These, in their turn, supervised the labors of native *gomasthas*, officers on inferior pay and of inferior grades. Again, in 1835–36, further changes were effected in the department; but it was not till 1852 that those important, as well as beneficial, measures were introduced, which resulted in making the Opium Department the "backbone" of the Indian revenue.

The machinery of the government is, from the nature of circumstances, expensive. The staff of European officers is enormous, as a constant check has to be maintained upon the native subordinates, who are unrestrained by the considerations of honesty. Notwithstanding this, and the immense extent of territory over which the poppy is grown, and over which the department has control, Mr. Rivett-Carnac succeeds in working this department at a surprisingly low cost. This officer has not only an Indian, but a European reputation, as a scientist, *littérateur*, and man of culture. His monographs on numismatology and his researches into Indian archæology have stamped him as a man of no ordinary genius. Descended from an ancient family of Bretagne, Mr. Rivett-Carnac is well fitted, not alone by study and inclination, but also by descent, for the pursuits so dear to the heart of those who love the historic past.

A great "howl" has been periodically raised against England for her "iniquitous conduct" in importing opium into China through Hongkong. Many have asserted that were it not for Great Britain, China would never have known the influence of the deleterious drug. This is entirely false. Mr. Turnbull, a well known authority on opium, affirms that China is indebted to Nipal for the introduction of the Indian drug. This statement is open to correction, for the earliest, as well as most reliable, authors declare that opium was first brought to China by the Portuguese, and unshipped at the port of Canton. Again, leaving aside the question of introduction, we are brought face to face with the question of the baneful effects springing from the use of the drug. No authority of any weight has as yet been given to prove that the popular way of thinking is correct, while there are many who have long tried to dispel the public fallacy. Notably among these stands the name of Mr. Colborne Baber, once British Resident at Chunking. In one of Mr. Baber's reports to the Government he speaks of the Chinese who smoke opium as the "flower of the Mongol race," and asserts that he has traveled thousands of miles with men who were in the practice of smoking, and never noticed that they suffered in the least.

No good would result if the British Government were to stop the importation of Indian opium into China. Indeed, evil would be the immediate consequence, for the opium prepared in India is of the best quality—the greatest care being taken that the standard adopted by the Government shall be maintained, and for this sole reason a department has been formed. If the British Government were actuated by a mere money-making desire, it could easily import opium into China either in a crude or farinaceously adulterated state. Would the Chinese be any the wiser? Not a single chest of opium finds its way into China which has not been chemically tested, thoroughly manipulated, scientifically manufactured and prepared by the officers of the Opium Department. The pay of the officials, the maintenance of a scientific body of men, and the expenses involved in establishing "weighing stations," could be at once done away with if the British Government entered into the opium traffic as a speculation.

If we descend to the calm logic of facts, we shall find that the British are, in a manner, benefiting the Chinese. No one will have the hardihood to deny that opium, in large quantities, is cultivated in many a province of the "flowery land." Baron von Richthofen and

several other writers on Chinese matters have shown a formidable array of statistics relating to the extent of the culture. Mr. Colborne Baber has given many an instance proving the infatuation the Chinese peasant has for opium cultivation. The Imperial Government fulminates terrible and barbarous denunciations against the poppy; but, if we are to believe Mr. Baber, little or no heed is paid to the decrees emanating from the Imperial Court.

There is another broad fact to consider. The Emperor and his advisers are strongly averse to the culture of opium within their territories; yet they could, by fostering the cultivation of it, limit the import of Indian opium. If England ceased her export, an inferior quality would, at once, be placed in the Chinese markets, both of home and foreign manufacture. Persia within the last few years has largely increased her export. It must be admitted that the Indian opium is far superior to that made either by the Persians or the Chinese. As the case now stands, if harm accrues to smokers, that harm is limited to the smallest possible extent by the superiority of the drug. The Chinese and Persians have not the science, the appliances, nor the opportunities that are possessed by the Indian Government. And, further, it is an established fact that no Asiatics can be trusted to maintain, without European supervision, any honesty in their dealings, or to keep in good order any machinery; or, above all, to abstain from palming off rotten wares, especially where the liability to detection is small.

Before attempting any elaborate description of poppy culture, it will be as well on my part to give brief explanation of the land tenure of India, and the relations existing between the *raiat* and the British Government. Four-fifths of India belongs to the Government; that is, the Government is the actual possessor and landlord. Leases of thirty years only are granted, known as the "thirty years' settlement." At the expiration of that time every rood of land is liable to be reassessed at higher valuation, according to the experiments effected by the landlord. In no country in the world is the *raiat*, or petty landlord, so miserable as in India. The most varied of causes conduce to this; not least, the system of land tenure introduced by the British. It is acknowledged that the old Mohammedan emperors managed to secure a larger revenue from the land in the sixteenth century than do the British, with all their boastings of improvement, in the nineteenth century. No landlord, be he European or Asiatic, would care to put himself to the expense of digging wells and constructing works necessary for irrigation simply to be additionally taxed at the expiration of thirty years. It is on this account that many of the irrigation works maintained in the days of native rule by the people, at their own cost, have been so neglected and otherwise destroyed that the Government has had to step in and take them in charge, thus involving great outlays of money, which could easily be avoided if a different land tenure were adopted. Many changes have been suggested, but the one advising a ninety and nine years' lease seems to be the simplest and most effective. Famine in some years has been the only harvest reaped by the Government, as a reward for its obtuseness—injustice would be too harsh. However, the average Indian official is an obstinate animal, and is more conservative than the most conservative Brahmin. And it is to be feared that it will be long, if ever, before any radical change will be effected in the present system.

The holdings are, as a general rule, ridiculously small. Many do not exceed one-twelfth of an acre. It is such tiny plots of land—resembling a cottage garden—that the Indian *raiat* will, year after year, toil over and cultivate, raising barely sufficient, after all dues are paid, to keep body and soul together. Rarely is nature satisfied. He is equally defenseless against the fiery *loo* (the hot west wind) of the spring, the dreadful rains of summer, and the biting frosts of winter. His single garment is a ragged sheet thrown over his shoulders, and twisted between his legs; his children run naked, his wife wears a thin petticoat and a still thinner shawl. Yet uncomplainingly he labors from the first glimpse of dawn to the hour when night with her black mantle casts sudden darkness over the wide-stretching plains, the broad rivers, and high mountains of Hindustan. His lot is little better than that of the cattle he employs in plowing and watering the land. Other assistance he has none. His wife and children take the place of hired labor. The juvenile members of the family pick weeds, scare off the hungry crows and *minas*, and perform other light work suited to their tender age and slender physique. The wife, too, assists; but her time is, perhaps, better occupied in kneading into unwholesome bread the dough made from the coarsest cereals. This is their only food. It is occasionally garnished with a little garlic, a few chillies, and in seasons of extraordinary festivity with *jagree*, or solid treacle. Their only drink is water. Little wonder is it then that the average native of India is a sickly, miserable creature, dragging through a few short years of wretched and half-starved existence. Yet it may be said, and with justice, that no country

in the world shows a more frugal, hard-working, and law-abiding peasantry than India. The terrible scenes that were enacted in 1857–58 were the outburst of long pent up wrongs, suffered through generations, till the evil became unendurable and the worm turned for vengeance. It has ever been England's fatal policy to exasperate willing subjects. And it seems, too, that individual Englishmen, however high souled and right minded they may be, think that they should in their respective commands follow the course of "blind folly" dictated by the home authorities.

The poppy plant is exclusively cultivated by natives, aided by money advances from the British Government, and under the supervision of its officers. The cultivation is exceedingly popular, for the money advance is always liberal, and the price paid for the opium when delivered leaves a handsome surplus, even after all advances and other dues have been deducted. The natives enter into contract with the Government officers, relating to the acreage of land they intend to devote to poppy culture. This is for the purpose of determining the money advance; and it is during the months from July to October that the "settlements," as they are termed, are arranged. No sooner are these settlements determined, than native surveyors are sent to the opium districts, whose duty it is to survey such lands sown with poppy seed, check any attempts at short cultivation, and, in fact, keep the *raiats* to the terms of their contract. To simplify matters, the cultivators, with whom the Government enters into agreement, appoint one of their own body as *lambardar*, or agent, and should there be any shortcomings on the part of the *raiats*, the government holds the *lambardar* responsible. For this duty he is allowed a commission of one *rupee* (fifty cents) for each eighty pounds of the opium delivered by the class of men he represents.

The European officers proceed into the districts in November, and remain till March. It is their business to supervise the settlements, report upon the fields, the state of the crops, and the prospects of the season. About the end of January the plant commences to flower, and continues until March. The petals are watched, and are carefully collected in the following manner. The forefinger and thumb encircle the stem just beneath the pod, and with the other fingers drawn inward a kind of tube is formed; the tube is then gently raised straight over the pod, and if the petals are matured h ey come off; they are never plucked off as it would injure the pod. These petals are used for the manufacture of "flower leaves" in which are packed the opium balls when ready for transport, and are valuable for that purpose. Their manufacture is simple and inexpensive. A circular ridged earthen plate, about twelve inches in diameter, is placed over a slow fire. The required quantity of petals is then placed in it and pressed with a damp cloth pad until they adhere together; the flower leaf is then removed and allowed to dry.

In February, the plant is so far matured that an estimate of the probable out-turn can be made. The second advance is now made, as also one for flower leaves. Toward the end of January and beginning of February, the plant comes to maturity, and then commences the operation of lancing the pods. This is really the main difficulty in the cultivation of opium, as the plant is hardy and requires but little, and that ordinary, care. Good irrigation, a not very liberal supply of manure, and ground clear of weeds, are all sufficient to procure a fair standing crop. But the lancing, so as to procure the juice, is quite a different matter. And it is on this account that cultivators, when first engaged in the task, are exceedingly nervous as to the result of their experiments.

The pods are lanced in the afternoon, the opium being allowed to exude till next morning, when it is carefully taken off with an iron scraper. At the same time precaution is taken to close the incisions by running a finger over the cuts. About five or six incisions suffice for the drawing of the juice. The opium that has been collected is placed in brass vessels, slightly tilted, so as to drain off the dew or any other watery substance. It is then manipulated and placed in a new earthern vessel, and is thus kept till it is brought to the *godowns* to be weighed. After the opinm has been gathered the poppy pods are broken off, allowed to dry, and the seeds collected for the next year's sowing. Should there be a surplus it is disposed of to traders.

The time of the "weighments" depends entirely on the season. If the weather is dry, with the hot west winds, work is begun early in April; if not, it is delayed till May. The date is fixed by the opium officers; and notice is immediately given to the cultivators, in order that they present themselves with their opium at the different stations. No sooner do the cultivators receive their orders than they start for the weighing stations. Along the picturesque lanes and roads, with crates laden with earthen pots containing opium, crowds of *raiats* hurry to the spot where the *sahib logues* hold the "weighments." They travel only by night. The heat of the day is too fierce to permit exposure. When the day is done whole families

commence their weary pilgrimage, bare-footed and half-naked, but bearing on their heads sufficient to make them comfortable if they received anything like a proper value. During the day they seek the grateful shade of the noble groves that are so liberally planted over all north-western India; and, encamping under the spreading branches of the famous mango tree, they make ready their simple meal and prepare for the day's rest. Under the care of a *zilladar*, or Government officer, who has charge of those representing a district, they arrive at the weighing stations, and have in turn to present their opium to be weighed and tested as to quality. The cultivators are generally ignorant, and many of them have never in their lives seen Europeans. The dread they evince of Englishmen is ludicrous as well as painful. They tremble as they approach, and regard the *sahib* much in the same manner as more civilized men do a tame lion or tiger. Their fears are enhanced through the play made on them by rascally peons and petty *employés* of the Government who, for purposes of extortion, represent that if paid they will "make it all right" with the *sahib*, who, on account of such good offices, will treat them well.

At sunrise, the beating of a gong announces that work for the day has commenced, and the *raiats* are ranged in long lines before the examining officers who test the opium. Though it looks very simple to the outsider, it is only by long experience that one can become a clever tester. The quality is ascertained by the consistency and color. First-class opium has a rich deep brown color, and is very thick and glutinous; the more inferior the quality the blacker the color and thinner the consistency. The officer, with the aid of a knife, turns the opium and smells it, marking the quality on the side of the earthen basin. This is then carried to the place where further chemical experiments are made; and to prove that the opium is not adulterated with farinaceous matter, tincture of iodine is applied. If the *raiat* has been mixing flour, the iodine immediately discovers the attempted deception by giving the opium a bluish color. For punishment, the whole is confiscated by the Government.

Beyond weighing, classifying, testing, and making payment, the weighing stations have nothing further to do with the opium. The actual manufacture and preparation are reserved for the central or manufacturing station, where, under scientific superintendence, the drug is made into balls, packed, and dispatched to Calcutta. For instance, Ghazipur is the central station for the North-west Provinces and Patna for Behar. To these two places all the opium that is grown in India must be sent; and it is only from their *godowns* that the "deleterious, death-dealing drug," as it has been facetiously termed, is sent for the use of the "poor deluded Chinese."

The out-turn of opium per acre depends entirely upon the soil. Very carefully cultivated land will produce thirty pounds to a *bigha*, but the most that can be hoped for is about twenty-four pounds. When we come to consider that twenty-four pounds of opium is the produce of a *bigha* which has been cultivated for years, and on which comparatively little manure has been expended, it must be admitted that this is a splendid average. In California, where the soil is virgin, the climate favorable, and irrigation easily supplied, the profits arising from the culture would be incalculable. It would be folly to attempt the cultivation and preparation unless it were trusted to those who understand the business. But that is of secondary importance, as there are men in San Francisco who have gained experience in opium cultivation as well under the Indian Government as in China; and there is little doubt that, under careful supervision, an important industry might be fostered in California, and an impetus imparted to a new department of the foreign trade of the United States.

JNO. H. GILMOUR.

VENUS VICTRIX.

Winter had come, swiftly and silently, in Berne, shrouding the Alpine hights in mists of snow, covering the face of earth with a pure white pall, fascinating in its beauty, but fatal as the charms of Lady Holle of Eisenach, when by the gleam of her golden hair and the witchery of the love-light in her eyes she lured Tannhäuser into her mount to his destruction.

For days the wind from the north had blown cold and freezing. It ran riot through the long streets, whistled round the corners of the great houses, and beat on the window-panes as if demanding entrance. The comfortable burgher only rubbed his hands, and said, "A fearful night truly. Fill up the wine-cups, Heinrich. Sing us a song of the Southland, Rita."

The shrill wind and the driving sleet respected not the homes of the poor, for they beat down their chimneys like evil ones pursued by the avenging fury of the Eumenides, puffed at their feeble glimmer of fire as if to extinguish it, and chilled the good Mutter's hands at her knitting until she was forced to lay down little Bertol's sock with a sigh, for her stiffened fingers refused to move. The father sat in the corner with an empty pipe in his mouth, and thought moodily and bitterly until his forehead was furrowed with lines like the cornfields when the farmer lads have gathered the harvest and turned up the earth in ridges, leaving it without yield.

The wind shrieked itself hoarse. Clouds gathered around the Alps, dimming their outline. Again, a steady, noiseless fall of snow covered the earth. Each flake chilled like the icy touch of death, and all Berne lay under the whiteness. Icicles glistened like jewels from the eaves of the houses, and the hoar-frost traced mystic pictures on many a window-pane. The birds huddled close together, hoping for warmth from companionship, but the Erl King breathed on them and they fell dead.

Little Bertol would sob every morning when he found one on the doorstep:

"Mutter, I must give my bread to the birdlings."

"Nein, nein," she answered, shaking her head sorrowfully. "The cold has frozen the rich men's hearts as it has the birdlings, liebling, and we might want."

The high mountains looked down upon the city nestling at their feet like a mother upon a child, and their heads seemed lifted into heaven as if in supplication for its needs. The Jungfrau was clothed as a bride in virgin white, and as the sun kissed her forehead ere he went to rest, she blushed in rosy glow, and all the lovely valley of Lauterbrunnen reflected her beautiful color. The echo of the "Ranz des Vaches" was hushed on the hights; the sweet sounds of the lioba, lioba, were stilled, for the cattle had been driven to shelter, or, belated, lay frozen in the snows. Alpine flowers shivered, folded their petals, and died. The pale edelweiss alone lifted her pure cup amid the white ness.

It was Christsmas Eve. Sounds of mirth and laughter, mingled with wails and groans, filled the town. The rich danced and feasted; the poor starved and wept.

"The snow is like marble," Bertol exclaimed. "I have made a man. Would that it were stone so it might last."

"Hush, child," the Mutter replied. "We must think of bread, not stone."

"We will take our savings and go to America," the father said. "The lad will be done with his dreaming then."

Bertol was a tall, slender lad, with great dreamy eyes. He worked with his father on homely sabots, ofttimes inserting delicacy in the arabesque patterns he traced upon them. The neighbors shook their heads, and said:

"Some day our Bertol will be great." But the Berne peasants were ignorant folk, and knew nothing of the great world beyond.

Bertol went to school, and learned of Greece and Rome. His heart beat at their names as an old soldier's would when strains of martial music fill the air, causing him to dream of a Marathon or Waterloo. Genius was the plant hidden in his heart, stirring every fiber of his being. Its yield was a mystery still, its flower nameless. Once, in passing a shop, he saw a cast of the Venus of Melos, an Aphrodite, who sprung from an unknown hand. The sea foam was incarnate in her being. Her master, whether a Phidias or Alcamenes, was one whom genius inspired.

Bertol dreamed of the Venus. Her features were engraved on his memory; her image was ever before him in its divinity. But her arms were wanting. That marred her perfectness.

"When I am grown," he sighed, "I shall search all Greece until I find them."

The time was set for their journey. The night before Bertol stole softly out. The wind was cold and bitter. The large white moon shone with a clear light over the sleeping world. He went to the shop window; pressed his face close to the pane. It hurt, but he felt it not, for the moonbeams were shining on the face of the Venus. She, too, looked cold and white as the world.

"Good-bye!" he murmured fondly, as to a human being. "I shall never, never forget."

His heart ached when he saw the poor, mutilated arms, and she seemed to smile at him so pityingly!

Old Hans shook the snow from his feet joyfully, and they sailed over the seas to a new world, and traveled many weary miles, until they reached the Golden State.

"We will go up to the mountains," Hans said, "where we may have land for the taking."

"It is heavenly!" Bertol exclaimed as they neared the Sierra. "It is our Alps, only more beautiful. It is our mountains new-born in the spring-time!"

"Yes; but in the winter, snow covers them, too," Hans replied.

"But is the weeping of youth, not age, father."

Their worldly possessions were few—so few, when they left the train, they were easy to carry.

Hans was a fatalist in his simple fashion, and literally carried out his beliefs. It is not a bad sort of philosophy for wiser heads. Man strives and frets against fortune; yet, after all, what is written shall be, and, like a caged bird, he breaks his wings in beating against the bars.

Some one at the wayside station told him he would find a deserted miner's cabin some miles up the gulch; so he exultingly said to the good Mutter:

"It is the finger of Providence."

They walked along the fern-bordered brook, past beds of rose-tinted rhododendrons, sweet red buds and myriads of flower blooms covering the hillside.

At sunset they reached the rude log cabin. Dead ashes were in the open fireplace, and a loaf of bread, hardened almost to stone, lay on the table, as if the occupant had just stepped out—and, indeed, the owner had stepped into another world scarce a year ago.

"The soil is rich as the mud of Aär," Hans said, as he turned it over with a stick. "We will plant and work. The man told me of a farmer above here who will let us have everything needful. You will not find time for dreaming, my lad."

The Frau simply answered:

"I shall miss our old neighbors;" then commenced dusting the floor to hide her rising tears.

The farmer, with true mountain friendliness, sold them a cow, helped them plow a few acres of sloping land, and taught them the simple customs of agriculture.

Little May, the farmer's daughter, played, walked with Bertol, and loved him, as the years passed.

"I was so lonely before you came!" she said archly one day as they sat by the stream, idly talking. "The dolls father used to bring me were nothing but sawdust."

"It was like people in the world," Bertol answered sadly—"hearts and brains nothing but sawdust. Helen must have been like that to have left Menelaus for Paris. Achilles was killed; it availed nothing."

He thought to himself, dreamily, as he carved a bit of soapstone, "If it had been my Venus, it would have been well."

May became impatient of his silence and slipped away, hoping he would follow, but Bertol's thoughts wandered far away. The knife fell from his hand as he lay on the grass, his face upturned to the sky.

May was a flower that had sprung up in barren soil, as the crimson snow-plant does amid depths of ice. Her parents were ruddy pioneers, and when she came to them in the May they named her after the month, and all the joy of spring-time bubbled up in her nature, breaking into coquettish little ways and graces. She loved the delicate Swiss lad, though he did not seem of the world.

"His head is wrong," the farmer declared, roughly; "but he is a good lad."

The thought of Venus and his mission sunk deeper and deeper in his heart. He was twenty now, and longed to go out into the world and fulfill his quest. He was startled from his reverie by a voice, and, looking up, saw an old man regarding him steadily.

"Boy," he laughed, "you are young to be instilling truisms of the hollowness of the world in a maiden's ears. What do you know of it here in this solitude? Let the people dissect the dolls for themselves."

Bertol started to his feet in confusion.

"Where under the sun have you imbibed the wisdom of Thoth? Are you a Dryad, or an Adonis wandered from the classic shores to the Sierra, or an Endymion by the brook?" he asked, quizzically, with a gleam of amusement as he watched the boy's reddening face.

"I am a simple peasant boy, sir, who would be a sculptor," he said, proudly.

The stranger laughed heartily.

"I am a wanderer, boy, who also would be great. The would be's—'ay, there's the rub!' A shepherd and a wanderer with aspirations! It is a joke at which the world would shake its sides and scream in laughter. Ambition is for the palace, not the hut, lad. Fame can be *bought*. The laurel weighs heavy on the brow, still we rush recklessly on, ransoming our lives for a mere sprig of the victor's shrub. Sappho won it, but the sea vanquished it. Leonidas's laurels budded in blood; Homer's grew in pain. Nonsense! The fire has taken hold. It will burn in victory or in death."

Bertol looked dazed. He did not understand.

"You would work in marble," the stranger continued. "Your friends, the Greeks, have monopolized that art. Sculpture has been born, lived well, and died."

"To all things there comes a resurrection," Bertol added, devoutly.

The stranger appeared not to notice, and continued:

"Sculpture has a limit. Science is boundless as the sea. The Greeks reached the acme of perfection in the Discobulus, their Venus. The present age is a mere copyist—a chipper in stone. Give up your dreams of greatness." The stranger's dark eyes looked far away over the mountains. "The range of science is infinite. Men are to come who will be its masters."

"Do you know the Venus?" Bertol asked.

"Which?" he demanded. "The Medici is affected; d'Arles, human; the Melos is the only one who impresses you as a goddess in pose and figure."

"Have you seen her?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No; only casts," the man replied. "But I have seen Spencer and Carlyle, and met John Stuart Mill."

The interest died out of Bertol's face; these names were empty sound to him.

"I am examining the rock formations in this range," the stranger said. "If you live near, I would like to stay with you a while."

Bertol guided him to the cabin, which looked very different from five years before. The Frau stood in the doorway, feeding a brood of chickens, looking happy and well content. She welcomed the guest heartily, and Hans bade him stay as long as he would. Day after day Bertol accompanied him on his walks, carrying his mallet, listening eagerly to every word he uttered, entirely forgetting little May.

"Every cat must put his own paw in the fire." The stranger laughed and said to Hans, "Your lad was not made to chop wood and mind cows. You must send him to Rome to satisfy him."

"I am poor," the old man replied. "Every one carves in Switzerland. It is nothing."

"The boy will die here," the stranger said. "I am not rich, but I shall send him to the Mecca of sculptors." He turned to Bertol. "The Borghese is full of what you dreamers fancy."

Bertol listened with dilated eyes; he did not dare to ask.

"Surely," he thought, "Venus must be with Eros."

Preparations were hurried. Bertol was now embarked on a sea of happiness. The good Mutter clung round his neck and sobbed. Tears streamed down little May's cheeks when she kissed him, giving him a wild rose blossom, which she bade him keep for her sake.

The stranger muttered, "Fool, to forsake this for a phantom!"

Bertol seemed scarcely human and capable of feeling, he was so happy.

"If you fail, come back," the stranger warned. "Crowned or a failure, we will welcome you."

Rome in the summer time; Rome with her deep blue skies, and glorious sunshine flooding the palace of the Cæsars, arch of Constantine, column of Trajan, and Coliseum; Rome, with her flower-decked Campagna overflowing with scarlet poppies that Nausicaa might have offered Ulysses, dark olive trees, long lines of broken aqueducts, clustered with trailing vines; with her Alban hills stretching in long line, and her yellow Tiber rolling sluggishly.

What a host of memories the name of Rome recalls. She saw a religion flourish and die. She heard the death knell of Olympus; witnessed nations overturned, monarchs dethroned, poets, artists live, conquer, and pass away. Raphael wandered in her ilex groves. Virgil sung his poems by her river. Now she remains "the Niobe of nations"—her very air burdened with dust of the past, memories and ruins.

Bertol was bewildered by the strangeness. He procured a poor lodging, hastened to the Borghese. Only in dreams had he known such joy. He passed Canova's Venus in scorn and pitying contempt, to think so mean a thing should represent his goddess and be so near to her throne. The blood ran fast in his veins. New life filled his being. He had come so far, hoped so long; now the suspense was to be ended.

"Where is the Venus of Melos?" he asked the custodian, in awed tones.

"In the Louvre," the old man replied. "They have not left her to us."

Bertol staggered as if some one had dealt him a sharp blow. A mist came before his eyes; he turned ghastly pale. It was as if death had come to him. He had dedicated his life to this mission as a nun renounces home and love for her religion. The dream and hope of beholding her had grown with him; had been nurtured in silence and had taken strong hold of his sensitive heart. The same impulse that gave the world a Phidias, Angelo, and Thorwaldsen stirred his soul. His money was almost spent. He could go no farther. France was as distant to him as the Kingdom of Thule. He shuddered. A dirge for life, ambition, fame seemed tolling in his ears.

As he stumbled blindly over the threshold with bleeding heart, a young girl spoke to him kindly, thinking he was a stranger and ill. She offered him a handful of ripe, purple figs.

"Who are you?" he asked, abruptly, passing his hand over his eyes as if to brush away a mist. "You have her features."

"I am Io, from Melos," she answered, simply. "A great lady was traveling there, saw me, and took me with her."

"And you left Greece?" he asked in a half reproachful tone.

"Surely," she laughed, "white bread is better than black, figs than olives."

"Did you ever hear of the Venus? Have they found her arms?"

She replied, carelessly:

"I know nothing about it. It is all sky, water, and ruins in Melos. Father used to dig up

pieces of marble in the vineyard and sell to travelers. They were ugly things. I like Rome better, and the shops. I will ask madame; she is a great English lady and knows everything."

Bertol thanked her, then walked to his lodgings. He counted the money in his purse. It was very little, and the pieces pitifully small. A package of withered rose leaves fell from his pocket, and the petals lay strewn over the floor forgotten. He bowed his head in his bitterness and sobbed.

Voices of liquid Italian floated up to him from the streets. Merry laughter, mingled with snatches of love songs, sounded in the air. He heard nothing, felt nothing but the great agony of disappointment. Venus had lured him by her spells as she had snared the heart of Vulcan only to break it.

Toward morning, all Rome was astir in the coolness. Bertol woke from his dreams, haggard and weak. He had eaten nothing but the figs pretty Io had given him. He went out into the streets, satisfied his hunger and searched for the sculptors' studios to find work. One after another they shook their heads when they glanced at his small designs and saw his slender figure and pale face.

"We want workmen," they all said.

Weary and broken hearted, he reached the last door. An old man was modeling in clay. He looked around as he bade the lad enter, examined his figures, listened to him patiently, and said:

"If you could find another Hadrian for a patron, the world would have another Antinous. I have no work you could do; only you can stand as a model."

Bertol consented, for he knew he must work to live. In the afternoon he wandered again to the Borghese and saw Io coming toward him.

"Have you found anything about the Venus?" he demanded, eagerly.

She pouted.

"Am I not more important than the Venus?"

"You are like her," he answered, sadly. "Your expression and form are like. But she was a goddess. You are only a woman."

"Yes?" She looked coquettishly under her long, dark lashes. "We have always lived in Melos, in Kaesdon. Maybe my ancestress was the Venus. Madame says they cannot find her arms, and she is better without them. Imagine [she held out her own bare, brown arms, from which the linen sleeve had slipped back, revealing their shapely outline] how one would look without them. Madame always raves about those things without arms, legs, or heads. They make me shudder."

"A torso, you mean," Bertol explained.

She sat by him in the grove all the day, chattering in her pretty broken English, until Bertol half forgot his marble divinity, and her presence was quite replaced by a human sister. May's rose-leaves were swept up by the contadino and lay unheeded among the ashes. Io's face shared half the victory with the Venus in Bertol's heart.

Day by day he went to the studio, earning a miserable pittance, his hand aching to mold the clay he must not touch. Io was his only comfort. She laughed and ridiculed his dreams, but he never heeded her. He saved a little by almost starving himself, modeled her image in clay, and longed for marble to perpetuate it. Something whispered to him, "It is good."

The winds from the Apennines blew more chill as winter approached. The imperial city was full of life and merriment. Bertol loved Io devotedly, but she deserted him with the summer, because, she said:

"Baptista, the wine merchant, does not moon all the day over goddesses."

It hurt Bertol sorely, and now he was quite alone, and lived hoping his work would succeed, and he could go to France. He wrote cheerful letters to the old Frau, and she talked proudly to the farmer's wife of her son, the sculptor.

At last Bertol was out of work. His eyes grew large and hollow; his frame gaunt. The blue veins stood out like network on his pale forehead, and his face was white as the marble in his master's workshop. One day he went to the old studio and begged the sculptor to come home with him. Bertol took him to the poor room and threw the cloth off the face of his statue.

The sculptor gazed astonished.

"Did you do this, boy?" he asked.

Bertol did not answer. Worn nature had given way under the strain, and he fell in a white heap on the floor.

"You will be famous," the sculptor said.

Bertol did not hear nor heed. A physician was sent for. He said gravely:

"It is hunger and fever. Two deadly foes that are hard to vanquish."

"I must go to Florence," the sculptor replied. "But care for him well. I will repay you. I never imagined the lad had stuff in him."

Bertol raved all the day ceaselessly. Night came and he recovered partial consciousness. The woman who watched by him said:

"They say you will be great."

"Great!" Bertol started up suddenly in the bed. "This is the joy that kills. They say I may see my Venus," he cried, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Si, si!" the old woman cried, soothingly.

He fell back quietly, as if asleep, with a smile on his face, and she crept noiselessly away. Bertol stole from the bed cautiously after all was quiet and dressed quickly. The fever mounted into his head. His eyes shone with an unearthly light.

"Good-bye!" he whispered, pressing his lips on the cold clay ones of his statue. "Good-bye forever, Io! Venus has conquered. She must have no rivals.

He crept stealthily down the stairs out into the air, singing softly to himself the notes of the "Ranz des Vaches."

"I will walk to the Louvre," he muttered. "Venus will tell the world I am great."

His feet unconsciously guided him to the Borghese. The custodian had left the door unlocked. He wandered around among the statues, falling at the feet of an Ariadne.

"At last!" he murmured. "The miles have been so weary, my Venus!" He smiled. "You are worth it all." He laid his head on the marble base, and in his delirium he fancied it the Venus of Melos.

"It is you who have made me great," he cried.

His brain was on fire. He sprang to his feet. In imagination he still saw the beloved features.

"The stranger said 'the laurel would hurt,'" he cried, grasping his forehead. "It is burning, scorching." His brain was in a whirl. He staggered and fell, striking his head against the stone. The great moon came out from behind the clouds, shining upon the faces of the gods and goddesses, and they seemed to look with pity on the cold form lying among them, white as they were, with his life-blood coloring the base of the Ariadne.

The drowsy custodian rubbed his eyes sleepily in the morning as he went his rounds, and he found Bertol stilled in death. The marble had killed! He washed the blood-stains away and sent for the monks, who bore the body to to the church.

The sculptor returned from Florence and searched for Bertol in vain. He moved the statue to his studio. A few saw and praised. The laurel lay waiting for him at last.

The sculptor passed by a church where a mass for the dead was being chanted. He entered and saw Bertol. The laurels were useless, for the brow was cold. Immortelles alone could avail him now, and the world forgets. Like Lacedemonian Ladas, he won only to die.

Spiders wove their webs over the face of the statue in the sculptor's garret. The world never knew. What matter if a young, sensitive life had given away on the threshold of success! What mattered it if gray-haired mother or fair young maiden stretched longing eyes toward the Orient in weary quest! On with the masque! Let music, wine, and bright smiles from brighter lips chase serious thoughts into outer darkness. King Carnival reigns supreme. The clay that misses the laurel by a hair's breadth crumbles unheeded to dust! MARY W. GLASCOCK.

DEFRAUDED.

I told you, friend, that the good gods meant
  That your path and mine should be one, not twain;
You cheated us both when their fair intent
  By your foolish wisdom you made in vain.

Call it aright, and call it a sin—
  A sin that has saddened the long years through;
You know it now—what these years had been
  Had you only dared to be truly true.

Alas, alas, for the joys that have flown!
  Alas, alas, for the pain that endures!
But oh, I do not suffer alone—
  The loss that is mine is also yours.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD AND HIS WORK.

The death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K. G., at the ripe age of seventy-six, was the most noteworthy event of the past month. Under ordinary circumstances the death of an English nobleman would excite no interest beyond his own immediate circle; but in this case one of the most remarkable men of the century has passed away. Let us see who and what this man was in his lifetime, and consider the part he played in the world's affairs, that we may form a just estimate of his character.

The *Parliamentary Companion* has a brief mention of the deceased statesman. Born in 1805, he sat continuously in the House of Commons from 1837 till 1876, when he was raised to the peerage as Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden, in the County of Bucks; a Privy Councilor; Knight of the Garter; D.C.L. of Oxford, and LL.D. of Edinburgh and Glasgow; an Elder Brother of the Trinity House; was three times Chancellor of the Exchequer, twice Prime Minister, and once (1876) Lord Privy Seal; was Commissioner of Education for Scotland, and one of the committee of the Council on Education; also, Rector of the University of Glasgow, etc.; and, let us add, that at the time of his death he was leader of Her Majesty's opposition—in other words, keeper of the Government conscience. How well or how ill he performed this function latterly, it is not for us to say. His opportunities for pricking the Government conscience were not numerous since the accession of Mr. Gladstone to office; but if he had lived longer, we may be sure he would not have allowed it to sleep on guard.

A mere recital of these dignities and honors shows that Lord Beaconsfield was no ordinary man. To be three times Chancellor of the Exchequer and twice Prime Minister of England is a distinction which falls to the lot of few men, however exalted their birth or distinguished their talents may be. But when these dignities and honors have been fairly won and honorably worn by a man who had nothing behind him in the battle of life but his own audacious talent, and who, moreover, belonged to a proscribed race, the wonder becomes all the greater, and he rises superior, in all the qualities of leadership, to contemporary statesmen, to whom he has been a source of mingled admiration and distrust. Benjamin Disraeli, the Jew adventurer (for such he was, although professing Christianity), had no peer as a parliamentary leader. He was a self-made man, and consciously so. At no time during his long and checkered career did he fail to stand on guard. He knew that success was the price of unflagging vigilance. His own party distrusted him while obeying his mandates; and more than once the existence of the Conservative party was jeopardized by defections within the Ministry, caused by antipathy toward him and distrust of his methods. But that which would have proved almost fatal to a Liberal statesman did not appear to weaken him in the least. Thus, when Lords Derby and Carnarvon resigned office in the very crisis of the Eastern question, the Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, at once presented a bolder front, and strengthened his Cabinet by appointing Earl Derby's brother and heir as Secretary of War, and giving the seals of the Foreign Office to the Marquis of Salisbury, who had been his bitterest opponent within the Conservative party, and the recognized rival of Lord Derby. As Lord Robert Cecil, the Marquis of Salisbury had persistently assailed Mr. Disraeli in the *Quarterly Review;* and at a subsequent period, when Lord Cranbourne, he led the bolt from Earl Derby's second administration on the celebrated "Ten Minutes Reform Bill," in which he was followed by Earl Carnarvon and General Peel. Excepting the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Premier, these were by far the ablest members of that Government, but their places were filled by men of higher social position.

Thus, the Ministry was strengthened instead of weakened by this defection, just as in later years the resignation of the two Earls, Carnarvon and Derby, already mentioned, strengthened Lord Beaconfield's political influence, and led up to the short-lived but remarkable popular outburst known as Jingoism. Personal changes within the Cabinet are nearly always fatal to Liberal administrations, as witness the Adullamite episode, and the disintegration of Mr. Gladstone's government in 1874, after he had carried the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill and the Irish Land Bill. The explanation is found in the totally different conditions under which the Tory and Liberal governments of England have existed since the overthrow of Sir Robert Peel in 1846. The Liberal party represents principles, and the Liberal Govern-

ment is always composed of men of strong individuality and directness of purpose. Liberal statesmen are conscientious. They feel that they have a mission to fulfill, and mere party exigencies are not a featherweight in the scale of their judgment when balanced against principle. Hence, in the very nature of things, a Liberal Government cannot be permanent in the present transition stage of English politics. Conflicts of opinion will arise within the Cabinet; cabals will be formed within the party; pressure from without will influence the "independent" wing; and then, when a crisis arises, instead of standing back to back and showing an unbroken front to the enemy, the Liberals present the humiliating spectacle of a divided power, and the field is lost.

The Tories, since the defeat of Peel, have become a party of expediency. The Tory party represents no principle. It has formulated no plan of progress. It was the creation of one mind, and it became the slave of that superior and subtle intelligence which thought for and led it—Benjamin Disraeli.

When the parliamentary history of the reign of Queen Victoria comes to be written, we think it will be found that this judgment, harsh as it may seem, is correct. The landed gentlemen of England, dull of thought, averse to change, and in their innermost heart and soul despising their leader, yet followed him blindly whithersoever he led. He was a bold leader, and understood the fox-hunting, wine-drinking, hard-headed, chivalrous pack which obeyed the crack of his whip. They were educated in the belief that the legislative power was theirs of right, and that the trading classes were parliamentary interlopers. They felt instinctively that Benjamin Disraeli was an aristocrat at heart; they knew that he had no sympathy with the common people—that he did not understand, and that he had no wish to understand them. To Disraeli, as to them, the people were useful merely as pawns in the game of government, but not otherwise to be thought of or mentioned. A party so led and disciplined had at least cohesive power. It did not think for itself; and when one or two of the leading men became restive and resented their contemptuous treatment, they were left without a following. The Tories stood stanch by their leader, for they had the sense to know that without him they would soon lose their political influence and be swept over the rapids of radical innovation by the constantly swelling wave of popular demands. Hence it has happened that the Tory party in England, although numerically far weaker than the liberal and progressive element there, has managed to hold its own, and in some respects, to be mentioned further on, even surpassed the Liberals in the breadth and scope of its legislative achievements.

But the task of the Tory chief was a hard one. It admitted of no rest from scheming, no respite from intrigue. It suited his restless and ambitious spirit. In early life he confessed that his forte was sedition. He was cynically candid. Being invested with the responsibilities of state, however, his natural bias for sedition was directed into another and less dangerous channel, and he became an adept in party management. His tact and vigilance were unwearied, and he never failed to offset the defection of one great noble by securing the adhesion of another of equal social influence and political consideration. In this art of management he was without a rival. It was natural to him, perhaps, to judge men accurately, but the necessities of his position sharpened his wits and greatly emboldened him. He must act promptly, if at all; hence his social successes were almost invariably the foundation for his political triumphs.

Never did a responsible Minister of the Crown in England venture to dispense its honors, in the sovereign's name, with such lavish, and withal so judicious, a hand. He enlarged the peerage by many additions. His creations in every case strengthened his hold upon the governing families of the kingdom, and commended themselves to the popular imagination. He had a weakness for strawberry leaves, and, therefore, did not hesitate to create dukes. No one, for example, could take exception to the Marquis of Abercorn being advanced to a dukedom. As heir male of the princely house of Hamilton, his social position and political services in Ireland alike entitled him to this distinction. Moreover, he had been badly treated by the French Emperor. The Marquis of Abercorn had established in the French courts his right to the ducal title of Chatelherault, which had been in the Hamilton family for centuries; but Napoleon III., by virtue of his prerogative, refused to recognize his claim, and confirmed the title to his own relative by marriage—the Duke of Hamilton. Thus, the Tory chief compensated the Marquis of Abercorn for the loss of his French title by an Irish one of equal rank, and more substantial privileges. Neither could any fault be found with the revival of the ducal title of Gordon in the person of the Duke of Richmond, a Tory peer, who now leads the party in the House of Lords. His dukedoms of Lennox in Scotland and Daubigny in France were sufficient vouchers for his respectability outside of his English title. In truth, however, this was an exercise of the prerogative which

only a political Bohemian like Benjamin Disraeli would have ventured upon, because the right to the ducal title of Gordon was stoutly contested by another powerful family, and with superior claims to those which the Duke of Richmond could urge; but the daring Minister settled this momentous social controversy by rewarding his own political ally and friend, who is now encumbered with four ducal titles and all the prestige thereto belonging. Lord Beaconsfield always rewarded his friends; he never forgave his enemies. In the selection of men for administrative appointments his nominees invariably turned out well, to the surprise and gratification of the country. He read men and their motives like an open book, but while probing the secrets of others he always wore a mask, and no man ever knew his secret thoughts.

To go back, however, to the beginning, Benjamin Disraeli was born in London, in December, 1805, of Jewish parents. His father was a man of culture and ability, and is famous as the author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, and several other works of a like character. He was also a D.C.L. of Oxford. The elder Disraeli paid more attention to his literary work than to his family, and there was some danger of the subject of this sketch growing up destitute of a polite education but for the intervention of friends, among whom was the poet Rodgers, through whose influence he was baptized, and became nominally a member of the Church of England. Thenceafter, Benjamin Disraeli observed the forms of the Christian religion, but he never forgot his race or its striking vicissitudes, and his speech in support of the Jewish Disabilities Bill in after years, as leader of the House of Commons, did much to insure the success of that measure. He was articled to a city attorney at his father's request, but soon abandoned the study of law as uncongenial to his tastes. His peculiar training and straightened circumstances sharpened his wits, and he very early chalked out for himself the career to which he adhered strictly throughout life. He resolved to make a literary reputation, on the strength of which he should get into Parliament; and once there, he felt satisfied that he could make his way. Fortune favored him, but not until he had compelled her to smile upon him.

In his twenty-third year Benjamin Disraeli published *Vivian Grey*, a work of undoubted genius, in which he sketched his own character and ambition. This was followed at intervals by *The Young Duke*, *Henrietta Temple*, *Contarini Flemming*, *Alroy*, and other works of imagination. He took a higher flight than mere fiction. Disraeli had the ambition to be regarded as a great dramatist, and published a tragedy of which nobody now ever thinks or hears, and *A Revolutionary Epic* in 1834—the latter political. It was the subject of criticism in the House of Commons in the Stanfeld-Mazzini debate, by Mr. Bright, a quarter of a century later, and gave him very great annoyance. It is full of absurd passages, and the following lines were alluded to by Bright as justifying tyrannicide:

> "The spirit of her strong career was mine;
> And the bold Brutus but propelled the blow
> Her own and Nature's laws alike approved."

Disraeli denied that there was anything at all justifying Bright's charge, and published a revised edition, in which this passage is very materially changed. In fact, it is emasculated. The best known of all Disraeli's books perhaps are his latest two novels—*Lothair* and *Endymion*. His *Life of Lord George Bentinck* and a biography of his father are of no special interest. Suffice it, however, that the young author attracted a great deal of attention at home and abroad by his writings, and numbered among his admiring correspondents, Heinrich Heine and Goethe. He was a prolific writer, but his books were not then regarded as likely to hold a permanent place in standard literature. Society opened its arms to this remarkable young man. His appearance was quite as striking as his manners were oddly eccentric. He dressed elaborately. Indeed, he was always overdressed in the most showy fashion, and covered with rings and chains. His hair hung in dark ringlets over his left brow; his face was pale and immobile, save for the fire and vivacity of his piercing black eyes. The face was a typical Jewish face—not of the handsomest perhaps, but strong, resolute, and with clear-cut features. His conversation was bright and sparkling, full of exaggeration and the most extravagant assertion, but always, and at all times, entertaining. He was an amusing puzzle to some; to others he was a mystery, which time was only partially to unravel. He owed much to the celebrated Countess of Blessington, who introduced him to fashionable society, and was his stanch friend during her lifetime. Beckford, the eccentric author of *Vathek*, was also an admirer of young Disraeli, who went abroad and made a long tour through Italy, Greece, Albania, Syria, Nubia, and Egypt. His impressions upon this tour colored all his subsequent writings.

The period had now arrived when Disraeli thought he should take part in public affairs. England was convulsed by the Reform agitation. In 1831, a vacancy having occurred in

the pocket-borough of High Wycombe, which had thirty-five registered voters, Disraeli stood for the seat on ultra-Radical principles, but was defeated by Colonel Grey, son of Earl Grey, the Premier. Twelve votes only were cast for the political adventurer, and the son of the Reform Premier took his seat. But time brings around its revenges to him that can wait. In 1868, when the late Lord Derby resigned, the Queen's letter to Mr. Disraeli, commanding him to form a Ministry, was brought to him by her equerry, General Grey, who, thirty-seven years before, had defeated him in the Wycombe election. Their respective positions had changed somewhat in the interval, the odds now being with the literary adventurer, who, on being asked at Wycombe upon what he stood for Parliament, answered that he stood upon his head.

Benjamin Disraeli, having once made up his mind to do a thing, was not easily baffled. A general election having followed soon after his first defeat, he stood for Wycombe a second time, and was again beaten by a Whig. This exasperated him, and he never after forgave the Whigs. He perceived that there was more noise than substance in the Radical party, and resolved to abandon Daniel O'Connell, Joseph Hume, and W. J. Fox, under whom he had trained for Parliament, and secure more substantial backing. Accordingly, he stood for Marylebone the first opportunity as a Tory, and defended his apostasy from Liberalism in the following audacious words:

"A statesman is the creature of his age, a child of circumstances, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character, and when he is called upon to take office he is not to inquire what his opinions may have been upon this or that subject; he is only to ascertain the needful, the beneficial, and the most feasible manner in which affairs are to be carried on. I laugh, therefore, at the objections to a man that at a former period of his career he advocated a policy different from the present one."

This apostasy exasperated O'Connell, who had done his best to get Disraeli into Parliament, and in a speech at Dublin he scarified the young political renegade. "Having been twice defeated by the Radicals," he exclaimed, "this miscreant was just the fellow for the Conservatives." Then, after a glowing tribute to the Hebrew race, he alluded to the apostasy of his victim, and said: "It will not be supposed, therefore, that when I speak of Disraeli as a Jew, I mean to tarnish him on that account. His life is a living lie. The Jews were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants among them, and it must have been from one of these that Disraeli descended. He possesses all the qualities of the impenitent thief who died on the cross, and for aught I know the present Disraeli is his true heir-at-law." This tirade was followed by a challenge from Disraeli addressed to O'Connell's son, Morgan, who refused to accept it, and who was sustained by public opinion. In his letter, Disraeli says: "Words fail to express the utter scorn in which I hold your father's character, and the disgust with which his conduct inspires me. I shall take every opportunity of holding up his name to public contempt, and I fervently pray that you, or some of your blood, may attempt to assuage the inextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence."

The code was then in fashion, and Disraeli, although he never had a hostile meeting, always expressed his readiness to fight if called to account. This was almost necessary, because he was in the habit of using the most violent and abusive language toward his political antagonists. Sir James Graham described him, after he had become Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the red Indian of debate, who had scalped his way into power with a tomahawk, and was determined to retain power by the same means.

In 1835, Disraeli stood for Taunton in the Tory interest, and was again defeated. On the hustings he kept up the quarrel with O'Connell, whom he denounced as "a bloody traitor." His perseverance was at length rewarded. In 1837 he was returned to Parliament for Maidstone through the influence of Wyndham Lewis, whose money had enabled him to contest three elections, and whose widow he married in 1839. This was the turning point in his life. His marriage brought him fortune and social influence. It gave him also the love and solicitude of a noble woman, older than himself by ten years, but entirely devoted to him. And to his honor be it said that he returned her affection.

The Queen having offered him a peerage in 1868, he refused it for himself, but accepted it for his wife, who was created Viscountess Beaconsfield in her own right. Her death, some years ago, was a severe blow to him, besides involving a large pecuniary loss, as her life interest in her former husband's estates passed to the Lewis family.

In his first session, in 1837, Benjamin Disraeli followed O'Connell in a debate in which that consummate orator had attacked Sir Charles Burdett for deserting the Liberal party. The scene has become historical. Disraeli's exaggerated style, his foppish attire, his theatrical gestures and ludicrous remarks excited the House to the most uproarious mirth, and he

was rudely laughed down. Before resuming his seat, he turned to the Liberal party, and exclaimed, with passionate energy:

"I have begun several times many things, and I often succeed at last; ay, sir, and though I sit down now the time will come when you will hear me."

The prediction came true. He spoke often and well after this, but, somehow, the House paid no heed to him. From 1841 to 1847 he sat for Shrewsbury; but although a frequent and aggressive speaker he possessed no weight.

At the general election in 1847, he was returned for the county of Bucks, for which he sat continuously until the night of August 11, 1876, which was his last appearance in the House of Commons. It was upon that last great occasion that he outlined and defended the "imperial policy of England." Next morning the country was astounded by the announcement that Mr. Disraeli had been created Earl of Beaconsfield, and would henceforth lead the peers of England. He had fairly won his title, and no one grudged him it. Only, men of all shades of party regretted that the great name of Benjamin Disraeli, and his peculiar reputation, should be lost under the new and unknown title of Earl of Beaconsfield. But those who thought so misjudged the man. It was as the Earl of Beaconsfield that he won his highest laurels as a statesman and became a great historical character in Europe.

Let us return once more to the thread of our narrative. In 1841, and for several years afterward, Disraeli was recognized as the leader of the Young England party—a party which did no good to any thing or any cause, and which had no element of good in it. In 1846 Sir Robert Peel introduced his famous Corn Law Bill, and it was then Disraeli saw the great opportunity of his life and boldly seized upon it. The protectionist policy had been successful at the polls; and it was with amazement and rage, therefore, that the Conservatives (as Peel styled the Tories) heard the Premier announce, almost the first day of the session, that he had adopted a free trade policy and would introduce a bill repealing the corn law. They were speechless; but one man was neither speechless nor amazed, and that man was Benjamin Disraeli. He arose and assailed Peel in tones of such bitter invective as had never before been heard in the House. It was a remarkable speech on a remarkable occasion, and it was the making of the despised political adventurer. Suddenly, without their seeking, a man arose to lead the squirearchy of England, and they rallied around him with the inspiration of hope that in this political Arab they had found their Moses. And they really had done so, though they were slow to believe the fact, despite their loyalty to him. "The country party" was the political issue of that speech; and before the session closed, Disraeli gave the Tories their revenge by combining with the Irish members to defeat the Coercion Bill. The very day which saw the Corn Law Bill pass the House of Lords, witnessed Peel's defeat and final downfall in the House of Commons. That great statesman fell in the very hour of triumph, to rise no more. He soon afterward died from the effects of a fall from his horse. But Disraeli's time had not yet fully come. The coalition which turned out Peel could not hold together. The Whigs came into office and remained in power until 1852, when Earl Derby's first and short-lived administration was formed, of which Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons. He had succeeded to the leadership of the country party on the death of Lord George Bentinck, who died suddenly, it was supposed from poison administerd by Palmer, a country physician and sporting man, who owed Lord George money on bets, and who, soon afterward, poisoned one Cooke, to get rid of a similar obligation, for which crime he was tried and hanged. But, in truth, Disraeli was the brains of the country party; although it suited him to make a son of the Duke of Portland the figurehead. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Disraeli's first duty was to renounce the heresy of protection, for abandoning which he had denounced Peel so terribly. Facts and figures were not to be controverted, however. Sophistry and assertion could not get rid of them. Yet strange as it may seem, the squirearchy followed him like lambs. The short session, in which Earl Derby found himself in office very much against his will, passed off without any serious incident, and a good deal of useful work was done. Next session, when Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced a financial scheme, he was replied to on the spot by Mr. Gladstone, despite the very advanced hour of the night when he closed his budget. This impromptu speech by Gladstone crushed the Chancellor, who, truth to say, never professed to understand finance. The House and country recognized the inherent worthlessness of Disraeli's scheme, and the Government went out of office. This was the first round in the long and fiercely fought battle between Disraeli and Gladstone; and, by a singular chance—say, rather, by a wonderful dispensation of Providence—Gladstone was the victor first and last. Thus Peel and

his principles were vindicated by his great pupil, and the Tories were thrust once more into the background.

Owing to the political vicissitudes of the times, Lord Derby again took office in 1858, with Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. He had made the place for himself in his party, and he insisted upon filling it. Reform was then the paramount question, and Disraeli introduced a comprehensive bill dealing with the subject, providing all kinds of fancy suffrage. This was too absurd for the common sense Commons of England, and the Tories went out in 1859 on a vote of want of confidence. The Palmerston-Russell Government succeeded to power, and remained in office till Lord Palmerston's death in October, 1865, when the Russell-Gladstone Government was formed; but in 1866 it was defeated on a no-confidence motion. For the third time Lord Derby took office, with Disraeli as leader of the House of Commons.

The Russell-Gladstone Government having been ousted for the insufficiency of its Reform Bill, Disraeli felt that the Tories must do something to settle it; and it was during this conjuncture they took the celebrated "leap in the dark," which was to do them so much political service subsequently. Disraeli claimed afterward to have "educated his party up to it;" but, in truth, their education was undertaken by the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and it was completed by promptly abandoning their own measures and adopting those of the opposition. The history of the Reform Bill of 1867 is one of the most amusing and instructive incidents in the course of English Parliamentary Government, and was a triumph of liberal principles brought about by the most unlooked for and unnatural of political conjunctions. But the point of the incident, for the purpose of this review, was the masterly and unscrupulous way in which Disraeli adapted himself to the will of the majority, changing front almost daily, and dragging his party with him from pillar to post of inconsistency. His motive was a personal one. He wanted to be the Minister which had settled the Reform question—not because he favored an extension of the suffrage (for he did not), but because that by so doing he would strengthen his hold upon the English people and increase his popularity. He felt secure of his followers. He knew the Tories could not afford to desert him, and, therefore, when he boldly conceded the demands of "The Tea-Room Party," which went far beyond anything Gladstone or Bright proposed, or even considered politic, he conciliated the ultra-Radicals, and compelled the Liberal leaders to sustain him also on pain of political extinction. The Tories took the leap in the dark after their leader, and the Liberals helped to make the Reform Bill a really valuable and progressive measure. It is in this way the Tories claim to be more Liberal than the Liberal party, and the workingmen of England at a general election ratified this claim by their votes. But the fact remains that the resolutions and two reform bills introduced by Disraeli during that session were the veriest shams every attempted to be palmed upon a legislative body.

Lord Derby resigned in February, 1868, owing to failing health, and the Queen sent for Mr. Disraeli. This was the supreme moment in his long and successful career. The wild dream of his boyhood was now to be realized. The prize for which he schemed and toiled as a man, and which, but for his inspirational attack on Sir Robert Peel, never would have fallen to his lot, was now within his grasp. Benjamin Disraeli, "the Jew adventurer," "the political juggler," and a score of other equally opprobrious, and perhaps equally truthful, characterizations, was now the foremost man in England, possessing the confidence of his sovereign, and receiving her command to form a government. When a foppish, flippant, vanity-smitten youth, Disraeli was introduced to Lord Melbourne, the most genial of men, and a model Premier. That nobleman inquired, with amused curiosity, what the young man meant to become should he ever get into Parliament. "I mean to be Prime Minister," was the prompt reply. As likely, perhaps, at the time, as to become Archbishop of Canterbury, who is in matters ecclesiastical the English Pope. And here he was about to become not only Premier, but one of the greatest Ministers England ever produced—a Minister whose achievements, for good or for ill, far eclipse those of Lord Melbourne, and who will be remembered, and spoken of, and quoted, when the memory of that Minister will have been utterly forgotten.

To the surprise of the great Tory nobles, Earl Derby recommended the Queen to intrust the formation of a government to his intriguing and capable lieutenant. His own son, Lord Stanley, the present Earl of Derby, was then a Secretary of State, and would have been acceptable to the country. The young and able Foreign Minister was thought to be the political heir-general of the Tory party. But Lord Derby knew far better. He knew that the Tory party was Mr. Disraeli, and that without him it would cease to be any party at all. So Mr. Disraeli was sent for, and Mr. Disraeli obeyed Her Majesty's command and formed a government. His task was not an easy one,

because he must make changes within his own party. In other words, he was compelled to dispense with some of his colleagues and take in new men.

The Tories were weakest in debating power in the House of Lords, although numerically the strongest. Above all, they were weakest in their Lord Chancellor. The new Premier, therefore, intimated to Lord Chelmsford, an old and comparatively useless man, that he must step down from the woolsack to give place to Lord Cairns—an Irishman in the prime of life, who had forced his way to the front rank as a parliamentary debater and lawyer without any adventitious aids from fortune. He was at the time quietly shelved as Lord Justice of Appeal, and, being a personal friend of Disraeli, he made no scruple about accepting the great seal. And here it may not be out of place to relate an incident in Lord Cairns's early career. He was one of the members for Belfast, and had introduced a motion in favor of law reform. As a junior member of the Chancery Bar, Hugh McCalmont Cairns was known in the profession as one of the most thorough equity lawyers in the kingdom; but until he made the speech in question, he did not give promise of such marked parliamentary ability, rising to statesmanship. The venerable Lord Brougham occupied a seat in the Lords' gallery, and listened attentively to Mr. Cairns's exposition of the principles of law reform. Brougham turned to another law-lord, who sat beside him, and said, "The man who delivered that speech will be the youngest Lord Chancellor that ever sat on the woolsack"—a prediction which was about to be verified. Lord Chelmsford's friends were indignant, but they could not venture to set him in competition with the brilliant young Irishman. In due time Lord Cairns became an Earl, and Lord Chelmsford's son, who inherited his title, commanded the British troops in the disastrous Zulu war, and only saved his honor by the very hazardous experiment of risking everything in a pitched battle just before Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived in camp to take the command. While on the subject of Lord Cairns's accession to the woolsack, another anecdote occurs to us at the moment, which was an open secret in Ulster about a quarter of a century ago. The young lawyer was an aspirant to the hand of Miss McNeil, an Antrim heiress of ancient lineage, who steadily refused to become his wife until he could give her a title. This was the only thing which could reconcile the proud daughter of John McNeil to marry the son of a Belfast tradesman. Spurred on by love, the young lawyer sought entrance into Parliament and became Solicitor General in Lord Derby's first administration, an office which carries with it knighthood from the hand of the sovereign, and the haughty Irish beauty soon after became Lady Cairns, and is now a countess.

Disraeli led the House of Commons as Prime Minister, and during the remainder of the session he achieved some successes. But the Nemesis of party stalked behind him, and Gladstone threw him into a minority on the Irish Church Disestablishment Resolutions. This was a thrust at Disraeli's vital part. He was a champion of Church and State if he was anything, and he had always regarded the Irish Church as an appenage of the English Church Establishment. Anyhow, it was a field in which political services could be indirectly rewarded by the Crown; and therefore this rude assault by "Church-and-State Gladstone," who had turned iconoclast, upon church patronage, was one to be resisted to the last moment. Although in a minority in the House of Commons on more than one occasion, Disraeli declared that he would not resign without an appeal to the country. He fancied that the heart of the people was sound on the Church question; but the elections soon showed him that a Liberal reaction had set in. Without waiting for Parliament to reassemble he resigned, and his successful rival took office as Premier in 1868. Gladstone carried his Irish Church Disestablishment Bill; he also carried an Irish land bill, which is the basis of the Land Bill of 1881; but he fell a victim to sectarianism on the Irish University question. The Tories coalesced with the Home Rulers and the Irish party generally, and Gladstone, who appealed to the country, was defeated at the general election of 1874. The borough and county franchise, which Disraeli claimed to have created, and which then for the first time came into general operation, proved the salvation of the Tory party. The workingmen in the boroughs voted for Tory candidates. The clergy worked like Trojans to avenge themselves on Gladstone; and the beer-sellers, and the brewers, and the malsters, who had been antagonized by the Liberal Government, joined hands with the parsons and overthrew it. The Tory reaction had set in once more. The two spiritual powers—Rum and Religion—had carried the day; and the work of legislative reform in England received a set-back from which it will not recover for many years. Gladstone resigned office, and he also threw up the lead of the Liberal party in disgust. Disraeli was once more in power, and stronger than ever. He retained office until 1880, when, his majority having begun to slip away from him, he appealed to the coun-

try, to realize in his own case the fickleness of the constituencies. The majority was overwhelmingly against him. He was beaten worse than Gladstone had been, and beaten by the indomitable will and splendid talents of that great English statesman. It was Mr. Gladstone single-handed, and not the Liberal party leaders, that turned the tide of popular opinion against the popular idol; and it was Mr. Gladstone, to Disraeli's great chagrin, and contrary to the wish of the Queen, who succeeded him. Thus the open political account was balanced between these two great but dissimilar men.

In 1870, while out of office, Disraeli published the politico-religious novel, *Lothair*. Eighty thousand copies of this book were sold in America. It served a threefold purpose. It revived his literary reputation, kept his name in a phenomenal way before the public, and furnished him with money, of which he then stood greatly in need. In 1876, as already stated, Benjamin Disreali was created Earl of Beaconsfield. He was then in the zenith of his power and fame, and no one could have anticipated his sudden fall. But there were causes, unseen though potent, at work which sufficiently account for it. The Tories had utterly neglected social questions. They had allowed the Irish question to develop proportions menacing to the monarchy, through the combined influence of famine and rack-rents. They had done nothing to mitigate the agricultural depression in England and Scotland consequent upon a succession of bad crops and American competition. They had, on the contrary, kept the public mind occupied and the popular imagination dazzled by a succession of foreign surprises. But the time had now fully come when the country, wearied with a sensational foreign policy, involving heavy expenditures and wars without glory, insisted upon a return to sober domestic legislation, and, as a matter of course, Disraeli's power and popularity disappeared like a morning cloud in the fierce rays of the sun.

The Earl of Beaconsfield, as has been already shown, was a great party leader—the greatest, perhaps, of any since Chatham's time. He understood Parliament; he understood the aristocracy; and he used this knowledge skillfully to his own personal advantage. He was also a great Minister. This character contemporary history concedes to him, and the judgment of posterity will justify it. But his methods were not English methods. His genius was purely Semitic, and herein lay the secret of his great success. He took risks which no other English constitutional Minister would ever think of taking, and fortune, which is so often propitious to the daring, was very kind to him. It was so in his case, when he had all to gain and nothing to lose. He was a "lucky man," but he made his own good luck. His name thus comes to be identified with the most successful administrative speculations of modern times. Disraeli was the Minister who purchased the telegraph system of the United Kingdom and consolidated it with the Postoffice Department. This was a bold speculative operation, which the result fully justified; but it is of far more importance politically, as giving the Government, in certain contingencies, the control of all avenues of information, and preventing the creation of a dangerous monopoly. Benjamin Disraeli was the great telegraph consolidator. Jay Gould simply works upon the lines laid down by the British Minister as a measure of public policy, and usurps a power which should alone be exercised by responsible executive authority. More audacious, and yet more speculative, was the purchase by Disraeli, on behalf of the British Government, of the Khedive's interest in the Suez Canal, calling for the payment of £4,000,000 sterling, or twenty million dollars. There was no precedent for such an act, no warrant or authority for pledging the credit of the State for such a purpose; yet Disraeli quietly arranged for payment through the Rothschilds, and trusted to Parliament to appropriate the money. This purchase was completed on the 25th of November, 1875, and instead of impeachment, to which the Minister was liable, he was lauded to the skies. It gave England control of the short route to India, and made her mistress of the situation in the East. Steadily Disraeli's sun kept rising in the European firmament, and as steadily his ambition kept mounting. The climax was reached when Parliament was informed, upon its assembling in 1876, that the title "Empress of India" had been added to the royal style of the Queen. This was the enunciation of "the imperial policy," which has been fruitful of so much trouble already, and which will cause England infinitely more trouble in the hereafter. There are constitutional reasons for this, but they need not be discussed in this place. The Prince of Wales had been sent to India to impress upon the native princes and sovereigns the personality of that power which held them in its iron grip, but which had hitherto been a mere abstraction to them. They saw and did homage to their future Emperor, and thenceforward must associate the man with the sovereign authority. This was Disraeli's conception. It was natural to a man of his race, but it would not have occurred to a purely English statesman, whose constitutional instincts and training would have impelled him to avoid artifice in government.

It was a mere trick, but it was a very successful one. It was not approved generally in England, because personal government is distasteful to Anglo-Saxon sentiment, while it is of the essence of Semitic thought, which is formulated in the ancient demand: "Give us a king to rule over us." As a step in the imperial policy, however, the visit of the Prince of Wales to India was a very important one. It was leading up straight to what was soon to follow—the proclamation of the Indian Empire.

Benjamin Disraeli, the political and literary waif, had done many surprising things. He had conferred titles and honors with a lavish hand; but what were these social distinctions compared with encircling the brow of his sovereign mistress with the diadem of empire? Peerages, ribbons, and stars sink into insignificance when compared with this august creation. To create a ducal title, which conferred limited social prestige, was a very little thing in comparison to charging the sovereign style of a constitutional kingdom with the addition of "Empress," which carried with it a precedence above kings and the idea of absolutism. This was his work. In the whirl of active life, its audacity and grandeur have been overlooked, but in time to come it will certainly be regarded as the greatest achievement of his life, and in many respects, also, of the century. The possibilities of what it involves were only slightly disclosed to Europe during the later phases of the Eastern question, when the Queen of England, as Empress of India, brought her Indian troops to the Mediterranean, outside the charter limits, without the consent of Parliament, and when it was argued by Lord Chancellor Cairns that as Queen, by virtue of her prerogative, she might quarter them in Scotland and Ireland, because they had independent legislatures when the Bill of Rights was enacted, and were not parties to it. In other words, that the following provision of the Bill of Rights—"that the raising or keeping a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law"—applies only to the ancient realm of England, and not to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or to any colonial dependency thereof. It was made the subject of a very dignified protest by the Russian representatives at the Berlin Congress, and was bitterly resented by the Liberals in Parliament. But the presence of the Indian battalions at Malta, outside the charter limits of India, in a time of peace, and without the knowledge or consent of Parliament, proved that the title, "Empress of India," was not an empty one. The British people disliked the imperial style; Queen Victoria liked it exceedingly, and she rewarded her Minister with an earldom, and extended to him a measure of personal confidence greater than had ever before been enjoyed by any of her constitutional advisers.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the development of this imperial policy. In South Africa it was enforced by the annexation of Basutoland and Transvaal, involving three costly, bloody, and humiliating wars—the Zulu war, in which the Prince Imperial was killed; the war in Basutoland, still in progress; and the Transvaal war. Previous to this, Abyssinia had been invaded and its ruler killed, at the cost of many millions of treasure; and the savage king of Ashantee was driven out of his capital by British bayonets. These wars were the outgrowth of the imperial idea, which had, through Disraeli, permeated the Tory ranks. British blood in purple streams enriched the soil of the Dark Continent in warfare which was destitute of all possibilities of honor, and which was unjust in the extreme. What matter? It was in pursuance of a policy which placed the imperial crown of India upon the brow of Queen Victoria. But imperialism was not safe in India without "a scientific frontier," and accordingly a quarrel was fixed upon the British pensioner, Sheer Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, who was driven direct into Russia's arms. India invaded Afghanistan, and here, too, British blood was poured out like water in a doubtful, and as it proved, a losing and useless cause. A scientific frontier was fixed by the treaty of Gundamuk, but all that remains of it now is the memory of the Cabul massacre, the annihilation of General Burrows's command by Ayoob Khan, the brilliant achievements of General Roberts, and a dangerous state prisoner in the person of Yakoob Khan, the puppet sovereign set up by the Indian Government by direction of Disraeli.

The Eastern question was seized upon by Disraeli as an occasion for testing the imperial policy in European affairs. He boldly swung England into the front rank of European powers in opposition to Russia, which was pressing hard upon Turkey, and abandoned the policy of non-intervention, which had been accepted by several administrations as the wisest one for an insular power. That non-intervention had sometimes been carried to an extreme, to the prejudice of national honor, is undoubted; but Disraeli displayed a spirit of recklessness, on the other hand, which might have involved the country in great disasters. It was his imperialism, however, which was at the root of all. During that great controversy of the nations, whatever men may think of the wisdom of his

policy, thus much must be admitted, that in no single particular did he lose sight of the grandeur and dignity of England. The entrance of the Dardanelles by the British fleet was an act of war, although it was convenient for Russia not to so regard it, and it saved Constantinople when the Grand Duke Nicholas was prepared to enter it. This closed the Russo-Turkish war. Fighting was out of the question then, unless Russia was prepared to fight England, and the ironclads were at the Golden Horn, and the trained battalions of India were at Malta, and would soon be in Armenia and Turkey. Moreover, the British mob had become intoxicated with imperialism, and the Jingo furor was the infallible symptom of it. To fight England, thus aroused and prepared, after a severe struggle with Turkey, was impossible. Russia knew this. The Czar tore up the treaty of San Stefano at the dictation of Lord Beaconsfield, and consented to submit the settlement to a congress of the great powers. Not thus did Germany when it crushed the French Empire; not thus did Prussia when it trampled on the gallant Dane; not thus France when its Emperor dictated terms to Austria at Solferino; but on those occasions England stood aloof. It was out of the European circle, and the conquerors did as they pleased. England now threw its sword into the scale, and Russia listened to reason. Nay, it consented to humiliating terms for the sake of peace.

Although Bismarck convened the Berlin Congress, Lord Beaconsfield was its real author, and he adopted the unusual course of going himself in person as chief representative of England, accompanied by the Marquis of Salisbury as second commissioner. Never before had a British Premier left the realm on such a mission while Parliament was in session; but this man did not stop at anything which would increase his personal influence and importance, and add to the luster of his administration. He had passed the stage of adventure; his position and status were now fixed. He was a peer of Parliament, an English Earl, and the Premier of a powerful nation. His ambition, therefore, took a wider scope than formerly. His political reputation had been exclusively British. He had now an opportunity of making a name for himself as a diplomatist in the field of European politics. The occasion was one of empire. The issues involved the weightiest questions of sovereignty and administration. It was no paltry matter the Berlin Congress had to decide, and Lord Beaconsfield resolved that it should be decided as he had predetermined.

No man in that distinguished assemblage filled the public eye so completely as the Earl of Beaconsfield. The world instinctively felt that he was master of the situation, while Bismarck, the great state artificer of Germany, was playing for time. His first act was characteristic. He declared at the outset that the deliberations should be in English. This point was conceded. Very soon it became apparent that combinations were formed to baffle him, but his subtle intellect had anticipated this, and he tore the diplomatic web into a thousand pieces. Never was surprise so complete, never indignation more intense, than when Lord Salisbury announced that England had made a convention with Turkey by which she obtained Cyprus, together with the protectorate of Asia Minor in certain contingencies. Here was a new and unlooked for complication—one of those things which could not be foreseen, and, therefore, could not be guarded against. The only thing to be done was to get through the business on hand, and obtain as large concessions as this arbiter of the destinies of Europe chose to make. This plan succeeded, and the British plenipotentiaries made greater concessions to Russia, on the Roumanian boundary question, and to Austria, than was consistent with sound policy or judgment. But Beaconsfield and his distinguished colleague could afford to be generous with other people's territory, so it fell out that the seed was planted for another European war, when events are ripe for it.

There were other reasons why Lord Beaconsfield made these concessions and left the Greek boundary question unsettled. He desired to disarm Russia of any hostile feeling by restoring the territory in Bessarabia taken from it by the allies after the Crimean war; and he succeeded in this. He wanted to attach the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to the British imperial policy by giving Francis Joseph the rich provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina; and in this also he was successful. He did not want to weaken Turkey further, by lopping off Epirus and Thessaly in the interest of Greece, which could be of no help to him in furtherance of his policy. So far as the plan which Lord Beaconsfield set before himself is concerned, therefore, nothing could be more completely successful than the Congress of Berlin, and this is the standard by which he, at least, wished it judged. It is not for us to anticipate the future. Suffice it to say, that where failure has occurred, it has been through the default of the Porte to discharge its part of the contract; wherefore England declined to shoulder its own and Turkey's obligations.

During the Berlin Congress, public feeling in England was worked up to a white heat. The

nation had almost gone frantic. It had got into one of its mad fighting moods, and would rather have had war than peace. When the annexation of Cyprus and the protectorate of Asia Minor were announced, there was a burst of exultation, and millions of money were ready at call to build "The Euphrates Valley Railroad." The Suez Canal might be blockaded by hostile flotillas. England wanted a land route to India, and—

> "We don't want to fight; but, by jingo, if we do,
> We have got the men, we have got the ships,
> And we have got the money, too."

It was during this popular frenzy that Lord Beaconsfield and his colleague arrived in England. Never was victorious general or ruler received with greater enthusiasm. Lord Beaconsfield was at that hour the most popular man in England. He had "brought back peace with honor." Congratulatory messages were sent from the remotest British colony, and the British residents of San Francisco presented him with an address and casket, which he regarded as the greatest compliment ever paid him, and made its presentation the occasion for declaring his foreign policy upon which he had declined to speak explicitly in Parliament, because, he said, the British people all over the world who sympathized with him had a right to know what the Government meant to do. Thus San Francisco became identified with Lord Beaconsfield's career at the very pinnacle of his fame.

And here the Earl of Beaconsfield's public life may be said to close. Events were too strong for him. The Zulu and Afghan wars became more serious than he had contemplated. The harvests failed at home, and Ireland was visited by famine. Trade declined and the revenue fell off, while enormous expenditures were being incurred abroad for purposes which the British people, in their sober second thought, did not approve. Everything went against the Government, and agitators and opponents did not scruple to charge the visitations of Providence to their account. Mr. Gladstone threw off all reserve, and boldly took the lead of his party, speaking all over the United Kingdom, and creating a public opinion which swept away the Tory Government. Lord Beaconsfield should have appealed to the country when the Opposition began to press him home; but he delayed until March 24, 1880, and then the country had been wrought to such a pitch that the Liberals went back into power with a majority of one hundred and twenty. The Tories had fallen; their great chief was defeated; and the Queen, after vainly asking Lord Hartington and Earl Granville to form a Government, was forced to send for Mr. Gladstone, the uncompromising opponent of imperialism, and by far the most capable and most conscientious public man in England. He has had to pass under the harrow in the all but hopeless task of repairing the mischief done by "the imperial policy" in home affairs. The famine stage in Ireland has been succeeded by an agrarian revolt, in which the champions of natural and vested rights stand ready to fly at each other's throats, while Gladstone stands in the breach as mediator. American competition is ruining the agricultural classes of England, added to which are foreign complications that may prove serious. Some of these are legacies of Lord Beaconsfield's imperial policy; but they may, and possibly will, overwhelm the Liberal Government.

The Earl of Beaconsfield died just at the crisis when it was possible, by a bold and original stroke on the Irish land question, to have pacified Ireland and returned to power stronger than ever. It is not for us to discuss what might have been. We have simply to do with the *has been*. For good or for evil, the man Benjamin Disraeli has finished his work. As we have endeavored to show, it has been a conspicuously great work. And it has been a thoroughly consistent work as well. From start to finish it preserved the unities. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, lived up to his own ideal. He realized his dream of life. He satisfied his ambition to the full. Such as he was by nature, such he perfected by art. He was a consummate actor, a natural leader, and a man of very brilliant parts. He was not a great man, for he lacked conscientiousness; he was not a noble man, for he lacked sincerity. But he was an original and a successful man, who, born out of his natural element, an alien and a foreigner by race and sentiment, had the genius to mold English thought and sentiment to his will, and to lead captive the most conservative and exclusive social and political elements in European society. With Benjamin Disraeli dies the last and greatest of British statesmen who sought to strengthen Prerogative by weakening the Constitution.

ROBT. J. CREIGHTON.

WIRING A CONTINENT.

The establishment of telegraphic communication between the principal cities of California had the effect of making the people on the Pacific Coast realize more clearly their isolated position from the rest of the Union, and the question of an overland telegraph was at once agitated. The matter had already, in point of fact, been considered in Congress soon after the acquisition of this territory by the United States. The plan thought to be the most feasible, among the several suggested, was one by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. It was for the Government to establish stockades or military posts at distances thirty to fifty miles apart across the continent. It was thought that such a plan would have the double advantage of protecting the emigrants as well as opening up safe and reliable communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. A careful examination into the details of this scheme showed that it would prove too expensive, and nothing came of it.

It was not until 1860, when a bill was introduced by Senator Broderick, that the Senate should authorize the Postmaster General to enter into a contract with Henry O'Reilly, J. J. Speed, and T. P. Schaffner for the carrying of Goverment messages to and from the Pacific States. The contract was for ten years, and the consideration $70,000 a year, with a preemption of 320 acres of land every ten miles along the route. This bill was referred to the committee of which Dr. Gwin was a member, but, on account of incompatibility of temper between the two Senators, it never reached the House. The year previous, 1859, the State Legislature had passed an act granting $6,000 a year, for ten years, to the company that should put the first line through, and $4,000 a year to the one that would get the second line through. This encouragement gave fresh impetus to the enterprises already commenced—one by the way of Placerville and Carson Valley, known as the Placerville and St. Joseph Telegraph Company, and another *via* Los Angeles, following the route of the Butterfield overland mail stages.

Early in the succeeding year, several other telegraph bills were introduced in the United States Senate. An examination of them in detail led to the conviction that no private company would be able to successfully build and maintain telegraphic communication across the continent, the cost of maintenance after the construction of the line being too great. Goverment aid was consequently considered absolutely necessary if the enterprise were to be carried out. A bill finally passed Congress appropriating $40,000 a year, for ten years, toward the construction and maintenance of a line of telegraph between the Atlantic and Pacific States. Within the appointed time the Secretary of the Treasury advertised for proposals. The Grand Confederated North American Association held a convention at New York, and agreed, as the Western Union Company had more at stake than any other Eastern company, to refer the whole matter to it and to the Placerville and St. Joseph Company. The Western Union Company resolved to put in a bid at the maximum price fixed by Congress, the bid to go in Hiram Sibley's name, but if successful, all the California lines, so disposed, were to share in the benefits. Several other competing companies made bids, but as before the time came around for giving the necessary bonds they had all withdrawn, the contract was awarded to the Western Union Company.

The parties whom Mr. Sibley represented met at Rochester, New York, and agreed that if all the California lines would consolidate they should have construction of the line from Salt Lake to the Pacific connection, while the Western Union Company should build from Salt Lake to the eastern connection. It was also agreed that the California and General Government subsidies, together with the receipts, should be divided equitably between them. In the fall of the same year, 1860, J. H. Wade, the representative of the Western Union Company, came to California to complete arrangements for the commencement of the great work. He brought the matter before the several companies then in operation on the Pacific Coast, proposing to them a plan of consolidation of all their lines, which was immediately carried out. The different companies agreed to consolidate with the California State Telegraph Company, and to create a new company called the Overland Telegraph Company, with a capital stock of $1,250,000, to complete a line from San Francisco to Salt Lake. This company, on the completion of the line, was merged into the California State Telegraph

Company (the capital stock being doubled), which, from that time until its later consolidation with the Western Union, owned and controlled the telegraph lines from San Francisco to Salt Lake. The Western Union had in the meantime established a similar organization on the eastern side of the continent to meet the line from this side at Salt Lake.

All preliminaries having been settled, the work of construction was to be commenced without delay. The material was ordered, and preparations were made to complete the entire line before the close of 1861. The work on the eastern end was under the superintendence and general direction of Edward Creighton, while the construction from this end was directed by the writer. The lines of the California State Telegraph Company had already been extended as far as Virginia City after the consolidation of the lines, and it was decided that the work of extending the overland telegraph was to commence at Carson City. Part of the wire and insulators had in the meantime been ordered from the East, and were shipped round by Cape Horn. The next most important item of material was the poles. These had to be hauled on wagons and distributed along the route from Carson City to Salt Lake, a distance of six hundred miles. As there was not a stick of timber in sight throughout the entire distance, it seemed at first a mystery how they were to be procured, and the work finished within the time named. Among my associates in the enterprise was James Street, who had, previous to this, met and made a friend of Brigham Young. Mr. Street was full of pluck and energy; and early in the spring he went to Salt Lake and succeeded in arranging with the Mormons for the necessary poles along that section of the line.

On his return, he made it a point to see some of the Indian chiefs, to gain, if possible, their good will, as well as explain to them the object of the work. At Roberts Creek, he met Sho-kup, the head chief of the Shoshones, who received him in a very friendly manner. The chief told Mr. Street that he and his tribe were desirous of knowing and understanding the ways of the white man, and to be upon friendly terms with him. He expressed himself as anxious to do always that which was to the good of his own people, and provide for their wants. He added, with much feeling:

"Before the white men came to my country, my people were happy and had plenty of game and roots. Now they are no longer happy, and the game has almost disappeared."

Sho-kup exercised great influence, not only over his own tribe, but also over the Goshutes and Pah-Utes. The Indians there, as everywhere, are very superstitious and put great faith in the teachings of their medicine men. At the time of the visit of Mr. Street, one of Sho-kup's wives (he had two) was dangerously ill, and one of her doctors had said the cause of it was the *overland mail*. The chief asked if this was true. The interpreter replied in the negative, and on behalf of Mr. Street invited Sho-kup to get on the stage and go to San Francisco, where he was assured he would be kindly received, and be as well in all respects as if he had made the journey on horseback. The chief accepted the offer and started with them the next stage, but on reaching Carson City he resolved to return, as it was taking him too far from home. The telegraph was explained to him by the interpreter, and he afterward called it "We-ente-mo-ke-te-bope," meaning "wire rope express." On being pressed to continue his trip to San Francisco, he said no; he wanted to go back and learn how his wife was. He was told that when the telegraph was completed he could talk to her as well from there as if by her side; but this was more than his comprehension could seize. Talk to her when nearly three hundred miles away! No; that was not possible. He shook his head, saying he would rather talk to her in the old way. His idea of the telegraph was that it was an animal, and he wished to know on what it fed. They told him it ate lightning; but, as he had never seen any one make a supper of lightning, he was not disposed to believe that. During his stay in Carson City, Sho-kup was kindly treated, and, as he refused to go farther, he was told he could talk with the Big Captain (President H. W. Carpentier) of the telegraph company at San Francisco. Thereupon he dictated the following dispatch:

"Sho-kup, Big Chief of the Shoshones, says to Big Captain at San Francisco, that his Indians will not trouble the telegraph line. Sho-kup is a friend of the white man. His people obey him. He will order them to be friendly with the white men and not injure the telegraph. He would like to see Big Captain, but must return to his tribe, and cannot go to San Francisco."

On receipt of this message, General Carpentier, President of the Company, sent Sho-kup several friendly messages, and ordered presents of food and clothing to be made him. The importance of having a good understanding and keeping on friendly terms with the Indians was well understood, and everything was done, both then and during the period of the construction of the line, to prevent the occurrence of anything that would lead to trouble with them.

Mr. Street's contracts with the Mormons were for two to three hundred miles of poles for the eastern section of the line from Salt Lake west. I then went myself to Carson City and made contracts for one hundred miles of poles, running east from that point to Ruby Valley, where other contracts had been made with parties, familiar with that part of the country, to supply the poles for the middle section. I had many misgivings in respect to these contracts for poles, especially regarding those for the middle section. Along that portion of the route the mountains and plains were treeless as far as the eye could reach, viewed even from the highest point. Where, then, the poles were to come from, I could not conceive. But the frontiermen with whom the bargain had been made appeared to know their business, and, as I afterward learned, they had in their hunting expeditions discovered *cañons* and gorges in the mountains where stunted pine and quaking-asp cound be found sufficiently large for telegraph poles. So far, then, all was satisfactory.

The material having been provided, the next important move was to get it on the ground. Early in the spring of 1861 I was authorized by the company to fit out an expedition and commence the work of construction. It was estimated that it would take twenty-six wagons to carry the material and supplies across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and these I was instructed to purchase, together with the necessary animals to move them. This was accomplished and the expedition was ready to move on the 27th of May, 1861. It comprised 228 oxen, 26 wagons, 50 men, and several riding-horses. Everything necessary for the work and subsistence had to be carried on the wagons, but as there was a fair road over the mountains, it was thought the crossing could be made in about twelve or fifteen days. The expedition was placed in charge of I. M. Hubbard, an experienced and energetic telegraph man. Instead of fifteen days, as supposed, it took over thirty days to get across the Sierra Nevada. The train was very long and the road narrow, and it was found that many of the wagons were too heavily laden for the mountain roads; so it made but slow progress. In addition to this, the train frequently blocked up the road, delaying incoming trains as long as a day at a time. It was, therefore, finally concluded to cut up the telegraph train into several sections, and it was not until late in June that the expedition reached Carson Valley, and the work of construction commenced. In the meantime, the poles were being distributed from both ends of the line of route, and, as the wire and insulators for the eastern end had been ordered shipped from the Missouri river to Salt Lake, the work began energetically from both ends.

The route selected was by way of Omaha, up the South Platte, *via* old Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie, up the Sweetwater and through the South Pass to Salt Lake. Thence, to Deep Creek, Egan Cañon, and Ruby Valley to Virginia City. Austin and Eureka were not at that time in existence. In fact, the only settlement along that portion of the route, was one at Ruby Valley, where some troops were stationed.

Mr. Creighton, who, as I have stated, was in charge of the eastern section, and myself, communicated freely, advising each other at frequent intervals of the progress of the work. His reports showed me with what energy he was pushing his part forward, and so enthusiastic were we both that a wager was laid between us as to which would first reach Salt Lake, ready to open communication with San Francisco and the East. In order that all could be worked to the best advantage, the party, under Mr. Hubbard's direction, was thoroughly organized and systematized. The line was first measured and staked off; the hole-diggers followed; then came the pole-setters, and next the wire party. The line was strung up at the rate of from three to eight miles a day. An advance telegraph station was kept up with the head of the line, and the progress of the work reported each day. At this advance station the news was received on the arrival of the Pony Express, and telegraphed to San Francisco and other points. Commercial dispatches were also sent and received daily, as the Pony Express arrived at or departed from our camp. In this way the newspapers in San Francisco were supplied with telegraphic news, and were daily gaining on time as the lines advanced east and west across the continent toward their meeting point.

Among the different working parties were several Indians. They were employed principally in taking care of the stock, herding them at night where grass was to be found, and driving them in at early morning. Another object in employing them was that they might report to the different tribes how well they were treated, and in this way favorably influence the Indians toward the members of the party and the telegraph line. Those I employed were intrusted almost entirely with the stock, and I never had any reason to regret the confidence I placed in them. They were generally paid in provisions and clothing, and always seemed perfectly satisfied. That this good feeling with the Indians was maintained throughout, was also in a measure due to a general order issued

at the start, that any man of the expedition getting into trouble with the Indians, or their squaws, would be immediately dismissed from the service, and this rule was strictly enforced.

An incident occurred once during the construction of the line that doubtless had a lasting effect upon one Indian, at least, as to the power contained in the wire, which to them was so great a mystery. While our men were engaged stretching the wires up to a stage station, about two hundred miles east of the Sierra Nevada, a thunder storm broke over the valley at some distance from where they were working. The electric charges from the clouds were so heavy that the men were obliged to use buckskin gloves to avoid the shocks. Some strange Indians coming up just at that time, one of the men motioned to them to come and help him pull at the wire. One more willing than the rest took hold of it, and while drawing the wire along, the ground being moist, and the Indian in his bare feet, he received an electric charge that doubled him up in a knot. A more astonished Indian was probably never seen. He sprung to his feet and started on a full run. His companions, not knowing what had occurred, looked on with perfect astonishment. The electrified Indian stopped after running a short distance, and called to his comrades to join him, to whom, I presume, he explained the effect, without exactly knowing the cause. He and the others spread the news of this occurrence, and after that no Indian could be induced to go near the wire or touch the poles. Governor Nye, of Nevada, who also acted as Indian Agent, informed me, shortly after the completion of the overland line, that on his meeting with the Indians in Ruby Valley he noticed that whenever they had occasion to pass under the wire they got as nearly equidistant between the poles as possible, and appeared anxious to keep as far away from the line as they could. When I told him of the incident I have just related, he said it was very likely the cause of what he had observed.

In the meantime the construction of the line was being rapidly pushed forward. Many serious difficulties were, however, from time to time encountered, requiring our greatest energies to overcome. Deserts had to be crossed, which in many cases taxed the efforts and strength of the expedition to its very utmost. In one instance sixteen miles of line were built in one day, in order to reach a point where water could be obtained. As the weather was extremely hot, teams with barrels of water had to be kept with the different parties when crossing these deserts. Again, our pole-contractors failed us, and it was found necessary to send our own teams out on the mountain tops to procure and haul poles at the different points where an insufficient quantity had been provided. The first contract made with the Mormons was also a failure. Brigham Young denounced the contractors who agreed to furnish the poles from the pulpit, and said the work of furnishing the poles should and must be carried out. The work of getting them out was intrusted to other parties. Some of the poles had to be hauled nearly two hundred miles, most of them being taken from the mountains in the vicinity of Salt Lake, there being very few to be had west of that point.

Up to the first of October the work had progressed as well as could have been expected, all things considered. The poles were nearly all delivered, and the line completed with the exception of some fifty or sixty miles between Ruby Valley and Schell Creek, about midway between Carson City and Salt Lake. But at that time it began to be apparent that the pole-contractors were going to fail on that section. Mountaineers and Indians were at once secured to scour the mountains, and procure, if possible, a sufficient number of poles to complete the remaining portion of the line. As the season was growing late, and cold weather coming on, I began to have serious fears that it would be impossible to complete it before winter. The men were also getting frightened, and many of them wanted to return home, as they feared we would be overtaken by the snow. I finally ascertained that poles could be had on the top of a high mountain, about fifteen miles from a place called Egan Cañon, but that the only way to procure them was with our own men and teams. This I directed done, and with as little delay as possible. The teams left Ruby Valley at once, with orders to go to this mountain, cut the poles, and get them down. Twenty wagons started in the train, under the direction of the wagon-master and a foreman of construction. In a few days, after having had time, as I judged, to reach Egan Cañon, the stage brought me a note from the foreman, advising me that they had reached that point, but that his workmen and teamsters refused to go into the mountains, saying it was too late in the season to attempt it, and that they had determined to leave and go home. Matters were becoming serious, and I saw that nothing but strong determination on my part would induce the men to reverse their decision and encounter the risks of going into the mountains. I held a conference with my assistant, Mr. Hubbard, and Jasper McDonald, the commissary of the expedition. We decided to take the next stage for Egan Cañon, enforce orders, and, if such a thing were still possible,

get out the necessary number of poles for the completion of the line. On our arrival we found the men very decided not to go farther. I informed them they had started on the work under an agreement to remain until it was completed, and that they would be held to it, or forfeit their pay. They continued to express great fears of being caught in the mountains by winter storms, but on the assurance that we would accompany them they agreed to go, and early on the morning after my arrival we all moved into the mountains. By sundown we reached the timber. We had a hard day's work to do so, as for a good portion of the way we had to open up and make the road for the teams to pass over. The poles were found at a point high up in the mountains. They were mostly fire-killed, hard and dry. The night that we reached this place was dark and gloomy. Heavy clouds overhanging the mountains announced the near approach of a storm. Our men had been in the habit of rolling themselves up in their blankets and sleeping on the ground in the open air. We had tents with us, but many of them did not think it worth while to put them up. We were all very tired, climbing the mountain being very fatiguing, so it was not long after supper before the men were rolled up in their blankets for the night. I had a tent put up, into which I crawled with other officers of the expedition. My heart was filled with many misgivings as to what the morning would bring forth. Anything like a heavy fall of snow would, I knew well, seriously endanger, if not altogether destroy, our chances of getting out the poles, obliging me to leave the completion of the line until the following spring, to say nothing of the danger of being snowed up and of losing our lives. Wearied, I soon fell asleep, and slept soundly until morning.

When I awoke and raised the tent-door, my worst forebodings seemed fully realized: the ground was white with snow. But my attention was quickly diverted to the strangeness of the spectacle offered in the immediate surroundings of my tent. It was similar to that presented in a snow-clad churchyard, minus the headstones. Hummocks of snow, uniform in size, and arranged with all the silent precision of a cemetery, were grouped about me. One good loud shout of "Rouse out! rouse out!" sufficed, however, to animate the scene, as the men in answer to my call shook themselves from their blankets and coverlet of snow. The rapidity of the change in scene from the death-like silence of the snow-covered sleepers, of whom not a vestige could be seen, to the noise and activity of the mountain camp, was panoramically grotesque, and for the moment made me forget the more serious part of the business on hand.

About six inches of snow had fallen during the night, and to increase our troubles not a single head of stock was to be found. They had all stampeded down the mountain side. The Indians were quickly rallied and started in pursuit. Instead of following down the *cañon* in search of the cattle, I was surprised to see them go *up* the mountain. It was not long before the reason of their doing so was made apparent. They got on to the ridge, from which point they could obtain a full view of the ravines and *cañons* below, and within a few hours from starting they had secured all the animals and driven them back to camp. By this time the sun was out, shining brightly, and the snow fast disappearing. The poles were all in sight, and the men went to work at them with a will. It did not take long to cut and trim them, and as fast as this was done they were "snaked" down the mountains by the Indians. In two days we had secured twenty wagon-loads, with which we hurried off to lose no time in placing them on the line of route.

Having now all the poles necessary for the completion of the line, and having given the necessary orders for winding up all matters and for the return of the expedition, I returned to Ruby Valley on my way home, so as to be in San Francisco at the moment of the opening of the line. On reaching Ruby Valley I found a number of Indians camped there, at the head of whom was Buck Soldier, a Shoshone chief. He had got this name from always being dressed in a military suit. Buck had shown himself very friendly during the entire period of the expedition. He as well as Sho-kup had taken especial pains to give us all the aid possible; so, on parting, I presented to him a number of sacks of flour, sides of bacon, and some clothing, and for which he was greatly pleased. The next morning, just as I was mounting the box of the overland stage with the driver, he came out of his *wik-i-up* (wigwam), and presented me with an old daguerreotype of himself in full dress, taken in Salt Lake several years before, begging me to receive it as a mark of his appreciation of the kindness I had manifested toward him. This was accompanied by the request that on my return home I would send him a portrait of myself. I promised to do so, and on arriving in San Francisco had myself photographed, and also had a copy taken from Buck Soldier's picture. I had them both placed in a gold double locket, with a chain, so that it could be worn around the neck, and forwarded it to him through the Indian Agent, who afterward presented it to Buck with great ceremony.

In connection with our treatment of the Indians during the period of this work, it might be well for me to mention that the consideration we manifested toward them appeared, in after years, to be fully appreciated. This was instanced in 1863, two years after the completion of the overland telegraph line, when an Indian war broke out on the overland route, causing trouble between the stage *employés* and the Indians. The stages had to be guarded, many of the *employés* of the company were killed at different points, the coaches fired upon, and passengers frequently killed. Several of the stage stations were destroyed, and finally troops had to be sent out to fight the Indians, and several battles took place before peace for the time was restored. During all these troubles, the telegraph line was not disturbed, and, if my recollection serves me right, no stage station in which a telegraph office was established was ever burned; nor was an *employé* of the Company ever molested or injured by the Indians. They seemed to look on the telegraph people as another tribe and against which they had no hostility.

On the eastern division some exceptions to this manifested themselves from time to time, where the operators were obliged to aid in resisting the attack of the Indians against the *employés* of the stage company. This was chiefly the case on the plains where the Indians roamed about, not confining themselves to any particular locality. The repair-stations of the operators employed by the telegraph company were established in the huts occupied by the stage company. These stations were from forty to fifty miles apart. The operators had nothing to do except to see that the line was in working order. In case of a break the nearest operator was ordered out. He generally went alone on horseback. It was supposed at first that it would be difficult to procure operators for this service and retain them; but such was not the case. They soon became accustomed to the work—the danger and excitement of it seemed to have for them an additional attraction. The risks they were exposed to were constant and great, and I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without referring briefly to some of the many incidents constantly occurring, as showing the personal bravery of the men engaged in the overland telegraph service. Sweetwater Station, in the South Pass, was attacked by a band of Sioux Indians. The operator and stage men entrenched themselves as well as they could in their dug-out, a mud hut hollowed out in the earth, part above and part below ground. Being well provided with rifles and ammunition they awaited the approach of the Indians, and, seeing them preparing for an attack, gave them a volley. The Indians promptly returned the fire, and the fight lasted for several days. At the first moment of attack the operator telegraphed to the nearest fort for troops to come to the rescue. Shortly after having done so, the wires were cut by the Indians in the hope that it would cut off communication for relief. They were knowing enough to do that. The wire being cut prevented the besieged operator and his comrades from communicating with their friends at the adjoining stations, and it was not until after the troops arrived and had dispersed the Indians that news could be had telling of their successful resistance. At another time five hundred Arrapahoes and Cheyennes attacked Fort Sedgwick, where some thirty troops and twelve civilians were established. The whites held out bravely, but lost seventeen of their number before assistance reached them.

In this attack, some of the Indians succeeded in reaching a shed, where, with sundry provisions, some carboys of nitric acid were stored for use in the battery. The acid had a smell to them something like good strong whisky. They carried off one of the carboys, to have, as they expected, a good time. Their good time did not last long. An Indian's "nip" is not a pony glass. Those of them who nipped from that carboy, did so for the last time. Their exit from this world was about as sudden as it would have been had a bullet gone through their brains. The effect produced on the remainder of them at the sight of their dead "lightning-struck" comrades, was for a moment favorable to the besieged. They ceased their attack, seemingly lost in wonder and admiration in the thought that white men could drink such powerful whisky and live.

The operators at the stations on the Sierra Nevada had other difficulties and dangers quite as formidable to contend with. The snow frequently fell to a depth of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, completely covering both the poles and the wires, and snow-slides were constantly occurring. As soon as the first overland wire was completed, a new and more substantially built line was constructed across the Sierra Nevada. The stations were established at from twelve to fifteen miles apart, and men only who were fearless of danger and willing to risk the mountain storms were employed as repairers of the lines. They used the Norwegian snow-shoes, twelve and sometimes fifteen feet long, turned up at the end like sled-runners. Practice on them soon rendered the repairers very expert in getting over the snow. In descending the mountains, they would use the guiding stick as

a brake, putting it between their legs, sitting down on it, and letting themselves go. In going up the mountains, they would use a piece of woolen cloth or rope tied under the runners, which prevented them from slipping back as they ascended. Notwithstanding the danger and hardship of the work, no difficulties were encountered in procuring men to engage in it. They were well paid and performed their arduous task faithfully, repairing the line whenever broken with dispatch.

I said good-bye to Buck Soldier and his Indians, and mounted the box. The stage driver cracked his whip, and I was off for San Francisco as fast as six wild mustangs could take me. How fast that is any one who has made the overland stage trip well knows. You go a good deal faster than on a railway train even if you do not cover as much ground in the same space of time. On the old overland stage everything went—if I may be allowed the expression—not excepting the brain, which, in the continuous mental survey of possibilities, kept even pace with the horses and stage. At one moment tearing around the edge of a precipice at a hight dizzy to look down from; at another, plunging down the side, at a pace suggestive of the day of judgment, which a mountain slide or broken brake would have ushered in without further ceremony. The trip in those days was a constant whirl of excitement, rendered still more exciting by the always possible appearance of road agents and hostile Indians.

Yet, when I come to look back, it seems strange how inured and hardened one became to it. I recollect that when I made my first overland trip my hand was constantly on the revolver in my belt. Twenty and more times a day I was ready to pull it out on the shortest possible notice, and lodge its contents in the first animate object that disputed our right of way. In later trips I observed myself disposed to put it under the cushion of the seat, where I believed it to be more comfortably placed than sticking in the middle of my back or trying to force its way between my lower two ribs. Still later, when the trip had become an "old story," I seemed to think that the best place for my revolver was at the bottom of my carpet-bag. Had any one told me the first night I stood guard over our camp, with my rifle and revolver at full cock, when crossing the plains for the first time, that I would cross them again a few years later with my revolver at the bottom of my carpet-bag, I would have considered it base flattery—more than mortal courage was entitled to. But so it is; dangers that at first seem as big as mountains after a time become as molehills. It is not that the dangers are in any way lessened, but rather because our imagination at first overrates them and next underrates them.

I reached San Francisco in time for the opening of the great trans-continental telegraph line, which took place on the evening of October 24th, 1861. The great work, which had been agitated so many years, both on this coast, in the East, and in Congress, was completed, and in the short space of five months from the time the expedition moved from Sacramento. It had been proposed to get up a celebration in honor of such an important event, but owing to the uncertainty as to the exact time when the line would be completed, no preparation had been made. The *employés* of the company, who stood around, manifested the greatest anxiety, watching the first click of the instrument across the continent. At last it came and read as follows:

"SALT LAKE, October 24, 1861—5.13 P. M.
"To General H. W. Carpentier:—Line just completed. Can you come to office? STREET."

This telegram was received by the operator, John Leatch. This gentleman at that time had been in the employ of the company some six years, and has remained in its service nearly ever since. At this time he is engaged as an operator in the San Francisco office, and may well be classed among the veterans. The next dispatch was from Brigham Young, and read as follows:

"GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, October 24—7 P. M.
"To Hon. H. W. Carpentier, President of the Overland Telegraph Company—Dear Sir: I am very much obliged for your kindness, manifested through you and Mr. Street, in giving me privilege of first message to California. May success ever attend the enterprise. The success of Mr. Street in completing his end of the line, under many unfavorable circumstances, in so short a time, is beyond our most sanguine anticipations. Join your wires with the Russian Empire, and we will converse with Europe.
"Your friend, BRIGHAM YOUNG."

This message was received by Geo. S. Ladd, then a practical operator, who for many years after was in the service of the company as Secretary and Superintendent, and who is at present President of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company of California. The first message sent from San Francisco was as follows:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., October 24, 1861.
"To Hon. Brigham Young, Great Salt Lake City:—That which was so long a hope is now a reality. The trans-continental telegraph is complete. I congratulate you upon the auspicious event. May it prove a bond of perpetual union and friendship between the people of Utah and the people of California.
"H. W. CARPENTIER."

This message, the first sent over this section tion of the overland line, I had the honor to manipulate myself. The next in order was the following message, containing the painful announcement of the death of Colonel E. D. Baker. It read:

"GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, October 24—7 P. M.
"To H. W. Carpentier:—Colonel Baker was killed in battle on the 21st, while in the act of cheering on his command. Intense excitement and mourning in Philadelphia over his death. STREET."

The street in front of the office was densely crowded during the evening, and there would probably have been an impromptu celebration of the great event but for the sad news above mentioned, which cast a gloom over the city and prevented any demonstration taking place. Other dispatches were sent during the evening, and among them the following to the President:

"To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:—In the temporary absence of the Governor of the State, I am requested to send you the first message which will be transmitted over the wires of the telegraph line which connects the Pacific with the Atlantic States. The people of California desire to congratulate you upon the completion of the great work. They believe that it will be the means of strengthening the attachment which binds both the East and the West to the Union, and they desire in this—the first message across the continent—to express their loyalty to the Union and their determination to stand by its Government on this its day of trial. They regard that Government with affection, and will adhere to it under all fortunes.
"STEPHEN J. FIELD,
"Chief Justice of California."

There were also received a large number of news dispatches, among which were the particulars of the death of Colonel Baker, and another announcing—

"Beauregard will retire beyond Bull Run."

The overland telegraph was, then, an accomplished fact. A few years previous news from the other side was only semi-monthly, and usually from twenty-five to thirty days old. Then came the semi-weekly mail by the overland route, with news on an average from eighteen to twenty days old. After that came the Pony Express. This latter, though a vast improvement on both the first and the second, only made clearer that something still remained to be done to bring California within the sphere of the other civilized countries of the world. This the telegraph in its first click did. With it disappeared the feeling of isolation the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast had labored under. San Francisco was in instant communication with New York, and the other great cities of the Atlantic seaboard. The change was a great one, but it was one the people readily adapted themselves to, having wished and waited so long for it. In that moment California was brought within the circle of the sisterhood of States. No longer as one beyond the pale of civilization, but, with renewed assurances of peace and prosperity, she was linked in electrical bonds to the great national family union. JAMES GAMBLE.

ELEÄNORE.

Upon a radiant morning
In dear, delicious June,
Each woodland bird was singing
His sweetest, wildest tune.

The forest aisles were ringing
With their melodious trills;
The glory of the sunshine
Enfolded the green hills.

It shone upon the meadows,
It sifted through the leaves,
And fell among the shadows
Beneath the waving trees.

The river sparkled gayly
Its verdant shores between;
The clouds, all wide and stately,
Moved on through skies serene.

My love came gayly singing
Along the river shore—
In raiment white as lilies
Walked fair Eleänore.

She touched the swinging daisies
That grew beside her path—
The finest hand in all the land
The dainty maiden hath.

We sat beside the river
And watched its rippling flow;
The bending boughs above us
Moved slowly to and fro;

And if they heard the promise
Those rosy lips did speak,
Or saw the rose-red blushes
That blossomed on her cheek,

I never knew—but sometimes
I fancy that the breeze
Repeats the same sweet story
We told beneath the trees.

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

MR. HIRAM McMANUS.

CHAPTER I.

He was the guardian and mentor of the Bar. I do not think that his occupation of this position arose from any desire to exercise supervision over the affairs of the camp; nor is it probable that the general intellect and sagacity at Deadman's Bar were so far in want as to render such supervision necessary. My idea is that he was vested with the dignity without choice—had it thrust upon him by force of circumstances, and was pressed into it by the camp from the almost universal appreciation of his fitness and usefulness in such a capacity.

His appearance certainly did not warrant the distinction. He was a short fleshy man, with straight sandy hair, white eyebrows, a flabby and altogether expressionless face, and an air which showed a constant and unmistakable inclination to bashfulness. From his talk, his manner, his actions, there protruded ever, a habit of gentle self-depreciation, and to a stranger, who had never witnessed the practical demonstrations he had given of coolness and superiority in cases of emergency, his peculiar humbleness and unobtrusiveness would have stamped him as being somewhat of a fool. It was in the fall of '52 that his paternal interest first impressed itself upon the camp. Long before that, he had driven the stage between Deadman's and Oroville. Indeed, from its birth, the camp through him had transacted its negotiations, purchased its goods, mailed and registered its letters, cashed its checks and drafts, and, in fact, carried on its entire business with the outside world.

Isolation hightens curiosity, and it was with no small degree of interest that the little population of Deadman's had come together from week to week in expectation of his arrival. Curiosity begets regard, and following these arrivals he was the lion of the hour as he discoursed to select circles of eager listeners, in rough, but quaintly garnished language, forcible, if not elegant, of the news that during his trip he had gathered from the world beyond the camp.

This capacity as news-carrier had drawn their attention, but that was all. The feeling thus engendered resulted merely from their curiosity, and did not in any way tend to attach him to the Bar; and it was not until the fall of '52 that the boys went further, and began to respect and love him. He himself always thought it was Fate. And, taking into consideration the fickleness of the nature commonly ascribed to that goddess, together with the fact that the inducing cause of his position was of a sex whose

foremost attribute is this defect, he may not have been far from wrong in his impression. At any rate, there was no doubt that the cause of his guardianship was a woman.

It was Sabbath in the little town of Oroville, and a peaceful quiet floating in on the sultry lightness of the October breeze had settled down on the empty streets and enwrapped the place in restfulness. And out from the stillness came the Deadman's stage, rocking and swinging along the dusty road, which, winding like a long thread up over the line of yellow hills, stretches out across the willow-fringed banks of Feather River into the broad, brown plains, to where, miles and miles away, the red stained bluffs and dusty oaks of the nearer foothills lay indistinct in the morning haze; and still other miles beyond is lost in the dark, cool shadow which marks the place of the river, the *cañon*, and Deadman's Bar.

There was but one passenger—a woman—and she occupied the box with the driver. Women were not wholly a rarity in the mines. Indeed, Mr. McManus had yet in his mind certain amusing recollections of the loose freedom and coarse jocularity of a frail representative of the sex who had served as a dispensator of beverages at Stuart's saloon the preceding evening. But good women were, and it was with somewhat of a feeling of awe that he had taken his seat beside this quietly dressed figure on the box. The warmth of the sun and the queerness of the associations stirred his heart. The face of this virtuous woman forced back upon him recollections of a class of her sisters which his surroundings had almost led him to believe extinct, and, ere long, repeated glances of furtive curiosity came to alternate with an intermittent and wandering attention bestowed upon his reins. Happily, however, his face was so devoid of all expression, that for a long time the woman scarcely took notice of his scrutiny. But finally she became conscious of a timid mumbling, a sort of undefined, deprecatory murmuring that seemed to issue from somewhere in the depths of the man at her side. She looked up quickly, and, so looking, realized that the whole broadside of his placid extent of features was turned directly toward her.

"Sir?" she said, inquiringly.

The noise immediately stopped. The figure somewhat collectively collapsed. There was a nervous lopping forward of the head that almost hid the face in its own shadow, and a downcast assumption of the eyes enforcing an apparently serious contemplation of a generous sized boot. It was only after some moment's hesitation that his back intermittently straightened up; but then, and on seeming mature consideration, the shock of sandy hair concluded to follow. When it had about reached the perpendicular, he ventured to bashfully raise his eyes, and so remained, timidly glancing into her face. The inside again began to gurgle, but beyond that there were no intelligible attempts made at conversation. There was a vague consciousness of something ludicrous to the woman in his appearance, but she checked her desire to laugh, and said:

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"You're a goin' somewhere, Miss?" said Hiram, slowly, glancing with a palpable mixture of timid curiosity and masculine awe at the dusty traveling suit of the figure at his side. "You're a goin' somewhere and a travelin'."

"I am."

"Jest so," said Mr. McManus, edging painfully on his seat, and softly rubbing the leg of his breeches with his hand, "jest so."

The conversation flagged again. But after a pause, he shifted his reins, passed his right hand aimlessly through his hair, and continued:

"Ye come all alone, mebbe?"

"Yes, sir, all alone."

"'Spectin' to meet yer folks, perhaps?"

"Yes; one of them, at least. As yet I know but one person at Deadman's Bar, but I expect he will be there to welcome me."

"Oh, yer husband will be ther!"

Mr. McManus endeavored to throw an expression of arch interrogation into his staring face; but, meeting the scarcely concealed smile in the unconcerned gray eyes of his companion, blushed deeply, and vigorously explored the recesses of his ear with his second finger.

"No, sir—my brother," said the woman, quietly, and, beyond the demure smile on her lips and eyes, without seeming conscious of his craftiness. "My brother, and not my husband. I cannot say, though, that he really expects me," she added, slowly, "for I hardly knew myself when I should reach Deadman's, and so did not write him."

"Yes, jest so," said Mr. McManus, thoughtfully; "e-e-e-I forgit, what did you say was yer brother's name?"

"Rankine, sir—Jack Rankine."

For the moment, Mr. McManus seemed astonished, but the expression signally failed to fix itself for any length of time upon his blankness.

"Jack Rankine—Jack Rankine's sister," he repeated, slowly.

He fell into a sort of abstract reverie that almost utterly precluded speech; but, from time to time, as if communing with himself, he softly observed:

"Well, well, who'd a thought it? Jack Rankine's sister!"

"Then you know my brother?" She turned directly toward him and spoke somewhat sharply, for he had seemingly forgotten her in the profoundness of his abstraction.

"E-eh? Y-yes—jest so," said Mr. McManus, striving, with some confusion, to recover his composure. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he dropped his eyes searchingly on his gloves, tugged nervously at them, blinked rapidly once or twice, and continued:

"Yes, miss, I does know your brother—knowed him nigh onto two year. But I never knowed he hed a sister—thet is, one o' your kind."

He paused again, and then said:

"Miss Rankine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ye're a goin' to Deadman's—an' to stay?"

"Yes."

"Ye don't think, now," said Mr. McManus, glancing furtively into her face, and nervously rubbing the top of his leg—"ye don't think as how ye could go back, do ye?"

"Go back?" she said, inquiringly. "I—I hardly understand you, sir."

"Yes, back again with me on the stage; not all the way back to yer folks, but to Nimshew, or Oroville, or some such situation? Not if I was to look arter you an' get you settled? And drop in occasionally, and bring a little money and things, so you could get along?" he continued, still twisting and winking, as if physically laboring to settle himself into a fuller mental appreciation of the situation.

There was an awkward pause. The woman edged a little farther away from him, blushed, and apparently sought within herself for self-support. The feminine quickness to recognize an insult was evidently at odds with the feminine disbelief in the motive or capacity of such a man to offer one.

"I am a stranger, sir, to your Californian ways," she answered, somewhat tremulously, "and I hardly know how to understand you. You surely do not mean——"

Mr. McManus left off rubbing his leg, transferred his attention to his ear, carefully traced out several folds in it with his second finger, and quietly ignored the imputation.

"Miss Rankine," he said, slowly pinching up his chin between his thumb and forefinger as he spoke, "I will further explain what I had in mind. Ye see, ther's a house down here at Marysville as belongs to me. It ain't a very purty house or a very big one; but if it was cleaned up some, and had a floor put in, and a little whitewash and furnitur' invested, it ed be quite gayly and cheerful. And I was a thinkin' that perhaps you would be likin' to go back with me and take up your residence there as the respected head, so to speak, of that ther cabin. I don't have no use fur money, and——"

"And you would actually ask me to share it with you?" she broke in, excitedly.

Mr. McManus's eyes blinked rapidly, and, as far as his capabilities allowed, he appeared somewhat abashed.

"I wouldn't a mentioned it, Miss," he said slowly, "ef I hadn't thought it ed perhaps be doin' you a favor. But, ye see, I ain't got no use for it, and ——"

He paused again. But the pause added little of clearness to the aspect of the situation. In truth, this generous avowal of pecuniary disinterestedness related, a fastidious frigidity seemed to diverge from the primness of her garments that no mute testimony of his negative features could satisfactorily thaw. Mr. McManus felt it, and meekly protesting against the insinuation, offered a feeble attempt at a justification.

"Ye see, Miss Rankine," he said, "as I observed before, I have knowed your brother for some time, and I had noticed some little notions in him—peculiarities, you might call 'em—which somehow seemed to me to onfit him for the performance—to the fullest extent—of the onerous duties and labors devolvin' upon a family man."

"Jack," Miss Rankine interrupted, "always bore a good reputaton at home, and is no doubt better than the imaginations of some people have pictured him."

But Mr. McManus's eyes were blinking into vacancy, and he proceeded as if no interruption had occurred:

"Yes, peculiarities—a habit of drinkin' whisky and reposin' permisquis in the streets; a tendency to hold a full hand at all games, and a disposition to fight if disturbed in 'em; a constitutional delight in habitooal rest and meditation as compared with an arduous longin' for continooal work; and the onsettled state of his income, as applied to a regular livin'—seemed to indicate," continued Mr. McManus with sober thoughtfulness, "that he wasn't—altogether—the ijeal purvider for a family hearth."

Miss Rankine, sitting rigidly upright, with her face turned slightly toward him, grew a shade paler at this, but did not speak.

"For these reasons," went on Mr. McManus, still intent upon his gloves, "and also that the we-men in that ther location is somewhat different from you in point of general respectability, I calkerlated it would perhaps be better for you not to reside at Deadman's."

He stopped speaking and looked stealthily into her face. Miss Rankine had turned directly from him, and in the vivid glare of the morning sun was shading her face with her hand. She sat there, leaning slightly forward, her eyes following the dusty perspective of the road ahead, that now crept close upon the shadow of the nearer belt of pines. Already here and there an outstraggling clump had cast a fitful shade on her white pale face, on her gray dress, on her slender upraised hand; but all this as yet had been occasional and varying. Mr. McManus's eyes left his gloves and followed her somewhat curiously.

"Well!" he said finally.

The straggling shadows multiplied—came thick upon them; the line of pines crept nearer, then overtook the way. The last white play of direct light gleamed through the thickening foliage, rested lovingly on Miss Rankine's pure young forehead, tinged momentarily her eyes with somewhat of its brightness, lingered ruddily on her brown hair, faltered, and slipped backward, and was gone. The shadow had fallen utterly upon them. In the coolness and quiet, Miss Rankine's voice sounded somewhat constrained.

"I thank you, sir—for your kindness—but I shall go to Deadman's."

Mr. McManus's face grew blank with disappointment. He would have urged her further, but he dared not. Discouraged, he turned his attention to his horses.

"Is there—not one—good woman at Deadman's?" asked Miss Rankine, suddenly.

"Never hevin' inquired particular," answered Mr. McManus, with conscientious circumspection, "I can't say; but there may be. There's perhaps some we-men ther that I don't know. But, speakin' from personal experience," he added, thoughtfully, "I should say that the less ye confided in 'em the better."

"And does my brother ever——"

Miss Rankine's voice suddenly gave out, but her earnest face was still turned seriously toward him. Mr. McManus, struggling with his gloves, with well meant sympathy essayed masculine comfort.

"Ther ain't another woman in the mines, Miss Rankine, as ed do as you're doin', not for the moral salvation of a army of brothers. I ain't exactly a woman, nor the style of a man that a decent female ed be likely to approach fur much sympathy or feelin'. But, afore God, Miss Rankine, I'll do more for you than for any woman in California. I can't tell ye as how ye'll have an easy time up ther at the Bar, but here's my hand that ye'll never want, and that ye can depend on me for help if ever ye find yourself in trouble. And ez fur we-men," he added slowly, "perhaps the less ye has to do with 'em the better."

He turned abruptly and looked searchingly into the box at his feet. When he had seemingly completed the inquiry, he turned again and, with his old diffidence of manner, remarked that it was "nigh onto twenty mile to the Bar," smiled vaguely, gurgled, and relapsed into a total and uninterrupted silence, that sternly maintained itself during the remainder of the journey.

Chapter II.

Earlier than 1852, before civilization stepped in and spoiled things, there were few scenes more rich in natural beauty and general picturesqueness of effect than the one which Deadman's Bar presented to the casual observer. But even in 1852 its inhabitants said it was a pretty place—a remarkably pretty place—and certainly they ought to know. It is situated in a saucer-shaped hollow, by a river, on a side-hill made up of gold-bearing gravel, from which side-hill Deadman's acquires a migratory mining population in flannel shirts, a tolerably constant immigration of professional gamblers and hurdy-gurdies, a pleasant atmosphere of onions, bacon, profanity, and smoke, a numerous outlay of abandoned shafts in unlooked-for places, which cheerfully and impartially take in the stranger and the unwary, together with a great many other commercial and social advantages. There is a great deal of fine soil in and about Deadman's, and yet it is not altogether the kind of a place for agricultural pursuits either. Fineness in soil is a very desirable quality in stationary real estate; but in ground that shifts its features, so to speak, and is guilty of occasionally changing its spots, its benefits are somewhat more difficult to appreciate. In winter it goes slopping about in oozy, treacherous puddles, and plashes with unwarrantable freedom the sturdy boots and slip-shod ankles of the male and female population, but in summer it parches and crumbles up, and becomes red dust. Now, red is a very good color in its way, especially in bricks, but certainly it is not becoming to scenery, and it must be admitted that the beauty of Deadman's suffers somewhat in consequence.

Deadman's is a social place—extremely social—a little broad in manners perhaps, but not injured at all by that. It is altogether a mistake to fancy that freedom in deportment is inadmissible to good manners. Wheels run more smoothly when they are not clogged by a brake,

and why shouldn't society? The inhabitants of Deadman's are eager to assert that there exists no better class of people in the State of California, and are willing to make good the assertion with a revolver, which fact, of course, goes far toward silencing this objection. The scenery at Deadman's is peculiarly striking. Other places perhaps may display individual features more picturesque and varied. But there are some things about the scenery at Deadman's that cannot be met with in the grandest views of Europe. Yet it is the general effect rather than the individual features that challenges the attention. There is such an intimate correspondence in its make-up. Some people might call this a sameness, but undoubtedly this is a mistake, and it is only a remarkable correspondence. There are no angular nor sudden changes here to disturb the eye. The manner in which the color of the dusty oaks and pines shades off into the dry grass on the slopes, and mingles with the tints of the cracked and yellow soil near the river, is clearly a witness to the neatness of the way that Nature has here performed her work. Actually it can hardly be told where the foliage leaves off and the soil begins. The effect is hightened, too, by the assistance art has rendered nature. The idea of fraying out the houses in different directions so that the corners and eaves should stand to the street like saw-teeth is uncommonly unique in design, and peculiarly startling and happy in effect. There is a fine, free, devil-may-care expression, too, about the fences and roads that is wholly in keeping with the general effect, and familiarly suggests the appropriateness of its name.

Perhaps it was lack of appreciative soul, or perhaps preoccupation, that led Miss Rankine, on the morning following her arrival, to turn her back on this aggregation of beauties and pursue one of the outwinding paths across the ridge till out of sight and hearing of the Bar. There she stopped and looked around her. She was standing near the hollow of a great uprooted pine, and apparently no other human beings were in the world, except, perhaps, the men who were busy below on the river. She walked slowly on. As she climbed the hill the whole country might have been uninhabited—so desolate and still did it seem. She came suddenly upon a cabin, but the doors were open, the windows staring and unglazed, the walls warped and brown with exposure, and the whole habitation melancholy with a flavor of decay. A brown snow-bird flitted silently down and peered curiously in at the open window; a chipmunk, crouched and rigid, halted expectantly on the doorstep; the harsh quaver of a locust floated lazily here and there through the heated atmosphere, and the breeze bent faintly down through the long aisles of pines with the hoarse and muffled accent of a human sigh. The solitude was complete. It pervaded everything and depressed everything.

Miss Rankine, full of the loneliness of her position, felt it. Though conscious only of the stillness, she started timidly. Vastness of solitude produces awe. It frightens, and is consequently unbearable. She listened breathlessly. Even the companionship of the Bar, however uncongenial, was preferable to this. It at least was human. The breeze grew stronger, the trees bent lower, and the sigh breathed hoarser till it deepened into a roar. With a sudden impulse of feminine fear she stooped sidelong, grasped her skirts in her hand, and, without a glance to right or left, fled precipitately back toward the camp.

A return to the Bar, however, offered little in the way of consolation. A population whose standard of ethics culminates in the deification of the man butchering the greatest number of his fellow men, and whose intellect never rises higher than the columns of the last newspaper, scarcely presented the delicacy of perception necessary to sympathy with the female mind. It was well meaning, but too masculine.

Miss Rankine was indeed the sole respectable representative of her sex at Deadman's; which fact, however, should be construed as a peculiar general deficiency of the times, rather than a personal disadvantage attaching to this particular place. But, beyond this sense of isolation, she had little to complain of. True to his word, on reaching the Bar, Mr. McManus had sought and found her brother. I regret to say that he was discovered in a state of tranquil inebriety much more creditable to his physical than his moral philosophy. A liberal application of cold water reawakened in him the fraternal feeling necessary for a conception of the situation. I have no words to describe the meetings and greetings that followed. Suffice it to say that he professed penitence for the past, gave whole-souled promises for the future, and, as earnest of the sincerity of his intentions, provided for his sister and applied himself somewhat steadily to work. Before the next night, it was generally known throughout Deadman's Bar that John Rankine had become an advocate of labor, being driven to amend his ways by the unexpected arrival of a sister from the East. It is to be understood that this was a matter of no small comment and astonishment among his late sporting friends. At first, the inclination was to think it a mistake. But later on, when the novelty had

somewhat worn off and Miss Rankine's stay had grown into an accomplished fact, the feeling became prevelant that it was a misfortune that had fallen upon him by reason of some occult moral iniquity embodied in his being at all related to a woman; and which was, in an obscure sort of a way, a warning to them, and a judgment on him. The feeling ran high in some quarters. In truth, there was generally an ill concealed opinion that the restraint imposed by the female will, unused to the little freedoms and liberties of the West, presented a spirit radically opposed to the proper development of California, and was something no truly independent masculine mind ought for a moment to contemplate or allow.

And so, with many earnest promises and many grave protestations of penitence for his condition, did this Prodigal of Deadman's Bar return to the paths of rectitude. There were occasional relapses, involving the overthrow of all his good resolutions; there were frequent changes of base in the nature and quality of his occupations, involving uncertain periods of intermitted idleness; there were grave suspicions that he sometimes played upon the sympathetic masculinity of the Bar by pathetic allusions to his sister's sex, and direct appeals from his own incompetency to their sympathetic feelings. But through all this, and in spite of all this, the certainty that he acted with some outline of thoroughly honest effort steadily remained. Of course, in a distrustful community like that of Deadman's Bar — a community among whom he had before lived so riotously — a community untrammeled by the restraints of society and wherein every man was a precedent unto himself—in such a community the belief in Rankine's reformation did not obtain the fullest credence. There was but one exception to the general skepticism—Hiram McManus. It was he who always believed in the purity of Rankine's motives; it was he who overlooked the short-comings in his efforts; it was he to whom the story of that sister's sex and need were most often pleaded; it was he who came to largely furnish the means that served for their support; and it was he who, driving his team, alone, between Deadman's and Oroville, feeling assured of her comfort through his instrumentality, reflected guiltily on her charms and again and again repeated to himself, with reverent diffidence, her name, until the sound brought up an unwonted glow to his rugged cheeks and sent the bashful color mantling over all his honest, homely face.

There was poverty at Deadman's Bar. The year's feverish labor expended on its soil had failed in producing a correlative golden harvest. Its toil seemed fruitlessly cast upon the waters, to be profitable, if at all, only after many days. The American had lost the "lead" upon its ledge. The river claims had yielded very lightly. The dam which was to have brought fortune to so many hopeful men, by turning aside the river from its bed of golden sands, had yielded to the assaults of a sudden autumn freshet and been swept away, a hopeless wreck.

It was broke times and a hard year with the camp. Prices rose and provisions became scarce. The dealers at Oroville, on whom they were largely dependent for supplies, recognized afar off the outcroppings of their failure and began to strongly discourage credit. With the reverses of the camp came an inclination toward emigration.

"I've been eatin' these yere choke-plums fur three days," remarked one unfortunate citizen, "so as to draw up my stomach to fit my grub. There's places and places; and when it comes to this, I'm a goin' to pull out."

The expression was logical and the example contagious. In the next few weeks, many others folded their blankets and silently tramped away. Yet, a large number still held out, and finally, with starvation in their faces and penury in their claims, went stolidly on with their work, in the hope that something would turn up to change the luck and save the camp from desertion. And it did.

Hiram McManus had become more and more interested in Alice Rankine. He had pondered over his feeling of respect for her till it had grown into one of the warmest attachment. But his affection was so general in its nature, and there came to be so very much of it, that it stretched out far beyond the person of its primary legitimate object, and ended finally by including the whole of the Bar wherein she resided. He still had faith in the value of its resources, and watched with grief the decadence of its prosperity. He had seen matters go on from worse to worst, and now yearned over the camp as a father might over a starving child. It was he who drove off silently from the Bar and told to the people of Oroville the tale of an extraordinary strike at Deadman's—"the richest thing in the country; just full of dust and any amount of it." It was he who returned from that trip laden with flour and bacon and whisky enough to last the camp a month; it was he who negotiated the sale of the American mine to Eastern speculators—the American, which had never paid a cent of dividends, and whose only value lay in its assessments; and it was he who carried words of encouragement and pecuniary aid to individual sufferers, tided over the disappointments of that

winter, broke the streak of bad luck, and set the camp afloat on the spring-tide that led to prosperity. It is natural that he should have become a center of interest to the Bar, and I think that sooner or later the most of them came to love him. Certain it was that he came to be considered the camp's adviser and guardian, consulted on all matters of urgency and importance, and figured largely in the character of savior in the tales recounted by the Bar of their hardships lately past.

But Fortune, that lines the pocket of a man with dollars, often robs his head of common sense. And, if the heaviness of Mr. McManus's wallet had now increased, there was a corresponding lightness manifest in the weight of his mental capacity. This was no doubt due to his being in love. There is a forlornness that comes with that sensation which tends to make a man ridiculous at any time. Mr. McManus had no particular love of solitude, as a rule, but now he found himself shunning all companionship when not on duty. The bashfulness of his nature, and his own sense of the fitness of things, had shown him at once the impossibility of a material realization of his dreams. Not, however, that this added anything to his comfort. The pangs of unrequited love are something that comes alike to all. I dare say that they were pretty much the same to the princely, melancholy Dane, as they were to Mr. McManus. Hamlet, indeed, had a power of eloquence and a gift of education that Mr. McManus had not; but the latter, staring gloomily into the future, with his good qualities overshadowed by the cloud of his coarseness and ignorance, saw there pretty much what his more polished and accomplished fellow-sufferer observed under similar circumstances—a sorrowful, useless jumble of a world, in which it certainly was worth no sane man's while to bear fardels any longer.

Those were drinking times, and most men drank hard. Mr. McManus had always been moderate in his indulgences. But, as his passion grew upon him, he drank deeply and more deeply to drown its bitterness and pain. A pure love for a pure woman acted phenomenally to accomplish his degradation. Each day he drifted lower and lower. It took some time to render him unreliable. Finally, however, he dropped from his position on the stage line and stranded completely in the saloons at Deadman's Bar.

WARREN CHENEY.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

NOTE BOOK.

IT IS WITH A SATISFACTION, perhaps pardonable under the circumstances, that we note the completion of the third volume of this magazine. To those pessimists whose dismal forebodings have not been realized it is, perhaps, proper to admit that, had it not been for the presence of an unsuspected amount of literary talent on this Coast, their prognostications might have been well founded. Any one who will take the trouble to turn through the pages of the three volumes now published, will see that THE CALIFORNIAN has both found and created its field. That field is, perhaps, a more modest one than many of the friends of the magazine would have desired. And yet, on the whole, it is an ambitious one. No nation was ever great which was not, above all things, individual. No literature was ever great which was not, above all things, instinct with the life and individuality of some one people. It matters little how insignificant the race, politically; if it is strong, healthful, looking inward and not outward for its ideals, self-reliant, original—it is the basis upon which may be built a literature equally strong and healthful. The books of any nation are the best indices of its character. And no people who were not great ever produced a great book. They may not been great in every direction, but in the elements which entered into that book they had individuality, and moral if not intellectual grandeur. And it is a negation of the moral or intellectual force of a people to assert that they are incapable of producing a creditable literature. It is perhaps this fact that our pessimistic friends overlooked. In the assumption that life on this Coast is sturdy, independent, and idiocratic, and must and will find its expression in literature, and eventually in art, THE CALIFORNIAN saw and sees its opportunity.

IN THIS ASSUMPTION it claims to have been justified. There are individuals, of course, here as elsewhere, who do not stand for themselves. Indeed, it may be doubted whether they stand for anything. They lean. They look always,

"with supplication in their eyes," for approval. They are distrustful of themselves and of their surroundings. They import their ideals. The sun rises in the east; to them, therefore, it loses somewhat of its glory before it shines in the west. And, to go back to our pessimistic friends, are they not of this sort? Do they not imagine that a given thing must be a failure because it is not and can never be what some other thing is, elsewhere and under different conditions? However this may be, certainly the majority of people here are not of this make.

A JUSTIFICATION OF SECTIONAL CONCEIT is not what is attempted. But it cannot be too often repeated that a community which copies another will never amount to much. For a copy is never as good as an original, in character, if in art. A borrowed ideal is nearly always a sham ideal. In California there are undiscovered mines of literature. There are stories to tell and songs to sing. Our fauna and flora are peculiar. Our climate is different. Our history is romantic and suggestive. Here at least there are new things under the sun. Here at least science shall find new problems, art shall find new models, literature shall find new studies. Here at least tradition should not weigh down genius. But how shall we get the best good from these opportunities—by turning to the east in mute submission to other standards, or by working out our own destiny by virtue of our own strong manhood and womanhood? There are thousands of young men and women growing up upon the Coast. They are of the same stock that has given us all that is best in English literature. It is a reasonable assumption that now and then one will possess the divine gift which we call genius. Many will possess talent. Shall they be taught that success lies only in writing of life in conditions which they have never seen? Or shall they be shown that, here and now, the human sentiments, emotions, loves, hatreds, ambitions, are awaiting, under fresh conditions, their vital embodiment in the pages of a new literature?

THIS SUGGESTS, INCIDENTALLY, one answer to a question which every editor has propounded to him constantly by young writers: "Will you kindly suggest to me what to write about and how to treat it?" The asking of such a question indicates the uselessness of attempting to answer it, and yet the post brings it regularly. I can as little conceive of one person suggesting what another should write, as of his suggesting what the other should think. But, after all, *that* is not infrequent. There is one venerable answer to the above and kindred questions, which is found in most rhetorics, and which is doled out to young writers as the highest wisdom in the formation of style. It is, substantially, "Study the most approved models, and form your style after theirs." It would not, perhaps, be the least favor one could do a young writer to warn him to beware of such advice. If there is one thing which is more vicious than another, it is "forming style" after any one. The imitation weakens whatever natural force there was originally in the imitator. Better advice would be to pay no attention to style. Immerse yourself in your subject. Get a clear idea of what you have to say; then say it, not as you imagine some one else would, nor as you think it sounds most finely, but in simple, direct manner, *as you think it.* If you wish to describe an object, think of that, not of the rhetoric you employ. It is impossible to estimate the damage writers do to their style by being over-careful of it, by diverting their mind from *what* they are saying to the consideration of *how* it shall be said. The commonest man will use a clear and direct style in describing what he knows thoroughly. His words come unconsciously while he is busy with the idea. It is better always to let the idea speak.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

It is long since such a musical treat has been offered San Francisco as in the recent concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston. Let us hope it will be equally as long before distinguished musical talent meets again in this city with such indifferent popular support. In a community in which suddenly acquired wealth has given a great many people the means to surround themselves with many of the signs of culture, it is always a question how much o what is genuine there is behind the show. In music, for example, how much of that universal banging of pianos by all our young girls is dictated by a genuine love of music, whether in

the girls or in their parents? To this question the miserable attendance at the Quintet Club's concerts is a sufficient answer. Of their four concerts in a small hall, not one was played before a full house. Society as a body does not go to concerts unless the musicians, through the newspapers or otherwise, have somehow become the object of fashionable talk, so that not to have heard them becomes the dreaded sign of being not up to the fashion. As for the general public, in spite of the boasted cosmopolitanism of San Francisco, it is now generally conceded that for music without beer they have no taste. It remained, therefore, for a very small body of listeners, who lacked nothing in enthusiasm, to enjoy the musical feast that was offered. The nature of the concerted pieces given is sufficiently indicated when we say that among them were Beethoven's Quintet in C, Mendelssohn's Quintet in A, Schubert's Quartet in D minor, quartets by Raff and Rubinstein, and a minuet by Boccherini—all truly interpreted by the players. Besides this, four of the club appeared repeatedly as distinguished soloists—Mr. Giese on the violoncello, Mr. Schnitzler on the violin, Mr. Ryan on the clarinette, and Mr. Schade on the flute. Whatever one may think of the flute and the clarinette, it was a pleasure to hear the full capacities of those instruments brought out by *virtuosi* in a manner highly instructive to any young musicians who may be studying among us. Mr. Schnitzler came too soon after Wilhelmj for the best effect of his talents. He is an admirable artist, though not endowed with genius. That quality, if it exist in the club, belongs to Mr. Giese. His playing on the 'cello was truly wonderful. Our only regret was that he chose rather to display the difficulties of that instrument than its true nature and deep emotional expressiveness. His playing was, therefore, at times more interesting to us in concerted pieces than in the solos by Servais with their quick time and acrobatic nimbleness. Of the singing of Miss Nellini we have only space to say that the purity and volume of her voice and her fine style made us regret that she is not to stay permanently with us. She possesses the uncommon gift of being alike at home in the execution of a florid operatic air, and in expressing the deep pathos of a simple ballad. Her singing does not depend for its effect merely upon being sweet and charming, it has also the power to take command of the listener's feelings, and carry them along with it. Miss Nellini will be remembered with pleasure by all who attended these delightful concerts.

ART AND ARTISTS.

"Degrade first the arts if you would mankind degrade."

Not a picture was sold at the last art exhibition. The public did not even pay the artists the compliment of going to see their work, and, poor as they may be, appreciation is always worth more to artists than money. But money is not to be scorned just at present. Artists cannot live on air, and a bit of white lead on a sable brush would prove a deadly diet for the most robust of them. It is about all any of them will have to eat soon. Local pride and patriotism have fallen below zero. We may have money, but we have none but imported cultivation, for even our glorious climate cannot cause the home-made article to thrive. The artists who had pictures in the last exhibition are vastly worse off than before. The majority of them are minus canvas, paints, and about three months of hard labor, to say nothing of the internal wear and tear of blighted hopes and blasted expectations.

The Hanging and Rejection Committees have had the additional disadvantage of several solid columns of abuse in the daily papers. A rejection committee is a necessity, and the Art Association can never give another exhibition without one. It would be as absurd and as disastrous to exclude no pictures as it would be for the editor of a magazine to print all the trash that is sent to him for that purpose. Judging from a partial exhibition of the rejected pictures at a local gallery, no artists were excluded this time save a few of the notoriously incompetent. "Hell hath no fury like a *painter* scorned," and never one yet was so wretchedly inefficient that he could not prove himself in endless newspaper columns a veritable Michael Angelo and the victim of envy and jealousy. It is to be hoped that the small savage tribe of the rejected shall have learned in the course of another year either to do better work or to swallow their ignoble and impotent rage with gentle manly unconcern.

There is, naturally enough, but little new at the various local galleries. At Morris & Kennedy's may be seen the first painting yet exhibited by Mr. George Brush. Mr. Brush is a new comer—young, talented, and fresh from studies abroad under Gérome. Let us hope that this budding flower of genius is of hardy stock, else he will soon wither in this uncongenial atmosphere. His picture brings to mind the line, "the green lanes of England." Down the winding lane comes the bridal procession—first, a little lad strewing flowers; then come the bride and groom; she with sweet uplifted face, soft blonde hair, and quaint, old-fashioned robe of rich brocade; he in the costume of a hundred years ago, stiff and conscious as bridegrooms are ever. After

them walk mother, father, and priest, while a pair of lagging young folks bring up the rear. The figures, though interesting, are subordinate to the landscape, which is admirable in its way, full of soft greens and spring-time freshness. The winding road is lost to sight in the distance behind them, and the procession wends its way in the cool shadow of the luxuriant, spreading foliage of the trees by the roadside. Between the bars of the rail-fence on the right is seen a glimpse of dazzling green, where the sun is shining bright on the fields beyond. There may be some fault found with the introduction of two wee toddlers of the Kate Greenaway school, who, wandering by the roadside, rather disturb than add to the harmony of the composition. As a whole, the picture is a simple subject, modestly treated, and full of the poetry of youth, love, and spring-time. It is said that Mr. Brush's picture of "Miggles" will soon be exhibited here. The picture, having already been engraved in *Scribner's Monthly*, will be a familiar acquaintance to the many readers of that magazine. There is in the same gallery a treat in store for the public, in the shape of a "Twilight," by Harvey Young, not yet exhibited. It is something worth watching for, being by far the best treatment of the subject, as well as the best work of that artist ever brought to this coast.

The rooms of the Art Association, so short a time ago the scene of the last hard struggle of local art for appreciation and a living, are now given over to the loan exhibition of the Society of Decorative Art. This society has a most worthy object, having been organized for the purpose of opening a new and remunerative field in the industrial arts for women; or, in the words of one of the lady managers, "we desire to give ladies in reduced circumstances an opportunity to earn money in a way that shall be agreeable and appropriate." To those who know the ups and downs of life in San Francisco, the object is indeed a worthy one. How a woman, absolutely incapable of any labor, mental or physical, worth remunerating, shall earn an honest living, is one of the problems of the day that seems incapable of solution. The ideas of the refined and estimable ladies who have taken this matter in hand are in every way worthy of them. They intend to import competent teachers from New York or England to instruct indigent ladies, free of charge, in such branches of art as they have any aptitude for, and to provide a store where the work they produce may be exposed for sale. Everything seems to have been nicely calculated, save the apparent overlooking of the fact that in the best of times there is a very dull market for such wares in San Francisco.

The present Loan Exhibition is one of which we may well be proud. Its object is to stimulate public interest in the work of the society, and the proceeds will be devoted to defraying the necessary expenses of their new work. The bric-à-brac exhibited merits an article by itself, and is a gratifying proof of the taste and cultivation of our best people. The collection of paintings is a rare treat to all who are interested in art. With the exception of a few of the water-colors in the exhibition room, there has been no attention paid to their value in hanging them. The gallery is marred by two large cases in the center of the room, which entirely prevent anything like a general view of this department. There is a good light and ample space for these cases in the large room adjoining the gallery. The disposition of the paintings is a great disappointment. The creations of some of the greatest masters of the century have been hung in indiscriminate confusion around the walls, and made use of solely as a background for bits of bric-à-brac, which would be very pleasing did they not interfere with the view of something vastly more valuable and interesting. The local critics, taking their cue from the Hanging Committee, have made sad havoc with the reputations of these European artists. One condescendingly bestows upon Gérome a nod of approbation, while another demolishes him with his little pop-gun. The great Vibert's drawing is coldly criticised by one cruel pen, and another connoisseur instructs the masterly Schreyer that his picture is not at all what it purports to be. Meissonnier and Zamaçois are hardly noticed, and the wonderful Détaille is absolutely ignored!

The most glaring mistake of the Hanging Committee is that of placing "The Halt," by Détaille, in an obscure corner, where it is almost entirely concealed by an immense Japanese bronze. Twelve years ago, when this artist was only twenty years old, the incomparable critic, Théophile Gautier, pronounced him already a master. His subsequent success and fame were only one of the many proofs of the great critic's unerring judgment. The picture of "The Halt" is in his best style, and it is unpardonable to put such a picture in a corner, while a prominent position is given to a pearl gray sylph, by Voillemot.

Gérome's "Sword Dance," but recently purchased by Charles Crocker, Esq., is exhibited here for the first time in San Francisco. The picture is not displayed to advantage. It is a most fascinating work of art, the entire painting being subordinated to the small central figure of the dancing girl. The walls and rafters of the rude interior are broadly, almost carelessly painted, and the dim figures of the three musicians, two men and a woman, in the somber background, are hardly more than expressive suggestions of a master hand. The face of the woman is particularly good; she is weary and *distrait*, oblivious of her surroundings, and one can almost hear the wailing, monotonous song with which she is accompanying the barbaric music. The dancing girl is poised lightly in the center of a small square of Oriental carpet, a little to the left, in the foreground. The dark interior is hardly lighted by the two or three slant rays of sunshine which fall from an opening in the roof across the figure of the dancer and the carpet. The light just touches a sword poised precariously across her head, and flashes on another in her right hand. A dainty green gauze veil is wound round the head, half-concealing a lovely, luxurious face, and floating, almost visibly undulating, in vapory folds on the air. The figure of the girl is superb in its supple grace. Only a master could have painted the shapely hands and the firm yet velvety texture of the arm, which the dainty transparency of a gauze sleeve serves only to reveal. In the language of Gautier, "Gérome has searched the Orient for characteristic types," and "has applied himself to reproducing the sculptural forms and grand style of the races which have never been deformed by civilization." The dancing girl's figure, the flexibility of the waist, the perfect curves of the hips, the poise of the feet, are all beyond description. There is a lovely bit of color and handling in the light that flashes from the glittering mass of coins on her bosom. The surroundings are bare, poor, and rude; but, by the artist's power, in the one small figure of the dancing girl is epitomized all the sensuous splendor, the undulating grace, the barbaric beauty of the Orient.

The figure of the "Halberdier," by Meissonier, is another notable work of art, and should be one of the features of the exhibition. It is a small single standing figure, and a wonderful thing to study as an example of the master's style. This style, which is his and his alone, is a combination of breadth of handling and minuteness of detail that bewilders the beholder and is the despair of an artist. The picture well repays the most careful study, and it is almost impossible to realize the breadth of the style without observing it through a magnifying glass.

The brilliant satirist, J. G. Vibert, must have recognized in Swift a kindred spirit, to have abandoned the priesthood, the standing subject of his subtle satirical paintings, and chosen a theme from *Gulliver's Travels*. That he has appreciated the true inwardness of this subject, may be seen in his admirable handling of it. He calls his picture "Gulliver," and it represents that hero at the moment when, fast asleep, he is being bound hand and foot by the Lilliputs. There is a wonderful bit of foreshortening in the prostrate body of Gulliver, lying feet foremost and body at an angle. The drawing is made to express all that drawing can do for such a subject. In the grouping of the swarms of Lilliputian figures there is much interesting detail. As is usual with Vibert, the greatest charm is his humorous and satirical treatment of the subject.

The "Duet of Love" and "The Smuggler," the latter in black and white, are the two other pictures by Vibert on exhibition, and both are interesting examples of his delightfully clever satires on the priesthood.

There are two pictures by Schreyer—"Turkish Horseman" and "Winter in Russia." Both are fine—the latter superb. "Winter in Russia" represents a wagon, to which are harnessed a number of horses, which are being driven through the forest in the face of a driving storm. The fine drawing, depth and richness of color, wonderful atmospheric effect, and masterly expression of sentiment, make it a picture to remember. It is not often our privilege to have such a one in San Francisco. "Flowers," by Robie, is a perfect revel of pure, rich, lovely color, and merits, as does the "Cock Fight," by Roybet, an extended description, which space will not allow.

"Three Friends," by Toulmouche, is a picture clever in drawing and manipulation, delightful in its way, but of a style which is rapidly going out of date; for, sad to say, there are fashions even in painting, and more especially in this class of work. It is a pity there is nothing on exhibition by Kaemmerer, who is much newer, brighter, and better.

"The Tourists," by Madrazo, is an uneven but agreeable picture. Some of the figures are slighted, but it contains some clever things—notably, a figure of an urchin in the foreground, with the most deliciously droll bare legs that it is possible to imagine. Madrazo, like Kaemmerer, is among the rising people of the new school, and we will doubtless, in time, see more of him here. Much that is interesting and deserves a special mention will have to be reserved for another time, there being, besides the many oil paintings in the gallery, some gems in water-color in the exhibition room.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CÆSAR. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Given so great a man as Cæsar, and so able and practiced a historian as Mr. Froude, and we could hardly fail to find a volume of much historical interest. But this "sketch" is far from satisfactory. It does not impress one as being an honest attempt to throw new light on a most important period of Roman history. It is not a careful study of character. It does not sum up the good and the bad qualities of a great man, and give an impartial judgment on his deeds. It is rather the work of a pronounced admirer of the Roman dictator, who weighs no opposing evidence, who strikes right and left at all who refuse homage to his idol. Cicero especially comes in for an immense amount of disparagement. For instance: "So Cicero meditated, thinking, as usual, of himself first, and of his duty afterward." "He had preferred characteristically to be out of the way at the moment when he expected that the storm would break." When the infamous Clodius, at last, procured Cicero's banishment, it was, as Mr. Froude blandly confesses, with the powerful countenance of Cæsar. And this is the easy justification of Cæsar's motive in helping Clodius: "Cicero had refused Cæsar's offered friendship. Cæsar *had not cared to leave so powerful a person free* to support the intended attacks on his legislation." All through the book the chief authority cited is the letters of Cicero, and from these frank, impulsive outpourings of the great orator's soul to a most intimate friend, material is culled to bring the author of the letters into contempt. But no charge against his hero is suffered for an instant to trouble Mr. Froude's mind. He brushes them all away with an easy assurance that borders on downright impudence. Cæsar was a great, an immeasurably great man. Cæsar was always master of the situation. Cæsar could do no wrong. The key-note of this persistent eulogy is given in one of the earlier pages: "Here philosophy is at fault. Philosophy, when we are face to face with real men, is as powerless as over the Iliad or King Lear. The overmastering interest transcends explanation. *We do not sit in judgment on the right or the wrong.* We do not seek out causes to account for what takes place, feeling too conscious of the inadequacy of our analysis." Mr. Froude is fond of philosophizing. We see how safe a guide he is. In this volume he is simply an advocate. The cause he advocates is the cause of one of the greatest men the world has ever seen—great as an orator, a writer, a soldier; greatest of all as a statesman. But this same great man was wanting in personal purity, in genuine patriotism, in essential goodness. His ambition was intensely selfish, and it was used to overthrow what remained of Roman liberty. If Cæsar's conduct can be justified, so can the first and great Napoleon's, as the second and petty French Emperor seemed to think. Indiscriminate praise of such a man might well be left to Louis Napoleon.

This American edition of Mr. Froude's sketch is not up to the Harper's usual level. It is in unfavorable contrast with the fair volumes in which the same publishers have given us Mr. Trollope's *Life of Cicero*, as the blurred character of the unscrupulous dictator is in everlasting contrast with that of the great orator, who, with all his weaknesses, was a pure man, an honest patriot—a man whom we should like to see transplanted to our own times. Who could bear another Julius Cæsar?

REMINISCENCES. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In spite of the detractions of a great many people who have never read his books, Thomas Carlyle looms up for all time as one of the greatest figures of the nineteenth century. The best minds of England and America have acknowledged their debt to him for the powerful stimulus of his works, and when he died, on the 5th of last February, the verdict of England was that her leading man of letters had passed away. Even here in California, we know there are men to whom his death was like a personal bereavement; men whom we have heard say that out of Carlyle's works they have got, and perpetually do get, the same sort of stimulus to right living that others get from the Bible. "From Carlyle," said one to us not long since, "I first learned the imperative duty of every man to find out what is best in his own nature and be true to that. What the eternal truth is about himself and about the world—this is the inquiry which the reader of Carlyle is compelled to set about; and if, when the inquiry about the world is over, reader and author are sometimes found to disagree (as, in the difficulty of collecting evidence, they are very likely to do), let not this diminish one particle of the gratitude due the stirring impulse of Carlyle."

There are doubtless many among our readers who, though not wholly ignorant of Carlyle, are yet unable to acquiesce in this estimate of the moral stimulus of his teaching. To these we recommend, once for all, that instead of plunging into *Latter Day Pamphlets*, or into *Frederick the Great*, works of his maturest years, they take up Carlyle from the beginning. In his *Essays*, the fruit of the first ten years of his mature literary life, they will find a body of thought the freshness of which fifty years have not been able to dim. If he had written nothing else, his estimate of the great English, German, and French men of letters at the dawn of this century—Johnson, Burns, and Scott; Goethe, Schiller, and Richter; Voltaire, Diderot, and Mirabeau—would have made him one of the most potent spiritual influences of the age.

It is, therefore, intelligible enough that such a man's *Reminiscences* should have drawn upon them the attention of the world. Nominally, the book is divided into four parts, devoted to Carlyle's rugged peasant father; to the stanch friend of his early life, Edward Irving; to the famous editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Lord Jeffrey; and to Carlyle's self-sacrificing wife. But underlying each of these divisions, and welding the book into an undivided whole, is the history of Carlyle himself. How Thomas Carlyle fought with the world and conquered it—this is the real subject of this book, transcending in interest all mere incisive delineation of distinguished people. Nobody ever loved better than Carlyle to dwell on the valor of men who, for the sake of giving permanent form to what was best within them, endured for years the indifference of the world, and finally wrung from it their reward. This struggle, and the courage of it, by Carlyle himself, may now be read of in one of the sincerest books thus far written in the English tongue. Had we more space, it would be well worth while to give the details of a contest which is full of a meaning as universal as the human race and as enduring as time; but we must leave it to the reader to get this book and keep it near him.

THE NEW NOBILITY. A Story of Europe and America. By John W. Forney. New York; D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

Mr. Forney is an editor of too much ability and experience to have written such a book as the one under consideration; nor is the matter made any better by the prefatory statement that he was assisted in it by W. M. Baker, the author, we presume, of *The New Timothy*, *Carter Quarterman*, and other books of interest.

This book is simply a glorification of America and American ideas, at the expense of "the effete civilization and tottering dynasties of Europe," as Colonel Elijah Pogram would call them. The author, or authors, certainly possess the merit, if merit it be, of versatility. The reader is transported in the twinkling of an eye from a dinner party in Paris, given by Hop Fun, a Chinese mandarin, at which were present Hindus, Persians, Afghans, Abyssinians, Turks, Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, to the heart of Russia and the hot-bed of Nihilism. Of the various adventures of Henry Harris, the American, and Lord Conyngham, the Englishman, of their perils by flood and fire, their dangers in the imminent, deadly breach, their researches among French Communists, English trades-unions, German Socialists, and Russian Nihilists, suffice it to say that they could scarcely have had an existence, save in the active imagination of Messrs. Forney and Baker.

Had our authors divided their subject, and made about three books out of the materials at hand, instead of one, it would have been infinitely more agreeable for the reader and more to the credit of the authors. The book is especially lacking in two necessary characteristics of a good novel—simplicity and directness. Were Mr. Forney a novice in the art of writing, one might well recommend to him the Horatian doctrine of the *labor limæ*; but we fear such advice would be thrown away upon him.

As a whole, the book is not a success, although we apprehend it will commend itself to a certain class of readers, whose consciousness of its demerits will be overshadowed by their admiration for the seemingly vast erudition and breadth of thought displayed by its authors.

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR. A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with Some of the Indian Tribes. By H. H. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Just why Bishop Whipple should have written a "preface," or President Seelye an "introduction," to this work it is hard to conceive, unless it was to give an air of clerical sanctity and professional dignity to the crusade which the title leads one to expect. The eminent respectability of the book being thus guaranteed, the reader is in some measure prepared for the narration of a series of unjust acts, of the authenticity of which, un-

fortunately, there can be little doubt. That the book contains the truth there can be no question; that it contains the *whole* truth the author herself would probably not contend. The East, as a usual thing, prefers to look upon the Indian question from the standpoint of the Indian, and reproduces no end of stories of fraud and injustice; the West generally looks upon it from the standpoint of the settler, and adduces innumerable instances of barbarity and cruelty. And the most that any one can do who attempts to view the subject from both standpoints, is to shake his head and declare it sorry business. And probably this will be the utmost that can be done so long as our Government, which is so jealous of its sovereignty as to repudiate the State rights doctrine, yet acknowledges the separate nationality of wandering tribes and makes treaties with them as with foreign nations. The Indian must, like the white man, be treated as an individual. He must be protected in his individual rights, and punished for his individual transgressions. If he is lazy or profligate he has no more claim to be supported than the white or colored citizen. The reservation system—which provides a place of retreat, a *rendezvous*, an asylum in winter from which to raid in summer—with its concomitants, the thieving agents and dishonest contractors, has proved a colossal failure. It would prove a failure if the wards so segregated were whites instead of Indians. The most industrious classes would be utterly ruined by being treated by the Government as it treats the red men. President Seelye in his "Introduction," says:

"Such treaties have proceeded upon the false view—false in principle, and equally false in fact—that an Indian tribe, roaming in the wilderness and living by hunting and plunder, is a nation. In order to be a nation there must be a people with a code of laws which they practice, and a government which they maintain. No vague sense of some unwritten law, to which human nature in its lowest stages doubtless feels some obligation, and no regulations instinctively adopted for common defense, which the rudest people herded together will always follow, are enough to constitute a nation. These Indian tribes are not a nation, and nothing either in their history or their condition could properly invest them with a treaty-making power."

THE LOST CASKET. Translated from *La Main Coupée* of F. de Boisgobey, by S. Lee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

While Nihilism is undoubtedly a misfortune to those who experience its terrors and realities, it is none the less a godsend to the sensational novelist. Scarcely a novel of the past or present year has made its appearance, without some reference more or less direct to this subject. M. de Boisgobey, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the late Emile Gaboriau seems to have fallen has written a very readable novel, with Nihilism as its key-note, The scene is laid in Paris, and the attempts of the Nihilists to obtain possession of certain Russian State papers, in the possession of Bousoff, an emissary of the secret police of Russia, form the groundwork of the book.

While the plot is not so intricately involved as were many of Gaboriau's, the interest is skillfully kept up, and the unity carefully preserved from the first chapter to the last. Madame Yatta, the heroine, is a well drawn character, and we think the author might have rewarded her courage and zeal better than by allowing her to fall a victim to the rage of Dr. Villagos, whose scheme she had, in a measure, frustrated by her exertions in favor of De Carnoël. We often long for the good old days of novels, where the hero and heroine, after overcoming all sorts of obstacles were happily married in the last chapter to slow music and blue fire, but we long in vain. Nowadays, the hero or heroine (and sometimes both) is bound to die by consumption, or small pox, or prussic acid, without any reason apparent to the average reader why the "other fellow" shouldn't have died and let the young couple be happily married and a' that.

So in the present book. Why our author couldn't have killed Dr. Villagos, and allowed Maxime Dorgères and the Countess Yatta to have been happy ever after, we do not see. However, the reader may possibly solve the problem for himself better than we can.

The translation seems to be carefully made, although there are evidences, in some few places, of the French idiom having got rather the better of the translator. But this is always so, as the best translation is only a travesty, more or less agreeable, of the original. The book is well worth reading by those who admire this style of literature, and they are many.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE METTERNICH. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. The papers classified and arranged by M. A. de Klinkowström. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Few books have been published of late years of more interest than these memoirs of Prince Metternich. Throughout the entire period of a long career, one of the principal actors upon the mighty stage of international politics in Europe, at a time when nations were struggling for existence, no man had ever a better opportunity to see that life behind the scenes which is the real impulse and inspiration of history. Metternich's natural inclination was for science, but he was early diverted to the public service. His memoirs are full of incidents and anecdotes, relating to the principal men of the age. He was on intimate terms with Napoleon, and throws much light upon the real character of that imperial freebooter. The portrait which he draws of Bonaparte is at once impartial, appreciative, and discerning, and is one of the best things in the work. The portrait of Prince Metternich, which is revealed throughout the memoirs, is perhaps more appreciative than impartial or discerning.

GLEANINGS IN THE FIELDS OF ART. By Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey & Co.

It is nothing against these gleanings that they are from familiar fields; it is something decidedly in their favor that this fact is modestly assumed in the title. So much that is new is each year added to that which is old in art as well as in science, that one needs constantly to modify, and, as it were, readjust his most fixed conclusions. The book before us opens with a well considered essay on art, which is defined to be, in its broadest sense, "all that which seeks to express thought in a material form, without reference to its use for any material function." Art is spirit materialized. It is thought embodied in matter. Beauty and Use are omitted from the definition as not necessarily forming the great objects in art, "any more than 'happiness' is

our 'being's end and aim.'" Art in its relation to morals and religion is considered at length; and the essay concludes by pointing out that art is great only when representing national individuality.

"What we do for Art directly is valuable; but it is as nothing to what we do for her indirectly. If we become a base, sordid, unjust nation, caring only to heap up material wealth, it will be in vain to attempt any higher expression in Art; if we forget the great principles of freedom and democracy, and seek to build up an aristocracy of wealth, or race, or inherited culture, our Art will become narrow and traditional; if we care only for the intellect, and neglect love, and faith, and imagination, we may have a learned art; but we can only have an art that is truly original, noble, and beautiful, by cherishing and developing a national character of which it is the fitting expression."

Following this opening chapter on the general subject of art, there are fourteen chapters on special topics: Greek Art; Early Christian Art; Byzantine Art; Restoration of Art in Italy; Michael Angelo; The Poems of Michael Angelo; Spanish, French, German, American, English, and Contemporaneous Art; David Scott; Albert Dürer. The least satisfactory of these, perhaps necessarily, is that upon contemporaneous art. Some felicitous translations are given in the chapter devoted to "The Poems of Michael Angelo," although, in the poem on the death of his father, the lines,

"Less hard and sharp it is to Death to bow
As growing age longs for its needful sleep,
Where true life is, safe from the Senses now,"

lose somewhat of their strength by comparison with the rendition by Miss Bunnett in her translation of of Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo:*

"Death is less hard to him who wearily
Bears back to God a harvest fully ripe,
Than unto him in full and freshest mind."

But, on the whole, this Ruth, who has gleaned after many reapers, in a field by no means new, has yet gathered "an ephä of barley."

A Dictionary of English Phrases. By Kwong Ki Chiu. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1881.

That a work on English phrases should be compiled by a Chinese scholar is an anomaly in literature. However, it has been done, and well done. The appendix, containing, among other things, a selection of Chinese proverbs and maxims, an historical account of the different dynasties, and a short biographical sketch of Confucius, is not the least instructive part of the compilation. By the way, isn't the practice of bolstering up a book by publishing in it letters of approval from "eminent" persons being pushed a little too far?

The Life of George the Fourth, including his Letters and Opinions, with a View of the Men, Manners, and Politics of his Reign. By Percy Fitzgerald. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

We have here an interesting book about a totally uninteresting character. It is a little strange that any one should think it worth while to write a life of the "first gentleman of Europe" after Thackeray had endeavored to analyze his character, and had exclaimed in despair: "I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing." If it had not been that this man of "pad and tailor's work" lived in momentous times, and was surrounded by men whose anatomies did not end with their waistcoats, Mr. Fitzgerald would not have had the material for so entertaining a book.

The Chinese, their Education, Philosophy, and Letters. By W. A. P. Martin. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

The light which is thrown upon the subjects of education and competitive examination for civil service in China constitutes the chief value of this latest contribution on the Orient. It is, perhaps, worthy of mention, for the benefit of would-be poets, that the Emperor, Yungcheng, addressed the members of the Hanlin, or imperial academy, in these words: "Literature is your business; but we want such literature as will serve to regulate the age and reflect glory on the nation. As for sonnets to the moon and the clouds, the winds and the dews—of what use are they?"

Occidental Sketches. By Major Ben C. Truman. San Francisco: San Francisco News Company. 1881.

This little volume is made up of entertaining and readable sketches. Major Truman may congratulate himself upon having, in a large measure, caught the spirit of Californian life. The book is characteristic of the Coast, fresh, and full of humor and vigor. The stories are well told, and the characters are admirably drawn. To those who desire an hour of pleasant reading, we recommend this latest addition to the literature of the West.

Appleton's Home Books. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.
Building a Home. By A. F. Oakey.
How to Furnish a Home. By Ella Rodman Church.

This is the latest printed matter at hand in sympathy with the prevailing æsthetic craze. The series promises to consider all subjects pertaining to Home. The first two books, now out, may be said to be suggestive, particularly to a large class who "would if they could." They are inviting little books, and would be tasteful additions to the table of any pretty home they describe. Such books can no longer boast of novelty as excuse for being; however, all hints on household art are useful, at least in helping people to decide what they do *not* like—a most important hight to reach to escape drowning in the inundation of new ideas.

Valuable Cooking Receipts. By Thomas J. Murrey. New York: George W. Harlan. 1881.

Persons of modest means, who desire to have upon their table some of the delicacies of more pretentious boards, will find in this little book how simply and easily the thing can be done.

Wordsworth. By F. W. H. Myers. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

ISLAND LIFE; or the Phenomena and Causes of Insular Faunas and Floras, including a Revision and Attempted Solution of the Problem of Geological Climates. By Alfred Russell Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

In place of a review we print elsewhere an article by Professor Joseph Le Conte on the subject of this book.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.:

No. 153.—*Love and Life.* An Old Story in Eighteenth Century Costume. By Charlotte M. Yonge.
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No. 177.—*Miss Williamson's Divagations.* By Miss Thackeray.
No. 178.—*Thomas Carlyle; the Man and his Books.* By Wm. Howie Wylie.
No. 179.—*Lord Beaconsfield.* A Study. By Georg Brandes. Translated by Mrs. George Sturge.

NERVOUS DERANGEMENT. By William A. Hammond, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

THE HUMAN RACE, and other Sermons. By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN. By John W. Forney. Volume II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

OUTCROPPINGS.

THE ANTIQUITY OF CHOCOLATE.

During a visit to Lima, South America, in 1850, I was invited by Don Petraco Massoni, an enthusiastic Hispano-Corsican antiquarian and naturalist, to join him in making explorations in the neighborhood of the ancient Peruvian city of Cuzco. The added persuasions of his wife and daughter caused me to forego a proposed expedition to the head-waters of the Rimac for the pleasure of being adopted as a member of their family during the excursion. Besides, I had discovered that they were equally zealous and capable of aiding as amateurs in the Professor's favorite specialties, and their fondness for the study of ancient relic lore created in me a desire to enlist as a neophyte, that I might participate in, and, if susceptible, realize in some degree kindred enjoyment. For in the display of their collected treasures their interest extended beyond the vague pride of possession, as each article was viewed in the light of an index, that bore an inference relation, more or less clear, to events and the realities of custom and habit that had transpired in the remote past, peculiar to the requirements and peculiarities of the race with whom they had origin. Although it would revive many pleasing incidents and mirthful impressions to pass in review our various discoveries, which served as keys to open the gates of the past for the revelation of the social relations of a race conquered, and rendered in fact extinct, notwithstanding the mongrel remnants of mountain tribes who yet claim to be descendants from the Children of the Sun, I will select one with which, as a favorite beverage, we are all familiar. From long acquaintance with the methods adopted by the ancient Peruvians in the material arrangement of their habitations for the management of their domestic affairs, religious rites, and articles rated as agents of exchange, Don Petraco was enabled to direct his operations so that they rarely led astray. A favorite custom was to imbed jars filled with nicely preserved edibles, prepared in their customary way for food, and liquid beverages, hermetically closed, in the walls of their houses. This custom, which bears a resemblance to ours of placing mementoes beneath the corner-stone of public buildings, offered to the descendants of the family or household successors, when discovered, this expressive emblematic salutation: "To future friends or strangers to our family name, we offer you this tribute of food and drink with which we were accustomed to support life while living, with the hope that in kind it may prove congenial to your tastes and health. Accept with it our congratulations." We know that the Egyptians were accustomed to inclose in jars, and bituminous sealed folds of the shroud underneath the swathing bandages of embalmed bodies, seeds and fruits, which, although they failed to fulfill the probable intention, served to supply after generations with the means of renewing the exhausted stamina of species in kind; and Don Petraco suggested that in the transmitted similarity of custom might be found the link of Cuzconian derivation.

In the wall of a house which was recognized by Don Petraco as the ancient habitation of a *cacique* of the third degree, we found a glazed jar so impermeable and perfectly closed that it defied the test of eyes, nose, and tongue to detect the savor of its contents. On opening it, the grateful aroma of the cocoa-nut, when roasted for admixture in chocolate combination, saluted our nostrils. Upon inspection, we found it filled with cakes of about two ounces each in weight, and so exactly adapted to the interior of the vessel in form and size that it was as compactly fitted as it could have been if the mass had been introduced in a plastic state. The odor exhaled was so delicious and tantalizing to our

perceptive tastes that we forthwith voted to subject it to the test of our mouths in the usual style adopted by the Peruvians in preparing chocolate for the table. The sipping trial that followed its preparation was accompanied with such expressive evidences of satisfaction and surprise at the seemingly improved condition or well preserved qualities of the compound from the superiority of artistic admixture in the first instance, that the pride that prompted the care shown in its preparation and preservation would not have been disappointed in the measure or sincerity of its test approval, in resurrection, after the passage of centuries. Whether derived from any occult method, or material employed in its preparation, or diffusion of volatile properties through the mass during the lapse of ages, it certainly imparted to us a tonic quality of stimulation in character similar to the effect produced from chewing cocoa leaves. The impermeable quality of the ancient Peruvian pottery is shown from the fact that jars of quicho, a spirituous liquor resembling the pisco manufactured at the present day, inclosed in walls, when opened was found but slightly diminished in quantity from the effects of evaporation, although exceedingly volatile. Don Petraco suggested that the delicate aroma of the chocolate might have been imparted from a process similar to that by which the grain is prepared for fermenting quicho, which the younger class of antiquarians allege was chewed by young and beautiful maidens, while tradition avers that the old and toothless were the operators employed; but this innuendo in no way diminished our zest of memory or relish for a repetition. To those who are only acquainted with chocolate prepared by the ordinary process of venders and cooks the description that I have given may appear like an ecstatic eulogy of imagination, but others, in after judgment of its effects, were quite as enthusiastic in praise of its exquisite flavor; and some had lived in Guayaquil, which produces the best cocoa, and women from an upland tribe of Indians who are so well skilled in preparing it for the table that their reputation adds an inducement to many visitors to prolong their stay in the city of mosquitoes, at an expense of blood and money, for the gratification of taste. Whether age or art, or both combined, gave to our ancient Cuzconian chocolate its delicious flavor, certain it is that the Indians of the western slope of the Andes, with their primitive stone slab and pestle roller for crushing and uniting the pulp or kernel of the cocoa-nut with the panocha (fire-caked sugar), succeed far better in developing and retaining the peculiar aroma than civilized nations have with their extractive and machine methods of preparing chocolate to please the eye rather than the palate. The manufacturer of chocolate for the market may claim that the superiority, aside from the effects of imagination, is mainly dependent upon the quality, ripeness, and freshness of the nuts, and the fact that they are used without being subjected to the exposure incident to transportation. These have undoubtedly their influence, still they are insufficient to balance the difference; besides, there is an inherent fatty principle or quality in the kernel of the nut, after being roasted, which protects it from rancidity, rendering it in a great measure proof to the changes wrought by climate and weather. This antiseptic quality of the "butter of cocoa," when extracted after the kernel has been roasted, has been practically known to the Indians from time immemorial, and used as a corrective, preservative, and curative remedy for the deteriorations caused by the hot climate.

ELTON R. SMILIE.

A DEL NORTE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Bledsoe, in his recently published *History of Del Norte County*, relates the following:

The Prosecuting Attorney went on to state "that on such a night, at such a place, in such a county and State, Ben Strong did, in a quiet game of keards called euchre with Joe Short, with malice aforethought and evident intention to rob, steal, and swindle, 'turn up' a point more than he had made, thereby unlawfully taking the plaintiff's money." Ben was also accused of "renigging." Two witnesses were examined as to the character of the opposing parties. Each of the attorneys made a speech and put the case in as strong a light as possible. Then came the "charge:"

"Gentlemen of the jury," commenced the Squire, very gravely, "the pints of this here case, like angels' visits, are few and far betwixt. The Court knows nothing about euchre, and never did, but she knows a few about law, gentlemen of the jury. The Court has went through Blackstone on Law twice, and she has read Snuggs's Seven-up, and, gentlemen of the jury, she has picked up a good many pints on poker; but she ain't nowhere on euchre, and never was. But, gentlemen of the jury, the Court thinks she understands the pints in this case. Ben Strong and Joe Short they played at ten dollars ante, and Ben he won. Will you, gentlemen of the jury, fine Ben for winning? Who wouldn't like to win? Not even the Court herself. But you kin do as you please about it. Then the *opposite* attorney says that Ben he cheated. But, gentleman of the jury, did he prove that pint? No, he didn't begin to do it. Ben Strong plays a fair game at keards. The Court has played old sledge and whisky poker with Ben for the last two years, and he never ketched him stocking the papers or turning the jack from the bottom. But, gentlemen of the jury, you can do as you please with Ben. The pints in the case, then, gentlemen of the jury, are: First, ef you find that Ben Strong won Joe Short's money, it is clear that Ben hilt the best keards. Second, ef you find that Joe lost his money, it is clear that Joe was in thunderin' bad luck. These, gentlemen of the jury, are all the pints of the case, and you kin retire—and don't be out long, for Ben is going to treat the whole court."

The jury, without leaving their seats, rendered a verdict of "not guilty;" after which the winning side, headed by the Court, adjourned to a saloon to imbibe. The "opposite" side, headed by Joe Short, left in disgust.

MILTON.

Upon my book-case shelf I see with shame
  Thy poems stand, their pages long unread,
  And think how oft my midnight lamp has shed
Its light on work of far less worthy claim.
For thou art like an eagle—on the same
  Exalted air thy mighty wings are spread,
  And though dost turn upon the Fountain-head
Of day thy steady gaze. My grosser frame
With effort rises to that lofty air.
  The sun is blinding to my weaker sight;
And soon I sink to lower regions, where
  I find a denser air, a softer light.
A thousand simple pleasures charm me there,
  And common griefs my sympathy invite.

CHAS. S. GREENE.

MY BOTANY.

Out in the morning very early,
Where the oaks grow bent and gnarly,
I hunt for wild flowers sweet and bright,
Finding iris and lady's-delight;
But, far or near, I cannot find
The flower so cherished in my mind—
Gay wake-robin, wake-robin.

Away in the dewy hollows
Grow the larkspur and the mallows,
Azalea, primrose and pimpernel,
Purple-medick and fair bluebell;
But, high or low, I cannot find
The flower so cherished in my mind—
Gay wake-robin, wake-robin.

Along the uplands now I stroll,
Where lupin grows on sandy knoll;
The sweet forget-me-not I twine
About the trumpet columbine.
I sing and sing, as on I go,
To nodding star-flowers far below,
"Where's wake-robin, wake-robin."

The birds pipe, too, their joyous song;
And echoes softly borne along
So stir the air and touch my heart,
That, trembling in my steps, I start
And fancy from afar I hear
An echo to my song so clear—
"Wake-robin, wake-robin."

And nearer now the echoes come—
Not song of birds, not wild bees' hum;
But from the shade of madrono trees
There comes a voice borne on the breeze.
Now calls the voice, so clear and strong:
"Change one word in your sweet song;
Sing, Wait, Robin—wait, Robin!"

Ah! there's the brave lad, Robin Lee,
So earnestly entreating me:
"Will you, my bonnie, bonnie Kate,
Change one short word?—and then I'll wait."
My hands and lips are quivering,
And very, very low I sing:
"Wait, Robin—wait, Robin!"

L. J. DAKIN.

SONG.

Hush! hush, my heart! Sing softly—
Your sweet song rings so clear;
To my happy, listening fancy
It seems the World must hear.
"He loves me—oh, he loves me!"
Rings out so sweet and clear;
To my happy, happy fancy
It seems the World must hear.

Shine, shine my eyes less brightly!
Your new-born light will be
A tell-tale of the story,
He whispered soft to me;
To my soul's most quiet shelter
Its strange new joy would flee;
Then oh, shine not so brightly
For all the world to see!

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

JUNE.

I leave behind the dusty town,
I climb the steep sky-kissing hill,
Or wander o'er the breezy down
Where'er my wayward fancies will.

The winds are heavy with perfumes,
The woodlands ring with minstrelsy,
The meadows, red with clover blooms,
Glow like the sunset on the sea.

The year is in its youth, and I
Can feel a thrill of joy divine,
Born of young flowers and sunny sky,
Burn through my veins like seasoned wine.

O God! thine earth is bright and fair,
And fair and sweet is life to me;
Why should I grieve my heart with care,
And sigh o'er sorrows yet to be?

Full well I know that youth must die,
And June her cup of gladness spill;
That winter's oriflamme must fly
In wrath on every wooded hill.

But on the margins of the brooks
The cardinal flowers their fires shall set,
And in the aster-studded nooks
A smile of June will linger yet.

WM. W. GAY.

SONNET.

Because my sky was not walled in by hills,
Because far inland all my paths must be,
I longed for sight of mountains and the sea,
And half despised familiar fields and rills;
And then life gave me what I asked. As fills
With water some lone fountain, so in me
Welled up that unimagined ecstasy
That, potent, all the soul's wild tumult stills.
And now, with humble heart, I long once more
For sight of field and whispers from the wood,
For common weeds and flowers, half scorned before,
To cure this ache of homesick solitude;
But still I hear the ocean's awful roar,
And sigh for home, dear home, for evermore.

DANIEL ELLENDORE.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THIS NUMBER ends the third volume. Send your back numbers to the magazine office, and for seventy-five cents per volume they will be neatly bound. Send twenty-five cents extra for return postage on each volume, if you live out of San Francisco. Name, in gilt letters on back, ten cents. Do not forget to inclose your name and address.

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